



Family
REUNION

JULIUS INCESTUS

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All characters are over the age of 18

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Chapter 1

Last night, I had just gotten back home for the summer. Two years ago, right after I graduated from high school, I moved away with my girlfriend to Southern California while my mother and little sister stayed in Sacramento.

I still remember Luna's tear-streaked face the day I left. "I'll call you every day, I promise," I told her, ruffling her hair like I always did.

But the quiver in her voice as she whispered, "Okay," lingered long after. Luna had always walked a different path—a bit quirky, her dorky passions making her a target for others who couldn't see the beauty in her uniqueness. But to me, she was a treasure.

She loved video games and cosplay and had an entire wardrobe filled with costumes and merch. I used to tease her about the sheer volume of it all, but in truth, I adored how her eyes lit up whenever she showed me a new outfit or talked about a favorite character. Even if dressing up wasn't my thing, I'd slip into costumes just to see her smile—a smile that felt like home.

One thing I truly loved was playing video games with her, and it had been a big part of our childhood. We would sometimes

fight like any siblings, but it always ended in hugs. The fighting completely stopped when I started hearing about the bullying she was going through. She didn't tell us at first, but when we found out, Mom was heartbroken, and I was enraged. I clearly remember standing outside her school, my fists clenched as I waited for the bell to ring. When those girls finally appeared, I tried to talk to them, hoping reason would temper my anger. But their smirks and dismissive glances told me all I needed to know—nothing would change. Mom's meeting with the principal had been just as fruitless.

Luna eventually refused to step foot in that place again, and Mom took on debt to enroll Luna in a private school—a place with zero tolerance for bullying. It was friendlier, sure, and Luna even found a friend to hang out with occasionally. But most days, she was still alone.

I tried to fill the gaps, spending time with her whenever I could, often bringing my girlfriend along. I had been in two relationships before, and they both commented on Luna—calling her “funny,” in that awkward, endearing way. But I made it clear to both of them that Luna was more than just a quirky younger sister.

Mom's financial situation wasn't great because of the debt. Her husband died when I was ten, and we relied on her income in a costly neighborhood. Mom ran a florist shop, which was just enough to get us by. During my last year of high school, I started an eCommerce business selling fitness equipment. With the increasing interest in home workouts and people trying to save money, it didn't take long for the company to become profitable. When it took off, I helped Mom out, easing the burden she carried. It felt fair since she'd helped me enormously at the start, giving me advertising and business advice to get

going.

When I came back last night, I was welcomed with hugs and kisses from both Mom and Luna. It felt good to be back in their arms. My mother's embrace was warm and comforting, and my sister's was filled with excitement and a bit of warmth as well. She perched on her tiptoes so she could bury her face into my shoulder, her playful warmth seeping into my skin. I hadn't seen them since last month when it was my little sister's eighteenth birthday.

As I slowly opened my eyes from a deep slumber and studied my bedroom, nostalgia hit me hard. I thought back to all the summers when we went camping in Eldorado Forest or at Hidden Falls. Whenever it rained, my sister and I would sit hip to hip in our home, mashing buttons on a controller, or she would take me on a cosplay adventure where we pretended to be characters from a game. I just had dear, lovely memories with her, and I couldn't wait to create new ones.

I drew in a deep breath, filling my lungs with the comforting scent of my mother's flowers mixed with the musty smell of old books from my shelves. The bed faced the window, and the curtains filtered the sunlight, but I could still see the rays seeping in and feel the early morning warmth. It still felt a bit unusual to sleep by myself since I'd recently broken up with my girlfriend, but I felt a bit freer, and I was glad I could spend more time with my sister, Luna.

We'd broken up a couple of weeks ago. Even though I'd been getting hornier over the past few days, I hadn't masturbated. The proof was in the tented sheets and the slight ache in my balls.

As soon as I heard someone knock on the door, I rubbed my eyes. At first, I thought it was my bedroom door, but I quickly

realized it was Luna's. It was a bit difficult to tell whose room it was since I hadn't slept here in a while.

"Luna?" my mother said in her peaceful morning voice. She gently knocked again. "Luna, can I come in?"

"What is it?" my sister answered in a suspicious tone. It sounded like she'd been up to mischief. It was normal for her to get caught with her hand in the cookie jar. She loved all-nighters and was the one who first persuaded me to pull them—pretending to be asleep while Mom went to bed, then sneaking down the stairs to play games all night. It was thrilling, except for the times we got caught. Neither of us liked seeing our mother disappointed.

"I want my toy back."

Luna didn't answer right away. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Darling, you know what I'm talking about."

"No, I don't," she said.

Mom slowly opened the door, and I heard her stop at the threshold. I could imagine her placing her hands on her hips. "I don't have time for this... Can you please give back my vibrator?"

My eyes widened. I never thought my sister would "borrow" our mother's toys.

"I still don't know what you're talking about," Luna said, with a hint of embarrassment in her voice.

"If it wasn't you... Who was it then, Princess Zelda?"

"No... Link is all the vibrator she needs."

They both chuckled. "Very funny... Listen, I'm running late, and you know I don't have all the time in the world."

A silence followed.

"Fine," Luna said, and I heard her hand something over to

Mom.

"Thank you," Mom said. "Why don't you just ask me to buy you one instead of sneaking into my bedroom?"

"I'm sorry," Luna replied, sounding more upset than embarrassed.

I heard Mom sit down next to her. "You can talk to me about anything, you know that. There's no need to look away."

"I know. I'm just sorry."

"Let me know which one you want, and I'll get it for you, okay?"

"Okay... Uhm, can you get me vibrating panties too?"

"How do you know what vibrating panties are?" Mom asked.

"I... might have borrowed those too... Again, I'm sorry."

"I forgive you, but you know we aren't millionaires. It's either vibrating panties or a vibrator—choose one."

"Okay, a vibrator," Luna said.

I heard Mom kiss Luna's cheek. "And please, don't just play video games all day."

"I promise," Luna said.

"I made some pancakes for you two."

"I can smell the eggs and flour on your hands," Luna said.

"I have to wash my hands and then I have to bounce. I'll see you later this evening."

"Have fun with Christy," Luna said.

"Thank you," Mom replied. Cristy was her colleague. They'd known each other since high school, and now they ran a florist shop together. Unfortunately, business wasn't going well these days, along with the rest of the small businesses and retail. People were cutting spending, holding onto every buck.

I let my head slump back onto the pillow. I found it oddly erotic that my sister had snuck into Mom's bedroom to take

her vibrator and vibrating panties behind her back. At first, I wondered why she didn't just buy her own, but my sister didn't have a job at the moment. She had a side hustle streaming on Twitch, but she'd also complained about how everyone was broke these days. I made sure to tip her whenever I caught her online. I'd told her before that she was enjoyable to watch, especially in her costumes. It was a little motivation boost for her, but I was sincere—I could watch her play for hours. Unfortunately, my busy schedule didn't allow me to watch her as often as I'd like.

Luna suddenly opened the door and poked her head inside, bursting my dream bubble. But what appeared in front of me was better than a dream. Wearing round glasses, she stood before me in a purple nightgown, its thin straps stretched over her shoulders. The dress had once been snug and flattering, but now it barely covered her hips, and the neckline gaped open as if struggling to contain her ample chest. Her glossy brown hair tumbled around her face in wild waves, and she offered me a coy smile with her pink lips.

"Are you awake, sleepyhead?"

I rolled my eyes. "Do you know what knocking is?"

"Someone woke up on the wrong side of the bed," she said, stifling a giggle.

I gave her a look, and she aimed her eyes at the tent instead. "What have you pitched there?"

"Give me a break," I said, tucking it into the waistband of my underwear.

"I just want to give you a good morning hug," she said.

"Sure, but let me get dressed first."

"Okay... Mom just left. She made pancakes for us," she said, beaming.

The heavenly scent wafted into my room. It was a sweet smell that I had missed—Mom’s culinary arts. “I can smell them,” I said. “Now be a good sister and bring me some clothes.”

“Okay,” she replied happily. She spun around, the hem of her nightgown lifting and revealing a glimpse of her smooth, round buttocks. With a slight bend at the waist, she reached into the wardrobe to search for an outfit. I couldn’t resist stealing glances at how her figure had evolved since a year ago. Her curves were more defined and alluring, causing my heart to race and my cheeks to flush with heat. As she turned to face me, I couldn’t help but notice the subtle sway of her larger breasts. The years had been kind to her curves, and it was safe to say, she had become a well-endowed young woman.

“Meet you downstairs, sleepyhead,” she said, closing the door and scurrying off.

“Sure thing.” It was one or the other—sleepyhead or Link. Neither one bothered me.

I put on my clothes and headed downstairs. She stood at the entrance to the kitchen and looked up at me. Standing at five foot four, she opened her arms. “Good morning hug, remember?”

I let her fall into my arms, holding her close. At six feet tall, I was the perfect height to embrace her. “I’ve missed you,” she said, her voice muffled in my chest.

“I’ve missed you too,” I said. As I held her, I felt her heartbeat, but then I also noticed the curves of her breasts gently pressing against my chest. I realized she was still dressed in her tight nightgown.

“Finally, we can spend some time together,” she said, breaking the hug, a smile spreading across her lips.

“Seriously... how long have you had that nightgown?”

She glanced down at her chest, and then her eyes met mine again. "What's wrong with it?"

"You've grown... You're not a kid anymore."

She waved her hand dismissively. "It's snug, comfy, and fits me perfectly."

"Whatever," I said, just glad to be with her. "You can at least wear a bra."

"But then it wouldn't fit right," she pointed out matter-of-factly.

"Fine," I yielded, though I couldn't help glancing at her from time to time.

We both sat down. The table was already set, with a plate of pancakes in the center, resting on a tablecloth embroidered with floral patterns. Three vases, each holding a bouquet of fresh flowers, were lined on the table. Every room in this house smelled so much better than my place, and it was mainly because of my mother's love for flowers.

"I was so excited when you got back last night, I was tossing and turning all night," she said.

"So excited you forgot to knock too," I teased.

"Sorry," she said with a giggle. She removed the foil from the pancakes, and I was greeted by the scent of Mom's cooking. Her pancakes were fluffy and soaked in melted butter and maple syrup. My ex-girlfriend could cook all right, but Mom's cooking was on another level.

"Mom told me you broke up with Jody," Luna said as we both started filling our plates. "Is it true?"

"Yeah," I said. "Too much drama at the end."

"About what?" she asked softly.

"Time... She thought running a business was all fun and games."

"I see," my sister said, lowering her eyes. "You deserve someone nice."

"Thanks," I said, smiling. "Someone who knows how to knock."

She stuck her tongue out at me and blew a raspberry. "That's the third time this morning. Let it go already."

"I'm just messing with you," I said.

"Well, I think we should play together."

"Which game?"

"Smash," she said, her smile widening. "You won't stand a chance against me."

"In your dreams," I said.

We could be competitive whenever we played a two-player game, and sometimes we even ended up "fighting", which meant ending up on the floor, rolling around and lightly tearing at each other's clothes till we were both laughing. It was all love at the end even if she could get on my nerves from time to time.

We finished the pancakes in no time, and I sat down on the couch. She snatched the controller and tossed it at me. "Catch!"

I reacted quickly, catching it in mid-air. I always had to be on guard since her tricks could come right out of the blue. "Why's this controller sticky?" I asked her and looked at her. I smelled it and noticed a musky, flowery fragrance.

"I dunno," she said. "Maybe from perfume."

I shrugged and didn't think much of it.

She turned on the TV and plopped down next to me. "Which character will you be?" she asked as the menu screen flashed onto the screen.

"Snake."

"I'll be Pikachu ... Pika Pika," she said and made a Pikachu face.

I laughed with her. She was one hundred percent cute, but when she made that face, something in my cock awakened. I wasn't sure if it was because her feminine features had evolved, or that she was eighteen, or perhaps her skimpy nightgown that left little to the imagination, but I looked at her a bit differently. I tried to shrug off those feelings, but I had a feeling they'd return.

We kept playing and we became as competitive as ever. It wasn't fun losing to a girl let alone your little sister, but she sure had played a lot more than I had.

"You mash buttons like Snorlax."

"It's because you keep running away with those bunny ears," I said.

"Already a sore loser?" she said and waggled her eyebrows as the lightning struck me and I flew out into the distance.

"God damn it," I said.

Luna giggled, her body shaking with laughter as she leaned into me. I could feel the warmth of her skin through the thin fabric of her nightgown.

After we'd played a couple of rounds, I started glancing out the window. The sun was steadily rising, casting a golden glow over our neighborhood and the forest in the background. "Come on, let's take a break."

"Take a break from getting your ass kicked or playing?" she asked with a teasing smile.

I just wanted to tease her back so badly. "You know what ... I woke up a bit earlier today."

She narrowed her eyes at me. "That must be the worst comeback in the history of insults."

I rolled my eyes. "Why did you take our mother's toys?"

Her lips flattened into a thin line. "That comeback still

sucked.”

“Come on, I didn’t mean it as an insult. I’m just curious. It’s fine if you don’t want to tell me.”

“You might have heard something else,” she said and crossed her arms across her chest, but a slow blush invaded her cheeks. They weren’t porcelain and cute no longer but red as our mother’s florist shop.

“Certainly not judging by that blush of yours.”

“Alright, fine,” she admitted. “I just wanted to know what it felt like ... I’ve never had a boyfriend after all.”

I felt sympathetic for her. “I understand,” I said. “I just found it a bit funny you decided to take hers. I mean your fingers should work too.”

“Yes, but I wanted to try something different ... I’ve been a bit turned on lately,” she said. We entered uncharted territory. We’d never spoken about sexual topics before even if we had been close growing up.

“Why?”

“To make a long story short. For the past months, Mom’s been moaning every night. She’s really loud, so I wanted to know what the fuss was about, so I ended up finding her toys.”

“Did you at least wash them afterward?”

“No,” she said, making an innocent Pikachu face.

“I don’t judge you for it,” I told her.

“She has like a thousand of them anyways.”

“A thousand?” I said with an arched eyebrow. “Now you’re exaggerating.”

“No,” she said, dead serious. “Okay, maybe not a thousand, but she has an entire box with sex toys. She’s been single since our father died. What do you think she’s been doing all this time, reading Charles Dickens? I also discovered a box filled

with old pornos from the early 2000s.”

“You truly are a sneaky fox,” I said.

“You better watch out,” she said and waggled her finger at me.

When hearing about my mother’s sex toys and how my sister had played with them, I couldn’t help but feel a bit turned on as well. “How did you find them?”

“She just keeps them in her wardrobe ... Do you want me to show you?”

“No.”

“Judging by that blush of yours,” she said teasingly. “I’m thinking otherwise.”

“I do not want to see her toys. They belong to her anyway,” I said firmly, but my voice sounded weak.

“I think you do,” she continued to nag me.

“No, I do not.”

“Tickle!” she exclaimed and suddenly started tickling me till we were both squirming on the ground. She knew my weakness. I was extremely ticklish.

I tried to resist, but Luna’s fingers found all my weak spots. We rolled around on the floor, laughing and struggling as she mercilessly tickled me. Her nightgown rode up even further, exposing more of her smooth thighs in the process, and as we rolled around, my crotch got rubbed against her skin to the point I was growing erect.

She tore at my clothes, but I was careful of tearing at her nightgown since it wasn’t much she kept under there. After we’d rolled around, she ended up on top of me. It reminded me of the last time I had sex with my ex. She had straddled my leg with her wet peach right under my leg. Thankfully, my little sister wore panties, but I couldn’t help but feel her wet, hot center. I tried to ignore it, but I couldn’t.

“Stop! I give up!” I gasped between fits of laughter.

“Not until you admit you want to see Mom’s toys,” Luna teased, her eyes glinting mischievously.

“Fine, fine! I’m curious, okay?” I finally yielded, if only to make her stop.

Luna sat back, grinning triumphantly. Her nightgown had slipped off one shoulder, revealing more creamy skin and the outer part of her breasts. She slipped it back on before I could see her areolas. “I knew it. Come on, let’s go look. I’ll tell you a thing about Mom while we’re there.”

“What about her?”

“I’ll tell you upstairs after you’ve seen her stash with your own eyes.”

It sure was tempting. I started feeling a thrill that I hadn’t felt before in my life. “Fine, let’s go,” I yielded.

She grabbed my hand and pulled me to my feet. As we climbed the stairs, I couldn’t help but notice the sway of her hips and the bounce of her breasts. What was wrong with me? This was my little sister.

We went upstairs and into Mom’s bedroom. The first thing I noticed was the sparkling clean floor that reflected the sunlight. I couldn’t see a dust mote on her shelves, and there wasn’t a wrinkle on her purple coverlets. On the nightstand, she had a photo of me and Luna. On the wall was a photo of a field of flowers extending to the horizon. The honeyed, feminine scent hung in the room, and it was addictive to inhale.

With a grin, Luna slid open the wardrobe. She lowered herself onto her hands and knees, arching her back and allowing me to admire the curves of her toned buttocks that poked under the hem of her nightgown. She pulled out a leather box and placed it right in front of my feet. My eyes widened at what

was inside. There weren't a thousand but there sure were many sex toys, glistening from all the nights our mother had used them. I knew my ex kept two vibrators, but I saw at least five vibrators inside the box along with dildos, vibrating panties, clit stimulators and a whole lot of other sexual objects that I wasn't sure were called.

"Wow," I said, trying my hardest not to let my jaw drop.

"Told you," she said and picked a dildo up, touching the tip. "This one's still sticky. I think she used it last night ... Do you want to touch it?"

"I'm fine," I told her, but deep inside, I wanted to. I started popping the weirdest boner in my life.

"The clit stimulators are nice, but the vibrating panties were the best since they're discreet," she said.

"I don't need your review of them," I said and then shook my head. "Wait, how many of them have you tried?"

"Not all of them, but certainly many of them," she said and brought up the vibrating panties, smiling as she looked at them.

"Alright ... our mother likes to masturbate. Now what did you want to tell me?"

"It's about her financial situation," Luna said and her teasing smile suddenly vanished like a snuffed-out flame. "I learned that she'd taken on an additional debt for herself, and she's struggling to pay it back."

"How much?" I asked and didn't like the sound of that.

"I'm not sure," she said. "I just eavesdropped when Cristy came over last week. I felt so bad for Mom. She's been dealing with stress and sleep issues."

"Huh," I said. I started feeling bad for our mother too. She had taken on a loan to pay for Luna's private high school. I had helped her pay off that loan, but I didn't know about the other.

"I think because of her sleep issues, she was recommended to climax before bed."

"Alright, but we can talk about this in the living room instead," I told her. "I don't feel good about looking at her stuff."

"You don't want to see her pornos?"

I gave her a look.

"Fine," she replied.

We went downstairs and headed outside for once. It was hot now in the summer, and we settled down under the patio umbrella. "Do you want something to drink?" she asked me.

"Sure," I said.

"Strawberry juice?"

"You didn't even need to ask," I said with a wink.

She jumped to her feet and scurried inside. She reminded me of Mom when she was kind, not when she'd tickle me to the point of tears. She returned with two glasses and strawberry juice, generously filling my glass and taking a seat. I grabbed the glass, slightly cool in my hands, and took a sip of the sweet liquid.

"So," she said and lowered the glass. "What did you think of her toys?"

"They're for girls," I reminded her.

"What do you use?" she asked bluntly.

I flicked my eyes to her. "I used to have a girl."

"You're right," she said and lowered her eyes before taking another sip.

"Do you ever touch yourself?" she asked right out of the blue.

"Uhm," I said and was a bit caught off guard by her question. I thought we would avoid this topic. "Sometimes ... when I don't have a girl around."

"How does it feel?" she asked with not a hint of playfulness

but plenty of curiosity.

"I think it feels similar for you."

"I think it feels nice," she said.

"How many times a day do you do it?" I asked her. It just rolled out of my tongue even if I felt a bit awkward by this conversation.

"A couple of times a day, depending if Mom is home," she said, which was followed by silence. "When you do it, do you watch porn?"

"Sometimes," I admitted and started feeling my armpits growing sweaty despite the cool drink in front of me. "And you?"

"I like porn ... especially lesbian porn, but I don't like the excessive moaning."

I chuckled and scratched my neck. "Neither do I."

"I also watch some fantasy porn, but I don't get off to it. I just like to watch it."

"Sure."

"Why do I get the feeling you aren't comfortable talking about this?"

"We're siblings," I reminded her.

"So? Mom and I are quite open about things. She even offered me blowjob lessons for when I'd find a boyfriend ... if that day ever comes."

I laid my hand over hers. "Luna, eventually you will find someone special."

"That's nice of you," she said.

I realized I'd glossed over a part of her sentence. "She offered you blowjob lessons?"

"Uh-huh," she said and nodded. "Why wouldn't she? She wants what's best for us."

“Huh ...”

“We’re just talking,” she reminded me.

“Sure ... But we haven’t had this discussion before.”

“Till I found out how good masturbating feels like,” she said.

I shifted uncomfortably in my seat, not sure how to respond. Part of me wanted to change the subject, but another part was intrigued by Luna’s openness. “I guess I’m just not used to talking about this stuff with you,” I admitted. “But you’re right, we’re just talking. There’s nothing wrong with that.”

Luna smiled, seeming pleased that I was opening up. “Exactly. I feel like I can tell you anything. You’ve always been there for me.”

Her words touched me because I knew it was true. I’d stood up for her when she was bullied. There were times when I didn’t go out with my ex-girlfriend because Luna was sad. She will always have a special place in my heart. “Of course. You’re my little sister. I’ll always be here for you.”

“Are you growing hungry by the way?” she asked. “I can make some lunch for us.”

“Surprise me with a dish.”

Luna beamed at me. “Alright, I’ll whip something up. But no peeking!” She wagged her finger playfully before heading into the kitchen.

I leaned back in my chair, sipping my strawberry juice and listening to the sounds of Luna bustling around the kitchen. The clanging of pots and pans, the opening and closing of cabinets, and her soft humming floated out to me.

My mind wandered back to our conversation. I still felt a bit stunned by how open Luna had been about sex and masturbation. Part of me felt like I should discourage that kind of talk between us, but another part was oddly excited by

it. I pushed those thoughts aside, chalking it up to horniness from my recent breakup.

After about 30 minutes, Luna set the table. "Okay, lunch is ready!"

She had prepared a colorful salad with grilled chicken, avocado, and a variety of veggies. "Wow, this looks great," I said, genuinely impressed.

"Thanks," Luna replied proudly. "Mom hasn't only offered blowjob lessons but cooking as well."

"Let's leave the blowjobs aside," I said as we both settled down.

I dug into the food. The chicken was perfectly seasoned with lime, salt and pepper. It went well with the avocado, and she'd also used caesar dressing. It was almost like a carbon copy of what Mom used to cook for us, so I could see her fingerprints all over it.

We talked about various topics. She wanted to know how my eCommerce was going, and she was glad that it was doing well. Thankfully, we left the sexual topics aside, but I had to admit, I enjoyed talking about them. They felt forbidden, kind of like the first time you discovered masturbation or porn. I understood where Luna was in life, even if she was a bit of a late bloomer.

I helped her with the dishes, and we agreed to play Zelda. I didn't want to play another multiplayer game with her and risk another round of tickling. "I have to go upstairs," she excused herself after turning on the TV.

I just shrugged and leaned back. She disappeared into her room for a few minutes before descending the stairs in a flowing purple and white sleeveless dress with a Hyrule logo in the middle. She had also put on white gloves. Even though the fabric of the dress cascaded down her legs in gentle waves,

it hugged her figure tightly around the waist and chest. The neckline plunged just enough to reveal a tasteful amount of cleavage. The only thing missing was the Hylian, elven ears. I couldn't help but laugh at the sight of my little sister dressed as Princess Zelda from *Twilight Princess*.

"So, now I'm ready," she said, settling down next to me.

"You really look like a princess," I said.

She had ditched her glasses and was wearing contacts instead. "You think so?" she asked eagerly, twirling a lock of hair around her finger.

"I know so," I told her.

She inched her hips closer to mine. "Why don't you dress up as Link?"

"Alright, I will," I said.

She paused the game. "I'll wait."

I went upstairs and slipped into the green tunic. It was a personal gift from Luna on my nineteenth birthday, so it still fit. It wasn't the most comfortable thing to wear, but the smile on my sister's face when I came back down the stairs made it worth it.

We played together, totally immersed in the game. When she got stuck on a puzzle, I was right there with her, trying to figure it out. We passed the controller back and forth, and time flew as we enjoyed each other's company. The warm rays of the setting sun began to slant across the sky, casting a golden glow on our faces. I squinted against the brightness and realized we had lost track of time.

"What time is it?" she asked as she jumped to her feet and pulled the curtains aside.

"It's almost six PM," I said.

"No way," she said, grabbing her phone to check. "Someone

stole our time!”

I laughed. “It was time well spent,” I said.

“Blah,” she said. “I wish we could freeze time and play all we want.”

“So do I,” I said.

“Should we just order pizza and then watch a movie together?” she suggested. “It’s getting a bit too late to make dinner now.”

“Sure,” I said. “What do you have in mind?”

“You’ll see,” she replied with a kittenish smile.

We took a break from playing Switch. While waiting for the pizza, we changed into more comfortable clothes. It wasn’t long before the pizza arrived, and when it did, we dug in.

After we’d eaten, it started getting darker—perfect timing for a movie. She brought some cookies and milk for us both, along with a blanket for herself. “You sure you don’t want a comfy blanket?” she asked.

“I’m fine,” I said.

She selected a film and settled down under the blanket. I quickly realized it was a romantic movie. It was enjoyable, even if it wasn’t one of my favorite genres. We exchanged occasional glances, silently checking in on each other’s thoughts about the movie.

The way she kept her hands under the blanket made me wonder if she was touching herself. I shook my head, unsure why my thoughts were drifting that way. At least she was wearing a regular top now and not a sexy, body-hugging fantasy dress or a skimpy nightgown.

As the film became more intimate, she inched closer to me. Eventually, she leaned her head onto my shoulder. It reminded me of how my girlfriend used to cuddle with me, making me suddenly aware of Luna’s skin against mine.

When the kissing scene started, she looked at me, and I saw something in her eyes I hadn't seen before—a longing for intimacy.

The sex scene that followed was tame compared to porn, but watching it with my sister made it feel a lot more intense. Luna's eyes widened slightly as the guy made love to the woman in the missionary position under the sheets. I glanced at the blanket and noticed my sister's hand moving toward her crotch. She drew a slow circle but stopped when the scene was over.

After the movie ended, she was still cuddled up to me. With a soft smile on her face, she looked up and asked, "What did you think?"

"It was alright," I said with a shrug.

"How does kissing feel?" she asked out of the blue.

"It's nice."

"I don't know how it feels," she said, lowering her eyes.

"The touch of lips is pleasant—soft and intimate. It's not just the physical sensation; it's about the emotions that come with it."

"Oh... Do you think you could show me?"

"You want me to kiss you?" I asked, searching her face.

"Uh-huh," she said. "We kissed when we were younger, but I don't remember how it feels."

"Sure," I said. I didn't think much of it. It was just a kiss. It couldn't hurt, especially if it would help her feel better about herself. I leaned in and pressed my lips to hers. I felt a spark right away, a spark of something forbidden that seemed to be brewing between us.

When I pulled away, she beamed. "That was nice... but it wasn't like they did it in the movie."

"You mean a French kiss?" I asked.

She nodded eagerly, her blue eyes sparkling behind her contacts. She grabbed my arm and pleaded, "Please."

"Okay," I said. There was something in her voice that I couldn't resist. I gently pushed her glossy hair behind her ears. The initial peck had felt surprisingly good, so I wanted to see if there were more sensations and feelings to explore.

I pressed my lips to hers, gently tracing the seam of her lips with my tongue. She was inexperienced, but she responded by parting her lips and letting me in. I started with my hand on her shoulder but then moved it to gently cup her neck, deepening the moment between us. We were fully immersed in the forbidden kiss. My heart raced, my mind screaming to stop, but the thrill was too intense to resist.

Even though this was taboo, I leaned in closer, deepening the kiss. It was something that had been building up for a long time, and I lost myself in the sweet taste of her mouth and the warmth of her body.

When I finally pulled away, a thin string of saliva stretched between our lips. As my heart rate lowered, I was left speechless.

"Wow," Luna whispered, clasping her hands over her heart. "That was amazing."

"It really was," I replied, still stunned. It felt better than any other kiss in my life, and I couldn't explain why. It was deeper, more intimate, with a touch of forbidden excitement. Part of me knew I should have pulled back, but I didn't want to. I found myself craving more—more of that intense intimacy.

"Thank you," she said softly, looking at me with the same expression she had when I stood up for her bullies or comforted her when she was upset. It meant the world to me to be able to do something for her.

"You're welcome."

"I've never felt anything like that... No wonder they always romanticize kissing."

"Yeah," I said, still at a loss for words. A quiet moment lingered between us, just on the edge of becoming awkward as her cheeks turned pink.

"Do you remember earlier when I asked you if you masturbate?"

"I do," I said and narrowed my eyes on her, guessing where this was going.

"I became a bit turned on by the film," she started. "Do you think we could masturbate together?"

I blinked at her. I thought it was brave of her to ask me even if I started to predict where this was heading. "It starts with talking about it, and then a kiss and the next logical step would be to go there."

She shrugged. "Yeah, so?"

"Where are we going with this?"

"I dunno," she said. "I can tell that the kiss felt nice for you too."

"It sure did," I said.

"I'm just curious how it looks when a guy masturbates. You've probably seen a girl already."

"Girls have different methods though. It's pretty straightforward to guys."

"You don't want to know how I do it?" she asked.

It sure was tempting, and if the kiss felt that good, I wondered how masturbating with her would feel like. "Fine," I said. "Where should we go?"

"To my bedroom," she said. She swung her feet off the bed, and she eagerly helped me to my feet.

"When does Mom come home?" I asked her.

“An hour,” she said and had everything under control.

As we entered Luna’s bedroom, my heart was racing. Part of me knew this was wrong, but another part was too intrigued and aroused to stop. I hadn’t gotten off in weeks too, so I didn’t have the willpower to resist. Luna closed the door behind us and turned to face me, her cheeks flushed with excitement. “Do we undress?”

“Unless you masturbate with your clothes on,” I teased her.

I took off my shirt, and her eyes swept over me before she pulled the top over her head. It felt like slow motion when she reached behind her back and unhooked her bra, freeing her boobs in front of my eyes. They bounced and jiggled till they found equilibrium. To me, they looked perfect. Not too big, so it would take ages to explore them, but not too small so there was nothing to hold onto. They were two perfect mounds topped with a sweet, pert berry at each peak, and her pink nipples blended well with the creamy white color of her breasts.

“Uhm, do you like them?” she asked while twirling her hair on her finger.

“They are gorgeous,” I said when I realized I’d been staring for longer than necessary. I knew women like attention but there was a limit before it turned creepy.

She beamed. “I was a bit insecure about them since they were small for so long, but now all of a sudden they started growing.”

“You make it sound as if it were a curse.”

“No ... As long as they don’t end up like melons,” she said with a titter.

We peeled off the rest of our clothes. Once she reached her panties, I noticed a little wet patch at the center. I gently lowered my shorts, freeing my cock which bobbed up and down. Her

eyes widened, and she froze with her fingers on her panties. She was right about to slide them down but stopped. A part of me felt it hard to believe we were doing this.

"Wow ... can that fit in a kitty?"

"As long as you're aroused," I said.

"Can I touch it?"

"Sure," I said.

She reached for it and curled her hand around it, gently stroking me up and down. She burst out giggling. "Did you slip a bone inside?"

"Very funny," I said. "Are we going to masturbate or tell jokes?"

"I find it funny that you're now so horny that you can't suppress it."

"Yeah, it didn't feel as odd as I thought it would," I admitted. I tugged at her panties. "Come on, are you going to keep your little pet caged in for the rest of the day?"

She bent over and slid her panties to her ankles, kicking them aside. I caught a brief glimpse of her pink, wet folds before she jumped onto the bed with her back against the wall. She patted the spot next to her. The last time I sat there was years ago when we'd played DS together.

I joined her, glancing between her legs at her pink womanhood. I couldn't spot any stubbles on her clean flesh. "Do you always shave?"

"Every other day ... But sometimes, I like to grow hairy just to see how it looks."

"Kind of like me ... Now show me how you masturbate," I prompted her, wondering if she had any specific ways.

"So, first I usually wet my fingers," she showed me, licking her fingers with her tongue, "and then I draw a circle on top of my kitty like this," she said and gently massaged the top of her folds

with her glistening wet fingers. I couldn't help but feel like I was witnessing a private art exhibit. It was both forbidden and intriguing to see my innocent little sister pleasuring herself in front of me. "I also rub the clit now and then and slide a finger inside me."

"Why aren't you getting going?" she asked. "I want to come when you come."

"Good point," I said, curling my right hand around my cock and stroking myself. I watched intently as Luna demonstrated her technique, her fingers moving in slow circles over her most sensitive areas. The sight of her pleasuring herself was incredibly arousing.

"That feels good?" I asked, my voice husky.

She nodded, biting her lip. "Mhm. What about you? Show me how you do it."

I gripped my cock more firmly, sliding my hand up and down. "Like this," I said. "Varying the speed and pressure."

"It looks so dry," she said. "Don't you ever use lotion?"

"To be honest, I haven't masturbated in a long time, but when I did, I did use lotion."

"Can I get some for you?" she asked, stopping with her hand in her honeypot.

"It's fine sis ... this feels quite intense already."

"I feel it too," she said. "It just feels so good, so I don't want to stop."

"We're on the same page," I said.

"Do you want to touch me too?" she suggested. "Maybe not as exciting for you since you already touched a girl."

"It's always exciting to touch another girl," I said and reached into her private area till I made contact with her flesh. She was soaked and her folds were as smooth as velvet. It was quite

pleasant to touch her, feeling her wet heat spilling over my fingers. As she spread her legs, her pink, plump folds glistened in the dim light of the bedroom. Her lips were slightly swollen and slick with arousal, a clear sign that she was horny.

I pulled back and stroked myself with the same hand I had touched her with. It was slightly wet but enough lubricants for now. "Do you need some spit?" she offered me.

"Sure," I said. I didn't want to take my hand away from my cock. It just felt so good. She held her hair back as she leaned forward and carefully spat in my hand. I wrapped my hand, covered with her juices and spit, around my cock. It felt way better.

We moved our hands in unison, Luna's fingers circling her clit while I stroked my shaft. The room filled with the soft sounds of our breathing and occasional quiet moans. I found it hard to believe we were doing this, but at the same time, it felt too good to abort. Luna's cheeks were flushed pink, her blue eyes half-lidded with pleasure behind her glasses.

"This feels so much better than doing it alone," she whispered.

I nodded in agreement, too caught up in the sensations to speak. My eyes roamed over her body—the gentle curves of her breasts that jiggled and the glistening pink between her thighs. She was beautiful in a way I hadn't noticed before.

Luna's movements became more frantic, her hips lifting slightly off the bed. "I think I'm getting close," she panted.

Watching her pleasure herself pushed me closer to the edge. My hand moved faster, pre-cum leaking from the tip and easing the glide of my fingers. The familiar tension built in my lower abdomen.

"Me too," I groaned.

Luna's back arched off the bed, her thighs trembling. "Oh,"

she moaned, her words cut off by a sharp gasp. Her body tensed, then shuddered as waves of pleasure washed over her. Watching my sister come pushed me over the edge.

My balls tightened as the pressure built to an unbearable intensity. Just as I was about to climax, Luna sat up suddenly, leaning towards me. The shift caught me off guard. My hips jerked involuntarily as I started to cum, and before I could stop it, thick ropes of semen spurted onto Luna's chest and breasts.

"Oh!" Luna exclaimed in surprise, looking down at the pearly streaks across her skin.

I aimed my cock back at myself. The third spurt hit my chest and then the rest spilled over my fingers as I slowly resorted to stroking myself. "Gosh," I mumbled. It must have been the best masturbation in my life.

My little sister caught her breath as she studied my semen. "Is it normal to shoot so much?" she asked me.

"Depends," I said. "Not abnormal, but this was a bit more than usual."

She touched it with her finger and tried tasting it. "It's very filling."

"Yeah," I said. We exchanged glances, and I saw how a light sheen of sweat covered her body along with my semen that dribbled down her curves, leaving a pearly trail behind.

Suddenly, I started thinking of Mom. I started getting paranoid in case she would find us here, both of us butt naked with my cum all over her breasts. "When is Mom back?"

"She'll be here any minute," Luna said. She looked a bit disappointed as if she wanted to pillow talk.

"You have to clean yourself," I said. "We can't let her find out we did this."

"Alright ... I'll go to the bathroom first," she said but hesitated,

looking at me. "It felt really nice."

I broke out in a smile. "I agree," I said. "It did feel nice."

Thankfully, Mom got back a bit late, leaving us both time to clean ourselves and get dressed. While Luna was in her room streaming on Twitch, I met our mother downstairs as she entered our home. "How was your day?" I asked her.

"Fine," she said. Wearing her dark blonde hair loose, she was dressed in a knee-length pencil dress that highlighted the two mounds on her chest. They were impressive for her age, and despite her being my mother, I couldn't help but admire them at times. She wore a modest amount of makeup as well, just enough to enhance her femininity. "I'm just glad to be back here. Tomorrow I won't be as long, so we can plan a little trip somewhere, perhaps to Cristy's farm."

"I would love to go there again."

"I thought so," she said. "Do you remember the last time when Luna begged you to ride with her?"

I nodded. "She didn't go easy on me either."

Mom chuckled. "Where's she now by the way?"

"She's streaming on Twitch."

"And what have you been up to?" she asked me, watching me closely.

"We played some games, cosplay, and just talked," I managed to say without sweating too much. I couldn't tell her about the kissing and masturbation part.

She drew in a deep breath and let out a breath of relief. "It means the world to me, seeing you get along with her," she said. "I'm relieved to have you here again."

"I'm glad to be back," I told her, appreciating her smile.

"You know it hasn't been easy for her."

"I know," I said and recalled all the memories of her past.

"I'm proud of you for being such a good brother," she said. "It's one of the main things I usually brag about to my friends."

It meant a lot to me as well. I thought of bringing up the debt part which Luna had told me, but I decided to wait. I had to give her something, so she didn't need to work overtime. "I'm glad," I said a bit awkwardly.

"Can you do me a favor?" she asked.

"Of course."

"Tell her to come, I have a gift for her."

Right ... the vibrator. I pretended I didn't know. I assumed she wanted to keep it a secret. "Sure." I went upstairs, reaching her bedroom. "Luna?" I asked and had to knock on her door several times till she finally heard me.

"Come in," she said. As soon as I opened the door, she glanced over her shoulder and back to the camera. "That's my older brother ... Don't just stand there, wave at the camera."

I chuckled and waved. "Mom's here ... She has something for you."

Her eyes widened, and she didn't even say hold on to her viewers as she rushed down the stairs. I went into my bedroom and settled down. Even if I closed my door, I could still hear what they were saying.

"Here's your vibrator," Mom said in her caring tone.

Luna gasped. "Thank you!" she exclaimed as I imagined them two embracing, mashing their breasts together. I noticed how easily I pictured them being intimate. Something must have unlocked when I masturbated and kissed my sister earlier.

"So I hope you can leave my toys alone, okay?"

"Yes ... Again, I'm sorry."

"It's fine, I forgive you," she said.

I decided to go to bed. I still felt numb after that climax, but

CHAPTER 1

the most important part was that I had no regrets. And deep inside me, I wanted more. I knew I had certain unexplored feelings for my little sister, and there was no better way to explore them than this summer.

Chapter 2

I rubbed my eyes and noticed a thick rivulet of drool trickling down the corner of my lips. I couldn't remember the last time I'd drooled during my sleep. What my sister and I had done yesterday had numbed me, letting me fall into a deep slumber. I heard a faint buzzing coming from my sister's bedroom punctuated by "Oh's" and "Ah's", and I remembered how our mother had given my sister a vibrator last night. The sound intrigued me as I imagined she was being pleased, and it helped keep my morning glory stiff as it tented my sheets. I wanted to masturbate with her. It felt a lot better doing it with her even if it was taboo.

"Hmm," my sister moaned in her bedroom. Since I'd seen her yesterday, it wasn't difficult to imagine her getting off. I imagined how she raised her pelvis and slipped the vibrator into her little kitty. She kept her eyes closed and squeezed her round, youthful boobs. She kept going slowly but surely till she climaxed with a mighty moan that hardened me to steel.

It sounded like music, but it felt even better knowing my sister was doing alright. Glancing at my pitched tent, I wondered if I should take care of it, find a moment to stroke myself, but before I could decide, the door creaked open. My sister's head

popped in, her brown hair slightly disheveled. Her shoulders slumped as she let out a sigh of relief. She looked calmer than the day before, with a small smile tugging at the corner of her lips.

"Are you awake now?" she asked.

"You still don't know how to knock?" I asked her in a friendly tone.

"I knocked earlier, but you didn't answer, sleepyhead. I just had to make sure you hadn't been kidnapped by Bowser."

"I'd kick his ass before he got his claws anywhere near me."

"Not without the Super Star."

We both chuckled. She was dressed in the same purple nightgown, but this time, I saw her honey sliding down the insides of her legs, and she carried a musky fragrance after her morning masturbation session.

"Can I sit on your bed?"

"Sure," I said.

"I dreamt a lovely dream," she said.

I sat up and couldn't wait to hear about it, knowing girls loved attention, especially my sister who didn't have many friends to begin with. "Share it with me," I said and patted her thigh.

"Okay ... I was a princess living in a nice castle that was threatened by an evil man from the desert. But then a handsome young warrior showed up and defeated him. At the end, we kissed passionately, but when I kissed, I saw your face, but it was different. You weren't my brother. It's hard to explain. You know how funky dreams can get at times."

"That sounds like Legend of Zelda to me," I said, blinking.

"Except for that, we weren't related."

"So you come to terms that we'll be judged by messing around like we did last night?"

"Kind of," she said. "But it was just a kiss and masturbation. Siblings kiss all the time."

"I've never heard of siblings who French kiss."

"But it doesn't count as incest," she said. "But even if it did, it felt nice and you admitted it too."

"It felt nice," I said. "But we shouldn't cross that line." I started predicting already where this was going. My sister was blooming. She was no longer underage and had discovered Mom's sex toys, porn and masturbation. I could predict she wanted more from me, but truth be told, I wanted more of her as well, even if I didn't want to admit it.

She turned to me with a wistful look on her face. "You're the only boy who's shown interest in me ... It feels like a curse that you also happened to be my brother."

"Come on, cheer up," I told her, gently pushing her lips up till she giggled. "It's because they haven't discovered your beauty yet."

"Do you think I'm pretty?" she asked, her eyes lighting up.

"I know you're pretty," I said, patting her back.

"That's so sweet of you," she said. "But that's what I mean. It feels like, it's just you, Mom and Cristy that have ever been nice to me."

It made my blood slightly simmer as I was reminded of how the bullies had left scars on her, just because she was herself, a bit different. Luna was a girl you'd remember for the rest of your life, and the vicious bimbos were cardboard cut-outs no one would give a damn about once their beauty expired. "What about Julia?"

"She's nice too," she admitted. Julia was her friend who she'd met in high school. "She's a good friend. She truly is. But you three have treated me a bit differently for far longer than what

I've known her."

"You can count the truest friends on your one hand," I told her, reaching for her hand and giving it a squeeze. "Don't buy into the social media hysteria. They're all fake anyway."

"Maybe you're right," she said.

Luna leaned her head on my shoulder, her soft hair brushing against my neck. I could still smell the faint scent of her musky aroma. My heart raced as I felt the warmth of her body against mine.

"Do you want to play Zelda after breakfast?" she asked after a little silence.

"Sure ... Is Mom gone?"

She nodded. "Left like an hour ago ... sleepyhead."

"It's not even that late," I pointed out. It was 10 AM, but she acted as if I were on vampire hours.

"Mom promised to make dinner for us ... But do you think we can masturbate again, later perhaps?"

"Why later ... I thought you were a horny girl?" I teased.

"Because I just tried the vibrator Mom got me."

"I heard you," I said.

"Is it that loud?"

"Both the vibrator and you are loud," I said with a grin.

"When I was younger, I used to hear you too, but I didn't know you were stroking the Master Sword."

We both laughed. "That's why you're so dear to us. Your imagination is so unique."

She beamed. She was kind enough to get my clothes, and once again, I couldn't help but sneak a peek at her bottom as she bent over at the waist. After all, I had seen her fully nude before, and now I was able to appreciate the way her curves looked under her tight nightgown.

We headed downstairs and had something to eat. We made some sandwiches although she insisted on taking care of the scrambled eggs. They turned out creamy and salty, exactly how I liked them.

I barely had time to brush my lips. She took my hand and skipped to the couch. She turned on the TV, and we ended up sitting hip to hip, the bottom part of her thigh making contact with mine.

We dived into the game. I loved moments like these. Neither of us was wired. We just sat and immersed ourselves in the game. Mom was right, it did feel good to take a break from running that eCommerce. I hired another developer to take care of the shop this summer, so I could relax for now.

As we played, I couldn't help but notice how Luna's nightgown had ridden up slightly, exposing more of her smooth thighs. Her body heat radiated against me where our legs touched. I tried to focus on the game but found my eyes continually drawn to her.

"Ha! Take that!" Luna exclaimed, furiously mashing buttons.

"Nice moves," I said, forcing myself to look back at the screen. "But watch out for—"

"Ahhh!" she yelped as Link was struck. Instinctively, she leaned into me, pressing her soft breasts against my arm.

"Here, let me try," I offered, reaching over to the controller. My fingers brushed against hers, sending a jolt through me. I beat the mini-boss and we continued further into the dungeon.

Luna bit her lip, glancing up at me through her lashes. "I'm still better than you at Smash," she said.

"Puzzle games are a bit different," I said. However, I wouldn't be surprised if she'd surpassed my skills there as well.

We continued to play, and she laid her hand right on my

crotch after we'd gotten the Master Sword. "Can I wield it?" she asked curiously.

"You know what they say, 'Only a true hero that is pure of heart and strong of body is capable of wielding the sacred blade.' Are you?"

"What do you think?"

"I think you are but at the same time there's a redline guarding the pedestal."

"Nonsense, we just got the Master Sword," she said, pointing at the screen.

"Alright, you can touch it a bit if you want," I said. She had touched it yesterday too when I thought of it, and I had rubbed her honey all over it. I hadn't gotten off since we masturbated together the other day, so it felt really tempting to let her reach it again, feeling her smooth hand on my most intimate part. She slipped her hand into my shorts, and I felt her warm, young skin lightly adventurously gripping my equipment. I sighed in relief, and she curled her fingers around the hilt.

"I bet you could save Hyrule with this beast," she said and stifled a chuckle.

"Sure thing," I said.

"I've read that if a guy is hard for too long, it can be painful. Is that true?"

"Yes, it's called blue balls," I said.

"Can I see if you have these blue balls?"

I chuckled. "I don't think the color actually becomes blue. It's just that's what bruises look like, and it feels kind of similar."

"Can I still see?"

"Sure," I said and unzipped my zipper and slowly let my pants and underwear fall to my feet.

Her eyes widened at my shaft. "The pedestal," she said,

giggling. Again, she curled her hand around half of the hilt. "This hilt is way too big for my hand." She also inspected the balls. "Are your balls in pain though?"

"Not yet," I said.

"I'm also growing horny ... Should we watch Mom's porn together?"

I looked at her, and I felt that thrill again of doing something with my sister we shouldn't be doing. "Didn't you promise not to sneak into her bedroom after she gave you the vibrator?"

"No," she said, making an innocent Pikachu face. "I promised not to take her *toys*."

I mulled it over.

"I can see your heart accelerating ... It will be thrilling."

"Alright, fine," I said. "But we'll only masturbate together like yesterday, nothing else, right?"

"What do you have in mind?" she asked, giving me a look.

"Forget about it," I said as I pulled my shorts up. We ascended the stairs. She went first, and I had a potent view of her buttocks under her nightgown. Then I noticed a hint of her pink flesh and the honeyed scent that followed. "You are going commando."

"I do that sometimes," she said with an excited grin, but her grin widened even more as she curled her fingers around the door handle of our mother's bedroom. I shared the excitement, feeling my heart rate accelerating as she opened the door.

Whatever Mom did to keep her bedroom smell so sweet was magical. As I stepped inside, it was like I found myself in a field of flowers or a perfume shop. "Our mom takes care of herself," I said, drawing in a deep breath of the sweet, musky fragrance that lingered in her bedroom.

"She sure does," Luna said with a hint of pride in her voice,

but then she wiggled her eyebrows. "In an intimate way."

We dropped to our knees in front of Mom's wardrobe and pulled out the box of her pornos. My jaw dropped when Luna took off the lid. It was like when Link opened a treasure chest, and it glowed right up to our faces.

"Jesus, there are so many of them," I said and my eyes swept over the erotic covers.

"I told you Mom is horny," she said and reached for one. "Saving Ryan's Private, how does that sound?"

I thought she made that up, but no, I read the title for myself. We exchanged glances and burst out laughing.

Once we finished laughing, I reached for one. "Looks Who's Sucking."

"Libido Blonde," she said.

"Bootyshop," I said.

"A Tale of Two Titties," she said.

"Pornos of the Caribbean," she said, stifling a giggle.

"The beauty and the beast," I said and looked at the back of the case. "I wonder how they don't get sued for using that title."
"

There were so many early 2000s porn that we found it hard to pick one. Eventually, we decided to watch Saving Ryan's Private. I thought the pornstar on the cover was quite sexy looking, especially dressed as a hot nurse, and if she couldn't save his privates then he was doomed.

We went downstairs and settled down. She was on her knees and inserted the DVD into the player. "Pull the curtains together, dummy," she said. "I don't want anyone to perve at us."

"You're right," I said. We were in the living room after all, and I made sure there wasn't a single gap through the window and

that we had all the privacy we needed. My heart rate raced as she hit play, and the porn started. The quality wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. It wasn't 4k ultra-HD but not grainy either.

As the movie began, Luna nestled close to me on the couch. The opening scene showed a group of soldiers storming a beach, clearly meant to parody Saving Private Ryan. But instead of gritty war action, the soldiers quickly encountered a group of scantily-clad nurses.

I felt my face flush as the first sex scene started. A busty blonde nurse was "tending" to a wounded soldier in a very hands-on way. Luna squirmed beside me, her thigh pressing against mine.

"I miss when porn had more acting," she said.

"So do I," I said. "Nowadays you have to read erotic stories. Porn these days are just fucking and nothing else."

"It's getting me all tingly," she whispered. Her hand slid down to the hem of her nightgown. "Is it okay if I...?"

I nodded, my mouth suddenly dry of excitement. "Yeah, go ahead."

Luna hiked up her nightgown, exposing herself. She began touching herself slowly as she watched the action on screen. I couldn't help but stare at her delicate fingers as they explored her folds.

"You can touch yourself too," she said softly.

I unzipped my shorts as I usually would when I was by myself and watching porn, but this felt way better. I pulled out my cock that Luna had recently played with, and I wrapped my hand around it. We watched the porno. The hot nurse grasped Ryan's bulge, and she unzipped his zipper and freed his mighty erection.

Luna's eyes darted between the screen and my exposed manhood. Her fingers moved faster as the nurse on the screen began stroking the soldier's cock.

"It's so big," Luna murmured, her gaze fixed on my erection. "Just like in the movie."

I felt a surge of pride at her words. My hand slid up and down my shaft as I watched both the porn and my sister pleasuring herself beside me. The sight of her pink flesh glistening with arousal was thrilling.

The nurse had taken Ryan's private into her mouth. Luna let out a soft moan.

"That looks like it feels really good," she whispered. Her free hand came up to squeeze one of her breasts through her nightgown.

"It does," I said, stroking myself quicker as I wasn't far away from a climax.

"She looks hot with a tan," she said, as the nurse unhooked her bra.

"You look pretty with porcelain skin as well."

"I hate sunburns," she said. "But some girls look really good tanned."

"I'm getting close," I said. I tried to sneak in glances at my sister. I wanted her to believe I was watching the porn as much as I watched her. The nurse rode Ryan now, her breasts bouncing and jiggling.

Luna took off her nightgown. "In case you come on me again," she said, inching her hips closer to me as we both continued to masturbate.

When she revealed her pale, slender body. Her breasts jiggled slightly with her movements as she shifted closer to me on the couch. The sight of her naked form, combined with the erotic

scenes playing out on the TV screen, brought me right to the edge.

“Chase ... Do you think I can finish you?”

I was so horny that I couldn't resist her offer. “You want to give me a handjob?”

“Like the nurse did to Ryan at the start.”

“What about your orgasm?”

“I want to see yours first.”

“Alright,” I said.

Luna shifted closer, her warm thigh pressing against mine. She reached out hesitantly, her delicate fingers wrapping around my shaft. I let out a soft gasp at her touch.

“Is this okay?” she asked, her blue eyes wide.

I nodded, unable to speak as she began to stroke me slowly. Her inexperienced touch was gentle yet electrifying. She studied my reactions intently, adjusting her grip and speed.

“Uhm, like this?” Luna whispered, increasing her pace slightly. “I've never done this before.”

“You're doing fine,” I managed to stammer. “That feels really good.”

Encouraged, she continued stroking me. Her soft hand glided up and down my length, her thumb occasionally brushing over the sensitive tip. I couldn't tear my eyes away from the sight of her pale fingers wrapped around me. I started raising my pelvis as the taboo sensation became so overwhelming.

Curling my toes, I let out a moan. I exploded. Thick ropes of cum shot from my cock, landing on Luna's thigh and right on her cleavage. She let out a little squeal of surprise and pleasure at the warm sensation.

“Oh wow,” she breathed, staring down at the pearly strands decorating her skin and finger. “That's a lot of cum.”

"Yeah," I said. We exchanged glances, and I couldn't believe she'd given me a handjob.

"Did it feel good?"

"Yeah, it felt amazing," I admitted.

"Can you hang in there? Now I'm really horny."

"Go ahead," I told her. While basking in the afterglow, I watched as she resorted to fingering herself. It didn't take her long for her moans to rise, and finally, she reached the peak, while my cum covered her.

"Ah," she said, gently sinking back onto the couch. "It feels so good to masturbate."

"Ditto that," I said as the porn continued to play in the background.

As we caught our breath and relaxed from the rush of pleasure, we inched our hips closer. But there was a noticeable tension building between us. I found myself developing unexpected feelings towards her, feelings that I never thought were possible before. It was something incredibly exciting and intimate watching porn together, especially as she'd given me a handjob, which wasn't bad for a virgin like her. But it was the first step toward a full-on incest relationship and neither of us wanted to fight it.

Finally, the nurse got Ryan's load out of his balls, and cum spurted like a hose all over her gorgeous face till it covered her like a frosted cupcake.

"What do you think?" she asked me, relaxed from having just reached the peak.

My eyes swept over her. "My cum is drying on your breasts," I said.

"Oh," she said, glancing down, but then her gaze bounced up again. "Hey, that wasn't what I meant."

I chuckled and waved my hand dismissively. "The movie was fine," I said. "There certainly was some impressive movie magic for the final cum shot."

"He sprayed it all over her face."

"She sure deserved an award."

"I'm sure she got one," she said and then asked eagerly, "and the handjob?"

"That was also fine," I said. "Better than fine, to be precise."

"I'm glad I made you feel good. By the way, I have a nurse costume in my closet," she said, grabbing my arm. "Do you want to cosplay? I'm the nurse and you're the wounded soldier. We can play outside."

"Uhm ... The porn parody or the actual movie?"

"I've never seen Saving Private Ryan, so let's go for the porn parody."

"It was a pretty long movie filled with hot scenes."

"Can we just do the blowjob?" she asked, looking up at me shyly. "I have never tried it before, and it would be great if I could practice on you, just like with the kiss."

"This feels a bit more intimate than simply practicing," I pointed out.

She shrugged, looking a bit disappointed at the answer.

"Okay," I said. "But nothing more than a blowjob. We have already crossed way too many lines."

"Okay," she said silently, a smile tugging at her lips.

I could tell she was holding in some feelings. I leaned in closer and pressed my lips to her forehead. "Go dress up as a nurse. I'll wait for you here."

She beamed and scurried up the stairs. I felt it hard to process what we'd done, but deep inside, I wanted to go deeper with her. She had given me an amazing handjob. The fact that she was

my sister and inexperienced only added to the intense pleasure I felt.

She descended the staircase, her white nurse costume barely covering her toned thighs. The top buttons were popped free, revealing a hint of cleavage and the upper parts of her fresh boobs.

My eyes widened. I knew she had plenty of outfits in her wardrobe, but I never imagined she'd have something like this. "Did you cop that from a sex shop?"

"No," she said, twirling around on her foot, causing the short skirt of her nurse costume to lift slightly and reveal her rear. "Erotics and cosplay go hand in hand."

"You look quite hot in it," I said. "Especially with your glasses."

She popped another button free, freeing an additional inch of her breasts and cleavage. She adjusted her glasses, grinning mischievously. "So what do you say, *Ryan*," she said in the same southern accent as the pornstar in the movie. "Are your privates in danger?"

I chuckled at her act and rose to my feet. "If Twitch doesn't work out for you, acting will be your best bet."

"An *adult* actor," she said and waggled her eyebrows.

"That wasn't what I meant," I told her, giving her a look.

"I'm just playing you," she said. "Come on, let's have some fun."

"Where do I start?" I asked and also wanted to get started.

"Go outside, pretend to be hurt and then you call for me, alright?"

"Sure thing," I said. We went outside to the sunny weather, the rays strong and warm during the peak of the summer. It felt great to be outside after sitting inside for hours. I fixed my eyes on the driveway. "You know when she's back, right?"

"In the evening," she said with a carefree shrug. "I'll wait over here, doing my nursing stuff."

"Alright," I said. I pretended I was a soldier, fighting in the second world war. I got hit and rolled onto the grass. I raised my hand to the sky in agony. "Help!"

The hot nurse hurried over to me, her hand fleeing to her mouth. "Oh, gosh, are you alright?" she asked me and acted way better than I did.

"I think I got hit," I said, wincing.

"Where?"

I drew a circle on the inside of my thigh. "Somewhere there, please check."

"Alright," she said. She quickly unzipped the zipper and stroked my hardening bulge with her hand. "Is it this?"

"Yes ... You must save it. It's currently in pain."

"I have to get you inside," she said. "Can you walk?"

I nodded. "Give me a hand," I told her. She took my hand and pulled me up from the ground. Her arm draped around me as we stumbled back into the house. She eased me down onto the couch, gently lowering me down and placing pillows behind my head to make me more comfortable.

She freed my cock again, which was half erect. She grabbed it with both hands. It was going into her mouth. Even if we were acting or cosplaying, it didn't make it any less taboo. It didn't take me long to get hard, and I did my best to suppress any doubt in the back of my mind.

She stroked my cock just as the nurse did it in the movie. She sure had done her homework. She did it surprisingly well as I thickened in her pure hands. When I stood at full mast, she pointed the cock at her mouth. "Here goes, *Ryan*," she said with a grin, flitting her eyes to mine as she took my cock into her

mouth.

“Oh, you’re being such a good sister,” I said and raked my fingers through her hair.

“And you’re being a good brother ... Or soldier,” she said with a giggle. “You risked your life just to save me.”

“My bad ... You’re being a good nurse,” I said.

She tried to push it into her mouth, her teeth lightly grazing the shaft. She noticed and came off the head. “I feel like my teeth get in the way, can you, who are an experienced bed-veteran, tell me how to suck without teeth?”

“Glide it over your tongue,” I told her.

She opened her mouth and pushed my erection over her tongue, letting it glide down with ease. “That’s way better,” I said with a mighty moan as I continued to sink.

Luna’s warm, wet mouth enveloped me as she took me deeper. I gripped the couch cushions, trying to maintain control. Her mouth lightly squeezed around the head. It wasn’t much, but the sight of her trying to swallow my erection was a pleasure in itself.

“Is this okay?” she asked, pulling back slightly. Her lips were red and slightly swollen.

“It’s perfect,” I breathed. “You’re doing great.”

Encouraged, she tried to swallow my cock again. She bobbed her head up and down, taking me a little deeper each time. For each oral-stroke, she gagged, coughed and spat all over my cock, and it dribbled down my weapon in several rivulets.

I watched in awe as my sister pleased me. The sight of her lips wrapped around me, her cheeks hollowed as she sucked, was almost too much to bear. The taboo nature of what we were doing only heightened my arousal.

“Luna,” I moaned. “I’m getting close.”

She increased her pace, her lips stretching as she gagged like mad. I felt the familiar tightening in my balls as my orgasm approached.

"I'm going to—" I tried to warn her, but it was too late. With a groan, I emptied myself into her mouth.

Luna's eyes widened in surprise as my cum filled her. She pulled back, coughing slightly, but managed to swallow most of it. A few drops escaped, trickling down her chin.

"Oh wow," she gasped, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. "Are you healed now, Ryan?"

"I am," I said with a chuckle. "Alright, you can stop playing now."

"That was... quick."

I sat up, still breathing heavily. "I'm sorry, I should have warned you better."

She shook her head, a small smile playing on her lips. "No, it's okay. I wanted to try it." Her cheeks were flushed. "How was it?"

"It was amazing," I admitted, feeling a mix of guilt and lingering pleasure. "You're a quick learner."

Luna beamed at the praise. "Really? I was worried I wouldn't be any good."

"Trust me, you were great." I reached out and tucked a stray strand of hair behind her ear. "You knew how to make this feel less awkward, didn't you?"

"I don't really feel awkward about this," she said, plain and simple.

I studied her at that moment. There was something with her words that made me react a bit differently. "Mind explaining?"

"I don't feel awkward by it," she said and blinked at me. "I felt glad when I saw you squirm with pleasure."

"Incest isn't even legal in most places, and we definitely crossed that line today."

"Why should I care about cultural norms? Society has always rejected me or been mean to me," she said and sat next to me. "I don't see why I should follow their rules."

I kind of realized why she was so open toward this incestuous relationship now, and it made me admire her even more. "You're brave ... you've always been brave for taking your own path."

"Thank you," she said with a smile. "But don't you agree?"

"I kind of do," I told her. "But I haven't had the same experiences as you though. That's why I'm a bit more nervous about this."

"You have been cursed by modern society. I should make you a potion to make you feel better," she said cleverly.

Her laughter spread to me, and I couldn't be any more grateful to have her as a sister. I couldn't fathom how anyone could be mean to her. She was a gem. "Where's the potion?"

She drew a circle right on top of her kitty "Right here—" Suddenly we both heard how our mother pulled into the driveway.

"Shit, it's Mom," I said, my heart suddenly racing.

We looked around. I was butt naked. The porn was still rolling. Her breasts were covered in dried cum, and her chin had fresh cum lines trailing down to her cleavage. "What do I do?" she said, biting her nails.

"Go take a shower. My cum is still on your tits. I'll take the porn back to her wardrobe."

She ran up the stairs, and I quickly put on my clothes. There was a flaw in my thinking. A DVD player was something from antiquity and it took ages for the disc to come out. "What's

taking so long?" I muttered as I heard Mom walking up to the doorway. I knocked on the DVD player till it finally slid out the disc. I snatched it and slid it into its case, but Mom opened the door. I awkwardly tucked it between the waistband of my shorts and my t-shirt.

"Chase, Luna?" Mom shouted for us as she came happily inside.

"I'm here," I said and met her in the foyer.

"Have you been training?" she asked me, which was the obvious thing to ask since I was covered in sweat at the moment.

"Not exactly ... did some cosplay with Luna."

"We finished a couple of things a bit earlier," Mom said happily. "And Cristy and I have plans to go to the farm in a couple of days."

"Oh, that sounds nice," I said, trying to act casual despite my nerves. "What made you finish early today?"

Mom smiled brightly. "Well, we had a big rush of orders this morning, so we powered through them. And then Cristy suggested we close the shop early since it was so quiet after lunch. I thought it would be nice to surprise you kids with an early dinner."

I nodded, hoping she couldn't see how flustered I felt. "That's great. We'd love an early dinner."

"Wonderful, I was thinking of making hamburgers you both love. Is Luna in the shower?"

"Yeah, she just jumped in a few minutes ago," I replied, shifting slightly to make sure the DVD case was still hidden.

Mom gave me a curious look. "Are you alright, sweetie? You seem a bit...on edge."

I forced a smile. "No, I'm fine. Just, uh, still catching my breath from the cosplay stuff with Luna. It was pretty active."

"I see," Mom said with a little laugh. "I hope she went easy on you."

"Not exactly," I said.

"I'm just glad you're getting along. She's become a lot happier since you showed up."

"It warms my heart."

"Well, why don't you go freshen up too? I'll get started on dinner."

"You're right," I said as I ascended the stairs. Mom went outside to prepare the grill. My sister was still inside, humming a melody from *Ocarina of Time*. I went to my room and waited until she finished. I took out the case and placed it on the shelf. Sneaking into Mom's bedroom wasn't an option right now.

Sitting on the edge of my bed, I wasn't sure what to think. I wish we had continued our discussion. I wanted to listen to her, to delve deeper into our feelings for each other. She was right—why should she care about social norms when society had been so cruel to her? And why should I care? I loved her and wanted the best for her as well.

Even if she'd jerked me off earlier, I sure had climaxed fast. The blow job was well-executed. I wasn't sure where she'd learned to suck so well, but I wanted that tight pressure on my crown again, seeing her cheeks hollowing out. She sure had been a good little sister.

Once she finished the shower, she opened the bathroom door, and she entered my room, without knocking as usual. She'd wrapped my towel around herself, just over her nipples. "Hi," she said. "I couldn't find my towel, so I took yours."

"That's fine," I said as I picked up the scent of her lemon shampoo. "But I need to shower as well."

She unwrapped the towel. Beads of water glistened on

her white skin as she stood before me, freshly showered and tempting in all her naked glory. My eyes traced every curve of her body, unable to resist the forbidden eye candy before me.

I gave her a look. "Careful, if Mom hadn't been at the terrace, she would understand what you're up to."

She stifled a giggle. "My bad," she said and flirtatiously threw me the towel. "See you downstairs."

I caught the towel as she happily went into her bedroom. It was something so seductive seeing her walk naked into her room, carefree and beautiful.

After the shower, I met them downstairs. Luna had helped set the table and eagerly patted the seat next to her. "You're sitting next to me," she demanded with a smile.

I plopped down beside her. We started talking about upcoming game releases, and she also mentioned what we could do at Cristy's place. Horseback riding was what she was most excited about.

"Mom, when are we going?" I asked.

Standing by the grill, she flipped burgers, the scent of charcoal and beef filling the air. "The day after tomorrow, if that works for you. I need to finish some paperwork first. I want to make sure I'm completely free when we go."

"That's fine," we both said in unison, exchanging glances.

"Jinx!" Luna exclaimed, her eyes widening. "You owe me a Coke."

Without warning, she lunged at me from the side, her arms wrapping around my waist like a vise. As her lemon-scented hair brushed against my cheek, I caught a whiff of a floral perfume lingering on her skin.

"You two look so cute together," Mom said as she placed the burger patties on the table.

“Because I’m glad he’s back,” Luna said, planting a wet kiss on my cheek. I felt a warmth spreading as I remembered where her lips had been a few hours ago.

“What have you two been up to?” Mom asked, setting the grilled buns on the table.

“We cosplayed,” I said, but I wasn’t about to go into any further details.

“That sounds nice,” Mom said, pushing the plate of patties toward us, letting us go first. “Are you free now, or do you still check in on your online store?”

“I check in now and then, but I’ve hired someone to handle the backend stuff,” I said. “Don’t worry, I won’t bring my computer to Cristy.”

“Just checking,” Mom said with a kind smile. “She wants your company too.”

I noticed her cleavage slightly hidden under her sundress. I tried not to look, but after being intimate with Luna, it didn’t feel so weird to check out my mother. Her smile widened, and a light blush crept up on my cheeks. “And what about your florist shop?” I asked her before it became a bit too awkward. I hoped I hadn’t gotten caught ogling at my mother.

She set the burger back onto the plate, her shoulders sagging with insecurity. She didn’t look fine at all, and I immediately regretted bringing it up when I saw how much the situation was weighing on her. “I’ve seen better days,” she admitted. “I get fewer and fewer customers, but I try to stay positive. I have you two, after all.”

“I’m sorry to hear that,” I said, feeling a pang of guilt.

“C’est la vie,” she replied with a small shrug.

“That’s one way to look at it,” I said. “But have you tried different sales methods?”

Mom's brow furrowed slightly as she considered my question. "Well, I've tried advertising more on social media and handing out flyers. But honestly, I'm not sure what else to do. The flower business has changed so much in recent years. Well, not just the flower business but everything else."

"I see. Just so you know, I'd love to help you," I told her.

She flicked her beautiful blue eyes to mine. "I know, sweetie."

"You usually tell me not to stress too much."

"I'm guilty ... it's been stressful lately," she admitted, giving me a brief smile.

"You've smiled the past few days."

"That's because you're back," she said, which warmed my heart. It felt great when you were cherished and loved, but I felt bad for Mom after everything she'd done for us two. It wasn't fair, and I also knew about the debt, which I wanted to help her with.

Dinner sure was a mixed bag. The burgers were delicious, and I was still glad for where my relationship with Luna was heading, but I couldn't help but feel bad for Mom either. Mom tried her best to avoid conversation regarding finances as if she were ashamed, but I promised myself to do something for her. She deserved better.

After we'd eaten her delicious burgers, Mom fished out her phone. "Mind if I take a photo? You two look so cute together."

"I don't," Luna said, and neither did I.

Luna draped her arm over my neck. We leaned into each other, our faces close. She took a few shots before showing them to us on the small screen. Our smiles were genuine and carefree in the photos, but I also noticed what Mom probably had seen—We looked more intimate than usual. We looked like a couple rather than siblings.

"They turned out perfect," Luna said.

"They sure did," Mom said proudly. "Before having you two, I heard horror stories of siblings not getting along."

"We'll always get along," Luna said and made sure to hug me again, not being shy pressing her breasts against my shoulders. "Because you aren't only my brother but my best friend as well."

I let out a sigh of relief at the end. I thought she would add *lover*, but thankfully she didn't. I embraced her back, making Mom's smile widen.

After dinner, Luna and I went upstairs. Even if the photo was a light-hearted moment, I felt bad for our mother and her struggling florist shop. I wanted to do the right thing and send her some money to help her with the loan.

When I was about to send her the money, Luna knocked on my door but opened it as usual without me saying something. She was dressed in her purple nightgown and waved at me. "Psst! Are you masturbating?"

"There's been enough of that today," I said and tried to keep my voice low.

"Okey dokey," she said. "Mom's showering, mind if we talk?"

"No, come in," I said and shut the laptop with a snap.

"Were you watching porn?" she asked, slowly closing the door.

"No," I said, giving her a look.

"Just checking," she said playfully and sat down next to me.

I raked my fingers through her brown hair. Knowing Mom took a shower, I could speak to her a bit more intimately. "What's on your heart?"

"Our unfinished talk ... interrupted by our dear mother," she said, raising her gaze to me. She looked so much cuter with her round glasses, but it wasn't just her looks that I had fallen for,

but her heart as well.

"Yeah ... where were we?"

"You called me brave," she said. "Which is something I'll never forget."

"Did it mean so much to you?"

She nodded eagerly. "It did."

"I'm glad." I felt a rush of happiness seeing her genuine smile.

"I just wanted to tell you that I have strong feelings for you."

"I have strong feelings for you too," I said and patted her back.

"I loved going down on you and experimenting ... Did you love it too?"

"Of course, I did," I told her. "You could definitely see it on my face, and yours too when I think about it." I made her laugh. Even if she'd swallowed most of it, there had still been cum trickling down her chin.

"I know you mentioned redlines ... But I want to have sex too. I want you to take my maidenhead."

When she mentioned sex, my heart skipped a beat. It was the next logical step, and I'd already predicted we would end up in bed together. I wasn't ready for it yet, but the fantasy in the back of my mind kept playing after she'd revealed her kitty to me. "I'm not ready yet. It's not that I don't find you attractive, but you're my sister."

"That's what I meant earlier by the curse. I'm comfortable, but I don't want to make you uncomfortable. I can tell you've been low-key uneasy about this."

"You're right," I said. "Let's just take it slowly, alright?"

"Sure," she said. "Either way, I'm grateful for everything you've done for me, from standing up for me to just playing with me. There aren't many who want to be with me because I'm weird."

“Stop calling yourself weird,” I told her firmly and gave her hand a squeeze. “Being yourself is what makes you so unique and dear to me.”

She leaned her head against my shoulder, and I draped my arm over hers. “It was a cute photo, don’t you think?”

“It sure was ... Is she still showering?”

We exchanged glances and didn’t say a word. We heard the water cascade down her. “She’s still there,” she said. “She can stand there for an hour.”

“I felt bad for her when she told me about the stress,” I said, patting my laptop. “I was just about to send her some money.”

“That’s kind of you,” she said.

“I wouldn’t have been anywhere without her help,” I said. “She helped me with my business from day one.”

“I know she’s thoughtful ... kind of like you,” she said. “I’m not sure why I ended up ... *unique*.”

“A blessing from the Gods.”

We cuddled for a little before she looked up at me and said, “So ... Do you want me to make you a potion?”

We exchanged glances and we both giggled. “If I remember correctly the potion is ready, isn’t it?”

She nodded and drew a circle over her crotch.

“While Mom’s here?” I asked her.

“She’s showering. She won’t hear us ... Please, can we go to my room like we did when we masturbated together?” She made an innocent Pikachu face, and I couldn’t resist her. She’d sucked me off earlier, so it was only fair that I went down on her too.

“Alright fine, but do not moan loudly—”

She attacked me in a hug. “Can we go now?”

“Let me just send some money to Mom first.”

"I'll wait for you on my bed," she said and eagerly jumped to her feet and hurried to her bedroom.

I quickly sent the money to Mom's account, feeling relieved that I could help her out financially. Then I made my way to Luna's room, getting excited to taste her forbidden honey.

When I entered, Luna was already on her bed, her nightgown hiked up to reveal her smooth thighs, and her glistening pink spot. She gave me a shy smile as I approached, spreading her legs a little bit more.

"Are you sure about this?" I asked softly, sitting on the edge of her bed.

She nodded eagerly. "Yes, we both know that you need that potion."

"I just hope it will cure my curse," I said.

"I know it will," she said.

Whenever I licked another girl, I loved to start with kisses. I leaned in and kissed her gently, savoring the softness of her lips. As our kiss deepened, I let my hand trail up her thigh, feeling her shiver at my touch.

"You'll go down on me, right?" she said in a husky whisper.

"Of course," I said. "I just like to warm up for it."

"Okay," she said like an innocent virgin.

Slowly, I made my way down her body, planting soft kisses along her neck and collarbone. Luna let out a quiet gasp as I pulled the nightgown over her head, exposing her bare breasts. Gently placing the nightgown next to her, I took one nipple into my mouth, swirling my tongue around the sensitive bud.

"Oh Chase, that tickles," she giggled, arching her back.

Coming off her tit, I continued my path downward, kissing along her stomach until I reached the junction between her thighs. Luna spread her legs wider, inviting me in. Her scent

was intoxicating, a mix of her musk and natural sweetness that our mother had blessed her with.

I rubbed my thumb over her flower, feeling the freshness and softness of her folds. It turned me on that only her fingers and Mom's sex toys had been inside her, and now my tongue was about to enter her too.

Gently, I ran my tongue along her slit, tasting her nectar for the first time. It was forbidden, sweet and a hundred percent delicious. I felt a warmth spreading from my tongue and to my chest. Her potion sure was magical, and now that I had tasted it, I felt a bit freer. It had the right effect on me, and I wanted more.

Luna let out a soft whimper, her hands gripping the sheets. I explored her folds with my tongue, circling her clit before dipping inside her.

"That's nice," Luna moaned, a bit louder than before.

I paused, glancing up at her. "Shh," I reminded her gently. "We don't want Mom to hear I'm tasting your potion."

She nodded, biting her lip. I returned my attention to her pussy, licking and sucking with more intensity. I slid one finger inside her, curling it to find that spot that would make her thrust her pelvis.

Luna's hips began to rock against my face as I pleased her. Her breathing grew heavier, punctuated by soft gasps and whimpers. I could feel her getting close. I knew my sister well, knowing whether she was in pleasure or pain.

"Chase," she whispered urgently. "I'm almost there."

I licked her more passionately in slow, sensual strokes. I moved a couple of inches up, focusing on her clit as I pumped two fingers in and out of her slick heat. I dreamt for a moment that it was my cock penetrating her, which hardened me.

Luna's thighs began to tremble as her orgasm approached. She grabbed a pillow and pressed it over her face, muffling her cries of pleasure as she climaxed. I felt her inner walls pulsing around my fingers as waves of pleasure washed over her. I continued licking her gently, helping her ride out every last tremor of her orgasm. It felt just as sweet for her as it did for me. When she finally stilled, I placed a soft kiss on her inner thigh before moving back up to lie beside her.

She let go of the pillow and let out a sigh of relief. Luna's face was flushed, her chest still heaving as she caught her breath. She looked at me with wide eyes, a dreamy smile playing on her lips.

"That was...amazing," she whispered. "I've never felt anything like that before."

I brushed a strand of hair from her face, smiling softly. "I'm glad you enjoyed it."

"So ... Do you feel the effects of my potion?" she asked with a twinkle in her eye.

"I do ... but I feel it will take a couple of days."

She placed her hands on her hips and gave me a look. "I think my potion is more fruitful than that."

Suddenly, we heard how Mom turned off the shower. We exchanged glances. "Sweet dreams," I told her.

"You too ... Another kiss?"

Cupping her neck, I pressed my lips to hers. She didn't mind that I had just licked her intimate region. Her eager tongue traced the seam of my lips till our tongues swirled together. I came off her lips even if I wanted to kiss her longer. She waved at me as I snuck into my bedroom again, just in time when our mother opened the bathroom door.

I sat up for a few more hours, and it didn't take long till Mom

told me to come downstairs.

I descended the stairs. She sat on the couch with her laptop resting on her bare legs. She wore a floral bathrobe that was barely tied at the waist and revealed the legendary valley between her breasts. The scent of freshly showered skin and rose-scented lotion wafted through the air as she smiled up at me.

I could already guess what she wanted from me as I slowly made my way toward her.

"Don't be shy," she said and patted the cushion next to her.

I sat down next to her, her fragrance intoxicating. "Is it about the money?" I could already guess.

She slowly nodded and put the laptop aside. "Who told you about the debt?"

"Luna," I said. I'd put it in the details, *Use it for the debt.*

She placed her hand on my thigh and gently stroked it affectionately. "Chase ... you really didn't have to."

"I just wanted you to know that I appreciate everything you've done for us."

"There are other ways to show that," she said, her gaze softening. She took a pause from caressing my thigh and resorted to combing my hair with her soft fingers. She had a touch to die for.

"Well, I don't think it's fair that the best mother in the world has to struggle and stress over finances when you deserve way better."

She pressed her lips to my cheek. "Those words mean the world to me."

"You're welcome," I said. I suppressed the blush, but I started shifting where I sat, which I usually wouldn't. My horny brain must be making a connection between my sister and my mother.

My sister and I had done everything except for sex, and it wasn't difficult to fantasize about my mother too.

"It's been tough, but not all that bad."

"I just felt bad for you when you mentioned the stress," I said.

"Having you here, knowing how successful you are at your age and how well you take care of your sister, makes it all worth it. Work might be stressful, but at home, I'm proud and happy."

"I'm glad," I said.

She started caressing my thigh, her touch warm and affectionate. "How much of your savings did you send me?"

"Not much," I replied. Even though I'd sent her ten grand, I still had plenty left in the bank.

"Are you sure?" she asked, studying my face.

I nodded.

"Okay," she said. "I'll take the money... if you'll take a hug."

"I'd never turn down a hug from you," I admitted. I stood up, and she melted into my arms, wrapping me in a tight embrace.

"Thank you," she said, and I heard hints of tears in her voice. "You really didn't have to, but I appreciate it."

"You're welcome," I said, and I knew I did the right thing.

"I wish I could give you something in return," she said, after breaking the hug.

"You've given me a great childhood despite being a single mom, and you were there for me when I first launched my business. You've done more than you can imagine."

She softened into a smile. "That's so sweet of you ... As a mother, I'm curious. Have you found another girlfriend yet?"

"No," I admitted and scratched my neck. "I might stay single for a little while."

"You need a break from drama and chit-chat?" she asked.

"Exactly," I said.

CHAPTER 2

“That’s all ... I’ll also go to bed soon.”

“Sweet dreams,”

“You too, sweetie,” she said.

Chapter 3

I slowly opened my eyes to the bright morning sun. Two days ago, Luna had sucked me off. Since then, we had both been extremely aroused, but our encounters had been limited to a steamy shower where she had let me cum on her ass cheeks while she arched her back. We'd been sneaky as Mom sunbathed downstairs. We'd been so horny that it had been a risk we'd been willing to take. Someone might consider us young and stupid, but I couldn't resist. As soon as we closed the bathroom door, my mouth fell on hers, and I gave her a passionate kiss that I still dream of. Something deep inside me wished we could live as a couple and not as siblings trying to hide our love.

We'd played plenty of games and done some cosplay. We kept the sexual innuendos to a minimum since Mom was around. Today, it was time to go to Cristy's farm. The drive would take two hours, but I was eager to escape to the countryside, breathe some fresh air, and not have to deal with noise pollution.

Luna couldn't stop talking about riding horses, and I had promised her we would ride together. Last night, I'd told her we shouldn't be messing around with each other over there, but she'd said we'd be discreet.

"Come on, you know we usually share a bedroom over there."

“Is that old farmhouse even soundproof?”

Luna shrugged. “We don’t make noise when we masturbate together.”

I’d already packed my things. All we had to do was have breakfast and hit the road.

As I rubbed my eyes, I heard Mom knock on Luna’s bedroom door. “Sweetie, are you awake?”

“Yes,” Luna replied, sounding a bit suspicious. It was the same tone she used when she’d borrowed Mom’s vibrator, and I couldn’t help but wonder if she’d dared to take a pair of her panties too.

Mom gently opened the door. “One of my DVDs is missing. It’s fine if you want to borrow it, but I’d prefer if you return it—and stay out of my wardrobe.”

I blinked and realized she was referring to the porn. I glanced at my bookshelf, and I realized again that I hadn’t put it back. There were some opportunities when Mom had been grocery shopping, but I had forgotten about it.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Luna said.

“Do you want me to refresh your memory?” Mom pressed her, not getting a response. “Saving Ryan’s Private.”

I could imagine Luna blushing. “It’s probably Chase who took it.”

“It’s not nice to blame your brother,” Mom said. “I’ll let you get up, but please return it. And next time, just ask—I’ll let you borrow it.”

“Fine,” Luna said. Luna was being nice about it since she was telling the truth. She didn’t have it right now, but it was her idea to take it.

As soon as Mom closed the door, she knocked on mine. “Breakfast in twenty minutes.”

"I'll be there," I said, my voice still groggy. As soon as Mom headed downstairs, Luna stormed into my room, arms crossed.

She frowned at me. "I thought you said you'd put it back," she whispered.

"I didn't get the chance when she came home, and then I forgot."

She rolled her eyes. "You probably just wanted to binge-watch it yourself."

"I don't even have a DVD player in here," I said. "Besides, you can stream anything online these days."

She huffed, frustrated.

"Are you on your weekend?"

"No," she said, but she was still moody.

"Sorry, just checking," I said.

"It's fine, I forgive you. Now stop being a sleepyhead and give it to me."

"It's on the bookshelf."

She took it and left. She went into Mom's bedroom and put it back. That day sure brought back some good memories, watching porn together and cosplaying.

Wanting to get to the farm as quickly as possible, I rose to my feet and put on my clothes. I met Mom and my sister downstairs, and we ate omelets that Mom cooked for us. She asked us how we'd slept.

"Fine," I replied and took another bite of the omelet, which was creamy and salty.

Luna chimed in, "I slept well. Can't wait to get to the farm."

Mom smiled warmly. "I'm so glad you two are excited about our trip. Make sure to thank Cristy for hosting us when we get there."

As we finished breakfast, I helped Mom clear the dishes while

Luna ran upstairs to grab our bags.

Shortly after, Luna came running back down dressed in a new outfit. As we loaded our bags into the car, I couldn't help but steal glances at my sister. She was wearing a tight tank top and denim shorts, her cute legs on full display. I tried not to stare, but it was difficult not to admire her curves as she bent over to arrange things in the trunk.

Mom came out carrying a cooler filled with snacks and drinks for the road. "All set?" she asked cheerfully.

"Yep, I think we've got everything," I replied, tearing my eyes away from Luna.

We piled into the car, with Mom driving and Luna and I in the back seat. As we pulled out of the driveway, Luna leaned close and whispered in my ear, "I can't wait to get you alone at the farm." Her hot breath on my neck sent shivers down my spine.

I swallowed hard and tried to focus on the scenery passing by outside the window. It was going to be a long two-hour drive with Luna sitting so close, her thigh pressed against mine.

Mom and I took turns driving since she wanted some time to relax and chat with her daughter too. It looked like a weight had been lifted off her shoulders, and Luna noticed it as well. "You look so much happier," Luna said.

"Chase gave me a gift," Mom replied with a smile. She unbuckled her seatbelt, leaned forward, and planted a wet, deep kiss on my cheek. The touch of her lips sent a shiver down my spine. "Thank you."

"You're welcome," I muttered, my voice barely above a whisper, muffled by the impact of her kiss.

"What did he give you?" Luna asked, tugging on Mom's arm.

"Love," Mom said with a flirtatious grin.

Luna shot me a worried look, but it was easy to see how Mom could be misunderstood in this context.

After half an hour, we took a break to grab something to eat. Mom drove the final hour, and I caught her glancing at us in the rearview mirror more than once.

"You two seem different," Mom noted. "A bit closer."

Luna took my hand, holding it tightly as she looked into my eyes. "I've just missed him so much, and now I finally get to spend some time with him."

"That's so sweet," Mom said, clearly happy that we were getting along. If she noticed that, I wondered if she could sense our hidden intimacy too. I tried not to dwell on it, but I knew it would eventually be hard to keep under wraps.

As we pulled into the long driveway leading up to Cristy's farm, I took in the familiar sights—the sprawling fields, the pasture, the farmhouse, and the old barn in the distance. The sun rose in the sky, casting a golden glow over the landscape. It was a comforting reminder of the many summers I had spent here with Luna.

Cristy was already waiting for us on the porch, waving as we parked. She looked just the same—tan skin, red hair as vibrant as roses, freckles sprinkled across her cheeks, a perfect hourglass figure, and a broad smile that made you feel at home right away.

Luna flung the door open and jumped out. "Careful!" Mom warned, but Luna was too excited to listen.

I stepped outside too, taking a moment to admire the scenery—the fields stretching as far as the eye could see. Cristy came over to greet us, holding her four-year-old niece by the hand. It was safe to say Cristy was just as gorgeous as our mom, and it was clear she had a love for flowers that matched her

beauty.

Cristy hugged Luna first. Cristy was one of the few people Luna clicked with, which was no small thing. I'd told Luna that you could count your true friends on one hand, which was true.

Then it was my turn. Cristy's smile turned playful as she hugged me tightly, her chest pressing against mine—a not-so-subtle reminder that she was almost as well-endowed as Mom. She smelled like roses, and I breathed in her fragrance deeply. “So good to see you again,” Cristy said.

“You too,” I replied.

Luna was still right next to Cristy. “Can we ride horses?” she asked eagerly.

“Of course!” Cristy said, her smile widening. “I’ve got everything ready for you.”

“Let’s unpack our bags first,” Mom said. “We can’t just leave them on the porch.”

“Fine,” Luna agreed. We both greeted Cristy’s niece, Sofia, who looked up at us shyly as we offered her a handshake. She had the same red hair and freckles as her mom, and she was super cute, even with her thumb stuck in her mouth.

Cristy made sure to hug Mom too, and it was something else to see them together. The way they pressed their chests together was... well, kind of magical.

After a few more greetings and hugs, we grabbed our bags and headed inside Cristy’s farmhouse. The place hadn’t changed much—rustic and cozy, with a lingering scent of lavender, wood polish and flowers. She had hung a photo of her family in the living room where she had a flower tucked behind her ear.

“Do we have the same room?” Luna asked Cristy.

“Yup,” Cristy said. “Fresh towels, fresh sheets, the floor is just vacuumed. I cleaned it all up for you so you can make a mess.”

"Don't do that," Mom said. "Leave it how you found it."

"Sure thing," Luna said. "Let's check it out."

"Do you want me to take the bag for you?" I asked her.

"No, I'm wearing power gauntlets," she said and stuck her tongue and blew me one of her traditional raspberries.

I rolled my eyes and took my own bag. We went to our bedroom that was situated on the first floor, next to our bathroom. We shared a king-sized bed as usual. The bed had fresh coverlets with no wrinkles in sight. The two pillows were separated. Luna dropped the bags and gently moved them closer together with a wink.

"You wish," I told her.

"Come on, be bold," she said and stifled a chuckle.

"We'll wait until tonight," I told her. Although, she must do one hell of a job to talk me into it. The last place I wanted to be caught messing around with my sister was at the farmhouse on a vacation with my mother.

We dropped our bags into the room, and I drew in a deep breath. "Cristy wasn't kidding, everything here is nice and tidy," Luna said.

"I don't think you were kidding about making a mess either," I teased her.

"Now we're on the same page," she said, smiling up to me with her round glasses.

"We'll see," I said.

"In the meantime, are you ready to hit the saddles?" she asked, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

"I'm ready to watch you," I said.

"No, I want you to sit behind me," she replied eagerly. "You promised, after all."

She was right. I had promised her. "Fine, but you have to

refresh my memory.”

I had tried riding a couple of times when I was a kid, but my sister had mastered the art quicker than I did.

We found Cristy, Mom, and Sofia outside on the porch. Cristy wore an apron and stood by the grill while Mom played with Sofia. “How’s your bedroom?” Cristy asked.

“Sparkling clean,” I said.

“Fantasy clean,” Luna chimed in.

Cristy stifled a chuckle. “I’m making lunch for you,” she said. She was grilling sausages, cheese, and vegetables, and had already filled a basket with steaming bread.

“Can we ride in the meantime?” Luna asked.

“Bella is already saddled and waiting for you two,” Cristy said, jerking her head toward the pasture. Bella stood there, watching us with interest. Cristy had four other horses trotting in the distance along with some dairy cows.

“Don’t ride too far,” Mom reminded us. “We’ll eat in about twenty minutes.”

“Okay,” Luna said, taking my hand as we ran toward Bella. “Look how cute she is.” Luna approached Bella with her hand outstretched. The horse snorted softly and nuzzled her palm. Luna stroked her mane. Bella was a beautiful mare with a rich, chocolate-brown coat that glowed in the sunlight. Her mane and tail were a few shades lighter, matching Luna’s hair, which was one of the reasons Luna loved her so much.

She continued to stroke Bella’s mane, reconnecting with her. Bella responded to each touch, clearly remembering Luna well. I watched as my sister checked the saddle and bridle, ensuring everything was secure. She placed her foot in the stirrup and hoisted herself up. She patted the spot behind her. “Are you coming?”

"Let me just walk her with you first," I said.

"Alright," she agreed.

She rode Bella while I walked beside them. Luna gently rocked back and forth, her legs spread as her glossy hair fluttered in the wind. I found her pretty in an artistic, natural way, like a princess from a fantasy game. She caught me looking at her and smiled.

"You look pretty," I told her.

A smile blossomed on her face. "How pretty?"

"Like Zelda," I said with a wink.

"When we go out on a journey later, we have to cosplay."

"Deal."

"Chase," she said in a serious tone once we were out of earshot.

"What?"

"What did Mom mean by 'love' when we were in the car?"

It took me a second to remember what she was talking about.

"I think she meant it as a deed," I said.

"You're not having a secret relationship with her too, are you?" she asked, searching my gaze.

"What? No," I said. "She's our mom for heaven's sake."

"No need to cuss at me," she said, holding the reins as Bella's hooves lightly pounded the grass, making her young breasts jiggle. "Why does that bother you?"

"She's our mother."

"But she's still very attractive... attractive enough for you to throw sideways glances at her," she said mischievously.

"It's all in your head," I replied.

"I don't think so," she said.

"Either way, she was referring to the transaction I helped her with. I felt bad when she told me about the debt and stress. I wanted to help her."

"That's kind of you," she said. "When she said, 'we looked closer.' I was afraid she'd figured out what we've been up to."

I blinked at her. For the first time it sounded like she was worried about getting caught. "I don't get it ... Why would it bother you? You told me earlier you didn't care what society thinks."

"Society yes, but Mom is not a part of the cruel society. She's a sweetheart and a guardian, protector of all evil."

"Hmm, maybe you should taste your own potion."

She gave me a look, glanced over her shoulder to make sure Mom wasn't watching. She slipped her hand inside her denim shorts and then licked her hand. "It's already helping."

We chuckled together. "I get what you're saying ... So you were just joking about the bedroom part?"

"Not really ... We don't make much noise when we're masturbating anyway."

She was right, but to me, it was still risky. However, when she mentioned it, it sure put me in the mood for it. "We'll see ... let's just relax for now. I'm glad we have this time for ourselves."

"Me too," she said happily as we rode on. "After lunch, do you want to dress up as Zelda and Link then ride out on a little adventure?"

"Count me in," I said. "But promise me you'll keep her under control—I'd rather not get thrown off."

"You can trust me," she said. "I don't want you to get hurt."

Mom whistled for us and waved, pulling us back to reality. "You two, come on—time to eat."

"Catch me if you can!" She kicked the flanks of the horse and Bella leaped forward. I broke into a jog, struggling to match her pace as we both laughed. I watched her hair whip in the wind as she rode. When we reached the porch, she dismounted,

and we settled down at the table.

The delicious scent of grilled sausages and vegetables filled the air. Cristy had set out a picnic spread on the large wooden table—sizzling sausages, grilled peppers and zucchini, crusty bread, and a big jug of lemonade.

“Perfect timing,” Mom said, gesturing for us to sit. “How was your ride?”

“Amazing,” Luna said with her hair disheveled from the riding. “Bella recognized me. She’s a true friend.”

Mom ruffled Luna’s hair as we dug in.

Cristy gave me more attention than usual. Her red hair was mesmerizing, so I made sure to glance at her back, causing a light blush to spread. “You know, it just hit me—this might be the first time in ages you haven’t brought a girl around.”

“I needed a break,” I said and dug into the juicy sausage.

“What was her name, Jody?”

“Yes,” I said and didn’t feel comfortable speaking about her. “Right now, I just want to spend some quality time with Luna, and my mother.”

Luna beamed up at me, her blue eyes sparkling behind her round glasses. “Yeah, I’ve missed my big brother,” she said, reaching over to playfully ruffle my hair.

“You’re so cute,” Cristy said.

“They’re my darlings,” Mom chimed in.

“So, how’s the e-commerce business treating you?” Cristy asked, leaning in with genuine interest so that her breasts almost knocked over her glass of lemonade.

“It’s actually going well—better than I ever expected,” I said, unable to hide my surprise.

“That’s impressive,” she replied, eyebrows raised. “You don’t hear that too often these days.”

"He's my pride," Mom added, her voice full of warmth.

"You'll have to share some of your secrets with us," Cristy teased, her eyes gleaming with curiosity.

"You could always use a pretty face for the storefront," I suggested with a smirk. "Men tend to gravitate toward that."

Cristy blushed, a soft pink coloring her cheeks. "Thanks, but I think your mom would make the perfect candidate."

Mom nudged her playfully under the table. "Why not both of us?" she chimed in, her tone light and teasing.

"Both of you will look great," I admitted. They were both pretty, but Cristy wasn't forbidden.

Cristy turned to Luna. "So, what about you? Got any big plans?"

"No college plans yet, but I've got plenty of gaming and cosplaying lined up with my brother," she said, flashing me a bright smile.

"That's adorable, seeing you two so close," Cristy remarked, her eyes softening.

"Tell her about your Twitch channel," Mom chimed in. "You've built quite a following."

Luna waved it off modestly. "It's not much—just about five thousand followers. Some of them tip, so I make around five hundred bucks a month."

"That's not bad," Cristy said, impressed. "Five hundred could easily grow into five thousand."

"I wish," Luna murmured, a hint of longing in her voice.

After lunch, Luna shared our plan to ride out into the horizon. Sofia's eyes turned wide in excitement and became a bit sad when Cristy and our mother had other plans for her.

Before we set off, Luna insisted on painting the Triforce on my wrist. "This won't take long," she assured me, her hands

steady as she dipped the brush into the golden paint.

"Is this for courage or power?" I asked, watching the golden symbol take shape.

She leaned forward, staring intently at my wrist. "Courage," she replied with a playful grin. "Power comes after you've taken down Ganondorf."

I couldn't help but smile. Moments like this—her playful seriousness, the way she got lost in our shared fantasies—were what drew me to her again and again, and what reminded me of why she was so dear to me.

"Done," she said and looked up at me, searching for my reaction.

"It looks perfect," I said, holding up my wrist and showing the painting to Mom and Cristy, who both complimented my sister.

"Now it's your turn to paint my arm," Luna said and gently placed her wrist on the table.

"You know I suck at this," I told her.

"Do your best," she said. "It's the thought that counts."

"Alright," I said and reached for the brush. I carefully dipped the brush in the golden paint and steadied Luna's arm with my other hand. Her skin felt soft and warm beneath my fingers. I tried to focus on painting the Triforce symbol, but I couldn't help noticing how her chest rose and fell with each breath, or the way her eyes watched me intently.

"You're doing great," she encouraged softly.

"I'm trying," I said.

After a few minutes, I finished the Triforce of wisdom, which looked a bit wobbly compared to hers, but not too bad. "There," I said, releasing her wrist.

Luna held it up, examining my work. "It's perfect," she said

with a grin.

We thanked Mom and Cristy for lunch, then headed to our bedroom to change into our costumes. Luna had packed her Zelda dress and my Link tunic in her bag.

She gently slipped off garment after garment till she was fully nude.

"Is this a good idea?" I asked her, giving her a look. I still hadn't started undressing.

"What's wrong?" she asked, spinning around and flashing her nude forbidden body. Her nudity sparked my imagination, and I wished we could do so many things together when I saw her nude.

"They know we're both here," I pointed out.

"Come on, don't be paranoid," she said flirtatiously.

"Alright," I yielded and took off my clothes too, revealing the fact that I was semi-erect, and my cock only hardened further as her blowjob kept playing in the back of my mind. I wanted to come on her breasts again or watch some porn together. There were so many forbidden activities we could do. The only obstacle was this family vacation. We weren't alone here.

We both exchanged glances and giggled as we stood there fully nude. She glanced down at my cock and gently curled her fingers around the shaft. Her touch was as fine as silk, gliding effortlessly against my cock.

"Careful there," I reminded her as I hardened in her hand.

"Or what?" she whispered huskily. "Are you gonna stab me with your Master Sword?"

"I might if you continue to tease me like that," I told her in a similar husky voice. She knew how to turn me on as she lightly stroked my length. She pointed the tip at her flower, gently pushing it dangerously close to the forbidden heat that I had

tasted earlier. It was tempting. It was taboo, and the thrill itself made me harder. I looked down at her, and she let go of my cock, wanting a kiss. I gave it to her and wrapped my arms around her, my hands right above the borders of her bottom.

I leaned down and pressed my lips to Luna's, feeling the softness and warmth of her mouth against mine. As we kissed, I ran my hands down her back, stopping just above the curve of her bottom. Luna pressed her body closer to mine, her breasts pushing against my chest.

I came off her lips and looked at her. As the days passed, she started feeling more and more like my girlfriend rather than my sibling. I didn't fight it either. "That was a pleasant kiss," she admitted, her cheeks turning rosy.

"It was ... it will be even more pleasant if we have some privacy."

"I know," she said. She let go of me, turned around and stood bent at the waist, rummaging in her bag. She brought out her Princess Zelda dress and Link tunic and also the ocarina. "I thought of playing for you later."

I smiled. I hadn't heard her play the ocarina in more than a year. "I can't wait."

I put on my tunic, and she put on her dress. I couldn't help but stare. The dress hugged her curves in all the right places. She looked stunning.

"How do I look?" she asked, giving a little twirl.

"You look amazing," I said, my eyes trailing over her form and her flowing purple and white sleeveless dress with a Hyrule logo in the middle. She had ditched her glasses and wore contacts instead. "You look better than the princess."

Luna beamed at the compliment. "And you make a very handsome Link," she said, reaching up to adjust my tunic.

“Ready for our quest?”

I nodded. As we headed outside, I couldn’t help but wonder what Mom and Cristy would think of our costumes.

When we reached the porch, Mom’s eyes widened. “Oh my, don’t you two look adorable!” she exclaimed.

Cristy whistled appreciatively. “Wow, you really went all out. Those costumes are incredible.”

Luna did a little curtsy. “Thank you. We take our cosplay very seriously.”

I noticed Sofia staring at us with wide-eyed wonder. “Are you a real princess?” she asked Luna in her small voice.

Luna knelt at Sofia’s level, her eyes twinkling. “I am today,” she said.

“Don’t go anywhere before I snap a photo of you two,” Mom insisted, bringing her phone out.

It was typical of her. I stood next to Luna, waiting while Mom fiddled with her phone. She gave us a look. “Go closer, wrap your arms around each other,” she prompted us.

Luna and I exchanged glances, and I draped my arm over her neck and pulled her closer to me. She also leaned her head on my shoulder, and we certainly looked more like a couple than siblings.

Mom snapped several photos and then beckoned us.

“These are great,” Luna said, scrolling through them. “Can you send them to me?”

“Of course, sweetie,” Mom replied.

We told her that we would leave and Mom made sure we wouldn’t ride too far. “Just in the vicinity,” Luna said. “My brother has the Master Sword with him, so he will defend me from any evil.”

Mom chuckled. “Alright fine, enjoy your little adventure.”

We approached Bella, who was still saddled and waiting for us. Luna stroked the horse's mane gently. "Ready for another adventure, girl?" she said.

Bella neighed, and we took that as a yes.

Luna mounted first, and then I swung myself up behind her. The saddle was barely big enough for both of us, forcing me to press close against her back. I could smell the sweet scent of her shampoo, the same as Mom used.

"Hold on tight," Luna said, glancing back at me with a mischievous grin.

I held onto the saddle, and we rode past the barn and out into the open fields. The wind whipped through our hair and costumes as we rode at a slow pace. I was glad she was being gentle with me.

"Why are you holding onto the saddle? Hold onto my waist."

I wrapped my arms around her flat waist, but of course, she couldn't stop there. "A bit further up."

"No," I said. I knew she was a horny girl, filled to the brim with fresh hormones and sexual fantasies, but our mother was still in the background. "You want me to touch your boobs in front of Cristy and our mother?"

"I'm just trying to warm you up for tonight." She turned quickly and gave me a kiss right on the lips, as quickly as a bite from a snake.

I turned, embarrassed, to our mom, but luckily, she was conversing with Cristy. "You can at least wait till we find some privacy."

"If Mom found out we've been giving oral sex to each other, do you think she'd mind?"

"I'd rather not find out," I said.

"But honestly, what do you think?"

I mulled it over, and I guessed she had a point. "She probably won't be against it."

"I think so too," she said, holding onto the reins. "Do you know why girls like to ride horses?"

"No?"

She started rubbing her clit against the saddle, rocking back and forth and making her breasts sway. "That's why."

I rolled my eyes.

She then started riding faster, and I tried to lower my hands but her breasts bounced onto them anyway. "If you reach a bit lower, you'll feel my pink potion that will be essential for our journey."

My hands were trapped, but I preferred her breasts in this scenario compared to her intimate part and inched my hands further up.

"Not now."

"Can you at least hold me tighter?" she asked.

"Sure," I said and tightened my grip.

Her hair fluttered as she rode like the wind. She giggled like mad, and it infected me as I also chuckled. "I knew I would get you in the mood," she said and trotted off the farm and into the wilderness.

"How far are we going?"

"I dunno," she said. "Since we're cosplaying, you have to keep the princess safe. See there! A kargarok is trying to attack, shoot it with your bow!"

I pretended to draw an arrow against the bowstring, firing straight at the bird that tried to attack us. As we rode, we kept playing, and she kept pointing at imaginary enemies.

"I think we're safe now," she said.

"So do I," I said, holding onto her tighter.

We reached the hills and passed pecan trees spreading tasty scents and throwing shade on the lush grass. The birds twittered, flying and singing in the sky. I glanced back, and the farm was only a little blur on the horizon. We were by ourselves and had an open world ahead of us.

As we rode on, she rode the saddle even harder, turning me on even more. She glanced over her shoulder. "Mom isn't watching, touch me."

"I'm holding you," I said.

"Don't play dumb," she said, twisting her neck and giving me a look. "You need some of my fruit to replenish your strength."

"I thought it was supposed to be a potion."

"Both," she said. "If you use your imagination, it can be many sweet things. A cave to replenish your stamina after a round of love-making."

It wasn't like I could resist her anyway. Reaching inside her dress through the entrance of her cleavage, my right hand lowered down from her breasts and reached her forbidden parts. I entered a nice shaven area. I bumped into something which felt like the most perfect pearl and just by the briefest touch, she smiled. She glanced over her shoulder again and caught my smile.

"I enjoy this just as much as you do," she said. "Go a bit deeper."

I reached the folds of her labia. They were puffy and spongy, and it was a touch I couldn't compare with anything else. She was so warm and wet, and I kept probing deeper but couldn't find her forbidden hole. Then all of a sudden I plunged my fingers inside her, and her walls tightened around them. "God," I mumbled. "This feels amazing."

"Deeper"

"It's a bit hard from where I sit."

"Let's dismount," she said. "But I still want you to save me."

"Sure ... if you promise to play the ocarina."

"I do," she said with a smile.

Before dismounting, I put my finger into my mouth and tasted my sister's honey again. "It's a delicacy."

"It's more where that came from."

We dismounted, and Bella just grazed some grass and minded her own business.

"How should we start?" I asked her.

"You need a sword first," she said and found the nearest stick and tossed it to me.

I caught it in my right hand and waved it around. "Better than nothing."

"Don't be a bore. Use your imagination."

I held up the stick as if it were the Master Sword, the tip glinting as it reflected the light of the sun. "Better?"

"Way better ... So, I sit here, trapped, and I'm currently under a spell. You have to fight Ganon that has sealed me, and then, when you have rescued me, we kiss."

"Sure," I said and found her imagination to be funny.

I wielded the stick like a sword, swinging it dramatically as I approached Luna. She sat on a fallen log, playing the part of the captured princess.

"Fear not, Princess Zelda! I shall vanquish this evil and break the spell that binds you," I declared in my best heroic, acting voice.

Luna giggled, then quickly composed herself. "Oh brave hero," she called out. "Please save me from this wicked curse!"

I began battling an imaginary Ganon, leaping and dodging invisible attacks. Luna watched with attention, gasping at the right moments. After a few minutes of exaggerated swordplay,

I struck a final blow.

"He is slain!" I cried. I rushed to Luna's side and knelt before her. "My princess, are you alright?"

Her eyes sparkled with mischief. "My hero," she breathed. "There's only one way to break the spell completely."

I helped her up to her feet, holding onto her hands. "What is it?"

She leaned in close, her lips parting slightly. My chest became warm and I closed the distance between us. Our lips met in a soft, tender kiss. Luna's arms wrapped around my neck as she deepened the kiss, her boobs pressed against me. It was the best kiss in a while and none of us were acting, and at the same time, our mother couldn't see us. It felt like our mother's eyes had held us back the past days, making me think back to that day when I first kissed her. I held it as long as necessary as if I were starved from her sweet lips and her forbidden flesh. I swirled my tongue around her mouth, letting my hands roam freely around her smooth back. We lost ourselves in the moment, and I was about to melt as everything faded away, just leaving us two in peace.

Breaking the kiss, her blue eyes sparkled like bits of sapphire. I brushed her hair away from her face, admiring her adorable smile and shiny teeth.

"That was the nicest kiss so far," she said.

"I agree," I replied, our eyes locked, pulling us deeper into our forbidden love. "Do you know what I'd love to hear?"

"What?" she asked, sounding almost intoxicated by love.

"The ocarina," I said. "It would be the cherry on top."

She beamed, clearly honored to do something for me. "Let's sit on the grass together."

We settled down, and she pulled out the instrument. Sitting

across from me, her lustrous brown hair gleamed, catching the light that played off her dress. She raised the mouthpiece to her lips, wrapped them around the tip, and began to play. A soft melody flowed from the ocarina as her fingers moved over the holes. I closed my eyes, losing myself in the heavenly notes as she played the most beautiful melody I'd heard in a long time. I sighed in contentment as the music continued.

I opened my eyes to find her watching me, a smile spreading across her lips even as she played. The sweet melody drifted through the air, mingling with the sounds of nature around us.

As the final notes faded, Luna lowered the instrument and smiled softly. It felt as if the outside world had faded away, leaving only our precious moment.

"That wasn't from Ocarina of Time," I noted.

"Nope," she said, smiling. "I composed the melody myself."

"You're talented," I said.

"You're the only one who's ever called me that," she replied, her smile softening.

We lay down on the grass, cuddling up to each other. She wasn't just my sibling anymore; she was my lover, though we hadn't discussed it officially yet.

"People are blind, I suppose," I said.

"No, some are just cruel... There's only one hero in my world, and that's you."

I beamed. She could be so sweet sometimes, her words warming my heart. "That's kind of you," I said.

"And I mean it... I don't want to live without you," she said, her voice growing more emotional. "I was really depressed when you moved out."

She had told me several times that she'd missed me, but never that she was depressed because of it. "You never told me you

were depressed.”

“I didn’t want to make you feel bad. I knew you loved your girlfriend.”

“Oh,” I said, realizing why she’d kept it a secret. “You could’ve told me anyway.”

“Well, now you know,” she said. “Even if I’m quirky, you never judge me.”

“You are right, and I never will.”

“Many others did though,” she said, lowering her gaze. “And it really hurt me.”

I pulled her closer to me, kissing her forehead. “They are not a part of your life any longer.”

“I guess you’re right,” she said and took some time to say something more. “Ever since you stood up for me, I’ve had feelings I’ve never dared to talk about.”

“We’ve already explored those feelings,” I said.

“Through actions, but not words.”

“Actions speak louder than words,” I told her.

“You’re right,” she said. “So, do you love me?”

“You know I do,” I said.

“But not in a sibling way... more like as lovers.”

“Our actions show it too,” I admitted.

“Okay,” she said and beamed. “Uhm ... Do you think we can have sex too?”

I raked my fingers through her hair. It was something I sure wanted, and I was also getting quite horny, knowing we couldn’t fuck inside our bedroom without waking up Cristy or Mom. “I want to,” I admitted and didn’t listen to the part of my brain that screamed forbidden, taboo or we shouldn’t be doing it. “But I don’t have any protection with me.”

“We can pretend, just as you pretended to slay Ganon.”

I gave her a look. "It doesn't work that way."

"If you don't like using your imagination, I also brought the morning-after pill."

"You did?" I asked her, arching an eyebrow.

She nodded eagerly. "You never know. I was a bit shy about bringing it up, but I thought maybe we could do it on a summer trip. I dreamt of it a couple of months ago, losing my virginity to you on the grass."

"It's a beautiful scene ... while we're dressed up."

"We can pretend you're Link and I'm Zelda if it still feels taboo for you and my potion hasn't had its effect yet."

"Sure," I said with a grin. "But for me to continue, I probably need some of that potion first."

"Well then," she said, lightly spreading her legs. "Plenty is waiting for you."

I couldn't resist. She was so tempting. She tugged at her dress, and I helped her pull it, so it cleared her head. She was now left in a bra and strawberry-pink Princess Peach panties.

"Here goes." I drew in a deep breath and pulled them off. Her creamy thighs led to a crisp, pink, symmetric slit, perfectly shaved and drenched with her wetness. It was exactly how I remembered her womanhood to be. The glistening pearl at the top, the puffy lips, the strawberry pink juices and the reflection of the sun on her pussy—it was a piece of art, and two butterflies fluttered about in front of us. "Gosh, it's so much more beautiful than the first time I saw it," I whispered right in front of it, almost as if worshiping her sex.

She spread her legs wider. "The gates are open and the potion is yours."

I lowered my head and neared her forbidden hole. Her musky fragrance got stronger and pulled me closer. I laid my tongue

flat against her pussy and licked my sister for the second time. There was nothing there to restrain us. We were out here in nature and free as the twittering birds that sang above us. I pushed my nose against her pearl while I flicked my tongue up and down, and her thighs opened. She giggled in joy, but then she desperately pushed my head against her and I lapped and kissed her till her juices spilled all over my face. I ran my hands along the outside of her legs, cupping inward until I was holding a handful of her bare ass. I then managed to push her further against me, so I could reach deeper inside her.

I plunged my tongue inside her and slid it back out. Eyeing her clit, I pressed my tongue on her pink pearl, as I drove my fingers into her potion. My left hand still cupped her ass, and I had to hold onto her as she started squirming. I made a beckoning motion inside her while kissing and worshiping her pussy. She moaned and grabbed my head, pushing it even closer toward her. She wrapped her legs around my head and only left room for her pink pussy. It was a grip I could die for as I delved deeper and deeper till she arched her back and moaned at the top of her lungs.

I came off her sacred region as my cock started hardening to steel. It was in a painful position, throbbing against the zipper. "I have to take my shorts off."

"Can I help?" she asked adorably, rising with me.

I let her, and she reached to my belt, unbuckling it and pulling it off the loops. She gently tugged my shorts down while I sat on my knees. Before she reached for the waistband of my underwear, she gently stroked the bulge with her hand, each brush stimulating the sensitive head. Then she curled her fingers around the waistband and gently lowered it to my knees till she freed my cock. Her smile widened, and she reached

down to her vagina, touched herself and rubbed her honey all over my cock till it glistened.

"You sure you haven't slipped a bone in there?" she asked me, making us laugh.

"No ... it's a sword for now."

"The Sword of Love," she said. While she kept touching my manhood, I reached behind her back and unhooked her bra. I tossed it behind me, and we were both fully nude. She gently lay down, and I lay on top of her. We looked each other in the eyes, swimming in love and lust. The head of my cock gently brushed against her wetness, just one gentle hip thrust and it would slip inside her and sink into her depths. It felt as if time stood still. I gently caressed her arm, taking my time as I'd take my sister's virginity.

"You sure you have the morning-after pill?" I asked her.

"Yes, I'd never lie about that," she said in a lowered voice. "Don't dare pull out, otherwise, I'll put a curse on you."

"Won't work, since I think we're both under a protective spell."

"Which one?"

"The spell of love."

I gazed into Luna's eyes, seeing the love and desire reflected there. Her body was soft and warm beneath mine as I positioned myself at her entrance. I could feel the heat radiating from her love hole.

"Are you ready?" I asked softly, wanting to be sure.

She nodded, a mix of nervousness and excitement on her face.

I leaned down and kissed her tenderly as I slowly pushed forward. There was a moment of resistance, then I felt myself slip inside her tight, wet heat. Luna gasped and tensed slightly.

"Are you okay?" I paused, concerned.

“Yes,” she breathed. “It just feels...different. Keep going.”

I continued to ease myself gently until I was fully sheathed inside her. The sensation was incredible—she was so tight and warm around me. I held still, letting her adjust.

“How does it feel?” I asked, stroking her hair.

“Full,” she said with a little laugh. “But good. Really good ... Your sword is quite thick.”

I began to move slowly, pulling out partway before pushing back in. Luna’s eyes fluttered closed and she let out a soft moan. I kept my pace gentle and steady, not wanting to hurt her and at the same time wishing to last as long as possible. I hadn’t even climaxed, but I could already tell it felt a thousand times better than with Jody. It was way more intense and forbidden, and her pussy just molded perfectly around my cock as if we were made for each other, making me unbearably hard.

I kept thrusting her a bit faster, seeing her boobs bounce for every thrust. She took it well for a virgin, looking me in the eyes while we fucked.

“Chase,” she whispered. “This feels amazing.”

“Ah, I know,” I said as my cock kept sliding in and out of her velvety walls, hugging and squeezing my shaft at all the right places. For each stroke, it sent me to new heights of dizzying pleasure.

Luna’s legs wrapped around my waist, changing the angle slightly. She gasped and arched her back. “Right there,” she breathed.

I focused on that spot, thrusting a bit harder and faster. Luna’s moans grew louder, her nails digging into my shoulders. I could feel my own pleasure building, a tight coil of heat in my core.

“Luna, I’m getting close,” I warned her.

“Me too,” she panted.

I had no intention of stopping. I drove into her faster, my own climax rapidly approaching. Luna's body tensed beneath me, her back arching off the grass.

"Oh," she let out a moan, her voice echoing across the field.

I felt her pussy contract around me as she climaxed, the sensation pushing me over the edge. With a groan, I buried myself deep inside her taboo pussy and let go, my release pulsing into her in hot spurts, painting her white and creamy. My knees kept bucking as I made sure to empty myself inside my sister.

In the end, we clung to each other, trembling and panting as the waves of pleasure washed over us. I peppered Luna's face with soft kisses as we came down from our high.

"That was..." Luna trailed off, struggling to find words.

"Incredible," I finished for her.

She nodded, a blissful smile on her face. "I love you," she whispered.

"I love you too," I replied.

We lay there for a while longer, basking in the afterglow and listening to the birds and rustling leaves. Time had moved quickly, from masturbating together, to oral sex and now to making love. "Luna," I said.

"I'm here," she said, holding onto me dearly.

"The only thing I regret is that we didn't do this earlier."

"My potion worked," she said happily and wrapped her legs around mine, my cum slowly trickling down her pink and onto my leg.

"It sure did," I said. "The only thing which sucks is that we have to hide it."

"I think you need more potion," she said and we both broke out in chuckles.

"I'd rather not give our mother a heart attack."

"But we spoke about this before," she said. "I don't think she'll mind."

"Let's wait for the right moment," I said, although I couldn't imagine telling her. It just felt too awkward. Hi, Mom, I've been fucking my sister ... It didn't sound well at all, but I loved her and nothing would ever change that.

"Chase," she said.

"I'm here," I said.

"I thought I'd never lose my virginity," she said. "Thank you, for being so loving and kind to me."

"Always, sis, always."

We eventually rose and put on our clothes. My sister drew in a deep breath. "You smell like my sex."

"Do you think our mom will notice?"

"She sure will." She pulled a flower from the soil and tucked it behind my ear. "There we go, much better."

Her touch was so gentle, and her eyes sparkled with affection.

"We should probably head back soon," I said reluctantly. I knew this place would be remembered for the rest of our lives. "Mom and Cristy might start to wonder where we are."

"I really don't want to leave ... It's like a fantasy."

"It looks like Hyrule, doesn't it?"

"It does," she said, smiling sweetly. "If you could escape to a video game and leave the modern world behind, would you?"

"As long as you and Mom are with me."

"You don't like Cristy?"

"She's hot, so she's welcome too."

"So you have a thing for her?" she asked, biting her lower lip.

"Maybe," I said. "Not as gorgeous as Mom though."

"Can you imagine having sex with Mom?" she asked me curiously.

I gave her a look, but it was weak. "I suppose," I said. "How would you feel about it?"

"Glad that someone is making love to her too," she admitted.

"Let's talk about that for another day," I said.

Luna nodded, but there was a mischievous glint in her eye. "Just one more thing before we go," she said. She leaned in and kissed me deeply, her lips soft against mine. When she pulled back, she grinned. "Now we both smell like sex."

I laughed and shook my head. "You're lovely," I told her fondly.

Once we were back in our costumes, we mounted Bella once more. This time, I held Luna close without hesitation, my arms wrapped securely around her waist.

As we rode back toward the farmhouse, I marveled at how much had changed in just a few hours. Luna wasn't just my sister anymore—she was my forbidden lover, my partner. I knew we'd have to be careful around Mom and Cristy, but a part of me didn't want to hide how I felt, and I knew she didn't want to hide either.

When the farmhouse came into view, Luna slowed Bella. She glanced back at me over her shoulder. "Ready to face the world again, hero?" she asked with a smile.

I kissed her cheek. "As long as I'm with you, princess."

Mom and Cristy stood by the porch as the sun steadily declined. Mom shielded her eyes and waved at us. "Where have you two been?"

"On an epic adventure," Luna said. "My hero slayed an evil man and saved me from eternal darkness."

"Both of you must be hungry then," Mom said with a wink.

"We sure are," I agreed.

"I got steaks and fries for us all," Cristy said.

We settled down on the bench and enjoyed our meal as the

sun was about to set. I easily cut through the bloody meat, and it melted in my mouth like a stick of butter. She sure knew how to prepare a steak, and the pink juice kept flooding my mouth—the second pink juice for this day.

After we'd devoured the meat and talked about random subjects, Cristy came with a bowl of ice cream for us all. Cristy was the first to spill a great load on her chest, but she scooped it up with her finger and licked it up. "It tastes saltier after it has been on the chest."

"It sure does," Mom said with a gentle smile.

* * *

At the end of the day, the crickets started chirping, and Sofia lay sleeping with her thumb in her mouth. Cristy lifted her and brought her to her bedroom. "Gosh, she's getting so heavy, I won't be able to carry her soon."

"Just be glad she isn't running away from you yet," Mom said.

"I'll come riding after her," she said joyfully and didn't dread the future.

My mother raked her fingers through my hair. "Gosh, you're sweaty."

"It was from the ride earlier," I told her. I was tired, but it had been one of my best days in years.

She then combed Luna's hair with her fingers. "And you are even sweatier."

"We had fun earlier," she said and didn't even look tired.

"Aren't you tired?" Mom asked and smiled at her beautiful daughter.

"A little," she said. "I also think it's time for bed."

"Don't start fighting over the bed like you did last year."

“That won’t be an issue now,” she said and grinned at me.

We went to our bathroom, brushed our teeth and then hopped into bed. She moved the pillows as close to each other as possible. I gave her a look. “They won’t storm in,” she said and wrapped her leg around mine.

“Only you do that,” I told her.

She lightly punched my chest.

As we lay in bed together, Luna snuggled close to me, her body warm against mine. The events of the day played through my mind—our passionate lovemaking in the field, the thrill of our secret. Part of me still couldn’t believe it had really happened.

Luna’s fingers traced lazy patterns on my chest. “What are you thinking about?” she whispered.

“Just...everything,” I replied softly. “Today was incredible.”

She propped herself up on one elbow to look at me, her eyes sparkling in the dim light. “It really was. I’ve never felt so... loved before.”

I brushed a strand of hair behind her ear. “Me neither. I love you, Luna. More than I ever thought possible.”

“I love you too,” she murmured, leaning in to kiss me softly. It was brief but everything we needed at that moment. It didn’t take us long to drift into a deep slumber.

Chapter 4

I had never felt so good upon waking up. I was fully refreshed, and well rested, and I had the sweetest and deepest dream on top of it. It had just been my sister and I in a carefree fantasy world with no one to judge us. We could kiss and hug wherever we wanted without catching judgment.

When I woke up, I told her about it in explicit detail. We were still entangled, her leg over mine, and my arm draped over her chest. Her drool had spilled onto my chest and her breath warmed my neck. We were like one—the perfect couple.

When I told her about the dream, her eyes lit up. She revealed that she'd dreamed the exact same thing. We'd wanted to pleasure each other, make love with the same intensity as when we'd been on the grass, both dressed up as our favorite characters. But we'd deemed it too risky since Mom was awake.

Luna didn't like to hide, and neither did I. Part of me wanted to tell her everything, but another part feared her reaction.

We ate breakfast as usual. Mom looked much happier now that she didn't have to worry about the stress of her florist shop and could finally spend her time in peace.

After breakfast, Luna and I headed to the dairy cow. I held a milking pail as we prepared to milk her.

"Can we hold hands?" Luna asked. Dressed in a snug summer dress, she looked up at me through her round glasses, her blue eyes twinkling.

I shifted the pail to my left hand and took her hand with my right, giving it a gentle squeeze. "Better?"

"Uh-huh," she said, a smile blooming on her face. "Mom's been in such a good mood this morning."

"Probably because she finally got a break. She's been busting her ass at the shop," I reminded her.

"Yeah, you're right. She looks a lot healthier now. Not that she didn't before, but you know what I mean," Luna said.

"I do," I replied. "It's good to see. It's hard watching someone you care about be so stressed all the time."

"You're right," Luna agreed. Milking the cows was our idea, an excuse to sneak away and get some privacy. We'd whispered to each other when we woke up, flirting a little, but we had to keep the giggles to a minimum. Our love was still fresh, and I felt this constant pull toward her. I wanted to kiss her, touch her and make love to her.

We approached the cow and circled her. "Wow, she's huge," Luna said, eyes wide as she patted the cow's back. The cow mooed at her touch, and we exchanged grins before laughing. She was a big one, with plenty of milk for all of us.

"You scared?" I teased.

"No, but you are," she shot back with a wink. "I remember the first time we tried to milk her—you were so on edge."

"So were you," I countered. "Don't rewrite history now."

"But I was the first one who actually did it," she said proudly.

"Whatever," I said with a smile.

We dropped to our knees and placed the milking pail under the teats. I glanced over my shoulder, making sure Mom and

Cristy were out of earshot.

"I wish we could have morning sex," she said in a lowered voice, reaching for the teat. I did so too, bumping into her hand.

"So do I," I said. I had been raging hard upon waking up, and I wanted to take her again and again, covering her in kisses while my erection covered her love hole in cum. We squeezed the teats simultaneously so the milk splashed into the bucket.

"Careful, not so hard," she said with a giggle as droplets splashed onto her face. "You have to be gentle like this." She demonstrated, lightly squeezing it so the spray wasn't so powerful.

"Sure thing ... Do you think we'll find time to go somewhere later?"

"Hardly," Luna said with hints of disappointment. "We promised to help them churn butter."

"I know," I said, wishing we could head out on another forbidden adventure.

"Maybe we can do it under the sheets," she said and glanced at me while sending another spray of milk into the pail.

"That house isn't soundproof," I reminded her, although it was tempting. It was erotic and sensual waking up next to her, and I started feeling the first hints of blue balls. I just couldn't stop thinking of her, dressed up as a princess while the hem of her dress hiked up just enough to make out her sexy panties. The summer dress sat tight on her. I didn't know where she'd gotten it from but it looked identical to the ones Mom would wear, so I assumed it was a gift from her, which made me think of Mom in an unusual way.

"We can be quiet ... It should be possible. I think we'll last longer on top of it," she said.

"No promises, but I might be down for it."

She beamed. "Why did the gods have to make sex feel so good?" she said half-jokingly and half-despairingly.

"Good question ... Should we complain?" I asked her with an arched eyebrow.

"Maybe not," she said and looked skyward. "I'm sorry Gods! I didn't mean it."

I laughed. "I'm sure they won't alter it."

We continued squeezing the teats for a little bit, gradually filling the pail. "I see the potion has worked ... You aren't feeling uncomfortable any longer."

"The potion runs out in a couple of days, so I'll need my refill when the time is due."

"You'll have it," she said with a wide smile.

When we'd almost filled the bucket, we decided to take a little break. "Ouch, I got something in my eye," she said.

I looked at her, my instincts wanting to help her, but instead, I received a spray of milk right in my face, splashing all over us. She burst out laughing, although it was a tease the sound of her in joy was as sweet as a fruit.

Wanting to get back at her, I took the teat and sprayed at her back while she squirmed in laughter, covering her face in milk. Then she lunged at me, an inch away from knocking over the pail.

We tumbled in the grass, giggling and wrestling playfully. As we rolled in the grass, I became aware of how our bodies were pressing together. Luna's soft curves molded against me as we rolled, her summer dress riding up to expose more of her smooth thighs. With each playful movement, I felt the friction of her thighs against my privates.

My body responded instinctively, blood rushing south as my arousal grew. Soon an unmistakable bulge was straining against

my pants, rubbing sensually against Luna's warm skin with our every motion. I tried to get back at her, dry humping harder and harder.

Finally, Luna's summer dress rode up her thighs as she straddled me, pinning my arms above my head. Her face hovered inches from mine, blue eyes sparkling with mischief behind her round glasses. Milk dripped from her hair onto my cheeks.

"Gotcha," she said triumphantly, her breath warm on my face.

I let out an involuntary groan as she settled directly on top of my hardness. The friction had felt so sweet and so sensual. My heart raced as I gazed up at her. Her brown hair bathed in sunlight, making her look angelic despite our compromising position. I was aware of everywhere our bodies touched—her soft thighs against my hips, her chest pressed to mine and my hardening cock against the juncture of her thighs.

"You sure about that?" I teased, bucking my hips suddenly to throw her off balance. I didn't mean to. I just wanted to rub my privates against her.

She squealed in surprise as I flipped us over, reversing our positions. Now I loomed over her, drinking in the sight of her flushed cheeks and parted lips. Her dress had ridden up even further, exposing the pale, creamy skin of her upper thighs and the borders of her cute panties.

We froze like that for a long moment, breathing heavily. I wanted nothing more than to close the distance and capture her lips with mine.

"Tickle!" she shouted and burst my erotic dream bubble. I squirmed like mad as she went straight for my weak spot. I laughed so hard that my abs were cramping up along with my jaw.

“Chill!” I shouted, making her stop for a brief moment. “Take this!” I dug my fingers into her sides, tickling her mercilessly. Luna squealed and squirmed beneath me, her laughter ringing out across the field.

“You cheater!”

She tried to free herself, but she was drowning in laughter. “Stop, stop!” she gasped between giggles, trying to wriggle away.

I grinned down at her. “Never! This is payback for the milk attack.”

We tussled in the grass, rolling and tickling each other until we were both breathless with laughter. Finally, we collapsed side by side, chests heaving as we caught our breath.

Luna turned her head to look at me, her eyes sparkling. “That was fun,” she said softly.

I reached out and brushed a strand of milk-dampened hair from her forehead. “Yeah, it was.”

We lay there for a moment, just gazing at each other. I wanted so badly to lean in and kiss her, to feel her soft lips against mine again. My cock was still hard of forbidden desire, and I knew it would remain so till we could be alone again.

But before I could make a move, we heard Mom’s voice calling from the farmhouse. “Chase! Luna! Are you two done with the milking yet?”

We quickly sat up, smoothing our clothes and trying to look presentable.

“Coming, Mom!” Luna called back. She stood and offered me a hand up.

As I got to my feet, she gave my hand a squeeze and winked. “To be continued,” she whispered with a sly smile.

“Look at us, we’re covered in milk, grass, and flowers,” I said, glancing down at the mess on our clothes.

"We can just take a shower," she replied casually, shrugging it off.

I wished I could be as carefree as she was. I grabbed the pail and brought it back to where Mom was waiting. With her hand on her hip, she arched an eyebrow at us. "Have you two been play fighting again?"

"Yes, but he started it," Luna said flirtatiously, her eyes sparkling as if she was daring me to wrestle her again.

"It started with you spilling milk all over my face," I shot back.

"Luna, that dress was a birthday gift," Mom said, brushing off the hay and milk from Luna's dress. She wasn't shy about getting close to her daughter's breasts, even picking out the bits of hay that had fallen into Luna's cleavage. I couldn't help but notice, and my body responded in ways I wished Mom wouldn't notice.

"Sorry," Luna said, looking at the mess. "We'll take a shower in the meantime."

"I'll wait for you," I said, but Luna frowned, and I realized too late that I'd just blown our chance to shower together. Great job.

She turned and left me to silently curse my bad timing. I went over to Cristy who gave me a sly smile as if she'd witnessed our play fighting.

She gave me a quick recap on how to churn the butter, and I went straight to work. I found it difficult not to glance at my mother and her beautiful flower dress that hugged her curves perfectly. She had also slid a flower behind her ear which was the cherry on top. Even if the air here was a lot fresher, Mom just brought a scent with her that was so sweet and natural. I had never glanced at my mother the way I did, but I wanted more of her. I couldn't explain it. It was just something so

intoxicating. I also felt the forbidden thrill that I had with my sister at the beginning.

Sofia was right next to me, occasionally dipping her finger into the butter and complaining that it needed more salt.

"It's so cute seeing you two get along," Cristy said.

"Yeah, except when she tickles me," I said.

Mom chuckled. "Tickling is his weakness," she said, patting my back. "He's been that way since he was a toddler."

"I'm ticklish too," Cristy said.

Sofia looked at her aunt with a mischievous grin and tried to sneak up on her. "No, no, no, not with those greasy fingers," Cristy said, grabbing Sofia as she let out a shriek.

"I can tickle too!" Sofia said, putting her hands on her hips.

"So can I," Cristy said, lunging at her. Sofia shrieked and ran off, hiding behind two pillows.

I continued pouring the heavy cream into the mixer, with Mom helping me out. Eventually, my sister called out, "Chase, I'm done!"

I went to the bathroom, where she was wrapped in my towel. "You didn't bring your own?"

She shook her head and pouted her lips. I pecked them lightly, and she unwrapped the towel. "Here you go," she said, revealing her naked body on top of it, making my cock stir.

I knew it would be difficult to sleep today without doing something with her. She was just so tempting at times.

The shower was quick, and I was rock hard as I'd just seen her nude. I tried my hardest to suppress it. Once I was done, I met with them outside. Luna was playing with Sofia and her dolls, and I sat down with Mom and Cristy.

Mom raked her fingers through my hair. "Why don't you ever blow-dry your hair?"

"It dries on its own," I said, shivering as her fingers grazed my scalp.

"It sure does," she said.

"I wish my brother was more like you," Cristy said. "More family-oriented."

"You don't often talk about your brother," I said.

Cristy leaned back, looking away as if she were hesitant to talk about it. The sunlight caught her red hair, making her look even more attractive. "Yeah, but he's a bit of an introvert, and we don't talk much. I always tried to stay in touch, but it was always me reaching out, never the other way around. Me and my sister are way closer, and she lets me take care of Sofia now and then."

"Sorry to hear that," I said, glancing at Luna. "We've always stayed in touch."

"I know," Mom said. "You two are like the perfect pair."

Those words made me tense, hoping she hadn't figured anything out. "Yeah... we are."

"And you've always been a great brother to her," Mom added, smiling.

Mom could go on and on about what a good brother I was, but she never seemed to realize that she was the one who raised me. "Mom, how you raise someone matters. The people I've met who are struggling almost always come from abusive parents or dysfunctional families. You raised us well. Don't take that for granted."

She wrapped her arms around me, pulling me close. Her warm, soft embrace felt comforting, almost soothing. I wasn't entirely sure what was going on with my thoughts lately, but those strange feelings didn't seem as overwhelming anymore. It was like a taboo that had started to crumble. "You're my pride,"

she whispered gently, holding me tight. “Just because I raised you well doesn’t mean you’re not a good boy on your own.”

“Mom, I’m twenty,” I said, half laughing.

“No, you’ll always be my boy. You’ll understand when you’ll have your own kids.”

“That’s fair,” I said, hugging her back gently so Cristy wouldn’t catch on to what I was feeling. As we pulled away, Mom kissed my forehead, leaving me with a faint blush.

“Why don’t we watch a movie later after my princess goes to bed?” Cristy suggested.

“I’d love that,” Mom said, glancing at me.

“Sure,” I said. “Luna loves movies.”

Luna and Sofia continued playing on the grass until it was time for dinner. Luna returned even dirtier than earlier, covered in grass and flower stains. Cristy didn’t mind and just fired up the grill. Soon, it was time to eat, and she had made burgers for us.

Today was relaxing. Sofia slowly dozed off, and we ended up on the couch while Cristy popped popcorn in the kitchen.

Luna and I sat close, our hips pressed together, exchanging glances. “I need to get something,” she said, scurrying off to our bedroom. She came back with a blanket. “It’s chilly in here,” she said, gently draping it over us as the room grew darker. Mom just smiled at us, probably thinking how cute we looked, though I suspected Luna had another reason for bringing the blanket.

“Here you go,” Cristy said, handing us a bowl of popcorn.

Luna placed it in the middle. She grabbed a piece, raised it to my lips, and said, “Open.”

I did, letting her pop it into my mouth. I glanced at her briefly, but she just smiled, radiating happiness. It was exactly what my girl used to do. Well, Luna was my girl—or at least, my secret

girl for now.

The movie started; it was a romantic comedy. I rarely got to watch fantasy films when I was with any women, but I didn't mind.

While the blankets covered me and Luna, she gently moved her hand to my crotch, a smile crinkling in the corners of her eyes. I firmly shook my head, but she eagerly nodded. I glanced over at Mom and Cristy who sat tightly together, immersed in the movie. Luna continued, moving closer and closer to my crotch and slipped her hand inside my shorts. I was just too weak. I couldn't remove her hand. Her fingers reached my bone, and she stifled a giggle and mouthed near my ear. "You're still hard."

"What do you mean by *still*?"

"I felt your bone when we were play fighting," she whispered. I rolled my eyes.

Luna's hand wrapped around my shaft, sending tingles through my body. I tried to stay still and not draw attention, but it was getting harder by the second. Her fingers stroked me gently but insistently under the blanket. "You're taking this a bit too far," I warned her.

"No," she whispered. "I used a stealth spell. They won't notice."

I gave her a look, thinking she was nuts.

"Everything okay over there?" Mom asked, glancing our way.

"Yep, all good," I managed to say, my voice only slightly strained. Luna gave me a mischievous look and increased her pace.

The romantic couple were having an awkward first date. But I could barely focus on the plot with Luna's erotic actions. Her thumb swirled over my sensitive tip, spreading the precum

gathering there.

I bit my lip to hold back a groan. This was so risky, but I couldn't bring myself to stop her. The thrill of potentially getting caught only heightened the sensations.

Luna leaned in close, her lips brushing my ear. "Do you like it?"

"Yes ... This movie isn't bad."

"I'm glad you like it," Mom said, glancing at us again.

"I want you so bad," Luna whispered, her breath hot against my skin.

I turned my head slightly, our faces inches apart. Her blue eyes were dark with desire behind her glasses. It took every ounce of willpower not to kiss her right then and there, or tell her to go quicker and jerk me off till I soaked the blanket in cum.

Instead, I grabbed a handful of popcorn. Luna grinned and tightened her grip, refusing to let go of my bone.

The movie continued playing, but it may as well have been static on the screen. All I could focus on was Luna's touch and the building pressure in my groin.

In the movie, the romantic couple were sharing their first kiss. The irony wasn't lost on me as I struggled not to make a sound. Luna kept being adventurous, her grip tightening just slightly. I could feel the familiar tension building, a spring coiling tighter and tighter in my core.

"This is my favorite part," Mom commented, her eyes fixed on the screen.

I nodded, not trusting my voice. Luna chose that moment to swirl her thumb over my sensitive tip, and I had to bite my lip hard to stifle a groan. I wasn't sure if she was aware of how good that felt. It felt as if she was just being adventurous, touching

me around and stroking me.

"You okay, honey?" Mom asked, glancing over with concern.

"F-fine," I managed and grabbed some popcorn. "Just... really into the movie."

Luna giggled softly, disguising it as a reaction to the film. Her hand never stopped its maddening rhythm.

I was so close now, the peak was almost there. My breath came in short, controlled pants as I fought to keep my hips still. Just a few more strokes and I'd be done for.

Suddenly, Luna's hand stilled. She leaned in close, her lips brushing my ear. "Can you touch me?"

My heart raced at Luna's whispered request. I hesitated, knowing how risky it would be to return the deed under the blanket with Mom and Cristy right there. But the temptation was too good to resist.

Slowly, I slid my hand over to rest on Luna's thigh. She shifted slightly, allowing me better access. I traced circles on her smooth skin, gradually inching higher under her dress.

Luna resumed her cock stroking. She gave my entire shaft an equal amount of attention, but she was most fond of the sensitive crown. I bit back a groan as I finally reached the edge of her panties. She was already wet, the fabric damp beneath my fingers.

The movie's climactic scene was playing out. The swelling music helped mask our quickened breathing.

I slipped my fingers under her panties, finding her slick folds. Luna broke out in a smile of pleasure as I began slowly circling her most sensitive spot. Her hand tightened around me in response.

We kept pleasuring each other. I could feel my release building, hot-taboo pressure coiling tighter with each stroke.

Luna was trembling beside me, her thighs quivering as she approached her peak.

“Oh, I love this part,” Mom sighed, completely engrossed in the film’s romantic ending.

Her voice jolted me back to reality. What were we doing? This was insane. But I was too far gone to stop now. I was at a point of no return.

With a few final, desperate strokes, Luna pushed me over the edge. I came. I bit down hard on my lip to stifle any sound as intense waves of pleasure crashed over me. My cock pulsed in Luna’s hand, spilling hot streams of cum beneath the blanket. She stroked me through it, milking every last drop as I shuddered silently beside her.

I carefully glanced to my left, and thankfully, Mom and Cristy were still immersed in the movie, and they hadn’t noticed. Luna leaned closer and whispered, “I told you the spell worked.”

I wanted to laugh. I wanted to tickle her till we both squirmed on the floor, tumbled out of this house and rolled down a hill. I turned my attention to her, my left hand was still on her flower, and she was moistening like never before. I refocused my attention on pleasuring Luna, deciding to give her a dose of her own medicine. I increased the pressure and speed of my fingers against her clit, feeling her thighs begin to tremble. Her breathing grew ragged as she neared her peak.

Just as the movie reached its romantic climax, Luna’s body went rigid. She pressed her face into my shoulder to muffle her whimpers as she came. I felt her inner walls fluttering against my tired fingers as waves of pleasure washed over her. Luckily, I had the skill to pleasure a woman with my one hand, but it was more challenging without lips and tongue. The excitement must have helped her.

We sat frozen for a long moment, hearts racing as we came down from our shared high. Slowly, carefully, we withdrew our hands and readjusted our clothing under the sticky blanket. Because of the dim lighting, the wet blotch was slightly hidden, but I knew it would be a challenge to get out of there without them seeing my huge load covering my shorts and probably her hand.

“Wasn’t that just the sweetest ending?” Mom sighed contentedly as the credits began to roll.

“Yeah,” I said, my voice only slightly strained. “Really... satisfying.”

Luna giggled softly beside me, squeezing my hand under the blanket. I knew we’d have to be more careful in the future, but for now, I was riding the high of our forbidden pleasure. As risky as it had been, I couldn’t deny the thrill of our secret intimacy.

“Are you tired?” Mom asked me as she raked her fingers through my sweaty hair. Thankfully, it didn’t raise any eyebrows.

“I’ll hop into bed soon,” I said, feeling a bit uncomfortable in case she would either smell or feel the blanket.

“And you, Luna?” Mom asked her.

“I’m also growing tired,” she said. “I loved the movie though.”

They talked a bit about it, discussing which scenes they loved the most. I was surprised at how well Luna had concentrated while stroking my cock. Mom and Cristy took the popcorn bowls to the kitchen and helped each other clean them. “I have to go to the bathroom first,” I told Luna in a lowered voice.

“I have to pee,” she said.

I dropped my voice even lower. “There’s a big blotch of buttermilk under the blanket.”

"That's right," she said.

I took the blanket with me, just in case, and I was glad I did so since Mom stepped out of the kitchen. "Are you gonna brush your teeth?" Mom asked.

"Ugh, yeah," I said and awkwardly held the blanket in front of me.

"Okay, I just wanted to say goodnight since I'll go to bed too."

"Sure, good night."

"And sweet dreams."

"You too," I said. I opened the door and went inside, sighing a breath of relief. When I stood in front of the mirror, my eyes widened to saucers. There was so much cum, soaking my shorts and the blanket. I'd never fired a load like that in my life.

Taking off my clothes, I tried my hardest to wash off any traces, both from the blanket and my shorts. Eventually, my sister knocked. "Psst, can I come in?"

I blinked at the door. "You actually knocked."

I could imagine how she rolled her eyes. "It's because the door is locked."

"Is Mom there?"

"They're in the bathroom on the second floor. The coast is clear," she said.

I opened the door and she hopped inside. She rushed to the bathroom, lifted the hem of her dress and pulled down her honey-stained panties. She sat down with a sigh and let go. "Ah, finally," she said.

I could see the cum stains on her hand, hoping Mom hadn't spotted it. "I can't believe we did that," I said, finding it oddly erotic seeing her pee.

She gave me a relaxed look. "I told you I used the invisible spell."

I wanted to tell her that this wasn't a computer simulation, but decided not to. I found her imagination funny.

"Admit it was exciting."

"Yes," I said and couldn't deny that fact. "But it was still risky."

She just shrugged and didn't see it the same way I did. "I can't believe you made me climax with just your hand ... I usually need toys or something."

"Mind telling me what something is?"

"Like porn, Switch controller, or some nice uneven object that hits the spot."

I thought back to the day we played Switch together, and when I noticed the controller was sticky. "Wait, that day when I noticed the controller was sticky, I thought you said it was from perfume."

"Pika, pika," she said and made an innocent Pikachu face, making us both laugh. After we'd laughed, she added, "I owe you an apology. I thought you would think I was weird for doing it. But I did push that controller inside me the other night."

"I forgive you," I said, and her sexual adventure just thickened my cock.

She let go of the last drops and put on her nightgown. We brushed our teeth together and then went into our bedroom. I was still shocked at what we'd been up to. I realized how wrong it could go. "I still can't believe we went that far."

"I think I need to help you get your mind on something else," she said cleverly.

"How?"

"Tickles!"

I barely had time to react before Luna pounced, her fingers finding all my most ticklish spots. I squirmed and tried to stifle

my laughter, not wanting to alert Mom or Cristy. My cock suddenly hardened despite the recent climax. The friction of her thighs against mine sent blood flowing to my cock.

Luna just continued to tickle me. While her fingers kept dancing all over me, I noticed how she dry-humped me as well, rubbing her crotch against my leg. She wasn't wearing any panties either, smearing her nectar all over me. I writhed beneath her, torn between wanting to escape and enjoying the closeness. I started laughing hysterically, making my jaw and abs ache.

"Stop!" I gasped between giggles, trying to fend off her relentless tickle attack.

Luna grinned mischievously. "Never. I need to cure you!"

We rolled around on bed as I tried to escape her tickling fingers. Eventually, I managed to grab her wrists, pinning her beneath me. We were both breathing heavily, faces flushed from laughter and exertion.

"Gotcha," I said triumphantly.

Luna's eyes sparkled as she gazed up at me. "Oh really?"

Before I could react, she leaned up and captured my lips in a deep kiss. I melted into it, releasing her wrists to cup her face instead. Her arms wrapped around my neck, pulling me closer. Suddenly, someone knocked on the door, and we both gasped and turned to the door. I was lying right on top of her, my bulge straining against the underwear, poised right at her wet womanhood. Her nipples strained against her nightgown, and anyone who opened the door would realize we were up to something, and it wasn't just play fighting.

"Please," Mom said without opening the door. "You have to tone it down. Sofia is sleeping!"

"Sorry," Luna squeaked.

"Goodnight you two," she said.

"Goodnight," I said.

We held our breath, listening to every step as she ascended the stairs, and finally, she closed the door. We looked each other in the eyes, and my lips fell on hers again, and we continued from where we left off.

Luna's lips were soft and eager against mine as we resumed our passionate kiss. My hands slid down her sides, savoring the curves of her body through the thin nightgown. She arched into my touch, a soft moan escaping her lips.

"We should be quieter," I whispered against her lips, even as my hips ground against hers instinctively.

"Then you'd better keep my mouth busy," she teased, pulling me back down for another deep kiss.

We continued to kiss, for who knows how long, squeezing out as much love as possible till we were both out of breath. I came off her mouth, satisfied and rolled to the side.

"What were the odds of her not opening the door?" I asked her, knowing Luna had inherited Mom's disdain for knocking on doors.

"I don't know," she said. "Why think of that though? That was my favorite kiss so far."

I just smiled. "It was great," I said, licking my sister's sweetness from my lips.

"Chase?" she asked.

I turned to her, caressing her thighs. "I'm listening."

"Do you think we can have sex?"

I blinked at her. "You just gave me a handjob, and Mom was a second away from walking in on us kissing."

"But that was because you were laughing hysterically."

"Uh, yeah? After you hysterically tickled me."

“Come on, we were just having fun. I’m still starving for fun since you left.”

I considered it. It sure was tempting, sliding in and out of her after such a day. “Let’s wait at least two hours, so we know they’re asleep.”

“Two?” she said. “How about one?”

“Fine,” I said.

She started a timer on the phone and just smiled. While we were waiting, we talked about various topics. We lay side by side, looked at each other as we discussed video games and feelings.

Eventually, she started touching my chest and arms. “You look nice,” she said out of nowhere.

“So do you,” I said. I also wished time moved quicker. I started getting in the mood again. “How much time left?”

“It’s only been like ten minutes,” she said.

I sighed. Suddenly, I started hearing some noises coming from outside. We had the window open, and I glanced at it. “What’s that?”

We held our breaths and started hearing the slow moans.

“It sounds like our mother is masturbating,” Luna said and listened further. “Yep, it definitely sounds like her.”

“But it’s coming from outside,” I pointed out.

“But her bedroom is right above ours. She might keep her window open, so the noise spills outside instead.”

I swung my feet off the bed and gently opened the window. Luna was right. It came from upstairs, and by the sound of her moans, it definitely sounded like our mom. Luna joined me, padding to the window.

“Yeah, it’s definitely, Mom,” she said in a lowered voice.

“Ah, oh, ah,” she moaned, trying to stifle her sounds of

pleasure as I imagined how she worked a sex toy in and out of her womanhood.

"When I was gone, how often have you caught her masturbating?"

"I dunno. I've lost count," she said. "I told you about her sleep issues."

We stood silently by the window, listening to Mom's soft moans and gasps drifting down from above. My heart raced, a mix of shock and unexpected arousal coursing through me. I'd never heard Mom like this before.

Luna leaned in close, her breath tickling my ear as she whispered, "She usually goes for about ten minutes when she does this."

I turned to look at her, eyebrows raised. "How do you know that?"

She shrugged, a mischievous glint in her eye. "I may have timed her once or twice."

I shook my head, torn between amusement and disbelief at my sister's boldness. Above us, Mom's breathing grew more ragged, her moans becoming more intense.

"Oh god," Mom's voice floated down, breathless and filled with need. "Yes, right there..."

Luna pressed closer, her hand sliding down to cup my growing erection through my shorts. "Seems like someone's enjoying the show," she teased.

"Not true," I said firmly. "I was erect from the start."

"Why are you blushing so hard then?" she asked.

"Forget about it," I said. But both of us still listened till she reached the peak.

"That's her climax," she said matter-of-factly.

"Oh," she moaned, which I knew could've been louder. She let

out a sigh of relief and collapsed onto the bed, probably falling asleep shortly after.

I wiped a sweat from my brow. I couldn't deny it had been hot listening to my mother masturbate. We hopped into bed again. "Does she do that once a day?" I asked her.

"Sometimes more," Luna said. "After you had sex with me for the first time, I don't understand how she could go on for so long without a man."

"Me neither ... I guess being a good mother is more important to her."

"You don't want a stepfather?"

I firmly shook my head. "Do you?"

"No," she said. "But I still feel bad for her at times."

"It could have been worse," I said. "At least she's proud of us."

"She's proud of you," she corrected me. "I don't do much besides playing video games."

I lifted her chin. "Nonsense, she's proud of you too."

Luna gently smiled. "What's there to be proud of?"

"You've been through a lot more than I have, and you still smile."

"It's because I have you two."

"I think Mom sees it the same way," I pointed out.

She mulled it over. "Yeah, maybe you're right. Sometimes I just feel a bit insecure and lost. I'm not sure what I want to do in life."

"I'm sure your Twitch thing will take off."

"Why?"

"Because plenty of guys love girls who play video games."

"I hope so," she said, smiling again. "Either way, I don't like that Mom's stressed."

"Me neither," I said. "I might take some time to help her when

we're back."

"You're kind," she said and wrapped her arm around me. "And warm ... let's lie like this for the next forty minutes."

"Sure," I said.

Those forty minutes passed quickly. Luna warmed me better than a blanket, her soft tits gently mashing against my chest. Her breath was sweet and kept descending down my neck, and I felt the gentle beat of her heart right on top of mine. Both my hands caressed the curves of her bottom. There was no better position than this, and my blood slowly flowed southward, my cock hardening against her.

The alarm went off, and she quickly turned it off, so we didn't wake up anyone else. "Are you awake, sleepyhead?"

"I am," I said.

"I am sweaty since I've been lying on you for so long."

"I don't care," I said and waved my hand dismissively. "Are you wet?"

"Uh-huh," she said and gently rubbed her peach against my leg. "Help me take off my nightgown."

She sat up, and I pulled it over her head, freeing her beautiful breasts that I cupped in my hands. I sank my fingers into them. They were so satisfying to squeeze, making my hands melt. When I kept playing with them, she twirled her hair on her finger. She kept glancing down at my cock, and eventually, she reached for the waistband of my underwear and tugged them down. I helped her pull down my underwear, freeing my bone. "Gotcha," she said and started pumping me.

We gently lay down, me on top of her.

"Can we do another position?" she asked, biting her lip as I was about to enter her. "On the side, so I can see myself get fucked in the mirror."

"Fine," I said in a husky voice. "But let's do missionary first."

I gently rubbed the head of my cock against her nectar, coating it thickly. She was soaked, and I pushed inside her, feeling her warmth envelop me for the second time in my life. It felt just as intense and forbidden as the first time. Luna let out a soft moan, her legs wrapping around my waist to pull me deeper. I started with slow, measured thrusts, savoring the feeling of being joined with her again.

"Oh Chase," she breathed, her hands roaming over my back. "I've been waiting for this all day."

I captured her lips in a deep kiss, muffling our moans as I picked up the pace. The bed creaked softly beneath us, but we were too lost in each other to care. Luna's hips rose to meet mine, matching my rhythm perfectly.

After a few minutes, I remembered her request. "Ready to switch positions?" I whispered.

She nodded eagerly. We carefully rearranged ourselves, lying on our sides facing the mirror. I entered her from behind, lifting her leg so I could reach her slit a bit better. Luna's eyes were fixed on our reflection, watching as I slid in and out of her.

"God, we look so hot together," she murmured. "Sibling love."

I nuzzled her neck, leaving a trail of kisses along her shoulder. "You're beautiful," I told her, my voice husky with desire.

We moved together, finding a steady rhythm that had us both panting with pleasure. I could feel the familiar tension building in my core, my release approaching fast. Luna's inner walls were starting to flutter around me. "Are you getting there?" I asked her.

"Uh-huh," she said. "You're stretching me real good."

"There is no pussy sweeter than yours."

"I don't like pussy, say kitty."

"Kitty then," I said with a chuckle as I kept sliding in and out of her, the pleasure intensifying. Suddenly, both of us heard the stairs creak, and I froze suddenly. "What's that?"

"What's what?" she asked, mildly disappointed that I stopped fucking her.

"I swear that I heard something," I said, and we held our breaths. We both heard it, the stairs creaking as someone descended the stairs. We both exchanged glances.

"What time is it?" I whispered.

"Two in the morning," she said, lowering her voice to a scarcely audible whisper.

"But the bathroom is upstairs," I said. This would be difficult to explain—I was rock hard and she was soaked. We were both covered in a light sheen of sweat and the scent of musk had filled this room. This took sibling love to another level. Both of us were warm to the touch and even a child would understand that there was something else going on in this bedroom than a good night's sleep. This for some reason just made her more excited. She faced me with her eyes glimmering as if it were Christmas Eve.

I quickly pulled my cock out from her love hole and pulled the sheets over us in case Mom would enter.

"It doesn't sound like mom though," Luna said.

I listened as the mystery lady descended the stairs. "You're right. It sounds like Cristy." She walked past this room and both of us froze. We could then breathe when we heard how she approached the foyer and put on her shoes.

"Is she heading out for a walk?" I wondered.

"Let's check," she said. She rolled out of bed and went on her toes to the window. I didn't like this at all, but I just realized that the horse stable and garden were overlooking this bedroom. I

followed her and got on my knees as I watched out the window. It was Cristy. She wasn't dressed in anything except for boots, and I could see her full moon in its full glory—brighter than the moon in the sky.

"What an ass," I said, as I watched her cheeks jiggle with every step.

"Don't you think it is a bit blubbery?"

"Afraid of competition?" I teased her, which was about time.

She seized my cock and gave it a stroke of affection. "Nope, you're mine."

Cristy headed into the stable and came back with a couple of riding equipment. Luna was already ducking, taking my cock in her mouth. "What are you doing, ah, ah." She sucked me so hard that her cheeks hollowed out. As I looked up and wanted to catch a glance at Cristy's delicious breasts, I met her eyes for a brief moment and saw a smirk spreading on her lips. I quickly ducked, my heart pounding in the middle of my chest. Luna was still blowing me, and I had to push her away. "What are you doing?"

"I just didn't want that woman to take the attention away from me," she said and made a little sad face while licking her lips.

"She'll be inside any minute. Let's jump back to bed so we don't get caught here."

As Cristy entered the door, we snuck into the bed again. I didn't know how I was going to tell Luna that Cristy had seen me. If she hadn't given me that surprise blowjob, I would have found time to hide as well. Cristy approached the stairs but stopped by our door. Both of us exchanged glances, but she then went up the stairs. "What was that?" Luna mouthed and wondered why she suddenly stood there.

"Be glad she didn't walk in on us," I said firmly.

"Admit it was thrilling though," she said.

"It sure was," I said.

Just when she mentioned it, my cock hardened to steel, and she felt it when she tightly caught it in her grip. "You don't have to tell me anything—that confirms it."

"Alright, should we fuck again or just whisper to each other for the rest of the night?"

"Let's have sex again." She rolled to the side and backed her ass against my raging hard-on. She lifted her leg and I searched her slit with my cock. The head touched her lips and parted them. Holding her leg, I then pushed it inside, and her pussy soaked my cock. She was so drenched that I just slid in. While holding her leg and thrusting her, I explored her body, cupping her breasts and flicking her stiff nipples.

"Hmm, my brother's hard penis, ah, ah," she moaned in joy as the pleasure interrupted her speech.

I was as hard as before even though I'd already emptied myself earlier on the blanket. The only difference now was that it took more effort to feel the orgasm building.

"They must be deaf if they don't hear us," I said and plunged my cock inside her again. I reached her deeper and deeper, and her walls tightened around my shaft.

"Let's blame the gods for making this feel so good," she said and grasped her pillow, her entire body throbbing with desire. "Can you try to push it deeper?"

"You sure I'm not hurting you?"

"No," she said between her moans.

I lifted her leg till her knee bonked her face. It gave me more room, and I pounded her harder and deeper. "Better?"

"Uh-huh." She didn't say much now as just moans and cries

of pleasure escaped her sexy lips.

“Not so loud,” I warned her and tried to keep the flesh-smacking to a minimum.

“I used the stealth spell, it’s okay. I saved some mana from earlier.”

I rolled my eyes. “Luna, I love you.” Her words just made me fuck her harder.

She dug her nails into the pillow, ripping a hole into it. She bit down hard on her bottom lip, trying to suppress the wave of pleasure building inside her. But as it crashed over her, she couldn’t stop the loud moan from escaping her throat, echoing in the dark room.

“Jesus, Luna,” I tried to warn her. I prayed she wasn’t playing me with her stealth spell. If I wasn’t about to climax myself, I would have stopped right away. But it was too intense. It felt so good to fuck her.

She let go of the pillow and slumped back. It was then my turn to orgasm. I jolted and spilled my second load inside her. “Gosh,” I moaned as her soaked pussy couldn’t stop hugging my erection.

I slowed down, letting her sex milk me of the last ropes of cum. Just when I was about to come down from the high, I heard how the floor squeaked right outside the bedroom. Both of us gasped, and this time we weren’t saved by luck. Someone pressed down the door handle, and the door opened and a hand reached for the switch.

Chapter 5

I’m trying to sleep—” Cristy said, but when she discovered both of us, with my erection stuffed deep inside my little sister and my right hand holding onto her breasts, Cristy stiffened on the threshold. Neither Luna nor I found words as a deep blush covered every inch of our faces.

“Oh gosh, I’m so sorry,” Cristy said and her right hand flew to her mouth.

“We’re finished,” Luna said awkwardly.

“Sorry for the noise,” I said just as awkwardly as my sister.

Cristy raised her hands in an apology. “It’s okay. And don’t worry, I won’t tell your mom about this ... But be a bit more discreet next time.” She slowly closed the door while she saw the girth of my thick cock thrust deep into my sister. Her eyes lit up, and I’d never seen a woman close a door so slowly. She retreated up to her bedroom, and I could finally take my cock out of Luna’s wet slit and breathe in the awkward air that still lingered in this room.

“Did you run out of mana?” I asked her after a long awkward minute.

She lightly punched my shoulder. “No, I didn’t. She must have used a superior spell.”

“Whatever,” I said. “There’s nothing we can do about it now.”

“She promised not to tell Mom, so I guess we’re safe for now. If you’re worried about our mother finding out.”

“I suppose,” I said and felt bad for hiding this relationship and possibly waking up Sofia with our sounds of lust. “Let’s get some sleep.”

“I agree,” she said and cuddled up to me.

Chapter 6

I embraced Cristy, and she tightened her soft arms around me. The dress she wore was quite thin, making me feel the outline of her bra against my chest, and the lace panties as I kept my hands at the borders of her bottom. “Can’t wait to see you again,” she said, her breath minty and sweet.

“You too,” I told Cristy, letting her warm boobs warm my chest. We’d talked about me coming over to help them with the florist shop. I had a month’s break from work before I would start full-time again, so it wasn’t an issue.

It was two days ago she’d caught me with my erection stuffed deep inside my sister. Yesterday, she had done a good job pretending like nothing. My sister had told me, “Told you so they don’t care.”

I still wasn’t comfortable, and I knew we had messed up. We shouldn’t have moaned so loudly, but just what Luna had told me, “Why did the gods make sex feel so good?” Since I had been her first one, she didn’t know that doing it with a relative made it feel a thousand times better and stronger.

Yesterday hadn’t been so awkward even if Luna and I had discussed it in the morning. “Let’s just pretend like nothing.” She had also convinced me to give me a blowjob to soothe my

nerves. We'd gone behind the barn where she'd pulled my shorts down and sucked me till I spilled my cum inside her mouth. The job had been slightly teathy, but not badly executed. There was talent but room for improvement.

When we'd gone to sleep, we'd just masturbated together. We didn't want to risk Mom catching me with my cock in my sister's honey jar.

It was my sister's turn to hug Cristy goodbye, and I watched them both. I couldn't see any hidden glances or cryptic winks from either. They were a lot better at pretending like nothing than I was.

My mother was last, and I looked at them as they embraced each other. I was also looking for clues, but I ended up perverting on them instead. How could I resist? They were hot, and yet again I saw my mother from a different perspective. Sexual fantasies of her and me simmered in the back of my mind. The way their tits mashed together was like erotic art, and I dreamed of being squeezed between them.

"See you the day after tomorrow," Cristy said with a wink.

"Can't wait!" Mom replied, smiling. "Text me when you get home."

"Will do. And hey, let me know if anything comes up."

"You know I will. Take care."

"You too. Bye, and bye for now, Chase and Luna."

We all said goodbye to her before hopping into the car.

We drove back, chatting about different things. "Julia texted me and asked if I could sleep over," Luna said, looking at me demurely.

"Yeah? And?"

"Uh, is that okay with you?"

"Why wouldn't it be?" I asked, amused.

"I thought we'd be spending the summer together," she said.

"The summer's long, and I'm staying with you for a month," I reminded her. "Friends are just as important as... family."

She nodded. I almost said "lovers" but stopped myself at the last second. "I see," she said. "I might be gone for a couple of days, three at most."

"It's fine," I said.

"We'll text each other, right?"

"Of course," I said. "I promised to help Mom anyway."

"With what?"

"Her florist shop," I said.

"It feels so much better having you with us now," Luna said, leaning her head against my shoulder.

"I agree," Mom said, glancing at us in the rearview mirror. "It really feels like home."

I just smiled. Luna typed something on her phone and showed it to me: *I want to kiss you so badly. When she stops for gas, can we kiss?*

I took her phone and typed back, *Sure, but we have to be gentle with the tongues.*

She beamed and rested her head against my shoulder. We sat as close as we could, enjoying the moment of our forbidden love.

* * *

When we got back, we dropped our bags inside. The place still smelled the same—both Mom and Cristy carried that familiar floral scent with them. Luna started packing for her stayover at Julia's, and I helped her. I liked Julia; she was sweet, and I was grateful she was one of the few who saw my sister's beauty and

uniqueness.

Before Luna jumped into the car with Mom, she hugged me privately in the bathroom. “You promise we’ll text each other?” she asked, a hint of longing in her voice.

“Of course I do,” I reassured her once again, gently caressing her back. A single trip to Cristy’s farm had changed our relationship for the better. We were in love, and we’d admitted it to each other. Maybe we always had been, but the intimacy just solidified it. We’d never had any serious fights, and I’d always stood up for her. It seemed inevitable that we’d end up closer.

I pressed my lips to hers, careful to keep the kiss quiet so Mom wouldn’t hear us.

I pulled away and headed downstairs, helping her carry her sleeping bag—it was heavier than I expected for just a sleepover.

“If you need anything else, just let me know,” Mom said. “I’ll happily bring it to you.”

“No, you don’t have to,” Luna replied. “I know you’re busy.”

“My kids first,” Mom said firmly.

“Fine, but I have everything I need.”

“Your contacts?”

“Yes,” Luna said and put the bag into the trunk.

“Aren’t you going to hug your brother goodbye?”

She hadn’t seen what we’d done in the bathroom, but I didn’t mind an extra hug, and neither did Luna. She fell into my arms again, her heartbeat warm against me. “Have fun,” I told her.

“You too. Take care of Mom while I’m gone.”

I glanced up at Mom, who smiled warmly.

Letting go of Luna, I waved goodbye and went inside to slump on the couch. I’d been paranoid that Cristy might tell Mom, but so far, it seemed like she’d decided to keep quiet about us.

Mom had spotted my uneasiness the last day, asking if I was okay. It was just before my sister had talked me into the blowjob behind the barn.

"Mom is going to find out," I told myself. You couldn't hide love. It was as simple as that.

* * *

Mom pulled into the driveway and called out as she walked in. "Chase?"

"I'm outside," I replied. It was 4 p.m., and I sat under the patio umbrella.

She stepped out, wearing a fitted pencil skirt that highlighted her curves and a crisp white blouse tucked in. Her long blonde hair looked more lustrous than ever, drenched in sunlight and natural beauty. She sat down next to me with a sigh of relief. "Julia is the sweetest girl. You should meet her."

"And steal her from Luna?" I teased.

"That's not what I meant," she said, giving my thigh a playful pat. "I'm just glad Luna has found a dear friend to hang out with instead of playing video games all day."

"I agree," I said, my thoughts drifting to how Luna talked about Julia. She was likely a wonderful influence compared to most other girls Luna had dealt with.

"Luna was so excited, but she kept saying how much she'd miss you, more than usual," Mom said, giving me a suspicious look.

I swallowed hard, hoping she wouldn't piece together what had been going on. "I'll miss her too, but—"

"It's okay," Mom cut in. "I'm just glad you're there for her. There were days when things felt really tough."

"You're not the only one who felt that way," I noted.

"I know. The first thing you did was to stand up for her," Mom said. A glint of tears was about to fall from her eye. I reached for some tissue paper and handed it to her. "You're so sweet." She dried her eyes. "I just get a bit emotional when thinking of it."

I was a bit puzzled since I believed I saw tears of joy. "That I stood up for her?"

"Of course," she said. "You quickly grew up and have always been responsible. I'm just proud to have raised you, that's all."

We exchanged smiles. It felt good whenever Mom bragged about me.

"She has to stop sneaking in my room though," Mom said and crumpled the tissue paper. She said it with a heartfelt smile. "I've caught her a couple of times while you were gone."

"What's she looking after?" I asked her.

Mom gave me a knowing look. "I have a feeling you know."

"Alright, let's change the topic," I said.

She chuckled and patted my thigh. "Can we sit down and maybe discuss the flower business? You mentioned you had some ideas for the website."

"I do," I said, nodding. I was also glad we changed topics. I didn't want to know what Mom meant by that comment.

We settled on the outdoor sofa, and I pulled up the laptop on my lap. I walked her through their website, pointing out a few changes they could make. I tried to stay focused, but I couldn't help noticing how she inched closer, her hips brushing against mine. Her sweet, floral scent was intoxicating.

"You're full of ideas. You and Luna both have such creative minds," she said.

"Nothing wrong with video games," I joked, winking.

"I guess you're right," Mom said, smiling wide. "I'm not against them, but we need sunshine too."

"I hear you," I said. "I might go to the gym later. Is that okay?"

"Sure," she said, running her fingers lightly through my hair. "How do you manage with all this hair in the way?"

"It's fine for now," I said.

"You sure you don't want me to cut it?"

"Maybe," I said, blushing a little as her hands played with my hair.

"Is that a yes or no?"

"It's fine, you can cut it later," I told her.

"Another thing, do you mind coming to the shop tomorrow? Since you're so big and strong, it would be nice if you could help us lift some products."

"Sure. Luna isn't here, so I don't have much to do anyway."

She pressed her lips to my cheek, her touch as soft as a rose. It stirred something deep within me. "I'll try to have dinner ready when you're back."

"Thanks," I said, shifting in my seat to hide the erection. I rose to my feet, trying to block it with my hand.

* * *

I didn't only go to the gym to workout, but to clear my mind and deal with the sexual frustration. I hadn't planned on it, but now that Luna was gone, and I was left alone with my gorgeous mother, I felt a strong pull toward her. I wanted more than just a kiss on the cheek, but I tried to suppress it.

As I started reaching my home, I saw steam coming out from the bathroom on the second floor. It was my mother's bathroom, and after a closer look, it seemed like she had

forgotten to cover the window.

As I walked up the walkway, I saw her more clearly. As the steam settled, she was fully nude. My jaw almost dropped. It was the first time in years I had seen her naked. Her boobs were big as melons, slightly sagging on her chest, but they were still impressively high for the size of her bust. It must take years to explore them, and they could warm me thoroughly throughout a cold winter. Her figure was toned but somewhat curvy. She stood in front of her mirror, giving me a delicious view of her backside, her curves the most beautiful things I'd seen in my life. I wanted to grab and squeeze them. I popped the weirdest erection in my life as I ogled at her brushing her hair.

"Wow," I said and had to pull my jaw back up. The sight of her naked sparked my imagination. Suddenly, I saw scenes of us together I'd never even thought of. It was impossible not to dream of her. I wondered what type of head she could give me, one without teeth and plenty of eye contact. Then I delved deeper thinking of how she could teach Luna to suck a cock properly. It was like a forbidden fantasy, and according to Luna, they were quite open.

I shook my head and realized pedestrians could clearly see who I was looking at, and it would only take one turn from my mother, and she would catch me checking her out.

I quickly went inside, cleared my throat and called for her. "Mom, I'm home!"

She opened the bathroom door. "That was quick!"

"Yeah, I was a bit more focused than usual."

"I haven't made dinner yet, would you like me to cut your hair now?"

"Sure," I said. "Where are you?"

"In the bathroom. I just finished my shower."

I went upstairs and dumped my gym bag in my bedroom. I knocked on her door. "Can I come in?"

She opened the door, dressed in a loosely-tied purple bathrobe. I quickly discovered that she wore nothing beneath that bathrobe, and I could see her cleavage and the inner parts of her breasts. Her garment barely covered her areolas, and she radiated warmth from the recent shower. She stepped aside, motioning me to come inside.

I entered her bathroom, admiring the tiles that were so clean that they reflected the light in the ceiling. There wasn't a single hair in the sink, and it was adorned with bouquets of flowers. She had an entire shelf filled with perfumes, makeup and creams. I just kept some shaving stuff and a bottle of soap on my bathroom shelf.

"What's the secret to keeping everything so clean?"

She chuckled and placed her hands on my shoulders, massaging me. "To be a woman."

"I should've guessed," I said, relaxing as her soft fingers kneaded the tight knots. She took her time, breathing down my neck. It felt so good and relaxing. She sure had a touch to die for.

"How do you want your hair?"

"I'll take a gamble and let you decide."

She chuckled. "Alright ... I'm also feeling bold." She let go of my shoulders and patted the chair.

"That was a relaxing massage."

"Just thought of relaxing you so you don't panic over your new haircut."

"You got it all figured out." I plopped down and drew in a deep breath. "How was the shower?"

"Warm and long," she said seductively. "Exactly how I like

them.”

It started feeling erotic to be here alone with my mother while she only wore a bathrobe and the way she spoke too. She draped the cape around my neck, and while she stood behind me, adjusting the cape, her bust made contact with my neck. I wasn’t sure, but it looked like they were about to fall out of her bathrobe while she leaned forward.

“There we go,” she said. “I haven’t cut your hair in years.”

“It’s about time,” I said. While the cape covered me, I gently moved my right hand to my crotch, slipping it under my shorts. I was originally going to move it to the side since it was straining badly against the zipper, but once I seized it, I slowly stroked myself. It just happened. I couldn’t resist. I promised myself not to come as my sister and I did during the movie night.

“Was it Jody who took care of the haircuts?” Mom asked, ruffling my hair a little.

“Usually,” I said, hoping she didn’t notice what I was up to.

“Nice,” she said. “I love cutting hair, trimming or gardening.”

A genuine smile flourished on her face as she gathered her equipment and went to work.

I tried to stay still as Mom worked on my hair, but her proximity was intoxicating. The soft brush of her breasts against my back and the occasional waft of her floral scent made it difficult to focus on anything else. I kept my hand discreetly wrapped around my cock, not sure what to do with my growing arousal.

“Did you meet any girls at the gym?” she asked as a lock of hair fell on the cape.

“Plenty ... but I still want a timeout.”

“Okay,” she said. “I don’t mean to meddle, but I like seeing when you go out and have fun.”

It sounded like she was getting aroused too. I knew women like men with many partners, but I couldn't tell if that was on her mind or just being alone with me.

As she continued to cut, I felt her sweet breath along my neck. I gently stroked myself. The first time I had ever done so to my mother.

I tried to steady my breathing as Mom's fingers ran through my hair, snipping away. Her touch was gentle yet precise, each movement sending tingles down my spine. I couldn't help but imagine those same fingers caressing other parts of my body. Not just her fingers, but those juicy, jiggling boobs that looked like ripe fruits ready to be enjoyed.

"You're so tense," she remarked, kneading my shoulders briefly. "Everything okay?"

"Just a bit sore from the gym," I lied, suppressing a groan as her thumbs worked out a knot.

"I'll give you a proper massage later if you'd like."

The thought of her hands on my bare skin made my cock twitch. I nodded, not trusting my voice.

As she leaned in to trim around my ears, her robe gaped open slightly. In the mirror, I caught a glimpse of creamy cleavage and the curve of her breast. My hand moved faster under the cape, stroking my aching shaft. This was getting torturous.

"Almost done," Mom murmured, her breath hot on my neck. "You're looking so handsome."

I bit my lip, fighting back a moan as the pleasure built. This was so wrong, but I couldn't stop. The taboo only made it hotter.

"There," she said, stepping back to admire her work. "What do you think?"

Letting go of my aching erection, I barely registered my

reflection, distracted by her flushed cheeks and the way her nipples peeked through the thin fabric of her robe. I had to drag my eyes away from her and to my fresh ear-length haircut. It didn't look bad at all.

"Looks great," I said and tried my hardest to tuck my cock into the waistband. I didn't want her to see it at all, and I didn't want her to get the wrong idea.

"So you like it?" she asked, brushing the hair away from the cape, making contact with the bulge. She stiffened for a second before glancing at me for a quick second.

"I love it," I said, trying to fight back the blush that was about to make things even more embarrassing.

"Let me just put on some clothes, and I'll have dinner ready," she said in her sweet tone as if she hadn't just touched my boner.

"Sure," I said. While she went outside to grab the vacuum cleaner, I rose to my feet and headed downstairs.

Except for the embarrassing moment at the end, it felt wonderful. It wasn't just a haircut but a loving deed, and the shoulder massage at the end was like the cherry on top. Again, I noticed the subtle difference. She had cut my hair before, kissed my cheeks many times in the past, but now I viewed those touches and deeds a bit differently. They were sensual and erotic.

While I waited for Mom, my phone lit up. It was a lengthy text from Luna. It was a recap of what they'd been up to, and she also sent me a pic of her breasts. I chuckled. *I remember your boobs clearly well. You don't have to send me a picture.*

Hee-hee, I thought you'd enjoy them.

I do, trust me.

What are you up to?

Waiting for Mom to cook us dinner. She just gave me a haircut.

OMG! Photo, now!

I took a selfie and sent it to her.

Wow, you look so much hotter. Julia says the same.

Tell her I say hi.

She says hi back. She wants your number.

It's fine, you can give it to her.

Okay, everything else's good?

Yes, and you?

Yes, but I miss you.

I miss you too.

Have you masturbated?

Come on, isn't there something else on your mind?

Yes, I want to hear your voice.

We can do a quick call.

She called me immediately, giving me a second recap of everything they'd been up to. She sounded really excited, and I understood why. She didn't have many friends while growing up, and now that she had Julia it felt different. It warmed my heart to hear about her joy, and both of us found it difficult to put our phones down.

Mom descended the stairs in a pencil dress. "Are you talking to Luna?"

"I am," I said.

"Pass me the phone," she said, sitting down next to me.

I handed it to her, and they spoke for many more minutes till Mom had to remind her of something important. "Sweetheart, you're with Julia now. You should keep her company. You have plenty of time to speak with us once you come back."

"You're right," she said. "You did a wonderful haircut by the way."

"Thank you."

"Pass a kiss to Chase."

"I'll let him know."

"Love you, bye!"

"Love you too, sweetheart," Mom said and she hung up. Mom turned to me and pressed her lips to my forehead again. "From Luna."

"I heard her."

"I knew she would love your haircut."

"Yeah, you sure nailed it," I had to agree.

She gently patted my thigh. "Should I start with dinner?"

"I'm starving," I said.

Mom smiled and rose, her pencil dress hugging her curves. "Fajitas sound good?"

"Perfect," I replied, my mouth already watering at the thought.

"Why don't you set up the table outside while I cook? It's such a beautiful evening."

I nodded and headed out to the terrace. A gentle breeze rustled through the trees, carrying the sweet scent of Mom's flower garden.

After half an hour, the dinner was finished, which we enjoyed side by side.

* * *

I went to bed earlier, but I found it hard to fall asleep. I tossed and turned, thinking of what to masturbate to. Ever since I had seen my mother nude, I had been rock-hard. I looked at my phone and stared at my little sister's breasts. I reminisced over that day when I had come all over them, and how they dripped with cum. It had been the exciting start of our incestuous relationship, but it felt like a downgrade to masturbate to them.

It had been exciting and adventurous when we first did it together, and she showed me how she masturbated. "First I lick my fingers," her innocent voice still rang in my ears.

But I wanted something different. I quickly started thinking of Mom, and how I'd seen her naked for the first time in my life. I didn't think I could possibly grow any harder, but I did. She had a body to die for even in her late thirties. Not many women could brag about the curves, breasts and wrinkle-free skin that she was endowed with, let alone her personality.

It felt so taboo to masturbate to the fantasy of my mother, but I couldn't resist. Slowly, I started hearing sounds coming from my mother's bedroom. I heard moans, groans, and sounds of pleasure ... she was definitely petting her kitty. My cock throbbed painfully as I pictured her naked body, her hands roaming over her curves.

Against my better judgment, I crept out of bed and tiptoed to her door. It was slightly ajar, allowing me to peek inside. The sight before me nearly made me cum on the spot.

Mom was sprawled on the bed, completely nude. One hand kneaded her full breast while the other worked between her legs. Her head was thrown back, blonde hair fanned out beneath her like a goddess.

"Oh god, yes," she whimpered. "That feels so good..."

She had several toys on her bed, and she kept switching them from a vibrator to a clit stimulator. I peered inside and caught my first glimpse of her pussy. It was unusually pink and crisp for her age. It looked identical to Luna's but only slightly puffier. I wished I could masturbate right here, but I didn't want to come on her door.

I quickly went back to my bedroom, hopped into bed and started masturbating in tandem with her. It felt like when I'd

done it together with Luna.

I closed my eyes, stroking myself in rhythm with Mom's muffled moans. The image of her naked body writhing in pleasure was seared into my mind. I imagined crawling into bed beside her, replacing her hands with my own. It made me shiver with pleasure.

"Oh," I heard her gasp. "Ah..."

Her cries grew louder and more intense. I pumped my cock faster, feeling my own orgasm building. The wrongness of it all only heightened my arousal.

Suddenly, Mom let out a long wail of pleasure, which was the most pleasant sound I'd heard in my life.

That pushed me over the edge. I bit my lip to muffle my groan as I exploded, spurting hot ropes of cum across my stomach.

As the aftershocks faded, guilt and shame washed over me. But I couldn't deny how incredibly turned on I was.

I cleaned myself up and tried to sleep, but my mind kept replaying what I'd seen and heard. Mom's gorgeous body, and her cries of pleasure... I tossed and turned for hours before finally drifting off.

Chapter 7

I hopped out of the car, the bright sunlight blinding me for a moment. Shielding my eyes, I saw Mom's florist shop in front of me. "Thirsty?" Mom said with a wink. She'd probably spotted the sheen of sweat on my forehead. Even with AC, it was a hot ride.

"Yeah ... I'm dying for a drink."

The morning hadn't been as awkward as I thought it would, even though I had masturbated to Mom last night.

I couldn't tell if she knew how loud she had been, but she didn't show any signs of caring. She was free-spirited like my little sister.

"That sure is needed," I said, glancing at her again and drinking in her beauty.

When the sun caressed her hair, she glowed like a flame. Mom was dressed in a flowery dress with spaghetti straps that reached her knees. It hugged her delicious curves, and it had a generous V-neck that showed off the valley between her boobs. It wasn't difficult to imagine what kind of treasures she hid under that dress when I had seen her masturbate.

We walked into their little florist shop. I greeted two young girls working as sales assistants, then headed to the storage area,

where I found Cristy beaming at me.

“Wow, who cut your hair?” she asked, opening her arms and pulling me into a warm hug. She was wearing an off-the-shoulder top, a skirt, and enough perfume to make me want to linger in her embrace.

“Mom,” I said. If anyone had great hair, it was Cristy. Her red hair looked like it had been kissed by fire, and if I didn’t have Mom’s dark blonde, I’d love to have Cristy’s mesmerizing color.

“She did one hell of a job,” Cristy said with a giggle, raking her fingers through my hair.

“I can’t argue with that.”

She broke the hug and looked me in the eyes. “Thanks for coming, and thank you so much for helping us out.”

“You’re welcome,” I said. “It’s the least I could do.”

They took me to their office, where I showed them the changes I’d made to their website. We talked about what I’d discussed with my mother, and I applied my social media skills from my online store to theirs. I knew that the knowledge was transferable and could be useful in different contexts.

Then it was time to help them lift bags of garden soil, pots, and other heavy items. I started sweating, and I glanced at my mom. “You don’t mind if I take my shirt off?”

“No,” she said with a wink.

I struggled to pull it off as it clung to my back, but once it was off, I felt both Mom’s and Cristy’s eyes on me. “Nice body,” Cristy said.

“I see why you’re so fit when you have to lift all this,” I told her with a grin and continued with the heavy lifting.

“We only do this like once a month,” Mom said. “I wanted to be naughty and take advantage of your vacation.”

"You're starting to sound like Luna now."

"Don't worry, I won't tickle you," she said with a laugh.

It felt great, as always, to do something for my mother. Eventually, she excused herself for a bathroom break, and Cristy seized the opportunity.

"It's okay to take a break once in a while," she said, already handing me a cup of water.

"You're right," I said, slumping down next to her.

She was sweet enough to hand me a towel, which I definitely needed. "Thanks."

"You're welcome," she said with a smile. "So... how long have you and Luna been, you know?"

I nodded, remembering the night we were caught. The day after, everything had just gone on as usual, and she hadn't dropped any cryptic hints. "It kind of started recently," I said, struggling to maintain eye contact.

"Just out of the blue?"

"No," I said. "I think I've always loved her... It's just that her turning eighteen, us being close while growing up, and me protecting her over the years kind of pushed us together."

"I understand," she said. "Don't worry, I haven't told your mom."

"I figured," I said.

"But I can let you in on a secret," she whispered.

I looked up, intrigued. "What's that?"

"Well," she said, gently stroking her cup up and down. "She has admitted ... more than once, of having sexual fantasies about you."

It felt like she dropped a bomb and suddenly everything stood still. I could only hear the beat of my heart, and then I felt an overwhelming sensation with hints of joy. I wasn't sure where

the joy came from, or if it would have been there if it hadn't been for last night. "Really?" I questioned her, not sure what to believe since Cristy wasn't a liar.

"Yup. I find you insanely hot too," she admitted. "So I don't blame her ... Now do you mind telling me if you have thought of something similar?"

"It kind of happened last night," I said. "I happened to masturbate to her when I heard her ... doing the same."

"Wow," she said. She was about to say something, but at that moment we had to stop. Mom came back, patting my back and taking a seat.

"Having a little break?"

"Yeah," I said. It felt different to sit next to her after Cristy had revealed one of her secrets.

Mom kissed me again on the cheek. "You've done an amazing job. There's almost nothing else to move now."

"I like to get things done," I said, shifting a little in my seat after her kiss.

"Is everything okay with you?"

"Yeah, I just need to wind down."

"That's fine. I have to sort some things out at the office. So I'll leave you here for a little bit."

"Okay."

"Cristy will keep you entertained."

Cristy winked at me, and she had seen that kiss and how I reacted. As Mom walked away, I couldn't help but admire the way her hips swayed with every step. The curve of her backside was so sensual and perfect, and I couldn't tear my eyes away until she closed the door.

"I saw you glancing at her," Cristy said with a mischievous grin.

"Because I also find her attractive," I said. I had nothing to hide after all.

"I can let you know another secret," she said and leaned forward. "I also have a taboo fetish, only step stuff though. I haven't seen much incest before, but when I noticed you and your sister, it was the hottest thing I'd seen in my life."

I thought I knew where this was going. "It felt quite natural doing it with my sister, a little taboo at first, but with my mother, I'm not sure."

"How about you and I do a roleplay to warm you up for it?"

"Roleplay?"

"I'll pretend to be your Mom. I'll give you a little massage and we'll see where it will take us," she said, her grin just widening.

"Sure," I said. I couldn't refuse to get nude with Cristy anyway. "At your place?"

She shook her head. "We'll make it more authentic by doing it at your Mom's place."

I nodded. "We'll have to be quick then." I knew my mother had therapy after her shift, which she had briefly told me about. After her appointment, she also had some yoga classes to wind down. It wouldn't take more than two hours.

"Don't worry about it being quick," she said, placing her hand on mine, and gently caressing it. "With a body and face like yours, I'll get off even quicker than you."

I chuckled. "I'll have to let my sister know."

"I understand... you're a good brother."

I quickly texted Luna, letting her know that Cristy and I might get intimate. She didn't mind, since Cristy was a friend. She even mentioned that the idea of a man having only one woman was nonsense. I just smiled at her words, knowing how much Luna meant to me.

* * *

As Mom headed for therapy, Cristy told her that she could give me a ride home. I already started feeling the erotic tension building between us and what was to come. She was my mother's best friend, and I had dreamt of her since I hit puberty.

I couldn't believe she was willing to do this kind of roleplay with me, warming me up for actually having sex with my mother.

"Do you know why she's in therapy?" Cristy asked as we cruised along the road.

"Luna told me about her stress and sleep issues."

"True, but I think she's pretty sexually deprived."

"Yeah, no kidding—she hasn't had anyone in forever."

"And if you only knew how many heads she turns," Cristy said. "Her kids come before herself."

"It just makes me feel bad for her."

"It's because you're loving," Cristy said with a smile. "So you're willing to help her out?"

"If it will be better for her, yes."

"You can admit you want some yourself," Cristy said with a giggle. "You didn't have a problem admitting you masturbated to her after all."

"You're right," I said, knowing she had a point.

We pulled into our driveway, and I opened the door for her and let her in. As we stood in the foyer, I was already popping wood in anticipation. "Uhm, I've never done roleplay before. How do we start?"

"Okay, it will be fun, I promise. You come in and you're sore from the gym. I offer you a massage, and since you're such a loving son, you give me a massage. We see each other naked,

and since no one is watching, we do what a horny mother and son will do, alright?"

"And I'll call you Mom?"

"Yes, and I'll call you my son," she said and gave me a similar kiss on the cheek as my mother usually would.

"Alright," I said.

We started. Cristy went and had a seat. I came in and pretended I had just gotten home from the gym. "Mom, I'm home."

"Hi, sweetie," she said, knowing well what Mom called us. "How was your workout?"

"It was fine," I said and sat down next to her. "I'm just a bit sore."

"Oh," she said, sounding concerned for me while patting my thigh. "I can give you a massage to loosen up those knots."

"Sure," I said.

Cristy patted the couch cushion. "Come, lie down here."

I stretched out on my stomach as she began kneading my shoulders. Her soft hands felt amazing, working out the tension. It was clear to me that she took as good care of herself as Mom.

"Mmm, that feels good, Mom," I murmured, getting into the roleplay.

"I'm glad, honey. You work so hard, you deserve to relax." Her fingers dug deeper into my muscles.

After a few minutes, she said, "It might work better if you take your shirt off."

I obliged, pulling my T-shirt over my head. Cristy grinned when she saw my abs and chest, and she couldn't resist placing her hand on my pec. "Look at you," she said. "Hard work pays off, eh?"

"It sure does," I said.

“Lie down and I’ll take care of you.”

Cristy’s hands returned to my bare skin, her touch sending tingles through my body.

“My, you’ve gotten so muscular,” she purred. “Such a handsome young man.”

Her palms slid lower, massaging my lower back. I felt myself getting aroused as her fingers brushed the waistband of my shorts. “Turn around,” she said.

I did, revealing the massive bulge that kept pressing against my shorts. She straddled my legs, lowering herself right onto my crotch. Since she wore a skirt, I felt her panties press against my bulge. Leaning forward and reaching to my shoulders, she gently squeezed her boobs together, enhancing her cleavage. Her red hair spilled in front of her, erotically veiling us.

I inhaled sharply as Cristy’s warm body pressed against mine. Her breasts swayed above me as she massaged my chest and shoulders.

“You’re so tense, sweetie,” she said. “Relax.”

“I’m trying.”

Her hips began to rock subtly against my groin, sending jolts of pleasure through me. I groaned softly, my hands instinctively moving to grip her thighs. I wanted to tear her skirt apart.

“Mom,” I breathed, fully immersed in the roleplay now. “That feels so good. You’ve never given me a massage like that.”

Cristy smiled seductively. “I’m glad. I’m doing this because I love you.”

“You don’t think this is weird, Mom?” I asked her.

“No,” she said, giving me a funny look. “I’m doing this because I love you. I don’t want you to be sore.”

“Alright,” I said, closing my eyes as she gave me a massage to die for. I opened my eyes, and they landed right on her breasts

that were being squeezed together by her arms, and at the same time, her panties kept making contact with my bulge.

"What are you looking at?" she asked coquettishly.

"I'm sorry ..."

"No, it's okay," she said, stopping the massage. "Do you want to see them?"

"Yeah," I said, nodding eagerly.

Cristy sat up and slowly pulled her top over her head, revealing a lacy red bra that barely contained her ample breasts. My cock throbbed painfully in my shorts as I drank in the sight of her. It was about to happen. I was about to see her gorgeous boobs.

"Oh Mom," I moaned. "You're so beautiful."

"Thank you, sweetie," she purred. She reached behind her back and unhooked her bra, letting it fall right on top of my chest. Her boobs spilled free, jiggling and swaying till they found equilibrium. They were big and had a slight tan, revealing the fact she likes to be outside topless. Her nipples were thick and suckable, and I felt an urge to explore them. "Do you like what you see?"

I nodded wordlessly, mesmerized by her perfect breasts. Cristy took my hands and placed them on her chest. "It's okay, my son, you can touch them."

"But we shouldn't be doing this," I said and couldn't resist giving her boobs a squeeze.

"Says who?" she asked funnily. "You touched them before when you were a babe in my arms. I think you can touch them again."

I let out a breath of relief as my hands explored Cristy's soft breasts. Her nipples hardened under my touch as I gently kneaded and caressed her. "You have strong hands," she noted.

This felt like one of the best days of my life. "Do you want me to massage you too?"

She nodded eagerly. "That's so thoughtful of you. I'd love that."

She lay on her stomach and I straddled her hips, running my hands over her nude shoulders, marveling at her soft skin. As my hands worked lower, I could feel her breathing quicken. I kneaded her lower back, my fingers just brushing the top of her skirt.

"Mmm, that feels wonderful, sweetie," Cristy moaned. "You can go lower if you want."

Grinning, I slowly pushed her skirt up, revealing her lacy red panties. I massaged her firm ass through the thin fabric, my cock throbbing painfully. It was one of the most delicious asses I'd seen in my life, so plump and juicy, jiggling by just the briefest poke.

"Oh, Mom," I groaned. "You're so sexy."

Cristy looked back at me over her shoulder, her eyes swimming with lust. "Take them off," she whispered.

With trembling hands, I peeled her panties down her legs till I could see her ass in its full glory. "I'm at a loss for words. You can bounce coins off these cheeks."

She stifled a chuckle and wiggled her hips seductively. "Why don't you see how they feel?"

I ran my hands over her smooth, round cheeks, squeezing and massaging them. My fingers dipped between her legs, finding her pussy already wet and swollen.

Unable to resist, I leaned down and planted a soft kiss on one round cheek. Emboldened, I began kissing and licking my way across her ass and down to her dripping camel toe. Cristy moaned and spread her legs wider as my tongue explored her

folds. She was sweeter than honey, and as I straddled her legs I began to dry-hump her.

"Are you hanging in there, my son?" she asked me.

"I'm just really aroused."

"*Really* aroused or *painfully* aroused?"

"Both."

"I don't like that you're in pain," she said. "That wasn't the point of my massage. Where are you in pain?" She turned around, and I gently showed her my bulge.

"Is it this?" she asked and gently caressed it, sending shivers down my spine.

I nodded eagerly. "It hurts really bad."

"Oh sweetie, let me take care of that," Cristy purred. She gently pushed me onto my back and slowly unzipped my shorts. My cock sprang free, rock hard and throbbing.

Cristy's eyes widened. "My, you've grown so big," she breathed, wrapping her hand around my shaft. She began stroking me slowly, her soft hand gliding up and down.

I groaned in pleasure, my hips bucking. "That feels amazing, Mom," I moaned.

"I'm glad," she said with a sultry smile. "But I think I know something that will feel even better."

She lowered her head and took me into her warm, wet mouth. I gasped as her tongue swirled around my sensitive tip. She began bobbing her head, taking me deeper with each stroke. There were no teeth, just tongue, lips and wet inner cheeks. I'd never been blown like that in my life.

"Oh god, Mom," I said, raking my fingers through her hair.

Cristy hummed while my cock was stuffed in her mouth, the vibrations sending waves of pleasure through me. She cupped my balls gently as she continued to suck, her cheeks hollowing

out with each stroke.

I was in ecstasy, overwhelmed by the incredible feelings. It was so intense. It was my mother's best friend pretending to be my mother, just so I could have sex with Mom. It left me speechless, drowning in every incredible sensation. "I'm getting close," I warned her.

She came off with a pop, stroking me with her hand. "It's okay, sweetie. Where do you want to finish?"

"In your mouth."

Opening wide, she swallowed my cock. I was so sensitive, so after five more oral pumps, I exploded in her mouth, flooding it with my fresh cum. Eyes widening, Cristy swallowed eagerly, milking every last drop as waves of pleasure washed over me. I slumped back, wondering whether I was in heaven or not.

After gulping down the last drops of cum and wiping her lips, she asked, "Can I cut in?"

As my cock swayed and flopped to my thigh, I made room for her, giving her space so she could squeeze herself between me and the couch.

"How was the blowjob?"

"You suck so well," I said, drawing in a deep breath. "I've never felt anything like that."

"And the roleplay?" she asked, breaking character.

"It was hot."

"So will you let your mother suck you off?"

"Yeah ... But I want sex too," I said, looking her in the eyes.

"We probably got time for another round," she said, glancing at her phone. "What do you say?"

I was already becoming erect by having her milf body pressed against mine.

"You know what I love about young guys?" she asked, as she

reached down to grab my cock.

"What's that?"

"You become hard in like an instant," she said and kissed my cheek softly, reminding me of my mother. "You're fertile and healthy."

"Or maybe you're just hot."

"I can't deny that," she said flirtatiously. "But certain men lack potency. I know that for a fact."

"You tasted like maple syrup."

She stifled a laugh. "Do you want to go down on me?"

"Yeah ... Do you think you can sit on my face?"

"I'd love to," she said. "Alright, I'll be your Mom again, and we'll start from where we left off."

"Mom, you sucked me so well ... I'd like to do something for you too."

"My son," Cristy said and raked her fingers through my hair. "You're so sweet. What would you like to do for me?"

"I want to lick you."

"That's so thoughtful of you," she said, caressing my thighs, eyeing my rising snake. "What about the soreness? Is it better now?"

"Way better," I said. "Please, sit on my face, so I can pleasure you."

"Okay, sweetie," she said.

Rising to her feet, Cristy straddled my face, lowering her wet fruit onto my eager mouth. Her cheeks were so big, they blocked out the light in the ceiling. The only light I had left was her glistening vagina. I inhaled her intoxicating scent before diving in with my tongue. While exploring her intimate part, I spread her cheeks so I could reach her better. At the same time, her soft hands curled around my girth. As I continued

gently lapping at her wet, squishy folds, she gently rocked her hips back and forth. She tasted heavenly, and I could lick her for hours.

Eventually, she came off my face, her hand wrapped around my erection. "That was wonderful," she said.

"I think we should go a step further."

"What do you have in mind?"

"Lovemaking."

A smile played on her lips. "I haven't done that in years."

"It's about time then," I told her and reached for her soft thigh. "You deserve to be loved."

"Oh, Chase, you're the best son in the world."

"And you're the best mother." She gently lay on top of me, her soft boobs cushioning the impact as her mouth fell on mine. I softened into the kiss while my hands landed right on her ass, my cock squeezed between her waist and mine.

I lost myself in the kiss, feeling her hot breath against my face. Her red hair fell over us, curtaining us off and making the moment feel even more private.

"Oh, Chase," she moaned, breaking the kiss. "I really want you inside me. It's been so long."

"Yes, Mom," I groaned. "I'll give it to you."

She lifted her hips and reached between us, guiding my erection to her entrance. Her pussy hovered right above the crown, her nectar dripping onto my cock and dribbling down to my base. She pushed the head to her entrance, parting her gates. We both gasped as she slowly sank down onto me, enveloping me in her wet heat.

"Oh, wow," I breathed as she took me fully inside her. "You feel amazing."

"You're so hard," she said, closing her eyes. "You're the one

who feels amazing.”

Cristy began to rock her hips, riding me with slow, sensual motions. Her breasts swayed sensually above me as she moved, her hair spilling all over her. I reached up to cup them, filling my palms with her boobs.

I thrust up to meet her movements, our bodies finding a perfect rhythm together. Cristy leaned down to kiss me again, her tongue dancing with mine as we made love. My cock was still sheathed in her pussy.

I was lost in bliss, overwhelmed by the incredible sensations. The taboo thrill of fucking my “mother” only heightened my arousal. “Mom,” I whispered, breaking the kiss.

“Ah, I’m listening,” she said while rocking her hips.

“Can we switch to missionary ... I want to see you when I come.”

“It’s my favorite position,” she purred, lifting herself off me. She lay back on the couch, spreading her legs invitingly. “Come here, my son.”

I positioned myself between her thighs, my cock throbbing. Slowly, I pushed the sensitive head against her folds, lowering it an inch till I found her promised land. I slid inside her warm, wet pussy once again. We both moaned as I filled her completely.

“Oh Chase,” she gasped, wrapping her legs around my waist. “You feel so good inside me. You’re the best cock I’ve ever had.”

“I love your pussy, Mom,” I said, picturing it as my mother lying there with her dark blonde hair fanned out over her. I began to thrust, starting slow and deep. Cristy’s breasts bounced with each movement, hypnotizing me.

Looking down, I saw how my cock disappeared and reappeared inside her. There was nothing better than being

bareback inside another woman. Our bodies moved together in perfect sync, the sound of skin slapping against skin filling the room. I could feel my orgasm building, a delicious tension coiling in my core, and a tension I so desperately wanted to let out in her love hole.

"Mom," I groaned. "I'm getting close."

"Me too, sweetie," Cristy panted. "Come for me. Make your mommy proud."

Her words sent me over the edge. With a loud groan, I thrust deep inside her. My balls tightened into knots and then released their content for the second time that day. As my cock pulsed, filling her with my seed, I looked down on her, looking her in the eyes. I imagined it was my mother, and I knew then that I wanted the real thing, although having sex with Cristy felt amazing. The feeling of my release triggered Cristy's own orgasm. Her pussy clenched around me like a fist, and she squirmed beneath me.

She let her head slump back for a moment before looking me in the eyes. "You did one hell of a job," she said, smiling as if she'd arrived in heaven.

"You too," I said. I resorted to micro-fucking her, wanting this to last as long as possible.

"No, I mean your age. You sure have learned a lot about sex with only two girls."

"Well, we could do it several times a day."

She giggled. "Thank you for making me feel young again."

"You're even more attractive than them," I said.

Her cheeks pinked. "Everything Mom has bragged about you is true," she said. "You are a wonder boy."

We basked in the afterglow. I still kept my rod stuffed deep inside her, but we couldn't lie here forever. Mom would be

home in an hour, and I didn't want her living room to be smelling like sex. I slowly pulled out, her arousal and my cum lubricating the exit. A light trickle dribbled down her pink lips, a farewell for now.

"Chase," she said in a serious tone.

"Yes?"

"Do you think we can do this again sometime?" she asked, biting her lower lip.

"Of course," I said. "I had a blast."

"I had two," she said, making us both laugh.

"Are you prepared for the real deal?" she asked with a grin.

"I am ... I'll tell her when she comes home."

"You're brave ... I don't think I'd ever be able to admit something like that, but I'm not sexually attracted to any of my family members for that matter."

"I thought you said you were into incest?"

"If my brother, or if I would have a son like you, then yeah, but mostly it's just the thrill of seeing someone do what they shouldn't be doing, like fucking my best friend's son while pretending to be his mother."

"Do you want me to tell her about it?"

"I can do it myself," she said with a wink.

"Alright," I said. I helped her up to her feet, her body magical. I helped her get dressed, and it was a shame putting on her clothes again.

At the foyer, I gave her a hug, but it wasn't enough. She eyed my lips, and we kissed again, her flesh still warm from the recent intimacy. Coming off my lips, she sighed in relief. "Make your Mom proud, and make her happy again," she whispered.

"I will," I said.

"You aren't the only one who cares about her," she said. She

grabbed her purse, and I opened the door for her, waving as she sat down in her car and drove away.

I closed the door and sighed in relief. "What a woman," I said and sat down on the couch. "Wow ..." I took a couple of minutes to catch my breath till I realized I had several missed phone calls from Luna. "Fuck ... she's probably worried."

I also had to tell Luna. I couldn't tell Mom without letting her know. I hit her up, and she answered immediately. "Oh thank God," she said, and she let out a breath. "I was just about to call Mom."

"Luna, relax," I told her. "I don't have my phone on me all the time."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to overreact. I got a bit paranoid."

"It's fine. Am I catching you at the wrong time?"

"No. I was dying to talk to you. We were about to make cupcakes but then you didn't answer me ... You sound quite relaxed. Have you masturbated?"

"No," I said and recollected my thoughts, figuring out how to tell her. "Just what I told you earlier, I just had sex with Cristy."

"Oh, that's right," she said, sounding intrigued.

"Yeah," I said. "You sure you're cool with it?"

"I told you it's fine Chase. She's my friend, so I don't mind. Wait, where? I thought you were at Mom's florist shop."

"Well, it's a long story, let me explain."

I explained to her the entire roleplay thing, and she listened intently, only interrupting me here and there for a question or two.

"So you'll tell Mom about our relationship?"

"Yes, I don't have much of a choice."

"I think you're doing the right thing ... But if I understood Cristy's setup correctly, you will have sex with Mom?"

"Yeah," I said awkwardly, wondering what she would say. "Are you okay with that?"

"Of course I am," she said, sounding elated. "She's my mother too you dork. I want her to be loved too instead of dealing with poisonous stress."

"Cristy told me too, and it hurt to listen."

"It hurts me too," she said. "She's the best Mom in the world."

"Yes, I can't argue with that one."

"How do you feel about this?"

"I'm kind of aroused," I admitted.

"Nice ... it makes me aroused," she said with a giggle. "You have to tell me how she reacts when you tell her."

"Sure, thing," I said.

"And you have to tell it as if it were a fantasy tale. Once upon a time, there was a sick mother who could only be healed by his son's magical cum."

We both burst out laughing. "Eh, is Julia there or?"

"Nah, she's taking a shower. We became naughty when we baked cupcakes. I'm also covered in flour and sugar."

"Alright, just checking."

"And don't be nervous, it's all in your head. The curse that the evil society cast upon you."

"Your potion healed me well."

"Oh, I'm glad. You can have some when I come back."

"Sure thing, sis," I said, feeling glad hearing the sound of her voice again.

"Love you, Chase."

"I love you too, Luna," I said from the bottom of my heart.

We told each other goodbye. I knew it would feel a bit easier to talk to Mom now. My sister had that magical effect on me. But the wait felt like an eternity. I sat down and rolled my

thumbs, tapping my phone on occasion to see what time it was.

I didn't know where to start or how. I also feared her reaction, but I knew deep inside that Mom would never judge us like that. After I'd told her about Luna, I was even more troubled about how to shift the conversation to her sexual needs.

After half an hour of replaying the scenes in my head, I heard her car pull in and the engine cut off. As she walked up to the door, my heart started racing.

"Chase?" she called out, sounding happier than usual.

"I'm on the couch," I replied, drawing in a deep breath.

"Why are you sitting there?" she asked, giving me a funny look. "Don't you want some fresh air?"

"Not right now. How were therapy and yoga?"

"It was great," she said, sounding cheerful as she slumped down next to me. She was dressed in tight pink leggings and a matching sports top. She gathered her hair in her hand and tossed it behind her back, revealing her glowing, wrinkle-free face and stunning blue eyes. "I learned some new techniques to destress, and it's going really well. Yoga was like a dream. You could learn something from it too if you're interested. I wish I knew back then what I know now."

"Sure," I said, partly agreeing with her, though I couldn't picture myself doing yoga, unless I did with her. "I'm just glad you're doing well."

She ruffled my hair. "Want to see some photos from yoga? My friend took a few."

"Yeah, sure," I said, eager to see.

She leaned closer, making me acutely aware of her presence. I couldn't help but notice her cleavage, her sports bra doing a great job of lifting her breasts. I wanted more of her at that moment, reminding me of the conversation I needed to have

with her.

She pulled up the photos. The first one was of her doing the front split, her firm butt on full display. "Damn... you look like a teenager."

She stifled a giggle. "I do not. Those days are long gone."

"I think you do," I muttered under my breath as she showed me another pose where she bent over to touch her toes, showing off her curves. "Damn, you're flexible."

"Well, I've been at it for a year now," she said, taking a deep breath. "It's so relaxing, and it makes you grateful for what you have."

"I get that," I said.

She showed me more photos, and the sexy poses stirred something in me. I had a thing for women in leggings and sports clothes—It enhanced their beauty in a way traditional outfits couldn't.

"What do you want for dinner?" she asked, putting her phone away.

"Can't you make something you want?" I asked.

"No, I haven't had you here in more than a year. I want to make something for you."

"Let me think about it," I said and prepared myself to move to more important topics. "Mom, there's something I need to tell you."

"You can tell me anything," she said in a lowered voice, gently patting my thigh.

"Well, it's about me and Luna ... We've been doing something siblings probably shouldn't do," I said, nervous that I wasn't making much sense.

She watched me closely. "What are you saying?"

"Uhm, it started when I first came back," I said, watching her

reaction closely. "She wanted to know what a kiss felt like, and since I care for her, I showed her and it didn't stop there."

"So you have been having a romantic relationship?"

"Yes, but sexual as well."

"I see," she said in her caring voice, her shoulders slumping. "I thought you were about to tell me that you had been up to some mischief."

"I think most societies wouldn't approve of our relationship though," I said.

She waved her hand dismissively. "Don't worry about them. You should do what feels good for you. You shouldn't care what anyone else thinks about you."

"So you don't mind?"

"Of course not," she said. "I know you have been close, but I didn't think you would go there, I guess you love each other a bit deeper and that's fine. I'm actually relieved."

"Why?"

She looked at me and a smile curled on her lips. "I don't know. I just am."

"Okay." I felt relieved too, but there was another topic I wanted to discuss with her.

"You have been wearing a condom, right?" she asked and now she sounded nervous.

"Uhh, no, but she promised me she's on the pill."

"*Actual* pills and not *imaginary*, right?"

I burst out laughing, but my laughter died when I realized she had a point since I hadn't even seen her pop any pills. "Good Lord, I have to ask her." I quickly fished out my phone and DMed her.

She replied within seconds. *Both*.

"She said both," I said, sharing a relieved smile with Mom.

"How was it like having sex with her?"

Mom and I had never openly talked about sex, so it felt like uncharted territory for a little bit. "It was intense ... The best sex of my life."

"I see," she said, and I believed I saw hints of envy in her eyes.

"Why haven't you found another man?" I asked her.

The question hit her, and she looked away for a moment. "I don't want to bring another man into this household that you and Luna will hate. And ... I haven't found any men that attractive either."

"But what about your lust?"

"Depends upon your age."

"I don't think you're being sincere. Luna told me you masturbate quite a lot."

A subtle blush crept up on her cheeks. "Yeah ... that's true."

"Since I have done something for Luna ... Maybe I could do something for you too."

A smile softened on her face. It was as if she'd been waiting for those words all her life, but doubt flickered across her face. She gently caressed my thigh, taking her time as she mulled over her answer. "Are you sure you find me attractive enough?"

"I do. I find you gorgeous."

"You've always been so thoughtful," she said and her eyes swept over me. "I'm not sure ... What about you and Luna? I can't do anything that will break her heart."

"I told her about it, and she wanted what was best for you."

"I really have the best kids in the world," she said with a light-hearted chuckle. "I have found you attractive for a long time as well."

"Cristy told me," I said.

Her blush deepened, but she started to piece together what

had happened here earlier. "Did she come here by any chance?"

"She did. We had a role play where she pretended to be you, or my mom, and we had sex."

"She always seizes the opportunity," she said and chuckled. "She's been talking a lot about you too, so I'm not the only one."

"That's fine," I said. "But what do you say?"

Her hand stopped, and her eyes fixed on my bulge. She lightly spread her legs, and I was certain this was just as arousing for me as it was for her. "Do you want to be intimate with me because you find me attractive or that you feel bad for me?"

"It's both," I said. "I love you the same way I love Luna."

She nodded. "Is it okay if we start with oral sex to warm me up?" she asked. "I haven't done this for a long time."

"Sure," I said.

"Do you think you can also help shave me? You won't find a '70s bush down there, but stubbles. I usually shave every other day."

"I would love to," I said.

"Then that's settled," she said, looking more relieved than ever.

It hadn't turned out as awkward as I thought it would. I ended up on the terrace to relax while Mom resorted to doing some yoga, her poses so sexy and alluring and the warm evening air caressing my skin.

She unrolled her mat and began her routine. I tried not to stare too obviously as she moved through the poses. I wanted her to concentrate. She started with some gentle stretches, reaching her arms overhead and arching her back. The movement made her breasts strain against the tight fabric of her top.

Next came the downward dog. Mom's round ass pointed

skyward as she held the pose, her legs straight and toned. The leggings hugged every curve. I shifted in my seat, feeling a familiar stirring.

She transitioned into warrior pose, lunging forward with one leg. Her thighs flexed powerfully. When she switched sides, I got a perfect view of her—the elegant line of her neck, her perky breasts and the slight curve of her stomach. She was gorgeous.

As she moved into a forward bend, touching her toes, her ass was on full display. The leggings left little to the imagination. I could make out the outline of her pussy lips. My cock twitched, and I was dying to lick her, wondering if she was as sweet as Cristy.

Mom's next pose was a split, lowering herself to the ground with her legs spread wide. I imagined burying my face between those thighs. She held the position, her chest heaving slightly with the effort.

For her final pose, she lay on her back and lifted her hips into a bridge. It looked like a perfect hip thrust. Her breasts pointed to the sun, nipples visibly hard through the thin fabric. The arch of her back emphasized her curves. I couldn't take my eyes off her.

As she finished her routine and sat up, our eyes met. A knowing smile played on her lips.

"Enjoy the show?" she asked playfully.

"Very much," I replied, not bothering to hide my arousal. "You're talented."

"Thank you," she said. "I just felt a bit liberated after our conversation. You sure you don't want to try with me?"

"Maybe tomorrow," I said. "I'm growing hungry."

"I'll have dinner for you in no time, and then we can go to my bathroom," she said in a husky voice as if she tried to lower her

own arousal.

"I really can't wait."

"I thought you had sex with Cristy."

"Twice," I said.

"And you're still ready for another round?" she asked in disbelief.

"Yes."

She giggled. "Strong seed," she said jokingly. "What do you want for dinner?"

"Grilled fish," I said.

"Coming right up," she said happily. "After a shower."

"Sure," I said.

She didn't spend as much time in the shower as she usually would, but she smelled equally as good as she descended the stairs, dressed in a bright, pink dress. She looked like a princess as her recently blown-dried hair cascaded down her in loose waves.

I set the table. "You sure don't want a helping hand?" I asked her.

"If you want to cut the vegetables," she said and stepped aside.

I went next to her, my hip making contact with hers. I felt sparks, and I knew she felt them too. I started cutting the zucchini and the bell peppers, and she dipped the fish filet into the marinade and fired up the grill.

The dinner was ready in no time, and we sat on the opposite side of each other. We made small talk as we ate, both of us eager to finish our meals. We both knew what would come after.

"This turned out really well," Mom said, taking a bite of the fish. "You did a great job with the vegetables."

"Thanks," I replied. "Cutting it wasn't much though."

"I once cut my finger which wasn't that pleasant," she said.

We ate quickly, stealing glances at each other across the table. I couldn't stop thinking about what her body would look like under that pink dress. The way it hugged her curves was driving me wild. I had seen her before but that was through a window and behind a door. It was something else having a nude body in front of my eyes.

When we finished eating, Mom stood up and gathered the plates. She took the dishes and sat back with me again, looking a bit shy and excited. "Do you want some ice cream?"

"Sure," I said as the sun was slowly lowering in the sky.

She came back with two bowls of strawberry ice cream with chocolate sauce and mango slices. "Wow, you really went all out," I said, gladly accepting the bowl.

"Nah, I've made this a million times," she said, picking up a mango slice and putting it in her mouth. She sucked on her finger, her cheeks hollowing out. "Your sister's obsessed with this."

"I can see why," I said, digging my spoon into the ice cream and taking a bite. It was amazing—not just the taste, but the fact that she made it for me.

She glanced at me a couple of times. She wanted to say something but kept hesitating. "How do you prefer your blowjobs?"

"Cristy gave me a heavenly head ... As long as it's deep, wet and no teeth."

"Standard," she said. "I have butterflies in my stomach. I haven't felt this excited in a long time."

"Why?" I asked her and wanted to explore her feelings.

"It's been a while ... and you're my son."

"You told me earlier not to care what others think."

"I mean it, but it's still taboo," she said. "I'm also a bit caught off guard by how well you took it."

"I was a bit hesitant when I first started with Luna, but it doesn't feel so weird any longer."

"I understand, and how was it for her?"

"She didn't care. She explained it to me well."

"And what did she explain?"

"Because of the bullying and how she never felt she fit into our society, she doesn't care about cultural norms."

"I gotcha," Mom said, sucking on her spoon and licking her fingers. "I understand. I have to agree with her."

"So do I," I said.

We finished the ice cream and enjoyed the sunset. We didn't only talk about sex but life in general. It already started to feel like a new chapter in our lives. "I regret I didn't talk about sex earlier with you ... But you figured it out on your own."

"It feels better to have an open discussion about things," I said.

She nodded, raking her fingers through my hair. "I agree ... It's not healthy to be isolated," she said in a soft, sensual voice. "We were meant to live together and tend to each other."

"Like shaving you," I said.

"And sucking you," she said naughtily.

She caressed my thigh but her hand intentionally brushed over my bulge. "Why don't you go upstairs and wait for me in the bathroom? I'll be up in a few minutes after I clean up."

"Sure." I nodded and headed upstairs. I went into Mom's bathroom and looked around, wondering where she kept her razors and shaving cream. I washed my hands and splashed some cool water on my face, trying to calm my nerves.

A few minutes later, I heard Mom coming up the stairs. She appeared in the doorway, a coy smile on her face.

"Are you ready?" she asked softly.

"Yes."

Mom opened a drawer, pulling out her shaving supplies. She handed them to me, then reached behind her back to unzip her dress. I watched in awe as she peeled off her clothes. When her bra fell off, my jaw fell at the same time. Her boobs looked even better than when I'd seen them from the window.

"Wow ... You're so well-endowed," I mouthed.

"Thank you, sweetie. You're making me blush." Mom smiled shyly as she stepped out of her panties, and she leaned forward while doing so, so her boobs hung like two beautiful bells. I couldn't take my eyes off her nude form. Her breasts were full and perky, with rosy nipples standing as stiff as my erection. Her stomach was toned from all the yoga. And between her legs was a neatly trimmed patch of dark blonde hair.

"You're not that hairy," I noted.

"I like to be clean ... And I also like any form of eroticism before engaging in sexual activities. A bit contrary to Luna I suppose."

"Yeah ... she's a bit different in that regard."

"Where do you want me?" she asked.

"Um, maybe sit on the edge of the tub?" I suggested.

Mom nodded and perched on the edge, spreading her legs. I knelt between her thighs, my face inches from her most intimate area. I could smell her arousal, and see her pink lips in their full glory, droplets of honey clinging to them. I gently ran my hand along her lips, and they were warm and pleasant to touch.

"Just be gentle," she said softly. "It's been a while since anyone has touched me there."

"You can trust me," I replied, not wanting to hurt my own mother. I sprayed some shaving cream into my hand and gently

applied it to her pubic area. Mom shivered at my touch.

Carefully, I began to shave her, using slow, deliberate strokes. I was hyper-aware of every little reaction from Mom—her sharp intake of breath, the way her thighs trembled and the way she looked down on me.

As I worked, I couldn't help but admire her pussy. Her outer lips were plump and glistening with arousal. I longed to taste her, and not only that but to make love to her as well.

"All done," I said when I finished. I used a warm washcloth to clean off any remaining shaving cream.

"How does it look?" Mom asked softly, her cheeks flushed.

I gazed at her freshly shaved pussy, feeling my arousal intensify. "Beautiful," I breathed. "So smooth and perfect."

Mom smiled and ran her fingers over her bare mound. "It feels nice. Thank you."

Unable to resist any longer, I leaned forward and placed a gentle kiss on her inner thigh. I glanced up at her.

"Where do you want me to suck you off?" she asked, biting her bottom lip.

"In my bed," I said.

"I'll give you a good night's sleep," she said eagerly. "Can I see you naked first? The lighting here is a bit brighter."

I nodded, my heart pounding as I stood up. Mom's eyes roamed over my body as I slowly undressed. When I pulled down my boxers, her eyes widened at the sight of my erect cock.

"Oh my," she breathed. "You're even bigger than I imagined."

She reached out and gently wrapped her hand around my shaft. I groaned at her soft touch. I saw her in a way I hadn't seen before. She was excited, looking like a horny teenager that had just discovered the climax. Her eyes sparkled while she bit her lower lip, her heart beating rapidly. "I haven't seen an

erection in a while.” She didn’t want to let go of it, her forbidden hands stroking me passionately. She looked up, laying her hand flat on my chest. “I can’t believe I have raised such a handsome boy like you.”

“You don’t think I’m a man now,” I said, standing here while my mother was all over me.

She shook her head. “Nope ... you’ll always be my boy.”

“I’m growing really hard,” I said.

“I feel it,” she said. “Do you want me to take care of you?”

I nodded eagerly. “Yeah.”

“Let’s go to your room,” Mom said in a husky voice.

We walked down the hall to my bedroom, both of us completely naked. I lay back on the bed as Mom knelt between my legs. It was like a sexual awakening for her, and she looked so different when she was horny. Before, I used to see her as gorgeous and pretty, but now she earned the sexy badge.

She wrapped her hands around my girth, looking at it as if she were dreaming. “What are you thinking?” she asked, drawing it out unlike my sister who just wanted to plunge my cock in her mouth.

“How sexy you are,” I said.

“I haven’t seen myself as sexy since I was a teenager,” she said.

“You are, trust me,” I told her, my hips bucking. My excited movements made her smile.

“Alright, here goes,” she said, opening her wet mouth and enveloping the head of my cock. She bobbed once, and when she pulled slightly back, spit dribbled down the sides of the shaft in pearly rivulets. She bobbed her head forward again, her lips sliding along my cock. She repeated this motion, deeper and deeper till her saliva pooled around the base and her lips made contact with it. Her throat muscles contracted right at

the sensitive head. She gagged a little, more spit running down my cock. She flitted her eyes to mine while she kept me buried in her forbidden mouth. I'd never imagined it to feel this good, but it did.

"Wow," I mouthed, and a smile played on her lips as she pulled her head back, kissing the crown as she came off.

"You taste so good, sweetie," she purred, releasing me briefly to stroke my spit-slicked shaft. "This is my dream cock. Not just the size, but that you're my son."

Before I could respond, she dove back down, taking me into her throat. I cried out at the sensation of her muscles contracting around my sensitive tip. Mom gagged slightly but didn't relent, determined to give me as much pleasure as possible. "Oh, Mom," I groaned, my hips bucking.

She went down again, letting my shaft glide against her soft tongue. She was a natural, her lips sensually stretching. Her blue eyes gazed up at me, filled with lust and love. The sight of my beautiful mother with her lips wrapped around my cock was almost too much to handle, let alone the pleasure I derived from her sucking.

Mom released me with a pop, stroking me as she caught her breath. "I love the way you taste. Young and fertile," she purred. "I could suck you all night."

"I might not last that long," I admitted with a groan.

She grinned mischievously. "We'll see about that."

Mom dove back down, taking me deep into her throat once more. Her nose pressed against my pubic bone as she swallowed around me, gagging and slobbering over my rod.

I felt my third orgasm building rapidly. "Mom, I'm getting close," I warned her.

She sucked me harder, more wet and more passionately. I

could see it in her eyes. She was starved of masculine seed. She moaned around my shaft, the pleasure of sucking her son radiating to me, and the vibrations pushed me over the edge.

With a loud cry, I exploded in her mouth. My hips bucked wildly as if my little sister was tickling my back. Mom's eyes widened slightly as the first blast hit the back of her throat, but she didn't pull away. She swallowed eagerly, milking every drop from me as I continuously squirmed of taboo, forbidden pleasure.

Once my balls were empty, she pulled back and came off with a pop, my cock flopping against my thigh. We looked each other in the eyes, both of us lightly giggling. "That has been a dream of mine for the past two years," she admitted.

"I'm glad we could make it into reality."

"I have many other sexual dreams though," she said with a wink. She glanced at my softening cock. "It's been missing in my life. I kind of realized that now."

"I'm so glad I could provide it to you," I said. "I don't know why I'm saying that. That felt so good. I should be thanking you."

"I hate transactions when it comes to family," she admitted. "We do things for each other, and that's how we've always been."

I nodded, realizing what she was saying. "Do you feel ... better?"

"A thousand times better," she said and lay on the side. "Do you know that semen has natural antidepressants?"

"No," I said, shaking my head.

"Well, it does," she said, tossing a lock of blonde hair over her back.

"Shouldn't it go in your vagina though?"

"Yes," she said in her lecturing voice. "But there's nothing

wrong with swallowing it either. It gets absorbed either way.”

“I’m so glad I live with you too ... I’m not sure if I want to go back to LA.”

“You are more than welcome to move back with us,” she said. “In fact, I was a bit sad when you left. But I told myself that you’re young and you probably wanted to explore life by yourself.”

“I think I want to explore it with two women who actually love me instead.”

She came crawling up to me, her warm boobs and goddess-like body making contact with my skin. She lowered her lips onto mine and pressed them. She came off for a brief second, watching my reaction. I wanted more, and she lowered her mouth back to mine. Despite being our mother, her lips were as smooth as rose petals. They reminded me of Luna’s. In fact, as I deepened the kiss, they were almost identical. It was reaffirmed when I explored her mouth and tongue.

My hands roamed over her smooth back as we made out passionately, losing ourselves in the beautiful kiss.

After several long moments, Mom broke the kiss and gazed into my eyes. “I’ve wanted to do that for so long,” she whispered. “All these years when I’ve kissed your cheeks ... I’ve always wanted to move a couple of inches to your mouth. But it felt so wrong ... Not any longer.”

“I feel you,” I admitted. “You’re an amazing kisser.”

She smiled and traced her fingers along my jaw. “So are you, sweetie. I can see why Luna enjoys you so much.”

I nodded.

“I love to take a step out of the time ... let’s be more intimate tomorrow, maybe we could do some stretches together in the morning and make love once it’s warm and comfy outside.”

“What about neighbors?”

“They aren’t home, and I didn’t spend a year on that hedge for nothing.”

“Alright,” I said as if it were a dream.

She slithered off me, but I wished she still lay on top of me. I was ready to go for a fourth-round if she wanted to. “Good night, sweetie.”

“Good night, Mom,” I said, and my eyes followed her till she flicked off the light and closed the door.

Chapter 8

I woke up to the scent of pancakes swirling up to my bedroom. I swung my feet off the sides of the bed and rubbed my eyes. It was last night when my mother gave me a magical head. She'd lain in my bed and sucked me off till I came inside her mouth. It felt so nice to see her lips stretch around my most intimate part while climaxing. She wanted me to fuck her on top of it, and the kiss was like the cherry on top.

Dying to see her again, I put on my clothes and headed downstairs. Standing by the oven and flipping pancakes, she was fully dressed. She whirled around with a big smile. "How was your sleep?" Her tone was so happy it sounded as if she were singing.

"Deep," I said. It rolled right out of my tongue. Deep, kind of like her blowjob.

She let out a light-hearted chuckle, a laughter I hadn't heard from her in a while. It was as clear as day that she was feeling so much better than usual. Not only that, but she glowed like a youth. "I debated whether to rouse you from sleep but decided not to. Either way, I would've just wrapped some pancakes in foil for you to enjoy later."

"It must have been the scent that woke me up," I said and

settled down with her. The table was already set with butter, maple syrup and some blueberries.

"Will you go to work later?" I asked her as she loaded up my plate with the fluffy pancakes.

She nodded eagerly. "I'll leave a bit earlier, so I have time for you. I'll also pick up Luna later in the evening."

"Nice ... When you say time for me, you meant what you said last night, right?"

"Yes," she said, a smile breaking out on her lips. She reached out to lay her hand on top of mine. "I can't explain what I felt, but I know it's something I've been missing, and not only that but the sensation of doing it with the boy I raised."

I drowned in her blue eyes, stiffening by her speech.

"I'm grateful my little daughter started this," she said. "She has courage."

"She is brave," I agreed with her. She wasn't just brave, but strong, playful, creative and beautiful. She was the perfect sister one could grow up with. I just had love for her. And Mom was right. We wouldn't have ended up here if it hadn't been for her. I looked at my wrist and smiled at the hand painting. "She painted the triform of courage ... but I think it belongs to her."

"I'm not sure how those fantasy games work, but I think you should share it," she said.

Her comment made me smile.

Breakfast was lovely, but when it was time to leave, I felt empty and alone. I wanted Mom to be with me, especially after last night. She'd be back at 3 PM. I knew the wait would feel like an eternity. I hugged her close in the foyer, embracing her like I'd never done before and letting her press her boobs against my chest without any regret.

"Have a nice day," I whispered.

"You too, sweetie," she said against my neck. Breaking the kiss, she kissed me right on the lips, not the forehead or cheek like she would have done earlier. It made me melt inside.

When she drove away, I sat on the outdoor sofa and leaned back. It was growing hotter, but not unbearably hot. I sighed a breath of relief as I couldn't stop thinking of what we'd done and what was to come. But suddenly, my phone rang, popping my bubble. Fishing out my phone from my pocket, I saw a photo of Luna cuddled up on the couch, holding her switch controller. Seeing her cute little face always made me smile.

"What's going on?" I answered.

"Hi," she said. "Julia is taking a bath ... How did the conversation go?"

"It went well," I said.

"And ... ? You have to give me more details than that. Don't be a bad storyteller."

I gave her a recap and once I got to the blowjob, she quickly interrupted. "Was she better than me?"

"You weren't bad considering it was your first time," I told her and tried to keep it as polite as possible.

"Oh," she said. "Well, she certainly has more experience points than I do, but she has promised me some blowjob lessons in the past, so I'll catch up with her."

That made me hard in an instant. "Good luck with that."

She chuckled. "Was she that good?"

"You'll see when the lesson is due."

"Otherwise, how was it?" she asked.

I told her about the forbidden and strong sensations, and I could tell it made her want to come back quicker. "Have fun with Julia now for your last day. We can catch up later today."

"For sure," she said. "I can't wait to see you again."

"You too," I said.

We kissed each other through the phone and said goodbye to each other.

* * *

Instead of just waiting, I tried to clear my head by going to the gym. When I came back, I tried out some of the products I was selling, resistance bands, foam roller, ankle weights and weighted vest. I found it funny that every time I told myself to have a vacation, I just ended up thinking of work anyway. There wasn't really any true vacation. A business was like a baby you always had to look after.

When Mom was back, I thought thank fucking God. Ever since my sister and I messed around with each other, it felt like she had cast some perpetual hard spell on me. I couldn't stop thinking of doing it with my mother. It wasn't just for my own release, but seeing how much better she felt made me want to help her as soon as possible.

She pulled into the driveway and opened the door. "Chase?" she asked immediately upon entering.

I rose to my feet and came inside to greet her. "Hi."

"Nice to see you sit outside," she said. "What are you up to?"

"I've been trying out some of my products."

"Getting bored of your vacation?"

"Not really," I said. "I just had to find a way to kill time."

"I gotcha."

"How was work?"

"I felt a lot better," she said, her smile widening. "But I felt a bit bad leaving Cristy, but she understood."

"Did you tell her?"

"I had to," she said. "She noticed that I was happier than usual and had no problem putting the puzzle pieces together."

"Right," I said.

"Do you want to do some yoga with me?" she asked.

"Sure," I said. Although I was already hard, I knew she wanted foreplay and I'd give it to her. "I was also at the gym earlier, so it might help with soreness."

"No resting at all," she said with a laugh. I was just glad she carried the same glow as earlier.

I put on my sports clothes, and she headed to her bedroom to dress in hers. We met outside. She wore pink leggings and a matching sports top, lifting her boobs while at the same time keeping them secure.

"I've never done this before," I warned her.

"I'll guide you through it." Mom unrolled two yoga mats on the grass. "Let's start with some gentle stretches to warm up."

We began with simple poses, reaching our arms overhead and bending side to side. I couldn't help but admire how sexy Mom looked. The way her breasts strained against her top as she arched her back was mesmerizing.

"Are you warmed up?" she asked.

"I am," I said. I wasn't only warm, but I felt a heatwave seeing my mother move so seductively in front of me.

"Just checking. Now let's try downward dog," Mom instructed. She demonstrated, bending at the waist and placing her palms flat on the mat. Her round ass pointed skyward, perfectly outlined by the tight pink fabric. I tried to mimic her pose but felt clumsy in comparison.

"Here, let me help you," Mom said. She came over and placed her hands on my lower back, gently guiding me into the correct position. The warmth of her touch sent tingles through my

body.

"That's better," she murmured. Her hands lingered on me a moment longer than necessary before she returned to her own mat.

I really felt it in my calves, as if they were burning. I glanced up at Mom and her bottom pointing to the sun. I couldn't help but fantasize about penetrating her. "It's a lot harder than it looks."

"Just do what feels good," she said in her happy tone, glancing at me and probably noticing what caught my attention.

We moved through the warrior pose next. As Mom lunged forward, I admired the powerful line of her legs and the curve of her ass. When she bent forward into a triangle pose, I got a gorgeous glimpse of cleavage. I was being visually stimulated by every new pose she did.

"How are you feeling?" Mom asked as we transitioned into seated poses.

"Good," I replied. "A bit more flexible already."

Mom smiled. "Yoga is great for that. I have a feeling though, you aren't a hundred percent focused."

"Your clothes and poses ... turn me on."

"Oh," she said, stifling a chuckle. "It's nice though, to build up that sexual energy and release it all at once."

"I agree," I said. "But it's something different doing it with Luna."

"When I was her age, I also just wanted to tear my clothes off."

"It's good to try something new," I said, listening to what Mom taught me.

"Sex isn't all the same. It's different from person to person, just how we have our own tastes and preferences."

I drank in her wisdom, and her words made me relax into our session.

We descended into the pigeon pose. It was great for opening up the hips. She demonstrated, bending one leg in front of her while extending the other behind. As she folded forward over her bent leg, her ass lifted enticingly. I tried to copy her but felt a deep stretch in my tight hips.

"Here, let me help you adjust," Mom said. She came over and placed her hands on my hips, gently guiding them into alignment. Her touch was electric on my skin. As she leaned over me, I could feel the warmth of her body and smell her light floral perfume.

"How does that feel?" she asked softly, her breath tickling my ear.

"Your floral perfume smells so good," I said.

"I meant the pose," she said with a light-hearted laugh.

"Good," I managed to reply, my voice slightly strained. "You still smell amazing."

"I haven't used any perfume today though," she admitted. "Just being surrounded by flowers."

"You are one yourself," I told her.

We held the pose for a few breaths before switching sides. As Mom demonstrated again, I couldn't tear my eyes away from the curve of her ass and the way her breasts pressed against her top as she folded forward.

As we finished the yoga session, Mom suggested we cool down with some gentle stretches. She lay on her back, pulling her knees to her chest. I mirrored her pose, feeling the stretch in my lower back.

"How do you feel?" Mom asked softly, turning her head to look at me.

“Relaxed,” I replied truthfully. “And ... *aroused*.”

A smile played on Mom’s lips. “Me too,” she admitted. She rolled onto her side to face me, propping herself up on one elbow. “Yoga always gets my blood flowing.”

I turned to face her as well, seeing her flushed cheeks and slightly labored breathing. A thin sheen of sweat glistened on her skin. She glowed with health, beauty and lust.

“You’re so beautiful,” I murmured, reaching out to brush a strand of hair from her face.

Mom’s eyes fluttered closed at my touch. When she opened them again, they were dark with desire. “Kiss me,” she whispered.

I didn’t hesitate. I leaned in and captured her lips with mine. The kiss started soft and tender but quickly grew heated. Mom’s tongue sought entrance to my mouth and I eagerly granted it. She tasted sweet, like the pancakes we’d had for breakfast.

As we kissed passionately, Mom’s hand roamed over my chest and abs. I groaned into her mouth when she palmed my erection through my shorts.

My only complaint was all the clothes. As we continued to deepen the kiss, she said in a husky voice, “Let me remove them.”

“Alright,” I said. I had to take off mine too, and I peeled them off at record speed, dying to get close to her taboo flesh. She took her time. Slowly, but surely, she revealed to me her gorgeous boobs that I had fondled with last night. Once they were free, I was pulled toward them like a magnet, fondling them and sinking my fingers into them.

“They’re beautiful,” I said and drooled over them. It made her cheeks pink and pretty.

She reached for my erection, her soft hands curling around my cock. “I’ve been missing this,” she said.

I moaned just upon her touch, the way she curled her soft hands around my most intimate part and stroked me slowly but surely. "Mom, can I lick you before we do this?"

"Of course," she said eagerly. "I haven't been licked in years."

She lay down on the grass and spread her legs for me. I crawled between them and gently parted them. It gave me a potent view of the hole I had once come from, her glistening slit and beautiful labia. Now that I had it in front of me, I couldn't help but compare it to Luna. They looked so similar, but Mom's scent was slightly sweeter and more flowery.

I pressed my tongue right on top and gently licked up to her clit. She shuddered at the touch.

"Oh Chase," Mom gasped as my tongue explored her folds. Her fingers tangled in my hair, pulling me closer.

"What is it, Mom?" I asked her, glancing up at her.

"Another lick, please."

I kissed right on her flower and stuck my tongue out, swiping up to her pearly clit. Mom's hips bucked against my face as she moaned in pleasure. "I can't take it anymore," she said, shuddering. "I want sex ... It's been so long."

I heard the desperation in her voice, and I came off her pussy. I mounted her in a missionary position, my crown poised at her entrance. It was about time I did something for my sexually deprived mother. I rubbed it around her lips, immersing myself in the moment. I was about to fuck my mother. The thought itself sent a shiver down my spine.

She giggled as I rubbed my cock along her vagina. "Chase, be a good boy and push it in,"

I gave it a little nudge, the head slipped inside and then I sank inside her raw and forbidden hole. I was about to melt. I looked into her eyes and saw the mutual pleasure. She must be feeling

well, after all these years without a cock, and now it was her son's erection on top of it. It just made me happier, knowing I could be there for her and how she would be there for me.

I slowly pushed deeper inside Mom, savoring the incredible sensation of her warm, wet pussy enveloping my cock. She let out a long, low moan as I slowly disappeared inside her. She covered me like a glove that was made for me. She took my entire girth without showing a trace of pain, and then I was at the hilt, my entire cock stuffed inside her, her pussy squeezing every inch of my shaft, including the crown. I was inside my mother. I caressed her thighs, reveling in the sensation as the sun shone upon us. It felt so much better doing it inside, liberating and raw.

"Oh Chase," she gasped, eyeing my erection. "You feel so good inside me."

"I feel it too, Mom," I said. I slowly pulled out, seeing her fresh juices glistening across my shaft. Once the head remained, I pushed in again, officially fucking my mother.

I began to move, thrusting gently at first. Mom wrapped her legs around my waist, pulling me closer. Her hands roamed over my back as we found our rhythm together. I noticed how much more experienced she was even if she hadn't fucked for years.

"Faster," Mom urged. "Please, I need more."

She sounded desperate as if famished for cock. I obliged, picking up the pace. I watched her expression, making sure she was feeling good. Ecstasy was etched on her face as my cock was about to take her to heaven. The sound of skin slapping against skin filled the air, along with our mingled moans of euphoria. Mom's breasts bounced enticingly with each thrust, and her hair was fanned out all over her.

“Yes, just like that,” Mom cried out. “Oh god, I’ve missed this so much.”

Her words encouraged me, letting me know that I was doing the right thing. I didn’t bother what anyone would think about this. I loved my sister equally as much as my mother. I pounded into her harder, gripping her hips for leverage. Mom’s nails raked down my back as she met my thrusts eagerly.

“I’m getting close,” I warned her, feeling my climax building rapidly.

“Me too,” Mom panted. “Come inside me, Chase. I want to feel you fill me up.”

Her words and desire pushed me over the edge. I did nothing to hold back the climax. I let go, and with a loud groan, I exploded inside her. I was aware of every spurt that I fired inside her. For every rope that got shot out of my cock was another wave of pleasure that made me squirm and my knees buckle. I had never been so mindful of my orgasm before.

The sensation of my pulsing cock triggered Mom’s own orgasm. She moaned like never before, her pussy clenching around me as waves of pleasure washed over her. I could feel her whole body trembling beneath me as she climaxed, and her pussy gripped my erection for what felt like an eternity of bliss.

She caught her breath, her eyes sweeping over me. “Oh Chase,” she moaned. “That was incredible.”

I collapsed on top of her, both of us panting heavily, and her breasts softened the impact. Mom’s arms wrapped around me, holding me close as we basked in the afterglow. I could feel my cock bathing in my cum and her juices as it slowly softened inside her.

After a few moments, I lifted my head to look at her. Mom’s cheeks were flushed, her hair tousled, and she had the most

blissful smile on her face. She looked years younger as if she was a teenager having sex for the first time.

"How do you feel?" I asked softly.

"Amazing," she replied, caressing my cheek. "I haven't felt this good in so long. Thank you, sweetie. You're everything a mother could possibly want."

"That means the world to me." I leaned down and kissed her tenderly. "I'm glad I could make you feel good. I love you."

"I love you too," she murmured against my lips.

We lay there for a while longer, enjoying the warmth of the sun and each other's bodies and the aftermath of climaxing.

Suddenly, Mom's phone rang. It was on the table. She glanced thoughtfully at it, probably trying to figure out who was calling her. "Oh, that's right. It's probably Luna."

"Oh," I said. I really wanted to lie here for a lot longer, hugging and kissing her. But I didn't want to leave my dear sister out in the cold. "You should probably answer her."

"You're so caring," she said as I slowly pulled my cock out from her hole, dragging a river of cum with me. I helped her up to her feet, and she hurried to her phone. Luna didn't even give Mom a chance to call back. She called her back immediately.

"I'm so sorry, darling," Mom answered. "Yes, I know I'm late. Accept my apology, I'll come right now ... Yes, Chase is with me ... I'm sure he wants to come with me ... Alright ... Alright, give me twenty minutes. Bye bye. Do you want to come?"

"Sure," I said.

We quickly cleaned up and got dressed to go pick up Luna. As we drove, I couldn't stop thinking about what had just happened between Mom and me. The memory of her soft skin, her passionate moans and the feeling of being inside her was still fresh in my mind.

Mom seemed to sense my thoughts. She reached over and squeezed my thigh gently. "That was wonderful, sweetie," she said softly. "I hope we can do it again soon."

I nodded eagerly. "Definitely," I replied. "Anytime you want."

"I'm not sure how to tell Luna though," Mom said.

"That won't be needed ... She'll notice how much happier you look, and I already told her."

"That's right," Mom said, letting her shoulders slump. "I feel your seed. They're so warm and creamy."

"Uhm, you won't become pregnant, right?"

"Don't worry about it," she said as carefree as Luna. "I'll just take the morning-after pill."

We arrived at Julia's house, and both of them were already waiting on the porch, Luna's face lit up when she saw us. She hugged Mom first, then threw her arms around me. "Hi," she said, squeezing me extra hard in the hug.

"Hi," I said, sighing in relief as I got to hold her again. Julia was in the background, her cheeks pinkening. She also wore glasses and had light brown hair and an impressive, natural bust that strained against her top. I found her attractive, but for now, I just wanted my sister. "Did you two have a lot of fun?"

"We did," she said. "She wants to say hi to you too."

After Luna broke the hug, I greeted Julia. She was as sweet as I'd imagined her to be, the complete opposite of a bully. She asked me if I wanted water or some fruit, but I told her I was fine. Luna also made sure to hug her goodbye for now, and they mentioned Julia sleeping over at our place.

As we drove home, Luna chattered excitedly about her sleepover with Julia. I noticed Mom glancing at us in the rearview mirror, a soft smile on her face. "Mom, you look a thousand times happier."

"It's because I have you two," she said.

"But you have had us for a while now," Luna said.

"Your brother was extra sweet to me this morning."

Luna's eyes widened at the clue. "Have you been ... Have you?"

"I told you," I reminded her.

A blush crept up on Luna's cheeks. "So, we don't have to keep it a secret any longer?"

"Not in front of me," Mom said. "But I would be careful of who you tell it to."

"Because of the evil society," Luna pointed out, and she turned to me, whispering, "How was it to have sex with Mom?"

"You don't have to whisper," our mother reminded her.

"My bad," Luna said eagerly. "It's just what I'm used to."

"It felt great," I answered her. "I think she needed it."

"I did," Mom said, smiling.

"Did you ignore your needs just for us?" Luna asked her.

"Yes, but I also don't find many men attractive. I wanted Chase," she admitted, which I knew came from her heart, especially after all that lovemaking.

"I love him too," Luna said and leaned her head against me. "I always have."

"I have always loved both of you too," I told them and wished Mom could sit here with us, embracing us.

We arrived back, and I took Luna's bag to her bedroom. While we stood there, she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me right on the lips. I palmed her young buttocks while responding to her sudden kiss. It wasn't as deep as some of our other kisses, but she came off my lips, looking happier than ever. "Thank you for taking care of our mother."

"Hey, we take care of each other," I said, pushing some of her

hair behind her ears. "We're family after all."

"Yes, but I feel so much better that she can have you too," she said.

"You sure you don't mind having an open relationship?"

"Nuh-uh," she said. "That's a tradition from the cursed society. I'll only be with you, but if you want to make another woman happy then that will make me happier."

I hugged her closer. "I'm not sure how to express my gratitude."

"Neither am I," she said. "For everything you've done for me."

"Now that Mom knows ... Can we sleep together like we did together at Cristy's farm?"

"Of course," I said and was looking forward to entering her again.

"I thought of maybe playing video games late at night and watching porn together," she said, lowering her voice.

I smiled, and my cock responded accordingly. "I should've listened to you from the start. Mom certainly didn't care."

She pushed her glasses up her nose. "Told you."

Mom made some omelets for lunch that we ate together. Luna continued to talk about what they'd been up to and what kind of dishes they cooked. The more I heard about Julia, the more I liked her. Afterward, Luna resorted to streaming on Twitch, and I decided to go to the gym.

* * *

When I got back, it was already time for dinner, and Mom had ordered pizza, which she didn't do too often.

"Well, this is a nice surprise," I said.

"Hope it's okay with you," Mom said, setting the table.

"Once in a while's fine," I replied. "Is she still gaming?"

"Pretty sure," Mom said, heading inside. "Luna! Dinner!"

Luna came running down the stairs in her Pikachu dress, her cheeks painted red. She sniffed the air, grinning. "Ooh, smells like pizza!"

"Yep," Mom said with a smile.

"About time!" Luna said excitedly.

We all sat down and dug into the pizza, slice after slice disappearing.

"Were there many people there?" Mom asked.

"Not really," I said. "Most of them have probably left for vacation."

"You're probably right."

"I was thinking of something while I was there though," I said.

"I don't want to move back to Los Angeles."

Luna dropped her slice of pizza. "Really? You want to stay here with us?"

"Yes," I said. "Especially after what we've gone through. But regardless of our relationship, I've missed both of you."

Luna wrapped her arms around me, almost falling off the chair while trying to hug me. "Careful!" Mom had to remind her.

She slightly loosened her grip. "I was afraid you might go back and we had to resort to a long-distance relationship."

"No," I told her. "I want to stay here with you two."

Mom couldn't hold back her joy either. "I'm glad ... You'll always be welcome."

After we'd finished the pizza, they took the dishes while I sat outside, enjoying the sight of the declining sun. It wasn't a difficult decision to make. I belonged with my family, and I didn't want Luna or my mother to feel upset because I left. I

didn't want to find another girlfriend. I wanted Mom, Luna and Cristy, possibly Julia too. They were all loyal to me instead of taking a gamble with a girl from the street.

"Mom?" Luna asked her in the kitchen.

"What is it, darling?"

"Can I have Chase for tonight?"

"Of course," she said with a chuckle.

"I also want you to have him now and then," she said.

"I'll let you know when I'm aroused," she said and kissed her. "But he took care of me this morning, so you can have him tonight."

"Can we also borrow a porn from your collection?" she asked. "We want to play video games and watch a movie late up in the evening."

"That's fine," Mom said. "But don't stay up too late."

"Okay, thank you!" Luna said. I heard her scurrying up the stairs.

Mom came out to me, extending her hands to me and lifting me to my feet. She enveloped me in a warm hug. "Thank you for staying with us. I've missed you equally as much as your sister."

"It's okay," I said. "It wasn't a difficult decision to make, just listening to my heart."

"And you have a heart of gold," Mom said, giving me a light squeeze that reminded me of her beautiful boobs. "Do you need help moving?"

"Probably, but that's a couple of weeks from now on."

"I'm just excited," Mom said, squeezing me again before Luna came rushing down.

"Chase, do you want to stream with me?"

"Sure," I said.

Mom let go of me, kissing me on the lips instead of on my forehead.

Luna led me up to her room, where she had her gaming setup. She settled into her chair and patted the chair next to her for me to sit. I took a seat as she turned on her computer.

“What game do you want to play?” she asked.

“Whatever you’re in the mood for,” I replied, wrapping an arm around her shoulders.

Luna scrolled through her library before selecting Mario Kart. As the game loaded, she looked at me. “Are you ready?”

“Sure, show me your audience.”

She turned on her camera and microphone. “Hi everyone!” she greeted her viewers. “I’ve got a special guest with me today—my big brother Chase!”

I waved at the camera. “Hey guys.”

“He might look big and strong, but I’ll kick his ass,” she teased.

We exchanged glances, and I just wanted to fuck her at that moment, but we raced, trash-talking each other good-naturedly as Luna’s chat cheered us on. I was rusty, so Luna beat me in most rounds. But I didn’t mind—I was just enjoying spending time with her.

One hour in, Mom knocked on the door. “Come in!” Luna said and turned to the camera. “I think it’s Mom.”

Mom opened the door, dressed in her nightgown and newly showered. “Can you please tone it down? I’m going to bed now.”

“Sorry,” Luna said and respected Mom’s words immediately.

“It’s fine ... sweet dreams you two.”

“You too, Mom,” we said in unison.

“Jinx!” Luna exclaimed, punching my shoulder. “You owe me a coke.”

"I'll give you one after this," I told her. We exchanged glances again, and we both knew what I was talking about.

"*Luna*," Mom reminded her again.

Luna's hand flew to her mouth. "Whoops, sorry. I didn't mean to scream that out loud."

Mom gently closed the door, and we continued to race, trying to keep the trash talk to a minimum.

After about two hours of streaming, Luna wrapped up the broadcast. She hopped into my lap, snuggling up to me. "What did you think of Twitch?"

"It was fun," I told her, gently palming her ass.

"I had some plans for tonight," she said with a mischievous glint in her eyes.

"Porn?"

"How did you know?"

"I heard your conversation with Mom in the kitchen."

"Oh, I wanted to surprise you," she said.

"I still don't know which one it is," I told her.

"Pornos of the Caribbean," she said, trying to stifle a giggle. "I brought the DVD, so we can watch it on my TV while we're in bed."

I nodded eagerly. Luna grabbed the DVD Mom had lent us and then led me to her bed. We checked out the cover: A hot blonde flashing her tits on a tropical beach. "Wow, she's hot."

"She has nice tits," Luna said and turned the case around. The cover on the back featured her sucking off another muscular man.

"Let's watch it," I told her, feeling the same excitement as when we'd first watched porn together.

She jumped to the floor and crawled to the DVD. She still hadn't changed her Pikachu outfit. She slid the disc inside and

hopped up to me. We snuggled up together as she started the porn film.

The movie opened up with a busty blonde shipwrecked in the Caribbean. She found some fruits, eating till the juices dribbled down her chin and cleavage. She also found a perfect waterfall, taking off her clothes and showering nude.

Luna and I watched intently as the blonde actress showered under the waterfall, her curves glistening with water. Luna snuggled closer to me, her hand resting on my thigh.

"She has such nice boobs," Luna whispered. "Do you think mine will ever get that big?"

I kissed her forehead. "You're perfect just the way you are."

A muscular pirate appeared, watching the blonde bathe. He stepped out from behind a tree, startling her.

"Oh no, a pirate!" the blonde gasped dramatically. "What shall I do?"

Luna giggled. "The acting is so bad."

"That's not really what people watch these for," I pointed out with a chuckle.

The pirate approached the naked blonde. "Arr, what do we have here? A beautiful maiden all alone?"

"Please sir," the blonde pleaded. "I'm just a poor shipwrecked girl. I have nothing to offer you."

"Oh, I think you have plenty to offer me," the pirate growled, eyeing her body hungrily.

He pulled her close and began fondling her breasts. The blonde moaned.

Luna shifted, and I could feel myself getting hard. She glanced back at me with a sly smile. "Getting excited, big brother?"

"Maybe a little," I admitted.

The pirate took off his clothes, revealing a body that looked

more like a Greek God than a pirate. The pirate's massive erection sprang free as he stripped off his pants. The blonde actress gasped dramatically at the sight.

I could feel my own cock straining against my pants as we watched the pirate bend the blonde over a conveniently placed rock. He thrust into her roughly from behind as she cried out in exaggerated pleasure.

Luna squirmed. "Chase..." she breathed. "I'm getting so turned on."

"Me too," I admitted, my hands roaming over her body.

She turned to face me, her blue eyes filled with desire behind her glasses. "Can we...recreate some of this?"

"Absolutely," I said, capturing her lips in a passionate kiss while the porno played in the background.

Swinging her leg over my thighs, Luna moaned into my mouth as our tongues danced together. We hadn't kissed for a couple of days, so it felt good to finally taste her mouth again. My hands slid under her Pikachu dress, caressing her soft skin. She ground her hips against mine, creating a delicious friction.

"I want you so bad," Luna whimpered as we broke apart for air.

"I want you too," I replied huskily. "Let's get these clothes off."

We quickly stripped, tossing our garments aside. Luna's beautiful breasts were topped with stiff pink nipples. My cock stood at full attention, aching to be inside her taboo love hole.

I gently pushed Luna onto her back and straddled her legs. "Arr," I said playfully. "What do we have here?"

"I'm just a shipwrecked girl. I have nothing to offer you," she said demurely.

"Then what is this?" I asked and cupped her wet pussy.

"It's just my innocent vagina ... Please don't stab me with your

dangerous sword.”

“I think I will,” I said fiercely.

Luna giggled as I positioned myself between her legs. “Please be gentle, Mr. Pirate,” she said playfully, batting her eyelashes at me.

I lined up my cock with her entrance, rubbing the head along her wet slit. “I’ll try, fair maiden,” I growled in my best pirate voice.

Slowly, I pushed inside her tight pussy. We both moaned as I sank deeper, her warm walls gripping me snugly. Once I was as deep inside her as she allowed me to, I paused to savor the sensation. Yup, her vagina was almost identical to Mom’s except Luna was a bit tighter, and what a treasure both of them had.

“Oh, Mr. Pirate,” Luna whimpered, wrapping her legs around my waist. “You feel so good inside me.”

“Hmm, you too, fair maiden,” I said. I began to move, thrusting in and out of her slick canal. The sounds of our lovemaking mingled with the exaggerated moans coming from the TV. It was about time I fucked her again, reminding me of how much I missed my sexy little sister. The roleplay made everything feel special, reminding me I wasn’t with some lifeless bimbo, but a sweet, one-of-a-kind girl who happened to be my little sister.

I planted kisses along her neck as I gently slid in and out of her love hole, stretching her precious pussy.

“Yes, just like that,” she cried out. “Oh, I’m getting close.”

I could feel my orgasm building rapidly. The sensation of her warm, wet pussy gripping my cock combined with the erotic sounds she was making and the porn playing in the background was driving me wild.

It didn't take us long before we both curled our toes and moaned deeper. We reached the peak simultaneously, I emptied myself inside her while I lay on top of her, kissing her sweet neck.

We clung to each other as we rode out our climaxes together. I could feel her pussy milking every last drop from my cock as her walls continued to embrace me.

Finally, we collapsed in a sweaty, satisfied heap. "Oh, you stabbed me real good," she said, making us both giggle.

"I hope we didn't wake up Mom," I told her, looking her in the eyes.

We held our breaths and couldn't hear anything. "I think it's fine," she said. "Should we watch the movie till the end?"

"Sure," I said.

We spooned. She backed her ass against my crotch while I snaked my arm under hers, fondling her boobs as we watched the porno.

Luna and I lay entwined, our bodies still tingling from our intense lovemaking. The pirate and blonde were doing some exotic positions. The blonde was backed against a palm tree while her left foot sat firmly on the pirate's shoulder.

"Do you think we could do that?" she asked.

I chuckled. "Maybe with a lot of yoga first."

We watched till the very end. They went through so many positions, and so many scenes, but they ended it with a nice, creamy facial. I wasn't sure why, but I ended up liking early-2000s porn better than what we had today. Even if the acting sucked, it was still enjoyable to watch.

As the credits rolled, Luna yawned and snuggled closer to me. It felt great to finally fall asleep, guilt-free. I knew I'd make the right decision to move back here. I didn't see it as a downgrade—

I just realized I'd jumped into life a little too quickly. I was reminded of how fun it used to be to play video games with my sister, and how good it felt to help her or Mom with anything. It was just more comforting. It was here I belonged.

Luna twisted her neck and kissed my lips. "Goodnight ... sleepyhead."

"Good night," I said. "My adorable sister."

Epilogue

I brought the last box into my bedroom and dusted off my hands. It was late July, and I had just moved back to. It felt great to move back here again. When I returned to LA to get my stuff, I wanted to get back here as quickly as possible. I felt homesick immediately, and I couldn't deal with the noise pollution either.

While I was here, I had spent almost every day with Luna or helping Mom out at work. I was glad I could spend time with them, making up for what was lost. I would soon have to start working more, so I spent as much time as possible with my family before I would be busier. I had lost count of how many pornos Luna and I had watched together, and how many positions we had experimented with. Mom had also happily taught her some yoga to become more flexible. It was hot to watch both of them on the lawn. Mom would help her with the stretches, not afraid to touch her daughter "inappropriately". It was impossible to concentrate while they were at it, and Mom would sometimes ask her more intimate questions, whether she felt any pain from sex or so on.

Cristy would soon come over for lunch, and then I had promised to be with Luna since tomorrow I had to get back

to work. However, I had promised her that I would spend the evenings, nights and weekends with my family.

"Was that the last one?" Mom asked me.

She was dressed in a pink pencil dress, her hair cascading down her body that I had seen naked so many times by now. "Yes," I said. Ever since we'd started having sex with each other, she was glowing like rays from the sun. The best part of it was that it was infectious.

"Let's head downstairs, Cristy will soon be here."

We also had sex many times before, even at their florist shop, which Mom didn't seem to mind. It was something so hot to just bend her over against the wall and fuck her there in the storage room. We always did it raw too.

"I'm not sure if I'll find time to unbox them," I said.

"There's plenty of time later. If you don't make it, you can just sleep in my bed," Mom said with a wink, which was something I'd love to do.

I descended the stairs, and Luna was outside grilling sandwiches for us. She was dressed in a mini skirt and a top. She was doing a lot better at Twitch these days, earning two thousand dollars a month. Because I had helped out my mother financially, Luna could go to college if she wanted to, and we would cover the cost, but she didn't want to. I kind of predicted her answer because of her old scars. Her heart was healed now, so I didn't want anything vicious to happen to her again.

While Mom set the table, I went to her by the grill, seeing the cheese melt down the sides of the bread. "It smells amazing," I said.

"Yes," she said happily. "Mom taught me this recipe. There's spinach, pulled turkey, cheese, sauce, tomatoes, avocados, butter and plenty of spices."

"Mom taught you well," I said.

Luna beamed at me as she flipped the sandwiches. "I'm glad you're back home for good now," she said softly. "I missed you so much when you were in LA."

I wrapped my arm around her waist and kissed her cheek. "I missed you too, sis. I'm not going anywhere now."

We heard a car pulling into the driveway. "That must be Cristy," Luna said.

Mom went to greet her friend at the door while Luna and I brought the sandwiches to the table. Cristy walked in, her red hair bouncing and her curves on full display in a tight sundress.

"Hi Chase," she said, giving me a hug and kiss on the cheek. "Welcome home."

"Thanks, Cristy," I replied, enjoying the feel of her body pressed against mine.

We all sat down to eat, chatting and laughing as we enjoyed the delicious sandwiches. Cristy kept giving me flirtatious looks across the table. "Good job, Luna," Cristy said, licking the cheese from her fingers.

"It was Mom who taught me," she said, beaming in her direction.

"So you won't be stopping over as often as you've done lately?" Cristy asked, making a sad face.

"No, I'll be busy too," I said.

"Cristy, you're welcome to come over anytime you want," Mom said and patted her hand.

"A sleepover?" Cristy asked with a grin.

"Sure thing," Mom said with a wink. "There's plenty of space in my bed."

"For Chase too, right?" Cristy asked.

"You bet," Mom reassured her.

I wasn't surprised to see Cristy's grin. She had admitted to having an incest fetish before, so she look hornier than usual. She asked how our polyamorous, incestuous relationship was going, and we only had positive things to say.

"I don't want to hog him for myself," Luna said and glanced at Mom. "I want Mom to be loved too."

"You have raised such wonderful children," Cristy said with hints of envy. "All by yourself too."

"I've done my part of the job, but they sure have fulfilled it," Mom said, her gaze softening to a smile.

"Have you done a threesome yet?" she asked.

"Not yet," Mom said. "But we talked about it later today, since I owe my daughter some lessons."

Luna nodded eagerly, and I could tell Cristy was becoming aroused just by the suggestion.

After the sandwiches, we ate some ice cream. Cristy and Mom talked about their florist shop while Luna and I looked at trailers for upcoming games.

When it was time for her to leave, we all hugged her goodbye, but she stopped at the foyer, her eyes flitting from mine to Mom. "About the threesome ... how about next week?"

Mom looked at me. "What do you say, can you handle two older and more experienced women?"

"If you can handle my libido," I said, making them both chuckle.

Mom turned to Cristy. "Next week will be fine," Mom said.

Cristy made sure to plant a kiss right on my lips and hug Mom an additional time. "You're the best friend and mother in the world."

"Cristy, you're also the best friend in the world," Mom said. When I saw them mash their tits like that, I felt my cock stir.

Since I'd seen them nude several times, it wasn't difficult to picture the threesome, making out with Mom while Cristy sucked me, or licking Cristy while Mom rode me. I had Mom and my little sister first though.

We waved Cristy goodbye and closed the door.

"Mom," Luna said.

"What is it?"

"You'll give me some sex lessons later, right?"

"I told you so," Mom said with a chuckle. "I guess it's back to school."

Luna laughed. "I had this great idea. Me and Chase will dress up as students, and you'll be our sexy teacher. Will you do it?"

"Anything for you, sweetheart," Mom said, leaning down to kiss her on the cheek.

Luna beamed up to me. "Soon I'll be able to deepthroat you too."

It sure was something I looked forward to. "But after dinner, sweetie," Mom said. "I have to answer some emails and phone calls first."

Luna snatched my hand. "Let's play Smash!"

"Can you please play down here instead?" Mom asked us. "I need some peace upstairs."

"It's fine," Luna said. As Mom ascended the stairs, Luna loaded and turned on the TV and Switch. "Catch!"

She tossed me the controller, and I caught it. It was the same one she'd masturbated with.

Settling down on the couch, we selected our characters, Luna kept glancing at me and giggling.

"I'm gonna crush you," she teased, nudging me with her elbow.

"Oh it's on, little sis," I shot back with a grin.

We started our first match. Ever since getting back here, I

had gotten some of my skills back, but Luna was still sharp, her fingers flying over the controller. She won most of the rounds.

As we played more rounds, Luna kept finding excuses to touch me—brushing her leg against mine, leaning into me when she laughed, playfully shoving me when I won a match. Her excitement was clearly noticeable, her eyes shining brightly behind her glasses as she gazed at me between rounds.

“Take that, big bro!”

I couldn’t help but laugh at her excitement. “Lucky shot,” I teased.

As we waited for the next round, Luna turned to me, her cheeks flushed. “I’m so glad you’re here,” she said softly. Her hand found mine, giving it a gentle squeeze. I squeezed back, feeling a warm glow in my chest.

We selected our characters for the next match. As the countdown began, Luna leaned in close. The match began and we battled fiercely, our characters leaping and striking across the screen. Luna’s tongue poked out slightly as she concentrated, but I concentrated as well, and this time I beat her.

I turned to her, blowing her a raspberry. “You punch buttons like Snorlax.”

“Hey! That’s my line,” she said and narrowed her eyes at me. “Oh, you’re gonna pay for that!”

She lunged at me, her fingers seeking out my most ticklish spots. I yelped and tried to squirm away, but she was relentless. We tumbled off the couch onto the carpet, rolling around as Luna tickled me mercilessly.

“Stop! I give up!” I laughed, trying to catch her hands.

“Never!”

We wrestled playfully, rolling back and forth across the

floor. Luna's glasses were askew, her hair wild as she giggled uncontrollably. I managed to flip us over so I was on top, pinning her hands above her head.

"Got you now, little sis," I grinned down at her.

Luna squirmed beneath me, her chest heaving as she caught her breath. I was suddenly very aware of how close our bodies were pressed together. Her skirt had ridden up, exposing her smooth thighs. As she shifted, trying to break free, her leg brushed against my crotch. Tickles for us had become our foreplay. Before, we were just flirting.

A jolt of arousal shot through me. Almost involuntarily, I ground my hips down, rubbing myself against her thigh. Luna's eyes widened, her lips parted slightly as she felt my growing hardness.

Mom opened the door. "Luna, Chase! Please, tone it down. I'm on the phone."

"Sorry," Luna yelled and then lowered her voice, "We can just lie like this."

"Sure," I said, reveling in the comfortable sensation of having her below me. "We have to enjoy this while it lasts."

"Yeah," she said, her voice lowering. "We'll still have time for fun when you start work, right?"

"Yes ... Your bedroom is next to mine after all."

"I know," she said, smiling. "I can't wait for Mom's lessons."

"Neither can I," I said, pushing her hair behind her ears.

"Oh, I don't think I have a teaching costume for Mom," she said.

"We can go and buy it for her," I told her.

"Okay, I'll just run up and ask."

I rolled off her even if I didn't want to. She scurried up the stairs and waited for Mom to finish the phone call. "Mom?"

"Yes."

"Do you have a teacher costume?"

"No," she said. "I thought you had one?"

"Yeah ... but you're taller than me, and your tits are bigger. Me and Chase can go buy one for you."

"That's fine, just drive safe."

"Okay," Luna said.

We drove to an adult store where Luna had gotten her other outfits from. I was a bit nervous since I'd never been to such a store in my life, but Luna took my hand and said, "It will be fine. The lady working there is really nice."

Trusting her, Luna and I walked into the adult store, hand in hand. She led me straight to the costume section, her eyes lighting up as she scanned the racks.

"Ooh, look at this one!" Luna held up a skimpy plaid skirt and tight white blouse. "What do you think? Would Mom look hot in this?"

"Psst!" I reminded her and looked around. "Let's call her our goddess instead."

She giggled. "Fine." As we searched, Luna kept holding up increasingly sexy teacher outfits, giggling at my reactions. I had to admit, imagining Mom or Luna in some of those costumes was getting me worked up. We settled for the hottest we would find, which reminded us of a porno we'd watched the previous week.

"Oh! We need accessories too," Luna said. She skipped over to a display of props and grabbed a ruler and a pair of glasses. "Can't be a teacher without these!"

"You're damn right," I said and admired her imagination as always.

As we waited in line to check out, Luna leaned in close and

whispered, "I can't wait to see our goddess in this outfit. Do you think she'll spank us if we're naughty students?"

My little sister knew how to make my cock hard. "I'm sure she will," I murmured back. "We'll have to misbehave and find out."

Luna giggled and squeezed my hand. The cashier gave us a knowing look as she rang up our items, but Luna just smiled brightly.

On the drive home, Luna could barely contain her excitement. "This is going to be so fun! I hope Mom likes the costume we picked."

"I'm sure she will," I assured her.

When we got home, Luna ran up the stairs to show Mom what we'd bought. I followed more slowly, my mind already racing with possibilities for our roleplay later, seeing them taking turns sucking and fucking me.

Mom was in her bedroom, having finished her work calls. Her eyes widened as Luna held up the sexy teacher outfit.

"Oh my," she said with a laugh. "You two certainly didn't hold back."

"Try it on!" Luna urged.

"After dinner," Mom said. "You need to learn to relax. I like to take my time when it comes to sex."

"Oh," she said, slightly disappointed.

Mom patted her back. "Let's do some yoga together."

"Will you watch?" Luna asked me.

"You know I love to watch you two," I said.

Luna beamed at me as Mom led us out to the backyard. They unrolled their yoga mats while I settled into a lounge chair to watch.

Mom guided Luna through some gentle warm-up stretches.

As the lowering sun shone upon them, they both glowed. It looked as if both of them had sprinkled gold dust over their hair. I couldn't help but admire how flexible they both were, and I knew that yoga was tougher than it looked from when I had sex with Mom for the first time.

Luna's petite body moved fluidly from pose to pose, while Mom guided her.

"Now let's try some partner poses," Mom suggested.

Mom guided Luna into a seated back-to-back pose. They pressed their backs together, legs stretched out in front. Mom reached her arms overhead, encouraging Luna to do the same.

"Now lean forward slowly," Mom instructed. "I'll support your weight as you stretch."

Luna followed her directions, bending forward over her legs as Mom leaned back. I watched as Luna's top rode up slightly, exposing a strip of smooth skin at her lower back. Mom's hands gently pressed against Luna's shoulder blades, helping her deepen the stretch.

"How does that feel, sweetie?" Mom asked.

"So good," Luna sighed. "I can really feel it in my hamstrings."

They held the pose for a few breaths before slowly coming back up. Mom turned to face Luna, guiding her into a seated straddle position.

"Now reach for my hands," Mom said, extending her arms.

Luna clasped Mom's hands, and they began to gently pull back and forth, creating a rocking motion that stretched their inner thighs and groins. "Is this good for sex?" Luna asked, glancing at me.

"Yes, honey," Mom said with a grin.

"Great," Luna said, winking at me.

I shifted in my seat, trying to discreetly adjust myself as I

grew aroused watching them.

After a few more partner poses, Mom had Luna lay on her back for some final stretches. She gently pushed Luna's knee towards her chest, then across her body into a spinal twist. Her hands moved over Luna's body, encouraging her into deeper stretches.

They finished up with some cooling stretches. Both were slightly sweaty and flushed as they rolled up their mats.

"That was a great session," Mom said, giving Luna a kiss on the cheek. "You're getting so strong and flexible."

"Thanks. It's fun doing yoga with you ... How did I do, big bro?"

"Certainly better than me," I said.

"He wasn't bad," Mom said. "It's a shame I haven't managed to talk him into it again."

"Wear skimpier clothes and I'm sure he wants to spend time with you," Luna said jokingly, making us all laugh.

* * *

After we'd eaten dessert, we sat on the outdoor sofa and talked about life in general. Luna was still impatiently waiting for her sex lessons. "Alright," Mom said. "I'll go to my bedroom and dress up as a teacher, okay?"

"Finally," Luna said.

Mom ascended the stairs. It was about time we would have a threesome together. Hopefully, it would open up the doors for us to sleep together. "I'll dress up as a sexy student as well," Luna said.

"Sure thing," I said. "When I was in school, I just wore something casual."

"That's fine," Luna said. "We just need your cock anyway."

She ran up the stairs, and I leaned back, watching the stars in the sky and being grateful for our open relationship. I didn't have to deal with ungrateful girls, being afraid to be stabbed in the back, or even worry about flirting with someone else. Although I didn't want to be with someone that Luna didn't like.

I went upstairs, just in time when Luna stepped outside, dressed in a skimpy schoolgirl outfit—a tiny plaid skirt that barely covered her ass and a tight white blouse tied up to expose her midriff. She grinned at me excitedly. "What do you think?" she asked, twirling around.

"You look super sexy."

"You two can come in," Mom said.

We opened the door, and Mom stood by her dresser, looking absolutely stunning in the sexy teacher costume we'd picked out. The short skirt hugged her curves perfectly, and the blouse strained against her ample breasts. She'd put her hair up in a bun and was wearing the prop glasses we'd bought. She tilted her glasses down. "Are you two naughty students ready for your first lesson?"

"We are," Luna said, twirling her hair on her finger.

"Well then," Mom said and popped a button free on her blouse, revealing more of that delicious valley between her boobs. "The first lesson will be to deepthroat. Luna, take off his shorts and let him lie on my bed."

"Okay, Miss Mother," Luna said.

Luna eagerly helped me remove my shorts and boxers as I lay back on Mom's bed. My cock sprang free, hard enough to crack walnuts. Mom jumped onto the bed, my erection pulling her toward me like a magnet.

"Now Luna, watch closely," Mom instructed, kneeling between my legs. She wrapped one hand around the base of my shaft and slowly licked from my balls up to the tip. I shuddered at the sensation.

"Foreplay like licking the shaft and swirling your tongue around the tip is essential. After it's wet and slick, you can take it into your mouth, but make sure it glides over your tongue and lips without any teeth."

Mom demonstrated, opening her mouth and wrapping her sweet, motherly lips around the tip. "Mmm," Mom moaned as she took me deeper into her mouth. Her lips slid down my shaft, taking more and more of me in. I groaned in pleasure, my hips instinctively bucking up. It was just her wet, warm mouth pleasuring me, and the sensation was so sweet.

Luna watched intently, her eyes wide behind her glasses. "How do you take it so deep without gagging, Miss Mother?" she asked.

Mom came off my cock and pushed her glasses up her nose. "One thing at a time," she said. "Start off with the foreplay and then the key is to relax your throat and breathe through your nose," Mom explained. She demonstrated by taking me into her mouth again, inch by inch, my cock slid effortlessly down her throat until her nose was pressed against my pubic bone. My eyes rolled back in pleasure as I felt the tight squeeze of her throat.

Mom bobbed her head up and down a few times before releasing me with a pop. "See how I breathed steadily the whole time?" she asked Luna.

Luna nodded eagerly. "Can I try now?"

"Go ahead sweetie," Mom encouraged. "Start slow and don't push yourself too hard at first."

Luna replaced Mom between my legs. She took my cock in her small hand. She licked the tip before wrapping her lips around the head.

"That's it," Mom encouraged. "Now try to take a little more."

Luna bobbed her head, taking me a bit deeper with each downward motion. When she got about halfway, she started to gag slightly.

"Relax your throat, honey," Mom instructed. She gently massaged Luna's neck. "Breathe through your nose."

Luna tried again, managing to take me a little deeper this time. Mom praised her efforts, guiding her with gentle touches.

My sister came off and looked up at me through her round glasses. "No teeth?"

I shook my head. "That was wonderful, Luna."

She beamed. "I kind of get it now when she said, 'Glides over your tongue.'"

"That's a good student," Mom said proudly and patted her back.

Luna kept practicing, gradually taking more of my length into her mouth. Her tongue swirled around my shaft as she bobbed up and down. I moaned in pleasure, running my fingers through her soft hair.

"You're doing so well, sweetheart," Mom encouraged. "Now try to relax your throat even more and see how deep you can go."

Luna took a deep breath through her nose and slowly slid her lips down my cock. I felt the head push against the back of her throat. She paused for a moment, then pushed further. Her eyes watered slightly as she suppressed her gag reflex, but she kept going until her nose was pressed against my pelvis.

"Oh," I groaned, overwhelmed by the tight, wet heat envelop-

ing my entire length.

Mom beamed proudly. "Look at you, taking all of your big brother's cock! I'm so proud of you."

Luna held me in her throat for a few seconds before pulling back, gasping for air. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled with excitement.

"I did it!" she exclaimed.

"You sure did," Mom praised, giving her a kiss on the cheek. "How did it feel?"

"Amazing," Luna replied. "I want to do it again."

"And for you?" Mom asked me.

"She does it as well as you now," I said. It wasn't completely true, but I didn't want Luna to feel bad.

My sister dove back down on my erection. Mom watched approvingly as Luna deepthroated me over and over, her technique improving each time.

"Don't forget to use your hands on occasion too," Mom instructed. "Stroke the shaft while you suck the tip then go back to deepthroat, just using your lips."

Luna followed her advice, wrapping her small hand around my cock and pumping in time with her mouth. The dual stimulation was incredible. I moaned loudly, my hips bucking up involuntarily.

"That's it, sweetie," Mom encouraged. "Listen to how much your brother is enjoying it."

Her head bobbed faster as she took me deep into her throat again and again. Her glasses were slightly askew and her cheeks were flushed. She looked up at me with lust-filled eyes as she pleased me. We made eye contact, and it felt so special as if we were looking each other in the heart.

"I think he's getting close," Mom observed. "And it's polite to

ask your man where he wants to finish.”

She came off my cock and gasped for air, her fresh saliva trailing down my shaft. “Where do you want to finish?”

“In your mouth,” I said.

She went back down again, sliding her lips up and down my shaft. I thrust my hips as the pleasure became unbearable.

“Luna, make sure to swallow it all like a good girl,” Mom reminded her, who could easily see that I would soon come.

Five more pumps and I reached the peak. I flooded Luna’s mouth with my sticky cum. To my surprise, she sucked hard, swallowing line after line of cum. “Geeze,” I said, squirming a little of how good that felt.

When there was nothing left, Luna slowly pulled off, licking her lips. “Mmm,” she said. “That was yummy.”

“Good girl,” I said, raking my fingers through her hair. I preferred when she would suck me instead of tickling me till I was laughing my ass off.

“How did I suck him, Miss Mom?” Luna asked with a grin.

“You sucked him well, so you passed the test,” Mom said whole-heartedly.

Luna wrapped her arms around Mom, embracing her eagerly. “I’m sure I’ve more to learn from you though.”

“Let’s take one lesson at a time ... For now, let’s just do a threesome and keep the teachings to a minimum.”

“So what will the next lesson be about?” Luna asked.

“Exotic positions,” Mom said. “But it will require yoga.”

“You sure got me hooked,” Luna said and slumped down next to me. “When will you be hard again?”

“It probably won’t take longer than a couple of minutes. Seeing you two share my erection was the hottest thing I’ve ever seen, especially with your clothes.”

Mom lay down next to me, and I glanced at her teaching outfit and the blouse straining against her breasts. I reached for her boobs and she let me. I squeezed them both. "Hmm," I moaned.

"I'm also getting in the mood," our mother said.

"I have an idea," Luna said mischievously. "I'll cast the Spell of Erection, so you'll grow hard immediately."

Mom and I chuckled. "Be my guest," I told her.

"*Erection!*" Luna exclaimed while poking my cock. It worked, slowly but surely, I hardened, but I was about to become erect anyway. "See there!"

"You better keep that spell a secret," Mom told her daughter. "If you only knew how many men would kill for that ability."

"I will ... It will be a family secret. Now, let's get nude."

"Please, undress each other," I told them.

Mom and Luna exchanged a sultry look before turning their attention to each other. They swung their feet off the bed and met each other in front of it. Luna reached for the buttons on Mom's blouse, slowly undoing them one by one. As the fabric parted, it revealed Mom's lacy black bra underneath.

"You wore such sexy lingerie for us, Miss Mother," Luna noted.

Mom smiled. "Only the best for my star pupils."

She shrugged off the blouse as Luna's hands moved to unzip the tight skirt. Mom wiggled her hips, letting the skirt fall to the floor. She stood there in just her bra and panties.

"Your turn, my naughty student," Mom said, reaching for Luna's tied-up blouse.

She untied it swiftly, exposing Luna's perky breasts. Luna hadn't bothered with a bra under her costume. Mom's hands cupped Luna's breasts, thumbs brushing over her nipples.

“So beautiful,” Mom murmured.

Luna moaned softly at her touch. Her hands found the clasp of Mom’s bra, unhooking it deftly. Mom’s full breasts spilled free as Luna slid the straps down her arms.

I watched in awe as my sister and mother undressed each other, their hands roaming and caressing newly exposed skin. Soon they were both completely naked, pressed close together. Luna looked a bit unsurely up to her. “Why are you nervous?” Mom asked her.

“We’ve never been so close,” she said with hints of excitement.

“Will a kiss warm you up for it ...? I’m sure your brother will love it.”

She nodded eagerly, and Mom leaned down to meet her daughter’s lips. Wow ... Was all I could think as I watched them make out.

As Luna and Mom kissed passionately, their hands roamed each other’s bodies. Luna’s fingers tangled in Mom’s long blonde hair while Mom’s hands cupped Luna’s young breasts, thumbs circling her nipples. They pressed their bodies together, skin against skin.

Finally, they broke apart, both flushed and breathless. I could tell my little sister liked it, but she glanced at me “Did you enjoy the show, big brother?” Luna asked.

“God yes,” I groaned. “That was incredible.”

Mom crawled onto the bed, her voluptuous body on full display. Luna stood a bit in the background, looking a bit shy on how to start this threesome “Why don’t you come join us, sweetie?” she said, beckoning Luna. Mom never left a family member behind.

Luna eagerly climbed onto the bed, settling between Mom and me. I pulled Luna in for a deep kiss, tasting Mom on her

lips. As we made out, I felt Mom's hand wrap around my cock, stroking me slowly.

"Mmm, looks like someone's ready for more fun," Mom teased. "Thank goodness for that spell."

Luna broke our kiss and looked down at my erection in Mom's hand. "So how do we start?"

"First, let's get him nice and wet."

They both lowered their heads to my cock and started sucking me. Mom reminded her to look me in the eyes now and then, and it was another delicious blowjob.

After they'd sucked me nice and wet again, we took turns in different positions. I had them line up in doggy style where I alternated between both their wet holes. I also took my mother from the side while she kissed Luna and rubbed her pussy, giving me a potent view of their tongue action. My favorite was when Mom rode me while Luna sat on top of my face. We were in sync, and Luna's honey tasted even better in this position.

It was the hottest night of my life, and I knew it would be difficult to top it.

I finished in missionary as both of them lay side by side. I came first in Mom's pussy before I pulled out and plunged into my sister's slit, letting her tight vagina milk me for my last drops.

In the end, we were all tired and slumped down.

I lay there, squeezed between them. My mother and my little sister, both wrapped their legs around mine, their heat radiating to every inch of my body. "We haven't slept in Mom's bed in ages," Luna murmured, sounding tired from all that fucking.

"You're welcome any night," Mom said, who enjoyed this equally as much as we did.

As we promised each other to have similar nights, I knew I

made the right decision to move in here with them. "Luna," I told her.

"Uh-huh."

"Thank you for taking the first step ... This is everything I could possibly dream of."

Luna pressed her lips to my cheek. "So are you," she said softly without any hints of playfulness. "You and Mom have always been there for me."

"I'm glad ... and I'll always be there for you."

I turned to Mom whose eyes were welling up. She smiled as she released her happy tears, trickling down from her eyes. No words were necessary. They were the happiest tears I'd seen on her cheeks. "Sweet dreams, you two."

"You too, Mom," we said in unison.

"Jinx!" my sister said and punched my shoulder. "You owe me a coke."

"I'll buy you one tomorrow," I murmured as I slowly drifted off to sleep.

Afterword

Want a free, never-before-released book, **Mom's Glory Hole**, exclusive promos and explicit covers? Join my email newsletter at <https://juliusincestus.com/julius-newsletter/>

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