

Chapter 29

“So...” I continued sucking on her fingers, watching Mother gasp, her eyelids fluttering. “You want me to put Father’s collar on you?”

“It’s yours now,” Mother answered in that soft, sexy whisper, her free hand stroking down my cheek.

God. I was on the verge of an orgasm, and we haven’t even fucked.

This was all foreplay, and it would be embarrassing if I ejaculated all over her from just her sweet talks.

So I maintain what little resolve I had left, gritting my teeth, fighting back the frenetic lust I had for my own mother.

“And...” I gulped. “Once I do, you... you’ll be mine?”

Saying those words felt like I was narrating a fantasy.

I loved the current dynamic I had with Mother. For once, I didn’t have the pressure of being in control.

I could surrender and have somebody tell me what to do.

And it felt right submitting to her. If there was one person in the world who I would obey without question, who else could it be than my own mother?

But having our dynamic switch around...

Having Mother as my sex slave, obeying my every command...

It was an unbearably hot thought. What would it be like if I could have someone as domineering as Mother submit to me? All my life, she was this strict, matriarchal figure who wouldn’t take shits from anyone.

She was only soft and meek in front of Father.

But with him gone, Mother wanted me to replace him.

Was I understanding that correctly?

“Yes,” Mother whispered. Her voice was unbearably sexy, husky and low, and resonating through me, giving tingles of pleasure. “I’ll be yours.”

“And...” I gulped. “You’ll do anything I say?”

“Anything.” Slowly, Mother pulled her fingers from my lips, and I dipped my head down to capture her swollen right nipple in my mouth, receiving a comfort I never knew.

“But...” Mother’s word had me freezing up. “There are some limitations for tonight. As you progress in your training, I’ll slowly remove them until there will be no more.”

The next thing I felt was her soft fingers closing around my cock.

Fuck.

“You’ll replace him.” She started stroking me, and I had to try my absolute best not to break right there and then. “And I’ll have my Master back.”

“Mommy...” I ran my tongue all around her hard tit. I even bit her. But aside from some small moans and her heavy breaths, she wasn’t reacting to the pain.

“Yes, baby?”

“I want to...” I heaved, releasing her tits and staring up at her pretty blue eyes. “I’m going to cum.”

She gave me a heart-melting smile.

“Can’t you control yourself? I’ll explain my rules. You put the collar on me. And then we fuck.”

“No,” I rasped, and Mother must have known how serious I was because her smile flattened and something shifted in her blue eyes. “You have been edging me for the past fifteen minutes. Please.”

Mother took my chin and pulled me up so that we were face to face again.

And she was still stroking my cock, still squeezing my balls.

Mother was by far my most experienced lover, a fact that wasn't in my favor all the time. She always expected me to control myself and hold my orgasm. While being with her.

The fact that I was somehow managing to teeter on the edge for fifteen whole minutes and not break was already an achievement.

"Lie down, my love," Mother said, letting go of me.

"Are you going to ride me?" I was already in action, falling back until I felt soft cushion.

"Yes." With the glowing chandelier above her, and with the view I had right below. Mother looked like a goddess. "I love the feeling of cum inside me. So be a good boy and cum deep inside Mommy, okay?"

I could only nod. "Y-Yes, Mommy."

"Good boy." I watched as my own Mother raised her thumb and slipped the digit past her lips, tasting me.

"Mmm..." She was still smiling, and for a split second, I saw Heidi.

It wasn't a surprise that my sister inherited her beauty from our Mother.

Even though Mother was twice Heidi's age, in my eyes, she was way sexier than her daughter.

I couldn't explain why exactly. They both had similar physical traits. The same gorgeous deep blue eyes, the same perfect jawline, the same supermodel physique.

But Mother made me feel better.

I couldn't imagine a woman sexier than my own Mother. She was the peak of beauty and I could hardly hold myself back as I imagined what the evening entailed.

"You've a very beautiful cock, Dylan," Mother whispered, raising her hips, preparing to fuck. "I envy your wives."

“You can have my cock as much as you want,” I rasped. “Everyday if you want.”

That had her giggling.

“No.” Mother shook her head. “If you fuck me more than your own wives, then something is wrong. Even if you enjoy sex with me more. Remember that, okay?”

“Please, Mommy...” I was gritting my teeth so hard, I wouldn’t be surprised if I had a headache afterwards. “Just... fuck me now. Please.”

“As you wish.” Mother winked at me. “*Master.*”

Mother sank down, her movements smooth and graceful.

But for me, it was chaos.

As soon as I felt her entrance clenching around my tip, I knew I was a goner.

“Mommy...” I gripped her slim hips tight, digging my fingernails into her skin, needing some sort of outlet for all the sensations overwhelming me.

But Mother went on as if I wasn’t hurting her, pushing lower and lower, grunting as she did so, taking her son’s cock inch by inch until I had my balls pressed up against the best ass on planet Earth.

“Dylan...” she moaned again, and I saw Mother raising her head high and squeezing her eyes shut. The perfect picture of ecstasy. “Oh... Dylan...”

I couldn’t control myself. Not like this. Not when I was holding back my release for far too long.

I tried to warn her, but as I felt my body locking up and spiraling out of control, I had to go along with it.

Gasping, I pulled out before slamming myself back in with everything I had.

This time, Mother reacted. Her moans turned wild. High-pitched. Her grip on me tightened, and she shuddered violently when I did it again and again and again, filling the penthouse with the sounds of our fucking.

And then I finally had my long awaited orgasm, shooting geysers deep into her like she wanted me too.

“Yes...” Mother looked like she was enjoying the sex more than I did. Her jaw was slack, her head was craned high up into the air, and the moans... oh fuck, the moans...

“Mommy...” I heaved, somehow still going. I was drenched in sweat, but I kept going, ramming myself in and out of her tight, flexing pussy, repeating “Mommy” as if it were the only word in my vocabulary. In that moment, it was.

“Mommy... Mommy...”

In the madness of it all, a thought came to me.

What if I got Mother pregnant?

It was possible. Mother might look way younger than her age, but she wasn't in her twenties any longer. She was thirty-eight. Thirty-nine in a few months.

Technically, I could squeeze a couple of babies into her before it was too late.

“Nice...” Mother looked just as disheveled as I did. Slick with sweat and smelling like sin. Smiling, she flicked a few stray locks of pink away from her eyes to get a better look at me. “Very nice, my love.”

“You...” I groaned. I was still inside her, hard as a rock, and Mother was still flexing around me, giving me little sparks of pleasure. “You came.”

Getting Mother to orgasm wasn't an easy process. She was notoriously hard to please, both in and out of the bedroom. I had only been inside her for less than a minute before I was a goner, so it was a welcoming surprise to have Mother cumming with me.

“I did.” Mother giggled. “You're getting better at this, my love.”

I was still high off the sex. My head was spinning, my heart was racing, and honestly, all I wanted to do was go again.

But Mother had other plans. With a soft grunt, she pulled me out of her, revealing the aftermath.

Her pussy was bright pink and dripping with cum.

Mother sighed. "Looks like I have to shower again."

Then she glanced back up at me, her deep blue eyes filled with dark invitation.

"Join me?"

As if I would ever say no to that.

My little sister loved making out.

Sometimes, we would spend an hour just rolling around in bed, kissing as if we were high school crushes.

Mother was the same.

"Good boy." God, her voice was so sexy. She explored my mouth, stroking my tongue with long, leisurely licks. She also had my cock in hand, giving me the best massage possible. "Very good boy."

I alternated between sucking on her lips and her tits, unable to decide which I preferred. She allowed me to whatever, sighing contently as I captured her nipples and sucked hard. Or she would moan and shudder in the middle of a long French kiss.

"Okay." Mother pressed a hand on my chest, urging me back from her sweet lips. "Enough."

As always, when ending a passionate kiss, Mother left with a sexy lip bite, tugging on my bottom lip as she pushed me away from her, making me heave and gasp, desperate for more.

Mother was like a drug. I couldn't get enough of her and there was no one like her.

Heidi was the obvious closest option, but although my older sister had the same fiery attitude and inherited the same striking beauty, Mother was... different.

Having sex with my own mother felt more... *wrong*.

“Listen up, my love. Because this is important.” Mother released her hold of my cock and grabbed a glass bottle of essential bath oils, adding a couple more coconut scented drops into the bathtub.

I stayed silent, just watching her as she placed the glass bottle to the side and relaxed into one end of the tub, sighing as more bubbles formed around us, disappointingly covering the view of her teardrop tits.

“Dylan?” Mother glanced back at me, blinking her long lashes. “Say something.”

I gulped, feeling the butterflies in my stomach. Even with all the best parts of her body covered in soap, Mother looked like something out of a fairytale. Her beauty was unrivaled.

“Y-Yeah?”

The edge of her lips twitch. “I want you to fuck me for the entire night. Do you have the stamina for that?”

“I-I do.”

“Mmm...” She gestured me close, and I went to her, resting my head on her shoulders, where she pecked me on my temple. “Do you like anal?”

I was sure Mother could feel me stiffening up at the question. But she coaxed me back into relaxation, offering more gentle pecks, running her knuckles down my cheeks, putting my body at ease against hers.

“I...” I cleared my throat, thinking back to all the times I had my beautiful sisters on all fours and fucking their forbidden holes.

Ellie wasn't fond of it, but as my wife, she vowed to never say no to any of my sexual demands. She wanted to please me.

Heidi on the other hand... she loved it.

“Yeah, I do,” I said.

“When your birthday comes,” Mother said casually. “We'll have anal.”

My voice cracked. "Not today?"

Mother giggled, the movement causing her nipples to rub up against my chest. "No. That's one of my rules. No anal. You can only fuck me there during special occasions."

I nodded, a little disappointed. "Okay."

"I only give blowjobs during special events, too." Mother blew out a breath. "But I come to enjoy going down on my knees for a special someone." She pecked me once more. "So you can have Mommy blow you whenever you want."

I pursed my lips, nodding.

"Second rule." She started washing me, splashing bubbles and warm water over my back and rubbing me there. "Nothing sexual in public. That goes without saying, but I know you sometimes skirt that line with your wives. Especially with Heidi."

I couldn't help but groan as she continued washing me. Her touches felt so good. So fucking personal. "S-Sorry."

"Do you know the consequences if any outsiders know our family secret?" Instead of kissing me, Mother started nibbling on my earlobe. "Do you ever think of that?"

"N-No..."

"For now, I'll only train you in private. But as your training continues, you'll soon have to do all the talking, make all the decisions, put on a smile in front of everybody. You'd have to learn restraint. You can't fuck me all the time."

I nodded.

"And that leads to my final rule," Mother said. "I already mentioned this, but... you can't prioritize me over your wives. As the man leading our family, I'll list out your priorities from top to bottom."

So many rules...

I was only doing this just to have sex with her. Feel loved by her.

But I understood that when it came to Mother, in order to have what I want, I had to do exactly what she wanted from me.

Sinking down, I nodded for her to continue.

“Your children should be your number one priority.”

That made sense.

“I understand,” I said.

“Then it’ll be your wives. Heidi and Ellie. Like I mentioned, if you sleep with me more than them, something is wrong. You can have me on the weekends, but most of your time should be spent with them. You said your vows and a man should never break his words. Do you understand?”

Reaching a hand up, I found her tits under the bubbles. “I understand, Mommy.”

“Good.” Turning, she kissed the side of my head again.

I could sit there forever, laying against her shoulder, receiving her little pecks. For my whole life, this was what I wanted. Her adoration and love. Every time she kissed me, I felt warm and fuzzy inside, and it was fucking addictive.

“Thirdly, it will be Lucia and me,” she continued, her breaths tickling my ear.. “You should already be grateful for having beautiful wives, but I think it’s for the best if you have ownership over us too.”

Ownership.

“It will settle all future disputes,” Mother explained. “Business or family, your word will be law and that will be that.”

“But... what if I make bad decisions?”

It was an honest concern. Mother was the head of a large company and I was clearly out of my depth.

What if I fuck up and lose my family millions?

“That’s where you listen to Mommy.” She brushed my hand away from her tits, and when I looked up at her and frowned, Mother just gave me a warm smile before urging my head down.

“I deal with a lot of stress every day...” Mother moaned as I captured her nipple with my teeth. “You know... I have to make hard decisions. So...” She sighed a long and breathy exhale. “So... even though you wear the crown, you’re going to always be a good boy and heed Mommy’s council. You know I only want what’s best for you.”

I heard her words, but they felt numb to my ears. She could say anything and I would agree with it.

As long as I had access to her body. As long as she told me she loved me.

“I...” I went for her other nipple, licking all around the hard bud, enjoying her tits more than I ever had with my sisters. “I understand, Mommy.”

“Good boy.” I felt her shift her body to get more comfortable. “Fourth, and the least important of your priorities, is business. And that includes friends and acquaintances. Family comes first. Always.”

I moaned my agreement.

“One last thing.” Mother gripped my chin with her hand and pulled me from her tits, forcing me to look up at her.

I must have looked like a sex addict. Wide-eyed and drooling from sucking on her tits too much.

“I’ll be your slave,” Mother told me. “You don’t call me Ava or anything else. You refer to me as Mommy and always Mommy.” She jerked me towards me, never breaking eye contact. “Do you know why?”

“Because...” I blinked. “Because you like it?”

“I love it.” Mother completed our connection, pulling me into her divine lips, breaking me apart with amazing strokes of her tongue. “It turns me on so *fucking* much.”

“Mommy,” I moaned into her mouth and in the midst of the chaos, my hands naturally found their way back to her tits, where I pinched her nipples. Hard.

That seemed to drive Mother on. She kissed me harder, bruising my lips, but I was ready. I met her with equal fervor, moaning my contentment, pushing Mother up against the bathtub. We were a tangle of limbs and lusts, and a haze passed over me as I submerge myself into depravity.

“Dylan!” Mother gasped when I turned her around and shoved her down onto all fours. There was a big splash, and water spilled off the edge of the tub.

I was being forceful and rough, treating Mother just as I would treat my sisters. Normally, Mother wouldn’t allow that and would slap me back to my senses, but tonight... she was different.

She even arched her back and pushed her hips up, the lean muscles on her back flexing as she did so.

“What?” I heaved, already taking her hips and lining up my cock to her cunt.

There were so many bubbles and foam all around us, I couldn’t even see her pussy. But that was fine by me. I didn’t need to close my eyes to not feel dirty inside. The bubbles would cover our sins.

“N-Nothing...” Mother groaned and then shuddered as I pushed forward, her entrance clenching around my tip. “Nothing, my love.”