



MOM'S  
WORKING  
NIGHTS  
AT  
THE  
STRIP  
CLUB...

UNTIL  
BIRTHDAY  
BOY  
FINDS  
OUT.

# HAPPY BIRTHDAY. LOVE, MOM

By  
Fake Flower

**INCEST / TABOO**

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Story tags:

Stripping, nudity, ENF, incest, mother/son, oral, blowjob, tease, slow burn, sexual buildup, voyeur, deepthroat, swallowing.

# Table of Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

# Chapter 1

It was my first time coming back home in three years.

When mom called me a week ago and asked me to come home from college for my twenty first birthday, she asked it in such a way that nearly broke my heart. “You have no clue how much I’ve wanted to kiss you goodnight every night,” mom said over the phone, her voice sweet in the way only hers was. “It’s taken your father threatening me with divorce to keep me from calling you constantly. He thinks you’ll find it annoying or something, but, oh, I just missed you!” Her voice felt so... warm. Sure, I was busy, and sure, I was focused, but even the way she peppered every other sentence with an ‘I missed you so much’ was the sweetest thing in the world.

I told her I’d figure out a way to get home in time for my twenty first, and after trying to research out the cheapest way to hitchhike over state lines, mom texted me a link to my plane tickets, already paid for, which was weird since I thought air travel was too expensive for us.

What made the whole deal even more weird was the fact that I was going to sit in ‘premium economy’ class. That’s a huge step up from regular ‘economy’. I figured mom and dad must have really, really missed me to splurge like that.

The flight was great. I got two packets of peanuts and enough leg room to take a nap for the first time ever when flying. But when I saw my parents after landing, there were two things that caught me even more off guard.

The first one was that mom and dad were wearing really, really nice clothes.

Stuff they had never worn before. Stuff with metallic letters, fine stitching, heavy buckles. Ridiculous rich people brands. Mom was wearing a stylish unbuttoned blazer, hanging over a thin silk shirt, and extremely form fitting leggings that looked like khaki. Dad had a watch, thick sunglasses, the dumbest red button up I had ever seen, and suede shoes that I had only seen in mall display cases – except dad was not the kind of guy to wear suede. Until now, I guess.

The second thing was that mom looked... great. More than great. I chalked it up to missing her.

She ran ahead of dad and bowled into me, hugging me tightly. I felt a surprising softness from her breasts, sans bra, pressing against my chest. It was the kind of sensation I already explored at college, where a cohort of extra liberal, sex positive girls rebelled against wearing bras, and it was strange to feel the same exact feeling with my mother hugging me. “Alex!” She made a squeal as her arms squeezed tight, pressing the familiar feeling of braless tits against me.

“My little college man! After three whole years, my son is back, and he’s not so little anymore!” She looked me up and down. “And you look so... good... Wow, Rodger, take a look at these biceps!” Her hands went over my arms and squeezed them before she returned to another tight hug, squishing her chest against me.

“Hey,” I said, trying to breathe, distracted by what I felt on my core.

“Good flight?” Dad clapped me on the back, hard, just as mom released me. “I wish your mom missed me like that whenever I got back from anywhere.” His joke was enhanced by another painful set of claps on the back.

While mom fussed over what I was wearing, her little hands going up and down my shirt, I noticed that the thin silk shirt she wore seemed to conform to all of her chest, depending on the way her arms went on me. What made it a little more uncomfortable was that the unbuttoned blazer kept opening, and the slight indent of what could have possibly been nipples kept poking against the front of the fabric. I looked up, trying to be polite.

“You guys are dressed really, really nice,” I observed out loud.

Dad gave a toothy smile. “Oh, these digs?”

“Do you like it?” Mom lifted a foot behind her to show off the elegant lines on her shoe. Her leg was tight, fit. The leg of a much, much younger woman. “This one’s by Erryl Han.” She started naming the different companies that made each of her clothes. I hadn’t even heard of some of them. It was weird – we normally identified as a Target family that dabbled in Costco clothes. Getting anything from a mall or a high-end store was taboo, the kind that messed with dad’s retirement projections. But for some reason, they didn’t seem to care about how expensive this stuff was.

Not that it didn’t look amazing, for mom at least. While dad looked like he just stepped out of a public service announcement for midlife crises, mom was in

MILF territory – the kind of look that made young guys like me fantasize about becoming sugar babies.

I was not fantasizing. At least, I didn't want to. That would have been weird.

But she did look great.

Mom really was beautiful, even without the fancy clothes. A pretty, angled face, a straight nose, long, dark brown hair, the kind of woman you'd expect to see in a corporate office. She always kept makeup minimal since she worked accounting in a few different companies when I was young, but all the makeup stopped when I got to high school, since dad finally made enough for her to stay home. I remember liking it when she used to go out to work, not just because it gave me a little extra privacy, but in the moments before she left, and even when she came back, she looked put together, purposeful. Elegant.

But this look, especially with the way the shirt clung to her chest, it was sexy.

Too sexy.

Every time she made an excited movement, I saw a movement on her chest where her breasts would shift under the silk. I tried not to look, but the movement drew my gaze every single time – and a nipple, the size of a dime, would occasionally press through, sharp.

We got out of the airport and drifted into the parking lot. Trying to keep from staring at my mom's chest, I kept my head on the swivel for the beat-up Honda my parents drove when I was in high school, but we ended up stopping in front of a brand-new Acura sports sedan. Sleek black. Glossy wheels. An entirely unnecessary spoiler on the back. Touchscreens on the dash. Leather, everywhere. Immediately, warning bells went off, deafening in my head. The price tag on this thing was enough to cover my college for a year. What the hell were they doing driving this?

I vividly remembered the day before I got dropped off at college. Dad pulled me aside and gave me an hour long talk about how I really, really had to be serious about university. He explained that my monthly rent alone would kill several categories of their budget for years, and the student loans they were going to carry for me were going to 'drastically impact' their retirement plans if I didn't graduate and find a way to pay them myself. I remembered exactly how nervous he looked, how he sweated, how he rubbed his hands together, the way he only did when we

were dealing with a serious monetary crisis. Then he threatened to murder kill me if I dropped out or flunked.

But here they were, stress free, unlocking a shiny, new car, which I could only imagine the monthly payments on.

“This looks like a really serious upgrade,” I commented nervously. I took a close look at my father to see if his psyche was cracked from being a stale, suburban dad for too long. I looked at mom too, but as they pulled into the seats of the car, I could tell, they were relaxed, they were chilled out, they were entirely at home in the kind of car that could probably have been traded in for a house.

“Oh, sorry Alex,” dad commented smugly. “I forgot to let you know, we’re a two income family again!”

“Oh,” I said, as if that cleared up anything.

“Yep, a two income family, as of last year,” mom broke in, her voice now starting to show a discernable sign of strain. “So now, we’re doing really well.” It wasn’t a nervous strain, but a practiced strain. It was exactly the way she spoke when she sat on my bed the day I turned ten, and when she explained to me how the birds and the bees worked. A practiced script, with a finger going in and out of a circle made by her index finger and thumb. “Yep. Doing well. And that’s because I got a job!” She turned around and gave a half hearted smile. Her hand formed an okay sign. Just like she did during ‘the talk’.

I must have been looking at her like she was from Mars judging by how her smile fell and she quickly turned around, and I wouldn’t have blamed her. This was a weird conversation. I felt uncomfortable as hell in those seats, which I quickly discovered had a seat warming function.

Why the hell didn’t they tell me about the job? Or this ridiculous car?

While we rolled out of the parking garage, Dad’s voice easily carried over the silence in the perfectly insulated interior. “Yep. Your mom is now a hotel auditor. A night hotel auditor.” He tapped the steering wheel, and then wrapped it up awkwardly. “And so now we’re doing great. And I think that brings us up to speed, doesn’t it, Laura?”

“Sure does,” Mom said, emphatic. She crossed her legs. The length of her thighs was accentuated by the stretch of her leggings. I tried not to compare them to the legs of girls I knew at college, to no success. Her legs looked great. Firm.

When we finally pulled up to the house, it got weirder. A giant thing was parked in front of our garage. I did a double take.

“Uh. Dad? There’s a boat in your driveway.”

“I know!” My dad’s voice suddenly boomed with excitement, while mom seemed to shrink a little in her seat. “Amazing isn’t she?” The boat was exactly as long as our driveway, so even though it was pulled up almost to the garage, its rear poked slightly into the street, only giving it a matter of time before some HOA ordinance would fine them for interrupting traffic as well as creating an eyesore.

“I didn’t know you guys bought a boat.”

Dad opened his mouth and started jabbering while mom uncomfortably shifted. “Yep! Got the *Laguna Azul* at the start of the summer. Your mom’s embarrassed that we’re boat people now—”

“I did not say I was embarrassed that we were boat people, I said—”

“But really, it’s awesome, and your mother is a smokeshow in a bikini—”

“Rodger, please!”

“Alright, alright,” dad waved one hand while guiding the car up the other half of the driveway, barely squeezing in next to the boat. “Alex. Son. Look straight ahead and tell me what you see.”

“A garage door?”

Dad put the car in park and dramatically clicked a button on his sun visor. “Nope. Nirvana.”

The garage door opened and inside...

Was a full workout studio. My jaw dropped as I counted what must have been tens of thousands of dollars worth of cardio equipment, free weights, and safety racks dispersed through what used to be our junk storage. The icing on the cake was the dozens of yards worth of mirrors that covered every single wall. It was dizzying. All of our reflections were multiplied through the maze of exercise gear. My own face was stunned, confused, worried as hell, copied about a dozen times.

“I knew you’d like it,” said dad, grinning.

I did like it, and admittedly, I was blown away, but mom could tell that I was a little freaked out internally. The cost of the installation of everything alone must have been greater than my grocery budget for a year. She had her hand up to the side of her face and rubbed at her temple while she watched dad, who was behaving like a kid who was showing off his innumerable new toys. It’s not that she looked worried. Just slightly embarrassed.

“Wow, this is great,” I tried to fake some enthusiasm and appease dad, who was nodding at me with an open mouthed smile. “You know, I was thinking, I really like college and I’m hoping to go again next year. That’s in the budget, right?”

“Fuck yeah, exercise! Right son?” Dad lifted his hand to give me a high five, clearly not hearing me at all. I returned the high five as mom rolled her eyes and got out of the car while dad went on. “Watch out, kid! Your daddy’s gonna get just as fit as you!” I laughed and nodded nervously at my dad while I lost all count of what my parents had spent over the last year.

We got inside the house. I breathed a huge sigh of relief as I realized that the interior wasn’t that different from when I was last here, before college started. It was the same furniture, the same kitchen. The paint was different, and it definitely looked a lot cleaner, but at least there weren’t any more extravagant purchases that threatened to plunge the family into bankruptcy.

Mom and I went in, leaving dad to flex in the wall mirrors of the garage. Once inside, I started up the stairs to get to my old room, but mom tapped me on the shoulder. “I’m sorry, dear, but since your father bought all of the workout gear, we’ve moved some of our storage items into your room. So it’s a storage room now.” Mom gave a sheepish smile. “You’ll have to sleep on the couch.”

I dropped my bags. “Mom, what the hell is going on?” I felt a little panicked, letting the words rush out. “No offense to either of you, but it looks like dad’s gone fucking nuts with everything he’s bought. How the hell did you get all this stuff? You bought a boat? An actual boat? Did you guys get all this shit on credit?”

Mom took a deep breath. “Language, first off. Second, calm down. My night auditor job, it’s a good one, not that it’s any of your business. When it was just your dad working, we had all our expenses paid for mostly. But with my job added on,

it's all cash – I mean, savings. So stop worrying. We're doing fine. You'll still go to college, and your dad is going to enjoy that monstrosity outside until he gets tired of maintaining it, and then he'll sell it."

"That job must pay pretty great," I mused, still not understanding. "So you paid for this stuff, all cash?"

Mom's attitude shifted. She folded her arms and sternly reprimanded me, just like the way she would before I left. "Don't pry into our personal finances, Alex. It's rude. Now get washed up and ready for dinner – we're going to eat as a family and you're going to remember your manners, even if you were gone for a whole three years. Alright?"

I felt like shrinking. "Alright, mom."

"Thanks, hun." Mom patted my cheek, smiling sweetly at me again. "Oh honey, I missed you so much." She pulled me close. This time, without really thinking about it, I savored the feeling of her pressing against me.

Even with how weird it all was, I was definitely glad to be home.

I guess I really did miss my mom.

## Chapter 2

Dinner was normal, except for the awkward conversation. Dad made sure to ramp up his own work achievements, including the promotion he almost earned, and the health benefits that the whole family got to enjoy. At the mention of the health benefits mom nodded vigorously, patting dad on the leg. Nobody breathed a word about my mom's job as a night auditor.

She didn't bother wearing the blazer during dinner, so all she had on was the silk shirt. Literally every few seconds, she would make a slight turn, and her nipples would press against the fabric, and the edges of her teats would define themselves against the silk. The perfect shape of her breasts was obvious through the shirt, and while I made every effort to keep my eyes on my plate, I kept processing the shape of her cute tits, how they were miraculously still full, swollen and perky, even in her late forties. She didn't seem like she was in that age group at all, if I was being honest with myself.

Was I thinking like this because I hadn't seen her in person in three years? Was it because I had been too busy studying to jerk off for the last week? Or was mom always this hot? I cursed myself and tried to focus on my food instead, but that only worked for as long as mom didn't reach over the table to pass dad something, which made two sharp points on her shirt as her teats hung low with each bend forward.

After dinner, mom and dad went upstairs to get ready for bed, while I sunk into the couch, trying to rest and process everything. I passed the time with television, rumination, the occasional train of thought that ran away with the image of mom's chest under the thin silk. I slapped myself once so I could refocus on a crime show, but it didn't really seem to help.

I needed a distraction, bad.

Then I remembered the gym. I changed and went all the way across the house to where the garage was. There really was a lot in there that any young man would want to take advantage of – power racks, pull up bars, barbells and dumbbells. The stuff that made the best gym memberships so expensive. And effective.

I went in, exploring the space that used to house all our junk, our afterthoughts, now illuminated with bright ceiling lights and the infinite space created by all of the mirrors. In the quarter that used to carry Christmas décor, there was not only a pair of exercise bikes, but also a pair of treadmills. I laughed as I could see my dad's thought process -- it was two of each in case both mom and dad decided they had to use one kind of cardio at the same time. In the corner where my dad once had a ridiculous and never-used pile of contractor grade tools, there were now ordered racks of dumbbells, ranging into weights that I was certain dad would never bother messing with.

It was heaven, tinted with nostalgia, painted with the kind of excess Marie Antoinette would understand. It was home I didn't recognize anymore.

I thought of mom again. Poetic metaphors and themes about returning home to a 'new and improved home' spun around the sudden, new observations I had about her. About her body. The thin, silky shirt. The nips that poked through the fabric. The shape of each tit.

How her breasts felt against me.

*What the fuck is wrong with me?*

I quickly pivoted my thoughts and attacked the weights, distracting myself with as much effort I could summon. I got lucky -- the 'zone' quickly took over, and I was in a space where oxygen, muscle burn, and sets of ten ruled. The time passed easily then. At some point I pulled off my shirt, glorying in the sweat and the lighting that made me look better than I actually was. I could see muscles pumping in the mirrors from several angles, and smiled, agreeing with my dad's admittedly ridiculous choice to completely line the garage with mirrors.

Mid set on the pull up bar, I heard the door into the house creak. A pretty female form stepped daintily down the concrete steps, settling into the garage, head down, hair over her face.

It was mom.

Wearing a cream-colored silk nightgown robe that only went down to the top of her thighs. A thin band of fabric wrapped around her waist -- it was the only thing holding it together. It looked so fragile on her.

And then I realized that she definitely, definitely wasn't wearing a bra. Sharp points poked through it on either side of her chest.

I dropped from the bar, trying to act normal. Like I didn't find my mom suddenly hot after a long absence. "Hey mom, what's up?" She didn't look up to greet me. Instead, she strolled, still looking down, the way she did when she listened to music.

I realized she had some headphones in. She looked focused, distracted. In some other world. I held my breath as I watched her – her firm, long legs crossing in front of each other while she was absorbed in what she was listening to, a gentle hand cradled around her phone. She was so beautiful, and while I didn't mean to keep watching, I couldn't exactly help it. Then she looked up. Her eyes went wide. She smiled. Then awkwardly looked at my chest.

"Oh, Alex! You're... wearing less than usual." A hand went up and over her shoulder. "I didn't think you'd still be up. It's past midnight."

"I had a nap on the plane," I reasoned, now self-conscious about my shirt, which was hiding somewhere behind the equipment, out of sight. "But you're up pretty late too."

She pulled the headphones out and cocked a hip out. "I know. It's this job – really messed with the sleep schedule. Overnight shifts. I actually get to be a night owl again. Get to catch up on some audiobooks." She looked me up and down. "Wow." Her eyes went a little wider. "Alex, you've really... toned up since I saw you last."

I flexed unconsciously, as if she were a girl I were trying to impress.

"Stop," mom giggled and folded her arms, "just because you're more of a man than when you left doesn't mean I'll think of you any differently. You know I'll always think you're handsome."

I tried to change the subject, embarrassed. "What is your schedule like exactly?"

Mom cleared her throat, and walked a little uncomfortably. "It's pretty late. I get in by nine, so I pretend it's still a nine to five."

“And the pay’s good? How much per hour?” I asked with genuine interest. If mom’s job was getting them enough for a boat and all this equipment, then it had to pay great. “I’ll change my major if it means I can get your job.”

Mom glared at me, now visibly shifting. “It’s rude to ask people how much they make.” That was weird. Dad was always up front about dollar amounts, even if they were a little inflated.

“Sorry,” I said.

I got back to pull ups.

With each movement up, I saw mom’s head following my movement. “I... uh... didn’t know you were this strong now.”

I grunted, trying to focus, and finished the set. When I dropped down, breathing hard, I looked at mom and noticed her staring at me, open mouthed. Her eyes were going over my chest, my stomach, my arms. She looked up, making eye contact with me. Her cheeks were already a little pink, but they reddened when we made eye contact. She quickly turned her head, but her eyes went to the mirror, where she could still see me. Her head started turning a few different directions, trying to keep from looking exactly where I was.

“So,” she said, trying to keep the conversation going. “College. Tell me more about it.” She cleared her throat, and shook her head, and her face went back to normal. It was kind of cute. It would have been easier to appreciate just how cute she was acting, if she weren’t my mom.

To keep things relaxed, I started to talk about how things were going on my end. Teachers, girls. I lied and said I wasn’t really going to parties, but I could see mom’s eyes narrowing as I made the dumb statement that I didn’t even like the taste of beer. “Uh huh,” she said skeptically. “I don’t think that’s why you would drink it.”

I finished another set – bench this time, while mom watched. When I got up, her eyes flicked away from me, but otherwise, we were both a little more relaxed. “Well I’m glad you’re making healthy choices,” she said, emphasizing the word ‘healthy’. “I know you’ve got potential, so it’s nice to hear that you’re not consciously choosing to blow it with too much booze. I guess that might change, huh? The big twenty-one. Just in time to throw your life away on the bottle.”

“Thanks for the confidence, means a lot.” I shrugged it off. Mom’s ribbing wasn’t going to get me to stop drinking, legally or not. She started chiding me, giving me statistics on dropouts and alcohol abuse, and whether the chicken came before the egg. When she got to very specific statistics for people in my major, I started rolling my eyes and avoiding her gaze.

“I mean it,” she continued. “There’s a huge, huge difference in earnings for…” Her words faded as I tried to keep from looking into her eyes. It was never comfortable when she was lecturing me, so I did what always worked – looking directly to the side, pretending to be ashamed. Except, the mirrors perfectly reflected mom from the side. They allowed me to see perfectly between the folds of her silk robe.

I didn’t mean to look, but the robe was just barely parted at the top, just enough to see a little of her. The bright, bright lights in the garage didn’t help – they allowed me to see a tremendous amount of skin when in any other room it would have been absolutely nothing, hidden by shadow. But this time, a sliver of her chest was visible, reaching halfway down her breast. I tried not to make comparisons, but mom had very surprisingly smooth skin on her chest. Except for a single dot.

Mom had a mole toward the center of her left breast that I barely, barely remembered from breastfeeding when I was a baby. It was cute, a perfect circle, a bold black dot, a Marilyn Monroe type of mark that jumped out through the slit in her robe, only from this angle. I remembered it being just above the pinkness of her areola.

“And that’s not to say you’ll even get lucky with a good job after dropping out,” mom was on the rampage. “I don’t think there’s any one of your friends that’s doing better after they quit college. Like that one friend of yours. The one who asked me for my number.”

I quickly averted my eyes from the mirror, as if she could tell I was even looking at her. “*That friend* is actually doing great in real estate. Ian’s coming for my twenty first, you know,” I reminded her. “And he only asked for your number on a dare.”

“I wish you’d have a better selection of friends,” she said, her tone showing sincere concern. “You know, nice people who just want to shop at Costco and work at a desk for the rest of their lives. Not… Realtors.” She shuddered.

“Anyway,” she turned, stretching. The edge of the robe pulled to the side, baring the mole on her even without needing the mirror, and when she ended the stretch, the cloth didn’t go back. Several inches of her breast were open to the room. Pure, smooth, sexy skin, crowned by the mole. “You need to get to bed. If your friends really are taking you out for a drink tomorrow, which I wish they wouldn’t, you’ll need to be fresh. I’ve heard of some really, really wild twenty first birthdays.” She stared at me, intense. “You aren’t going to do anything too crazy, are you?” The intensity of her stare mixed with how much of her breast I could see, and how short her robe was, the softness of her legs way too noticeable. I felt a weird pit in my stomach while I looked at my mom.

I would be lying if I said it wasn’t a little hot.

“I’m... uh...” This was too much. I actually couldn’t quite look away at this point. “I didn’t plan on anything,” I said, trying to keep eye contact with mom. I had the feeling if I broke it I’d see a little more than a good son would try to see.

“Uh huh.” Mom dropped the tough attitude and sauntered to one of the racks, mumbling her concerns. “My son, the college boy who’s supposedly too good for beer, doesn’t want to do anything crazy for his twenty first birthday. Hard to believe. But really, for your own sake, keep it tame. Try and just go to a sports bar, or I don’t know, one of those barcades. Try a few mid shelf whiskeys and come back home as soon as you can. Alright? Oh – there it is.” She bent over, facing away from me, reaching for something in the corner. Her robe hiked up around her legs, baring what was left of her long, white thighs, crawling up even further, the soft curve of her bottom and a slip of red lace suddenly appearing at the very top of her legs.

I must have choked. The breath stopped in my throat.

Mom was wearing a very bright scarlet pair of panties. They stood out to me in perfect detail, every stitch of their design apparent as time seemed to slow. It perfectly hugged her tight ass – her toned cheeks surprisingly taut and smooth for her age. One cheek moved up as she shifted, reaching for the mystery object, her ass flexing as she stretched.

I tried turning away but make the same mistake as before – no matter where I turned, I could see her butt in the mirror. I couldn’t get away. Not that I wanted to, much to my surprise and guilt. What the fuck was I doing?

Mom straightened up, the bottom of her robe dropping back over her thighs, and tossed my shirt at me, her breast still partially out, the movement of the toss pulling it even further out of her robe. It was so close to slipping completely free.

I knew her nipple was right there, right behind the last centimeter of cloth, pressing through that creamy silk like a pebble. “Here you go, big boy.” She smirked. “You alright? Come on, don’t get sour -- barcades aren’t that bad. Just nerdy.” She raised an eyebrow at me. “I thought you liked video games.”

Her stare went on forever, trying to reason out why I looked like I wasn’t handling reality very well.

“I just... I just...” I tried to think of something to say to keep the conversation natural. Tried to keep from freaking out that I had just been looking at my mom. “I just think I’ve outgrown them.”

My mother gave me the same look as when I told her I didn’t like the taste of beer. “Jeeze, kid. Learn to be honest with yourself.” She turned around and went toward the door. “Alright. Get some rest for real, now. Sleep well.” She made it to the door but stopped in front of the mirror. She noticed the breast, nearly free. How it was practically out – how the last inch of her breast could have fallen loose and revealed a cute, mystery colored nipple.

She blushed again, and reflexively tugged her robe tightly around herself. She looked at my reflection in the mirror, and for a brief instant, our eyes met as she realized the exposure had been for some time, and I didn’t bother to say anything.

“Night, mom,” I said as neutrally as possible, trying my best to fake my way out of the situation. Mom must have fallen for it, because she smiled, relaxing, and went up the couple steps and through the door, out of sight.

“Night, Alex,” I heard her kind, motherly tone just before the door closed.

I collapsed onto the bench. Wondered what the fuck was wrong with me. Why my heart was racing, why I felt a weird, aroused pit in my stomach, why my cock started getting hard while the image of her cute teat nearly falling from her robe was branded on my sight. Why I couldn’t look away from her ass as her scarlet panties suddenly presented itself to me.

*Why was I so fixated on her tit?*

*Why the fuck was mom’s ass so... shapely?*

*When the fuck did mom get so fucking hot?*

I went back to working out, trying to erase the questions in my head, but the questions turned into a revolving door that went faster, and faster, and faster, no matter how hard I lifted, no matter how many sets I blitzed through, no matter how painful the effort got, I couldn't escape.

I thought my own mother was sexy as hell.

## Chapter 3

I woke up the next day on the couch, twenty-one years old. Legal drinking age.

It was a new day, new stage of life, with new resolutions. With those, came a new home. And a new mom.

I shook the thought of the way mom looked last night out of my head, and tried to meditate on alcohol, which really was the only thing worth noting about being twenty-one. For some reason, it wasn't that exciting, especially since buying booze was just one of those things that only took longer and was more expensive when you were underage. Now, it just meant using a credit card and having to remember to bring my ID everywhere.

The magic was already gone, and I didn't even have a chance to buy booze legally yet.

The morning passed without a lot of ceremony. On his way out to work, dad handed me a badly wrapped bottle of something I had never, ever seen before. It was called Arany, a Hungarian high end brandy that probably cost two hundred bucks. Plus shipping.

I marveled – thinking what kind of awe this would pull from girls at a party back at college, though if I was being honest with myself, nobody would really understand what the hell it was, and I'd end up looking like a snob. “Good stuff, from both your mom and me, technically. I've developed a bit of an appreciation for it. Your mother doesn't really approve, but I guess enabling is enough, right?” He nervously laughed. “You and I, we're really lucky to have her, aren't we?”

“Oh yeah,” I said, trying to keep normal. “Thanks for the cool booze, dad.”

“Keep it down,” dad shushed me. “Your mom's asleep. This work schedule has got our lives kind of on opposite shifts, so we'll have to keep it to a whisper until the early afternoon. Have fun today, kid.” He slapped me on the shoulder and pointed at the bottle. “Try to save it for special occasions. I know the kind of stuff kids drink in college and this is way, way too good for that.”

“Thanks, dad,” I said through gritted teeth as the door closed quietly. I didn’t know my dad had turned into a booze snob too.

I texted my bros. Solidified the plan.

It was simple – I’d relax for the day, do a birthday dinner with my family, and then my buddies would liberate me from the confines of safe suburbia, and we’d head into the city for the bar experience. My best friend from high school, Ian, the one who asked my mom for her number on a dare (not mine), would lead the way into every possible worthwhile bar, having become a self-described authority on drinking way too much in public.

Until then, it was me, and the old game consoles from high school that mom and dad thankfully left in the television cabinet.

I pulled out a mountain of discs and dove deep into a nostalgic attempt at reliving some of the best parts of my adolescence, even if the volume was a quarter of what I was used to.

Hours and hours later, mid shootout, I saw a flash of white to my side. Mom’s legs suddenly appeared next to me. I looked up – she was still wearing her silk robe, the angle gave me an accurate perspective on just how long and... smooth her legs were. Like polished marble.

Her hair was disheveled from sleep – an eye mask was up on her forehead. She almost looked more familiar like this – bringing back memories of waking up, eating breakfasts prepared by an exhausted mother, and then getting driven to school until I was finally old enough to drive. “Outgrown video games, huh?” She teased, sleepily. “You look like you’re enjoying them to me.”

I tossed the controller down and tried to look like I was bored. I looked at the clock. Did a double take. It was almost evening – I had been playing for way, way longer than I expected.

“Your dad is actually going to be home fairly soon,” mom yawned, stretching, the silk riding a little high on her legs. “We’ll do a dinner and cake, and share your first legal glass of wine before I go to work. Happy birthday, by the way.”

She gave me a kiss on the cheek, her soft, warm lips pushing against my face, lingering in her tired state. Then she left, and from where I sat on the couch, I noticed that the robe was just barely hiked up. The firm, full curve of her ass was

visible from where I sat, and the line of her panties peeked out. It was a good thing she was headed back to her bedroom, because the mere sight started a heavy feeling in my pelvis, pushing blood flow to my cock.

I ran to the bathroom and splashed myself with cold water before it could rise any farther.

Dad got back with a cake. We had an evening barbeque on the patio, and sipped a fruity wine as a family, chatted about the future, made jokes about booze and how I needed to graduate from drinking cheap beers.

It was finally normal again – a hundred percent. Dad didn't even bring out caviar like I half expected he would. Mom was now wearing the basic foundation of work clothes – cotton button up shirts, professionally fitted khakis. She didn't even have any makeup on, but she was looking fresh, clean, put together.

She looked like my mom again.

In a way, the family felt like it did before I left for college. It was nice to be with everyone the way I remembered them.

It was also nice to be fully inducted into the adults club – I'd get the privilege of having a drink with family whenever there was a holiday event, but as a tradeoff, I was now fully expected to contribute something to every get together. "And if you can't cook," mom said, "you'll have to bring wine," she teased. "Though I guess that means you'll have to learn about wine."

After dinner, dad brought out the cake. Mom lit the candles, turned the lights low. "I'll hold back from singing, dear," dad said quietly. "You do the honors for the birthday boy, yeah?"

"Alright," Mom smiled at me as she took a deep breath.

She sang happy birthday. Mom's talent was subtle, but her pitch was perfect. Each lyric was somehow elegant, intimate. "Happy birthday to you," her tone carried -- rich, mellow, safe, like caramel and cream. It brought me back to when I was very, very little. Gone was the thought of my mom as a sexual being, gone was the physical arousal. It was just my wonderful mom, bringing a little love and magic into my birthday.

After cake, mom grabbed her briefcase, now ready for business, and went to the front door, where dad and I followed her. “You sure you can’t take the night off, hun?” Dad asked.

“The night audit stops for nobody,” Mom joked as she went through the door. “Happy birthday again, Alex!” She blew me a kiss.

Dad shrugged. “Ah well. Bring home the bacon, babe.”

With a wink, mom said, “you got it.” She turned to head to the driveway, but stopped.

“Uh oh.” She turned to glare at me. “Your friends are here.”

Ian, my best bro, my oldest friend who mentored me about girls and music and marijuana throughout high school, leaned out of the driver’s seat of a bright white Cadillac. Sunglasses, a loose button up, everything that made him the image of a sleazy real estate agent.

“Yo! What’s up, Alex’s fam!” He lowered his sunglasses as he watched my mom go by and into her car, then went back to me, overly brightened teeth glaring even in the evening. “Get in, bro! Long time no see!”

As I passed by mom’s car, she gave me a look, held out her hand to stop me. “I very, very strongly recommend a place called Speakeasy. It’s well priced, has good drinks, and most importantly,” she emphasized the next words carefully, “it’s very, very safe. Call dad if your idiot designated driver decides to drink.”

“Don’t worry mom, it’ll be fine.”

“I’m so, so relieved to hear that,” mom said sarcastically, waving me off. She glared at my friends, who smiled at her awkwardly. She rolled up the windows, backed out, and gunned it out of our suburb.

“Bye, son!” Dad gave a couple thumbs up from the front door. “Happy twenty first! Be safe!”

I gave a quick wave from the passenger seat next to Ian. We pulled out, Ian grinning. A couple more of my friends were sitting in the back seat – some of the guys I didn’t know that well, but we hung out enough that it wasn’t weird to see them again.

“Good to see you again, bro!” “How’s college, man? You getting laid on the regular?” “Dude, your mom is still fine as fuck! And you guys have a boat now?” As a group we traded mean spirited jabs and caught up. A bottle went around, skipping Ian, who volunteered to be the designated driver – each pull was like battery acid, but it let me immediately slip into that comfortable zone that you could only reach with your bros after a few drinks. Electric.

I caught their life updates through the rapid, hazy onset. One of my bros was now a plumber. One was trying, and failing, door to door sales. I heard Ian started doing real estate after high school, just like his mom, and was now finally raking it in after a few years selling nothing.

“Dude,” Ian’s wide smile was like a plastic bowl. “Do you know how lucky you are to be my friend? I am fucking loaded right now, and I am going to fucking spoil the shit out of you – I’m going to give you the twenty first birthday everyone wishes they had. You know how many homes I just sold? Guess how many. Four last month.” I had no idea how much that netted him since I didn’t know a fucking thing about real estate. “Guess how much in commission.”

“How much?”

“Fifty.” He pulled down his sunglasses. Floored the gas – the momentum pulled us all back as we blitzed through the neighborhood. “Fucking.” We exploded through an intersection – everyone white knuckling. “Thousand.” Everyone in the car whooped and clapped him on the back. “Everything’s on me tonight, boys! We’re giving Alex a night to fucking remember!” After that, his smile dropped. He turned to me. “In all seriousness, dude, don’t buy a fucking house. This whole market is going to fall apart any second now, so consider this my only act of generosity before this whole thing flips and I become homeless.”

“Guess where we’re going,” one of my bros said, tapping me on the shoulder.

“Well,” I tried bringing up the bar my mom recommended. “I hear there’s a really cool spot called Speakeasy—”

“Bro, shut the fuck up,” Ian laughed while my bros cackled like hyenas. “Speakeasy is the deadest place ever. Old people practically live there. Nah, brah, we’re headed to this fucking classy joint I just learned about. High end.” He leaned over. “Strippers. The kind with no plastic in them.”

“It’s called Chanson Nu – It means something in French, I don’t give a shit, but the girls there are fucking fine, bro. One of my managing brokers went there and was saying how expensive the girls are there to so much as talk to, but man, once you’re there and you’re paying, you’re with the finest strippers in the fucking world. This place is like, I don’t know, New York and Vegas times Amsterdam or something. Some do favors. Get me?”

“Sounds expensive,” I said. Favors? Like, sex work? At the least, it was a comfort to know I might get laid tonight.

“Dude, you have no clue how much I have in my pocket right now.” Ian grinned. “If some thug robs me, he’s retiring.”

We sped way, way too fast, breaking every possible speed limit, blasting music the whole way. When we finally got to Chanson Nu, an elegant, minimal sign marking our arrival, we got out, clustered like a gang, acting like fucking animals, letting the music swinging from inside drive our moods higher. It was what I missed about being in high school – getting excited about girls, doing dumb shit. We got up to the entry and saw a glass pane, filled to the brim with bronze lettering, spelling out rules. A bouncer the size of the building stared us down as he pointed to each line.

We have the right to remove anyone for any reason from this establishment.

No touching the girls unless they give permission.

\$100 cover charge.

One of my buddies whistled, a thin sound over the pump of the beats coming from inside. “Damn. \$100 to get in? In this city?”

Ian pulled out a wad of hundreds and passed it non-chalantly to the bouncer, who moved out of the way, nodding at all of us with respect. As if we deserved any.

Just through the doors, a pair of delicious looking girls, wearing only thin strips of cloth carefully wound in a spiral up their bodies greeted us, leaning forward as they spoke, letting their tits nearly burst from the wrapping.

Inside, it was dark – crowded, but also somehow intensely clean. The scent of warm cinnamon, cool mint, floral jasmynes, they blended and shifted with each step, a carefully controlled climate creating a network of breezes that disguised the fact that there were dozens of people at tables and lining the stages. The music was loud,

a remix of old tunes revamped in a sexual pulse. Lights pointed directly to a stage that penetrated the room, one silvery pole after another lined each stage, the metal reaching to the high, dark ceiling. The place was huge, while somehow being intensely intimate.

Even though all of the club could get a clear view of the girls, all of the space lent a gorgeous sense of privacy to the experience. Side stages were off to either side, and men in suits sat around, watching nubile, sexy forms as they danced, only the faintest glimpses of clothes draping from them.

We went to the bar first, where Ian handed each of us a fat wad of ones, and then ordered a double round of shots. Both went down like fire – the alcohol flushed me – the music got louder, the bass deeper, the girls more vivid. The boys chanted a quick happy birthday with each shot, everyone eyeing the stage, the variety of skin tones – brown sugar, marble white, butterscotch, alabaster, dusky copper, espresso, all with accompanying shades of taut nipples, vividly colored lace panties and stockings decorating long, lovely legs.

“Ready, boys?” Ian grinned, his teeth white in the darkness. “Let’s go.”

We went directly to the center where a redhead, already nude, contorted around a pole, seeming to ethereally float with the skills of a gymnast. She was a perfect ten, and the vivid clarity of her blue eyes were like an ocean.

I felt like I was falling in love already.

She leaned backwards, impossibly flexible, pale, freckled legs stretching up the silvery pole, the lightest pink nipples pointing directly at us. She made eye contact with Ian, who winked at her, but pointed at me instead. I could hear the guys marveling at her body, and the way the pole settled so perfectly between her legs and she hung, nearly upside down.

My jaw dropped as I saw her pussy lips dragging along the pole – delicately pink, practically glistening. We settled into the chairs surrounding her. Another set of topless girls came by, a tray of drinks landing next to us.

“I heard somebody’s a birthday boy,” teased one. “Some more shots, compliments of the management, have a good time!” The boys cheered and we all took the shot – the heat getting hotter. The pulse growing more intense. I felt myself getting loose. Hot.

The redhead descended from the pole, getting on all fours, prowling like a kitten. I could even see little freckles on her chest. My friends handed out ones to her, eagerly leaning close. She stretched her hands out, taking them, making eye contact with gorgeous, clear blue eyes, stretching as if she were an agile cat. “Hey cutie,” she said, her ass up in the air, her breasts pressing into the stage, her face close to mine, the freckles getting clearer even through the booze. “I hate to ruin your birthday night, but I’m about to head home. Shift change.”

My bros threw up a chorus of boos. “You’ll love the girls coming out next,” she reassured us with a smile, getting up. As she walked off, she looked back, coy, and gave a quick shake of her ass – and my buddies groaned.

Ian punched my arm. “Dude, these girls are insanely hot, right? I heard they don’t accept most stripper applicants. You’d better be thankful.”

We all craned our necks as the music changed, and a new shift of girls walked out in a perfect row from the curtains at the back of the stage. They were immaculate – blondes and brunettes, hair and skins in an alternating pattern. It was like a fashion runway, their walk was dreamlike, splitting off in perfect coordination to a different pole at different sections of the stage. “Just point out the one you want,” Ian said, pulling out a wad of 20’s. “I’ll get her here for you.”

As they made their way to their separate sections, they looked down, making eye contact with the men, looking for the ones that liked the way they looked best, all of them starting their dancing, slowly to the music, giving alluring looks downward.

Closest to us, we had a blonde girl – couldn’t have been older than twenty, wearing pigtails, mouthing ‘daddy’ at one of my friends. She was hot, and my friends definitely liked her. There was a black girl with an afro – retro disco style, shining with gorgeous, full lips and long lashes, looking demurely at a trio of guys that looked like the perfect finance bro stereotype. She gave a turn, put a hand on her side, pulled up her bra to let her breasts and delicious, cocoa colored nipples free, and leaned way, way down. Her lashes were visible from where I sat. She batted them at her audience and the guys watching her all dropped their jaws.

She was hot too, but I still didn’t see a girl that got me going like the redhead. I kept looking. Girl after girl was intensely sexy, and I probably could have had a good time with any of them, but there was one toward the back that caught my eye.

There was a gorgeous female form on the other side of the stage, her details flickering in and out of the shadow of the curtain where she teased her entrance -- an elegant lady with powerful curves, a tight waist. Red, panting lips that seemed to beg for something to go between them. Dark brown hair that veiled her face. Her round, firm ass curving upward as she leaned, full, heavy breasts hanging in the thin material of a glistening bra. Sexy. Somehow, both refined and dominant. In total control of her body. The way she moved was unlike anything I had ever seen; her hips gyrated in a dizzying circle as she stepped into the open, showing off exactly what she could do to a man if she rode him.

Everyone – and I mean everyone, turned to look at her.

For a split second, I could imagine what it would be like to experience a woman with that kind of control, riding on my cock. I could visualize it, sense it – she could move in a way that swirled, slick, around and around and around, a vortex of pleasure that I could almost feel. That woman was built for this kind of dancing, built to drive men to orgasm within seconds.

I felt the lust growing in me, unstoppable before this woman who knew exactly what to do, who in an instant, conquered the heart of every man that beheld her.

Her hands went behind her. The clip holding her bra over her lovely white chest was undone. Her hands slid over her chest like lightning, the bra falling, her fingers barely covering ruby nipples, her wet, pink mouth open and calling. I could almost feel what that mouth would feel like on me - I could imagine the sensation of those lips, those hips, the feeling of her white skin, the taste of the sweet pink perks on each breast.

She flipped her head back, her long hair flying upward, falling in a glorious cascade behind her pale neck. Her hands lowered, smoothing down and between her legs, the entirety of her breasts now gloriously free for me to see. Her breasts were still firm even though it was clear that she wasn't in her twenties – she was older, in the very peak of her body's sexual prime.

Ripe for the taking.

I was hard, painfully so, my cock forcing itself against my pants. Everything about her was what I wanted. Her teats were especially gorgeous, distracting me until I could look up to get a good look at her face.

She looked down and into the crowd.

And then I noticed it.

I realized it.

It was that angled face. It was that straight nose. The perfect eyebrows. The vibrant color of her eyes. I realized I had seen the shape of those breasts, very, very recently. And on the left breast, in the stark light of the stage, just over the areola, I could see it.

A mole.

A tiny, black mole, just above the pink jewel of her nipple.

I started to realize what -- who I was looking at. Whose lips were opened in a kiss, the mimicry of a suck, the kind of pursed mouth that women made when they wanted to taste cock. The loving, red lips that I had seen speak, teach, punish, comfort, a million times and more.

It was her.

It was my mother.

My sweet, beautiful mom was stripping on stage.

Her hips moved in a perfect circle with absolute, hypnotic control.

# Chapter 4

I panicked. Looked at my friends. Realized they could see her body, her skin. The secret color of her nipples that should have been reserved for my dad, they were on display for everyone in the room to see. That was not my mom – That was a sexual being, on display, sensuous entertainment.

None of it made sense. That lovely, unbearably sexy creature was somehow my mother. The woman who raised me.

My friends were looking at her, but none of them showed the recognition I had. I realized very quickly, despite my own confusion and the horrific realization that everyone could see her body, that I needed to pretend nothing was wrong – that she wasn't my mom, otherwise my entire life really would go to hell once they figured out who she really was.

Questions slammed through me while I struggled to control my facial expressions – why the fuck was she stripping? Did dad know about this? Why was mom so... hot?

“Hey, guys,” I said, thinking quickly. “I don't know if strip clubs are for me.” I tried to come up with some feminist theory I had overheard in college, anything to give my friends the impression that I'd be happier anywhere else, but everything I said fell onto deaf ears.

All of my friends were staring at my mom as her hips moved in that perfect, controlled circle. None of them had their mouths closed. “Bro,” one of them said, barely above a whisper.

“Dude, Alex... that looks like your mom.”

This was it. The world was now ending. I was about to puke.

Ian clapped me on the back. “Haha! Bro! That lady looks just like her!”

My sales friend was agape. “Dude, she does! What a fucking smokeshow.”

My other friend, the plumber's apprentice, elbowed me once he noticed the way I nervously looked between her and everyone else. “Hey guys, look, Alex likes her, the sick fuck.” Everyone started cackling.

“Ah man, we’re just joking with you,” Ian said, his teeth practically glowing. “But in all seriousness, she’s fucking hot.” A chorus went up from the rest of my friends about how crazy it was that she resembled my mom, but it was obvious – they didn’t think it was actually her. The thought brought only a logical relief, the rest of me was a maelstrom.

What helped was that the woman on stage was nearly naked – while none of my friends had ever seen her in less than mom gear. She was also now wearing seductive makeup, turning her lips a vivid dark red, lengthening her eyelashes, giving a subtle blush to her cheeks. I thought back to how she looked when she left and realized that she must have done an entire makeup routine and change here, in the strip club before starting her work day.

“Want me to call her over?” Ian smiled at me mischievously. “I know you like the way she looks, man, I don’t blame you.”

I got mad. “That’s weird, you fucking asshole.”

Ian put up his hands. “Chill the fuck out, dude. Your mom, your real mom, she’s hot, but she’s not that hot. That woman,” he said, pointing at my mother, the nymph that seemed to drip sex on the stage, “she is the hottest woman I’ve ever seen. The resemblance isn’t all there. I mean, not really. Sort of. Same hair color.”

One buddy broke in. “Your mom’s an accountant, isn’t she?”

“Yeah, she is, but—”

“Dude, that woman over there doesn’t look like an accountant. No offense, but your mom does.”

The other buddy elbowed my ribs. “Your mom can do my taxes any day.”

Ian stood up, waving a fan of twenty-dollar bills. “We’ve got a birthday boy over here! You wanna join us?”

Mom turned as she put her bra back on, the intense pink of her nipples disappearing. Her hair flicked to the side as she noticed Ian waving her over. Like some kind of goddess, she condescended to come over to us, slowly walking, slowly moving one sexy, tight leg in front of the other. I felt stuck, frozen in my chair as she approached.

Her eyes flicked between us all with no discernable change... until she saw me. For a split second, I saw her eyes go wide. Her cheeks suddenly brightened with pink, but I could tell, mom was a master at holding a face a certain way – her composure was sure, and her eyes narrowed slightly, sexily, as she gave a practiced smile. “Oh, a birthday boy? Which one?” I wondered how much effort it took in that first instant to pretend that she had no clue who I was.

Ian moved off to the side, presenting me as a sacrificial animal. “This handsome young man just turned twenty-one. First time legally drinking, first time in a strip club. He’d like you to be his first lap dance.”

“Does he really? It looks like you’re holding him hostage.” Mom hooked a finger into her mouth. I noticed how perfectly steady her voice was. Unnaturally so. “He looks a little young.”

Ian gracefully fanned out five bills with Andrew Jackson on them, and handed them to her like a perfect gentleman. “Please? We all really, really value your time. What’s your name?”

Mom stared at me, the faintest hint of accusation under a mask of pleasant enjoyment. It was a look that many mothers gave at public events, the one that tried to play off all indiscretions, but was clearly preparing a laundry list of scolding questions for when the event was over.

“Call me Helene.” Her tone was warm. Inviting. Hospitable. She turned to me. “Do you want a lap dance, little boy? What’s your name?” She asked, a teasing tone, a very serious glare in her eyes that told me I was in huge, huge trouble.

Before I could speak, Ian spoke up, clearly pushing this to happen. “This guy’s name is Alex. Alex here, has never, ever experienced the joy of a goddess like you on him. I think he’d like it if you paid him some extra special attention.” Ian handed over the fan of twenties. Mom looked at it. Measured it. I knew for a fact, if she didn’t take it, if she held back and tried to work her way out of it, if she wasn’t anything less than the most hospitable, most accepting, most eager stripper in the club for me, that my friends would quickly detect her discomfort.

“I don’t think I can say no,” she said sweetly, holding out her hand. “Hey, Alex. You’re barely legal, aren’t you?” Ian placed the twenties in her hand, and then left to go call over the black girl.

Mom stepped to the edge of the stage, tucking the twenties into the waistband of her panties, her delicate fingers moving quickly, practiced. The entire picture rushed into my head – it was so obvious now. The late hours, the huge influx of cash, the total disregard for all conventional saving wisdom. Mom was making absolute bank here, probably more than dad made at his job, if the suits that surrounded the stage were any indication.

I started to process exactly what made that much cash for the family – she was stripping, she was baring herself, letting other men, hundreds and hundreds of them, see all of her, to know every detail of her nakedness, from the color and shape of her tits to everything else down below... innumerable men who paid in cash to understand her body more than I ever had. I started to feel sick, aroused, confused, horny, a cluster of emotions all at once.

My mother moved closer.

She settled herself down to the edge, her bottom pressing gently against the corner, and then pushed off, as if she were falling over to my chair, the sudden movement clearly part of an act that she did with people who called her over from the stage.

My friends watched with stunned awe. Her breasts were suddenly in my face, the scent of her skin breezed around me, smelling like sugar, magnolia, opium. She was over me, shielding me from the lights of the stage, covering my face with her body, moving downward until her face was next to mine. All of the pretty details of her face were now intimately close, all of the features of her skin, of her white shoulders, the little mole that peeked above the edge of her bra, the softness of her flesh, were far, far more apparent in that moment than at any other time in my life.

The woman who raised me looked down with a face I never thought I'd see on her.

One that promised what only women could give.

She was bent over, her tits in my face, her face in the careful mask of a flirt, but when she got into a position that placed her between me and the rest of my friends I heard her speak in my ear.

“Listen to me. Now.” Her voice was tense, but her smile was sweet and practiced. She moved her arms upward, putting her hands on the back of my chair, on either side of my head, covering our mouths from view with her arms.

I was listening, afraid to do much else.

“I had a feeling this would happen.”

I stared at her in shock. “What?”

“I get birthday boys all the time. I knew based on your choice of idiot friends that they might take you to a strip club, and there’s only a few strip clubs worth going to in this city.” Her breath was a delicious mix of mint and ginger. “I knew this was possible, so I came up with a plan, just in case. So relax, and listen to me, right now. Your friends won’t suspect anything, because *you’re going to keep calm*. Do you understand? Deep breath. Now.”

I nodded, trying to breathe deep and to relax myself. Her body, her scent, was incredibly distracting. Her breasts heaved close to my face with each of her own breaths. I could have moved forward by a mere inch and buried myself in their softness.

It would have been just like when I was a baby.

I swallowed, and answered. “Yeah. Alright. I’m cool.” The questions I had grew louder, the texture of her skin was more vivid. I could feel the heat from her skin.

Mom was collected. Calm. “Alright. Here’s the plan. We’re going to make this less of a big deal. You need to look like you enjoy your time with me, but not too much. Your friends will either get bored or run out of money, they’ll let me go, I’ll find you a girl that you like to replace me, and I’ll tell Jerry I’ve got a stomachache, and then I’ll go home so we can discuss your choice of friends in the morning.”

“Does dad know about this?” I hissed, trying to cope with the million questions that pounded through my skull.

“Of course he does,” she smiled, glancing toward Ian, who was now returning with girls for each of my buddies. “Now Alex, I need you to shut up and look like you’re enjoying this.” She suddenly lifted a leg and wrapped herself around me. Her bottom pressed against my legs, shifted upward toward my crotch. Her soft arms brushed against my cheeks and she pressed her teats against my face, the texture of the bra so soft against my nose and lips. Her chest really was immeasurably soft, the scent of her skin, her natural skin, came through the smell of her perfume. She was

so close to me, I could feel her breathing through her chest, the firmness of her teats, hear the whisper of the breeze as she blew kisses through her mouth, the mint and ginger rising and overwhelming everything.

Her ass was soft – as it shifted upward toward my cock, as it moved from side to side in the start of this intimate lap dance, there was a sick heat that grew in my core, the kind of heat that only grew when this close to a woman, the only heat that grew when it was forbidden, wrong, like that of kissing a girl in a hidden place, of feeling another’s soft, warm, naked flesh for the first time. I tightly gripped the bottom of my chair, trying to stop the feeling as it climbed, through the base of my spine, up through my legs, all the power focusing in the center of my pelvis. The blood flow increased and I felt myself getting hard as my own mother moved around me, as my own mother’s tits pushed up against my face, as her body heat clothed me, as her scent intoxicated me.

“Alex,” I heard her voice mixed with an urgent warning tone in my ear. Her cheek was pressed against my temple. “You need to relax. If you keep freaking out, it’s going to make me freak out, and then your friends are going to know.” I tried to take a deep breath, conscious that it would blow over her chest, and I imagined that she could feel the way I was shaking under her. “And then how do you think I’m going to feel, knowing your dumbass friends are aware of my night job?”

I nodded and leaned my head back, trying to look like I was enjoying it. The sick part was, I was definitely enjoying it. I felt stretched tight between two extremes; aroused by her body, disturbed by the fact she was my mother, but somehow, the tension was only a part of the excitement. I had never, ever seen my mother this close, never felt her body moving on mine, never seen her with a seductive look like this, even if it was a mask. My cock was stirring, only held back by the way I kept tense.

The blood flow to my pelvis increased. Panic. Urgency. Fear. Lust. These stirred before a gate that I was so, so afraid to open.

If I relaxed, if I let go, my cock would...

“Alex.” Mom’s voice was now an order. “Relax. Now.”

I obeyed. I took a deep, deep breath and accepted what was going on, accepted the beauty of the woman that grinded on me. I looked up, observing the smoothness of my mother’s neck, the pale texture, the way she moved on me, the

firmness of her bottom as it shifted up and down my leg, feeling her breasts as they pushed into my face, the milky scent of her.

My body responded.

I felt my cock engorging in my pants, the heat growing, the strain building against the cotton. I hoped in vain that mom wouldn't notice. She was moving on me, her mouth barely open, the image of a woman grinding on dick, even though it was an act I was transported into the vivid fantasy of her riding on me, her breaths were breaths of pleasure, her hips were moving on me in a practiced act that promised a slick grip, a tight pussy around my cock. I was hard, completely, throbbing under the fabric of my pants.

As she shifted, mom's ass brushed against the head of my cock, sending a shudder through me. Her eyes opened, wide, and she looked down, then immediately back up, her shock quickly swallowed up by her act.

But she knew.

# Chapter 5

Mom knew I was hard -- she felt my erection on her. And she was trying very, very hard to pretend that it was normal.

I felt like I was going insane. I had to get up. Now.

My buddies were all enjoying their girls, with the exception of Ian, who was returning again with a tray of shots. He was mid-conversation with the black girl, who seemed unrealistically interested in his real estate dealings. Once the black girl straddled him and pushed his face into her gorgeously plush, plum-colored chest, I took my cue and stood. Mom moved off of me, sliding back, propping herself up on the stage, while I took off, my hard on shifting uncomfortably in my pants.

I felt the hot flush of my cheeks. I was burning up, like I was sick, but I knew without a shadow of a doubt that I was, whether it was from the alcohol, or the intense, sexual beauty of my mother. I made it into the bathroom and turned on the water taps full blast and tried to drown myself in it.

*Your own mother.*

*A stripper.*

*A sex object.*

I remembered that a host of strippers performed ‘favors’ for extra cash.

Was my mom the same? Did she touch other men? Did she have sex with people for money? How could dad be at peace with any of this? Was he content to sell my mother’s body so he could buy a boat? Rage, guilt, disgust, all burned white hot.

My mom was better than this. There had to be some kind of reason for it – it’s not like my college was that expensive – I could have taken another part time job, I could have assumed the debt immediately after graduation, or deferred it. I could have done something, anything, that would have made my own mom think that maybe it was better to get a job doing something less degrading.

I wanted to call her. To text her. But there was no way mom could carry her phone on stage.

I thought of calling dad. Calling him out. Screaming at him. But it was possible that one of my friends could walk into the bathroom.

Maybe I could step outside, completely, into the parking lot. I could call dad from there, demand to know what was going on.

Except that time was passing, very, very quickly. Mom would be on the stage. If she wasn't dancing on me she'd be dancing...

On somebody else.

The thought of my mom doing that with anyone, especially Ian, who no doubt had his eye on her ever since the comparison was drawn between my mom and... my mom, disgusted me. I had to get out there. Immediately.

My cock was down, and I wasn't nearly as horny. If there was a mental space go be in to keep from being aroused while my mom stripped and danced against me, it was this one.

I practically ran out of the bathroom and sped toward the stage. My buddies were distracted with their girls, but Ian was trying to talk to both the black girl and my mom at the same time. Clearly, he was relishing the ebony and ivory dynamic. He leaned in toward my mom, teeth bright, holding up a few folded green bills.

"Sorry, Ian," I tried to keep calm as I descended into a couch close by. "Birthday privileges. I want Helene with me." I had two twenties in my hand, and lifted them. I looked at my mom, who leaned back from Ian and smugly watched as Ian and I stared at each other, trying to out-macho and out-cash the other.

Ian leaned back. Flashed his white teeth in a half smile. "Suit yourself. Have a drink, both of you." He gestured to the alcohol.

The tension there disappeared, and all that was left was mom, who picked up a shot and winked at me, taking it. She took the other shot to me, her hips swaying as she walked, showing off the incredible curves of her lower back, of her powerful waist. Mom settled herself closer, taking the money from my fingers in a practiced motion, and stretched across the couch. She leaned against me, her body soft, her face close to mine. I stared at her, trying to understand if she was even a tenth of the woman that raised me. But she was so beautiful. I wanted to forgive her, I wanted to understand. But I couldn't.

“Let me give you the shot,” she said, pursing her lips. The smell of her hair was so invigorating, so fresh and so promising. When I took the shot, it was like the alcohol was flavored with her scent. It was like it didn’t burn at all, compared to the hellish confusion going on inside of me. “What do you think?” She said, leaning closer, pressing a soft hand along my chest. Clearly, she had forgiven me for having an erection while she pressed herself against me.

But I wasn’t ready to forgive her.

“I think I know how you guys afforded a boat now,” I said, trying to keep my words low.

Mom smiled, practiced, deliberate. “It’s a very high paying gig, in case you can’t tell. I just made over a hundred dollars from your group in five minutes.”

“What else do you do for money?” I tried with everything to keep the rage from overflowing. But it didn’t work. I could tell that I sounded bitter, disgusted, scared. “I didn’t think you were the kind of woman to do favors.”

Mom laughed and stretched a little closer to me. Her lips went up to my cheek, she kissed it, leaving a cool, wet imprint, and trailed her breath up to my ear, where she whispered, “I’m good enough at dancing that I’ve never had to do anything else. *Ever*. Your mother is not a whore.” She pulled back. In her eyes, through the cute look, through the careful mask that flattered and seduced, I could see a little hurt. And confusion. “I’m not sure why you’d ask that,” she said, her voice once again that of a seductive woman, the subtle pain barely registered in her tone. “I’m a good, good girl.”

The shame I felt in that second was harder than any slap she had ever, ever given me.

“I’m... I’m sorry,” I said, trying to make the words out.

“Shh...” Mom smiled at me and pressed closer, her body soft against mine, giving a serpentine movement up the couch in order to press herself closer to me. For the act. “I’m sure it’s hard to learn this, especially this way, but you need to relax and pretend you like me.” Her face was so close to mine. “I forgive you, by the way.”

I took a deep breath. Mom was already proving to be a kinder person than I was.

Ian stood up, pulling another shot, lifting another wad of dollar bills from his pocket, stumbling over to us. He was clearly drunk, especially after taking a few shots in succession after I paid for my mother to sit with me.

“Hey,” his voice shifted, like sand. “All the girls are taking off their tops.”

“Says who?” One of the girls straddling my plumber friend said, his face buried deep in her chest.

“Says Honest Abe,” Ian said, triumphantly holding out a fan of fives. The girls laughed, picking the bills from his splayed out hands. They reached behind themselves, moving slowly, watching the expressions of my other friends, laughing at the way they gawked. Ian came over to my mom, carefully handing the cash over to her. “You know Alex, you could pay Helene too.” His teeth were dangerously white in the darkness of the room.

“To take off her top?” My heart fell out of my chest as mom gently reached out and took it, tucked it into her waistband again. The amount of green on her side was staggering.

“Yeah,” I could see Ian’s focus on my mother even through his sunglasses as he made it all the way back to his chair, the black girl climbing back on top of him. “Lucky bastard.” The girl that sat astride him laughed and got up, immediately.

“I’ll get you somebody else, picky boy,” the black girls said as she started to leave.

Ian jumped up. “Hey, no, wait!” He ran off after the black girl who spun around, avoiding his stumbling gait, giggling as he pursued her, slyly mentioning he needed to prove he liked her, which he did immediately with a shower of bills.

Mom glanced at me, both of us knowing what she had to do. Raised an eyebrow as her hands reached behind her. “Relax,” she mouthed, as her hands moved gently, a slight movement behind her completely inescapable – the clip was free. She’d let it drop next. I felt stuck. Frozen. I wanted to see. I didn’t want to see. I wanted to hide. I definitely didn’t want anyone else to see her. But more than anything else, I wanted to see her take the top off, to let it drop, to show me up close what I had only truly experienced a long, long time ago.

It was like standing at the edge of a cliff. I felt dizzy. Sick. Intensely guilty.

She moved her hands in front of her, placing them on her shoulders, crossing her arms, covering herself as her hips started to move on me again. It was almost like she was trying to get me excited – I was – her soft bottom rubbed against my legs, her crossed arms started to lower, pulling away the bra in a slow descent. Her skin was perfectly smooth, brightening the strip club space, inches of white, uninterrupted flesh emerging from beneath her hands, the curve of her breasts slipping, full and delicious from under her fingers. And then there it was, for a split second. The dainty mole. The only instant of warning before her gloriously pink nipples peaked up, pointed, sweet and sharp. Almost as soon as they were uncovered, mom covered them again with her hands, as the bra fell, settling on my lap.

“Oh come on,” I heard one of my buddies groaning from the side. “Helene, you can’t just cover it up again.”

Mom straightened up, looking around, coy with all the attention, her hands closing up over the soft mounds of her tits. “I don’t know, boys... I’m not that easy.”

“Alex, bro, do something!” It was practically a chorus. Mom looked at me, acting expectantly.

“What’s wrong,” she asked, “you don’t want to see?” Her smile was on an edge – I was either going to play along, or I wasn’t.

Of course I wanted to see. I also didn’t want anyone else to see, but the alternative was much, much worse. As I was trying desperately to not only process what was going on, but also to build the courage to hand over more cash, Ian said through his teeth. “Damn, Alex. Yours is expensive.”

“No kidding,” I said, courage summoned, a twenty in my hand. Mom let go of one tit with her left hand, only dropping slightly, a testament to how youthful and firm and gloriously fit she was, taking the bill, winking at me for another. I pulled out another bill, and she nodded, letting go of her other and taking the other bill. The nipples were so pink, so much like little candies, that my mouth watered as I imagined taking them into my mouth.

A piece of me, the rational part that wasn’t lusting unabashedly for my own mother, knew it was part of the plan – drain us of cash, somehow, and then we could all go home.

But the more skin mom revealed, the more she showed, the more obvious it became.

I wanted to stay.

I wanted to see more, even as it made me feel sick to want more of my mom exposed. I was ready – I was wanting, and it was her I wanted, and as my mind shifted, drunk, into incestuous curiosity, while I still wanted to deny it, I was ready to experience more.

I was ready to pay as much of Ian's money as it took to have mom dancing naked over me. I didn't want to admit any of it, even interiorly, but those were the mental processes flickering in my head as the cash tucked into her waistband, so much of it that it literally pulled away from her skin, a dense flowery pile, nearly a stack. "Thank you," I heard her breathe. That was enough to get me going, hard, the blood rushing into my cock. I could feel it lengthening in my pants again, strengthening in a tough rod that strained against the cloth. Miraculously, even as her hips flexed and moved, her lovely, tight ass somehow managed to avoid riding on top of it.

But I wasn't going to be lucky all night.

Without warning, mom's hand went out to either side of my face. Her fingers traced over my cheeks, along my jaw, settling into my hair and along the edge of my neck. Then she pulled, a gentle pressure, looking down at me, motherly, a practiced smile that told me, in no uncertain terms, that I had to play along, even if it was crazy.

I would. I did.

She pulled my neck close, and drove my face into her soft, pillowy breasts – the smell was intoxicating, sweet, the scent of her chest was unbelievable, like milk, her nipples grazing along my cheek and tracing over me, my lips touching against them in light taps as she moved her breasts along my face, smothering my mouth, and I reflexively kissed out, taking the full sensation of her breasts on my lips. As my cock hardened further. Her bottom finally moved forward beyond the limit I halfway hoped she wouldn't pass, and suddenly I felt my mother's softness, her firmness, pushing up the shaft of my cock through my pants.

Mom reacted to that. Looking down, a laugh that wasn't a laugh, a smile that wasn't a smile.

I couldn't help it. My cock flexed under her, and she could feel that too. It was twitching, unwillingly, or willingly, reacting to the feeling of her lovely bottom as she rode on top of me. Nothing could stop it – and I was definitely enjoying it – even though it was insane, even though I didn't mean to. Mom slightly stiffened. Not enough for anyone to notice except me – she was tightening up, trying to ignore her son's cock pressing against her panties... and everything she had underneath them.

“Can't you... do something to make it go away?” Mom was in my ear again, her hands wrapped around my head, her nipple poking against my mouth – the lovely, candy colored nipple that I wanted to take in, to suckle, to pull on, to feel against my tongue.

“I can't,” I answered truthfully.

Mom pulled slightly back so she could look at me. Her hair was around her face, nobody could see her facial expression – it was barely disguised shock. It was barely hidden surprise. It was her full realization that it wasn't enough for her son to just stay calm – that I was a man, that I couldn't help reacting the way I was.

Despite my guilt.

“Alex,” she said, trying to summon some kind of rationalization, some kind of plan. But what kind of plan could anyone put together for a situation like this?

She felt amazing on my cock, still feeling her moving on me, but in my head, and I'm sure in hers, there was a chaos – we were related, more than anyone could be, and here I was, very clearly physically attracted to her, reacting the way biology can't help but react, physically, scientifically ready to mate, evolutionarily unprepared for the genetic proximity. “Alex, you need to... are you sure you can't...?” She looked down at me, still veiled by her hair. Asking with an expression that wasn't exactly horror... but it was close.

I'm sure my own facial expression told her exactly what she already knew.

“Okay...” she said, a thin layer of panic visible under the way she now smiled. “Alright... just... don't think too hard about it...” There was now a very visible blush on her cheeks. Natural. Shining even through the rouge.

Ian (of course it was Ian) leaned our way now, more intoxicated than I expected. “Did he tell you?” He was smiling, wildly, his white teeth glaring in the dark.

I tried giving him a warning look, something to get him to shut up before he opened his mouth, but it was too late.

“You look a bit like his mom.”

Mom very visibly stiffened at that. “Ah,” she said, her voice losing its steadiness. She was getting nervous – they were getting close to figuring it out. “Really? You boys are so bad,” her tone was sweet, playful.

Ian had another twenty in his hand. “Hey,” he said, half slurring, leaning just a little too far out of his chair. The girl dancing on him practically had to save him from tipping all the way over. “Tell Alex you missed him, yeah?” Everyone around us started laughing. The embarrassment was extreme, but they still couldn’t tell.

In a way, it was a good thing. Mom could sense that with how drunk everyone was, that we were still safe, somehow.

“Aww,” her response was exactly what you would expect out of an ingratiating stripper. “That’s kind of sweet. And very sexy.” She turned to me, lovingly cradled my face. My heart was pounding, my cock was throbbing under her.

She said in a sweet voice, like candied cherries, “baby, I missed you, so, so much.” I didn’t understand it, but somehow, the sexiness, the care, the voice, it all combined and made my cock flex, hard, pushing between her legs as her hips still moved on me. Mom looked down as it happened, then at me, her face still carefully held to show adoration, lust, everything a stripper needed. But inside her, I could tell. It was different.

A cheer went up from all of my friends, the sick fucks. Though I’m not sure who was sicker in that moment.

The stripper who was on my plumber friend came over, a twenty in each hand. “I didn’t know I was a mail girl now, but your friend wanted me to pass this to you,” she extended one twenty to my mom, who looked up, flushed. “They all want you to sing happy birthday. To the birthday boy.”

Mom's eyes went wide. "Oh." The way she said it betrayed a complete blind side – she had no idea that could happen, but it did. Everyone in our section looked at her expectantly as the twenty found its way between her fingers.

Combined with the sensation of my cock pushing against her ass, I had no idea what she could be feeling at the moment, only that it could have been far more than anyone could handle, except her.

"Happy birthday?" She asked, almost seeming not to register what they asked her.

"Yeah! Sing it!" Ian waved over another tray of drinks, which settled down in front of him and his girl, who by now, her own panties stuffed full of twenties, was kissing him down his neck and unbuttoning his shirt. Even with the black girl working him so closely, Ian was somehow able to pull out a bill from a hidden pocket in his jacket. Ben Franklin's smug face suddenly rose above all of us. His girl looked up at it hungrily, but he pointed it at my mom. "But you gotta give the birthday boy some milk."

# Chapter 6

“What?” Mom’s stunned voice rose over everything. It deafened me, even if it didn’t even stop the flow of laughter from my buddies, who were delighted at the prospect.

“Yeah, he suckles, you hold him close, you sing happy birthday. Like a baby, or something I don’t give a fuck, but it’ll be hot.” Ian’s head lolled to the side. “Unless you don’t want this. If it’s too weird. I’ll gladly spend it on Layla here, and she can sing me happy birthday instead.”

Layla gave him a gentle slap on the cheek and then nuzzled into his neck again, while my mom stared at the hundred. Interiorly, I could tell; she was overwhelmed, hundreds of factors revolving around each other – the stimuli of the club, the careful movements as she gyrated over my lap, the way she intended to hold her face, the laughter of my friends, the money floating before her, the shattered balance where she had to somehow weigh what she as a mother was feeling with what an entirely unrelated stripper would feel... all while trying to keep her mind off of the feeling of her son’s cock underneath her.

Then, a blink, a couple pursed lips, a slight glance my way, the soft blush that reddened on her cheeks. Her hand lifted and took the hundred in a flash.

She turned to me, keeping the hundred between her fingers. Her practiced smile returned. She really was a professional, but there was something else going on underneath her mask. “Ready, birthday boy?”

“Ready,” I croaked. She carefully stretched herself out alongside me, wrapped an arm around her shoulder, cradled my face, pushing my mouth to her teat. A mere inch stood between my lips and the soft, pointed tip of her nipple, while her other hand traced along my chest, pressing gently down my waist. Her scent, ginger, citrus, flowers, all mixed with the milky aura of her skin, her hair that settled around my face, and entirely familiar situation that I remembered from a long, long time ago, compounded by the way her hands gently held me.

I was going crazy - this time, it felt sexual, even though I knew it couldn’t be, that my mom wouldn’t be allowing herself to feel what I couldn’t help but feel. This time, unlike anything back then, it was a situation filled with the intense

throbbing below my waist, with the blush on her face, with the strange way she looked at me beneath the stripper's attitude she adhered to.

I felt my face pushed forward. I didn't try to put myself onto my mother's nipple. It was her doing. It was my mother, guiding my mouth that last inch, until the sweet tip of her teat was pressing between my lips, sharp, soft.

And then sweet.

I took her nipple into my mouth, and reflexively gave a suck, drawing it further in. It was soft.

Mom gasped.

It felt so quiet, suddenly, in the club. I knew the music was playing. I knew people were watching, that my friends were laughing, talking, that nothing outside of us was interrupted, but as I looked up at my mom, I saw her face looking at me with a question. What the hell was I doing? I wondered it myself as she started to sing, her lips moving in a gentle way that made me flash back decades.

"Happy birthday, to you," her voice was warm, safe, like caramel and cream.

"Happy birthday, to you," she introduced a breathiness to it, soft, like the brush of feathers. My cock flexed in that instant, and her eyes were drawn to it. She looked back to me. Off to the side.

Back to my cock.

"Happy birthday," and then it turned sexy – I don't know if she even meant to make it happen. It was a soft vocal grate, a roughness that only a woman could make gorgeous, "dear Alex..."

Without meaning it, I sucked in, deeper, harder, pinching the nipple in my mouth, rolling it against my tongue, the texture of that little sharp nub at the tip of her teat, the nipple now hard, like a pebble. Mom's eyes blinked at me. She was staring into my eyes, her real son's eyes, watching me as I couldn't help but suckle, the conflict and the sexiness of this situation more than apparent, the thoughts of my cock, her breast, everything spinning out of control, her cheeks reddening further.

"Happy birthday... to you..." She gave a last blink as I let go of her nipple.

I leaned back, getting up slowly, our eyes locked. Mom's mouth was closed shut, tight. Her gaze, now unblinking as she watched me, trying to make sense of what just happened.

The shame flooded up in me like a tsunami.

"I need... I need a drink," I stammered, jumping up, moving past my mother, who sat back, now breathing deeply, trying to calm herself down. It was a bit of a miracle that nobody else noticed – their focus was more on me, as I tried to make my way to the bar as fast as I could.

"Woah, looks like somebody's having too much of a good time!" Ian's voice carried over the noise of the crowd.

I wanted to punch him in the teeth.

I made it to the bar. Ordered a whiskey and a beer. Downed the whiskey, swallowed the fire. Then I chugged the beer, trying to drown the sick feelings that swirled around uncontrollably.

Not even the happy birthday that my mom sang me this morning was sacred, it was now a deeply sensual, inescapable situation, something that would haunt me for the rest of my life. My cock was still throbbing – my mind was fixated on the taste – the taste of my mother's breast, the flavor, the texture of her nipple, the milky scent that all women had on their chests. I couldn't imagine what mom must have been feeling in that moment – the very look on her face after I got up was something out of a horror movie. How could either of us even look each other in the eye at this point, especially after the way she...

...blushed.

I didn't know what to do, what to think. I signaled for another whiskey and downed it, tried to keep straight, too dizzy to signal for another.

I looked toward my mom and my friends, not sure what to expect. But I definitely knew what I didn't want to see – even though Ian seemed intent on it. He was leaning past Layla, offering my mother a drink. She took it with a soft, white hand, leaning back elegantly, as he watched her form and spoke to her, words I couldn't hear. But I could tell. He wanted something from her.

Without thinking, sick to my stomach, afraid that it would be him next my mother would be dancing on, revealing herself to, offering her beautiful breasts to, I stepped over as quickly as I could without running.

“I thought I called birthday dibs,” I announced as Ian’s hand made contact with my mom’s, a drink passing her way. Mom looked up at me, flushed. Ian’s head turned to me with robotic focus.

“Ah. Caught me.” Ian gave a toothy smile. The rest of my friend were now watching me, concerned only in the way other men are for their friends, who are definitely too jealous about a woman.

I sat down next to my mom and put my arm around her. Mom’s hand tapped subtly against my lower back. She leaned in, whispering, “you need to relax, and you need to do it now. Your jealousy is getting obvious and if we’re going to make this plan work—”

“Helene,” my sales buddy was suddenly right next to us. Mom was stiff, watching him carefully as he brought up a couple twenties. “I think Alex is getting a little nervous, and I don’t blame him. All of us think you’re crazy hot. So,” he looked at me, benevolent, “please do us all a favor and make it clear to Alex that you love your baby boy very much, and give him a really, really close lap dance so he can relax and enjoy his birthday, yeah?”

I wanted to punch him too, but mom’s hand on my side carefully signaled that I needed to go along with it now, or suffer the consequences.

“You’re so sweet to your friend,” mom giggled, reaching out for the twenty.

“The guy clearly, clearly needs to get laid, that’s all I’m saying,” the sales buddy laughed.

Mom’s fake smile widened at that. “Aww. Poor little boy.” She turned to me. “What do you think, Alex,” she said, going along with the train of thought so my friends would relax, “is that something you need?”

I didn’t know how to answer – how the fuck could I answer something like that if I really was feeling... intensely horny, for my own mother?

I tried to play along, pulling a wad of bills from my pocket. “Come here, Helene.”

She laughed out loud, getting up, the gorgeous color of her nipples streaking through the ambience of the strip club, the white of her skin a glowing signal in the dark.

She carefully settled, her back to me, her ass lowering over my lap, the detail of her panties now clear – they were a silky cream color, shining with interspersed metallic threading in patterns like flowers and vines. It was the kind of underwear you'd never see in a mall – it was high end, far beyond Victoria's Secret, detailed in areas nobody would really care to focus on. In its entirety, I could tell, mom's panties were more expensive than I wanted to think about, but they adorned her ass beautifully, and made me salivate to think about what was underneath.

She settled onto me, her hair casting back, her bottom pressing against my legs... against my erection. She noticed it, but we were far, far past the stage of realization. I knew she must have been thinking about what she had to do to keep everyone from realizing our connection – she had to make sure she didn't seem disturbed by how close her pussy was to my cock, about how only a couple layers of fabric kept her movements from sealing our lives away in an incestuous mistake.

She moved, pushing against my cock, electric sensations jumping up my shaft, through my pelvis, and I rolled my eyes back, trying not to think about the way she moved, faster and faster, in circles, the fast flexion of her hips pushing my cock this way and that, pleasuring it expertly even through my pants.

She looked back, made eye contact with me, a masked smile on her face, but in her eyes, I could see the interior struggle warring through her. I didn't know what she saw in me, but I didn't have to see my own face to know I was going through something similar.

It was wrong, but it felt so, so, so good.

I started to gasp, trying to hold it in, but my cock was throbbing, jumping upward with my hips as I couldn't help but thrust, drunk at the way she was moving on me. Maybe it was partially the alcohol, but I did have the honesty to admit inside that it was more the movement, it was more my mother's body. It was me. And how badly I wanted to feel more of her.

“Fuck,” I said through gritted teeth as I pushed up, as mom's ass gently pressed, sliding along my cock in a way I didn't expect, in a pattern that mimicked insertion, sending a flood of hot pleasure through me.

“Let’s turn it up!” Ian was shouting again, pressing a twenty into Layla’s hands. “Panties. Off. Everyone. Now.” Layla obeyed, carefully setting her stack of cash into a neat pile on the stage before pulling her panties down in a smooth, slow motion, the delicious purple of her cunny now on display, a slit of pink within it.

My buddies’ strippers one by one accepted a bill and took off their own panties. Pink holes, luscious lips, coy smiles, all these things opened up in our group as all of us dropped our jaws.

But there was the issue of my mother.

Mom pushed herself on my cock again, one last time, before making a half turn to sit on my lap. She was acting as Helene, and asked, “aren’t you going to ask me to take these off?” A finger draped down and dragged over the silky, shining fabric. Her eyes revealed the anxiety inside, but on the outside, she was still the sexy hostess, she was still pretending she wanted it.

I wanted it, even if she didn’t, but I felt stuck, unable to ask.

“Come on!” Ian shouted from a couple chairs away. “Don’t be selfish, Alex! We wanna see!” My buddies all started to jeer. Mom looked at me, a warning gaze. Even if things were getting more difficult, even if the more she took off, the more wrongly we slipped, it was better than the alternative of either of us getting so uncomfortable that the group would notice or suspect.

My hand was like lead, but I managed to grab a twenty, and to pass it over to mom, who carefully set it on the stage before taking the full wad of bills from her panty line, and setting it in a neat, rectangular stack on top of it.

I didn’t know how many hundreds of dollars were in there, but I couldn’t even do the math for what we had done recently. Mom was making insane bank off of us.

But at the cost of... what?

“Please, Helene,” one of my buddies yelled, waving another couple twenties, the stripper on his arm trying hard to disguise her jealousy. “Take it off on stage, please?”

Mom smiled at him readily, glancing at me, a guilty, confused look on her face. I was powerless – stuck, trying hard to keep from nodding at her. I wanted to see her. Even if it was insane for me to want it -- I wanted the panties to come off – I wanted her to be entirely bare for me to see.

She carefully lifted herself onto the stage, standing up elegantly, the powerful curves of her body artfully pushing upward. Her breasts were so lovely, so perfectly round and firm – the breasts of a creature built for sex. Her lips were red in the dark, her skin a beacon, her teats pointing deliciously out.

One thumb. Then another. They hooked into the band around her waist. I could hear cheering from my friends as my own mother looked at me, her face soft, and pensive, suddenly without the concern or worry of mere seconds ago. Mom was a pro; she would do the job she was paid to do. She would bare herself for us, do almost anything we asked for another slip of green.

Her thumbs pushed down by a slight inch, the indent of her hip now visible, the soft connection of skin between her pelvis and her leg taut, youthful, sexily white. She kept pushing down, down, down, more and more of the skin unveiling, the diagonal creases forming a soft triangle... pointing toward her hidden place. Mom started to lean forward, the panties halfway down, her tits starting to hang low, gravity showing off their perfectly perky fullness. A hand went down her waist expertly, sliding along her hip, tracing down to the corner of her pelvis, her other hand dragging one side of the panties down.

It was killing me – the tension, the way only her pussy itself was covered – the rest of her was open, bare.

Her hands swirled around her waist, pulling the straps with her hips, teasing, showing off the sexy tricks she knew how to do with her panties. There was nothing I could do but let my jaw go. Everything she did was sexy. Every movement of her fingers was a tease. I wanted to see more, to see further, but the very edge of her panties kept it all just barely hinted at, just barely shielded from view.

I wanted to see.

I needed to see.

My own mother.

She watched me, as her fingers gently peeled the panties from her hips.

She could tell what I wanted. Stared at me with accusation. Confusion. Something that almost looked like guilt underneath the mask of a perfect hostess.

Her delicate hand slipped underneath her panties and covered the mound of her cunny. Then the panties fell, almost like magic, as if they were merely propped

up by the action of her hips, but now, there was nothing covering the sides of her legs – whoever was behind her could see the fullness of her ass, whoever was to the sides knew her shape.

And I could see her fingers, gently cupping the edges of her pussy.

Whistling, cheering from my friends. My erection painfully stretched against the inside of my pants. Mom looked down at me, her look confusing me and filling me with a guilt I couldn't quite stop.

Mom carefully lowered herself, her legs close together, bent her knees and traced her fingers along her legs. Her legs were close together to keep her pussy from view – all it did was excite me more, excite everyone in the room exponentially more. How else could anyone see it? It was like she was playing hard to get, and that only drove up the excitement and lust in the room beyond anything I could have imagined. She was so beautiful, the last part of her was on the very edge of discovery. I didn't know what to think, except that I wanted to see her lips, the edge of her cunny.

The place I came from.

My buddies got up, excited beyond belief, surrounding the stage, the girls that attended to them left sulking on the sofas. Everyone pulled out a stack of cash – the ones, and started to throw them into the air above her, one by one. What could she possibly do in this situation? Her legs were closed. She had to open them. It was what the money demanded.

My mom stared at me, watching the way I looked at her. Her knees separated, first by an inch, then by two, her legs slowly inching open as my friends yelled from the base of the stage, dollar bills floating up and around the woman who gave birth to me, her thighs parting gently, the full light of the stage illuminating the smoothness between her legs, the softness between her thighs, only a few fingers keeping her pussy lips from view.

But her legs had to keep spreading, the view had to be increased – the dollar bills flowed like a stream from the hands of my buddies who all stared, open eyed, at the impossible beauty of my mother, their cheering getting louder as her legs were now an open triangle.

Mom lifted a foot gently and spread herself further, everyone's focus on the light touch of her hand that kept the last remnant of her nakedness from view. As

the bills fell, turning over themselves, falling like leaves, I saw her arm start to move, her hand shifting, preparing to let go of the last thing covering her.

I couldn't look away if I tried, even if the guilt slashed through me, even if the perverted curiosity turned to self loathing, even if it was my own mother's pussy that was the sole focus of my existence in that moment.

She looked at me, watched me, considered me. Opened her mouth in a loving kiss, the way she practiced for shows like this.

Her fingers fanned open.

Soft, delicate pink.

Pussy lips like mythical hills, shaven to immaculate smoothness, perfectly proportioned.

An innie.

Mom stared at me, her look stirring an ocean of feelings I couldn't handle or understand as she showed her pussy.

It was like I went deaf.

And then the sound returned. My friends were whooping, cheering, banging their fists on the stage as they threw multiples of bills at her, the cash flying upward like an unending flock of birds.

Her hand lifted, and then I could see everything. From the perfect smoothness of her tummy, extending, somehow perfectly flat downward, into the gentle outward curve of her pelvic bone, into two symmetrical mounds. A cute pink slit between them.

Mom gave a last blink, and as if time resumed after a long and agonizing stop, she leaned downward to pick up her panties. A chorus of protests went up from my friends, the plumber buddy pulled out a twenty dollar bill and begged her to leave it off. She took it, gave a carefully constructed smile, and nodded. She sat down on the stage, pulled herself forward to the edge. Everyone watched her, some looked between her and me, on edge as she gave a little shy laugh.

“What did you think, birthday boy?” She was in character again, fully. And I had a part to play as well.

In absolute and full honesty, I told her she looked incredible. Mom must have picked up on how honest I really felt. As I gave my response, she gave a quick blink and tried to keep her face still, but I could see a strange ripple underneath her cheeks, her lips.

“Do you want me to dance on you? I’m getting a little nervous from all the attention,” she said, trying to clue me in to the fact that my buddies were getting way, way too close, and far too interested for our plan to be working.

“Yes, ma’am,” I said, pulling out a few bills, and my friends laughed disappointedly.

“Lucky fucker,” I heard somebody say, “I wish I turned twenty-one today.”

Mom got close again, fully naked this time. She brought over the stack of dollar bills from the stage and set them carefully on the table next to us before carefully settling close to me, her hair brushing against my shirt, her scent once again clothing everything in sweetness and spice. As she turned, angling herself in order to sit on my lap, I had an incredible view of her ass as she set herself down onto me, the curve of her bottom deliciously firm.

I didn’t mean to be so fucking erect – but there I was, and mom settled onto me, her softness, the firmness of her body in a wild contradiction that sent a shiver through me. Her weight was slight, proportional. As she came close, settling onto me, it was like she was meant to – it was like her body was meant to be on mine.

She looked back at me, flipping her hair around my face as she started to grind, if only to avoid suspicion, but it still felt... incredible. I felt myself throbbing under her, against her, while her bottom, perfectly white and round, pushed against my cock, over and over.

“I’m sorry,” I tried to say in her ear, but she tapped on my leg with gentle fingers.

“Not now, Alex,” she whispered. “Save it for when we’re talking at home.” Her voice was strained, her movements somehow stiffening over me.

“Damn, bro,” Ian called out from the side. “All that money and she still won’t let you touch, huh?”

My eyes snapped to mom's, who gave her rehearsed laugh. "Oh, Alex here is so shy, isn't he?" She looked at me carefully. "Don't you want to touch me?" She asked audibly, for everyone to hear. "It'll cost you."

I nodded, now trying to somehow keep myself under control, trying to keep from nodding an enthusiastic yes, trying to keep from shaking my head in a violent no. I was so confused, so turned on, and my mother seemed about as conflicted as I was while my cock stirred under her lovely, smooth legs.

I forced myself to pull out the money, tried to hold back from flinging it all over her so that she would do more. A few ones went up, and mom shook her head, making a sign with a hand meaning more. I flipped through the bills while my friends watched, while their open jaws and half-audible comments on how expensive she was filtering through the noise of the club. She eventually nodded and took the green from my hand.

Mom took a deep breath and said in a hushed voice, "touch me." She blinked. "But not too much."

My hands went up, carefully settling around her waist, setting themselves there while her hips gyrated, while her waist moved in a perfect, controlled circle, while her firm ass pushed and pulled at my cock and stroked it, rubbed it, making it stronger, sending hot sparks of pleasure up my shaft. Her skin was soft, smooth, gentle to the touch. She was definitely more physically fit than I expected. While she was soft in the feminine way, I could feel a taut layer of muscle underneath the skin. Mom had been working out, and it made her shape sexier, her body intensely fuckable.

The more she moved, the more she could feel my cock. I was throbbing, hard. I was harder than I'd ever been. It must have been like grinding on hot steel, my cock shifting under the cloth to press itself on her. I couldn't hold my hips still – I was grinding on her too. I couldn't help it, and mom occasionally gave me a look through her hair, her eyes wide, unreadable, confused.

Then she tapped my shoulder, carefully lifted herself. I found myself breathing hard, my balls aching, fighting the desire to reach out and pull her back onto me, to force her to grind on me more – it was the only thing that would keep me from going insane at that instant.

But instead, I saw something that made me dip further into the insanity.

Mom was now standing, her cheeks flush, her lovely hips moving in a practiced, fluid motion, her eyes fixed on me. “I’ve got to go for a minute,” she said, panting. “Break time.” She turned and carefully stepped upward to the stage. And then I saw it.

Between her legs, where her legs connected, where her soft cunny lay, where the pink slit surrounded by silky white mounts sat nearly hidden, there was the shine and glisten of... wetness.

Mom was wet.

Her pussy was shining with juice.

# Chapter 7

My heart, if it was pounding before, was now pounding harder and faster than it ever had in my entire life, faster than my most insane workouts, faster than the excitement of speeding in a car, harder than the most guilty lies of my entire life.

Mom's pussy was wet.

I looked down to check my pants and noticed the most slight streaks of moisture where her pussy rubbed on me. The streaks were dark, barely visible, smooth and clean, entirely hygienic – mom must have just started getting wet in the last couple minutes. That might have been why she got up, why she looked about as confused as I did.

She left the stage, and I sat there, stunned. It felt like a long, long hour, even though it was probably only a minute or two, but I tried desperately to process what the fuck was going on. I figured in a situation like this, it wouldn't be too much for me to be the aroused party. Guys are like that. But... my mother? Mom? There was no way she could have been turned on by her own son.

Except she was. The moisture on my pants was evidence of it. It was my mom's pussy – wet, physically desiring what I had, what she was grinding against.

I put two and two together and tried not to mentally sound it out, but there it was. My mom's cunny wanted my cock.

My pocket vibrated – my phone was ringing. I pulled it out, trying to keep my hands from shaking. It was mom.

“H-hello?”

“Alex.” Mom sounded about as unsure and shaky as I did. “I'm in the back. We've got a few minutes to talk... and to figure something out.” Her tone was strange. Though it couldn't have been any stranger than mine. Or the situation we were just in – the way we were on each other still one hundred percent fresh in our heads. “We've got some issues when it comes to this plan. Logistical ones, I mean.”

“Yeah. No kidding.” I noticed neither of us brought up the hard on. The wetness. All there was in the context of this talk was how the hell we could end this and get out of here without anyone getting suspicious.

“I spoke to Jerry, my manager. He’s got a section of the contract that says I get a steep penalty if I leave mid-shift for any reason. I’ve got to stay – your father’s goddamn boat has its maintenance coming up and we dropped way too much on that fitness stuff, and our mortgage is due in a week, and –”

“Yeah, I got it,” I said, now simultaneously panicking, numb, and vibrating in my cock. Mom had to stay, even though her pussy was reacting, even though my cock was throbbing for her, even though we were intensely related and her staying meant we were going to be physically far too close for anything decent to happen. Not to mention, my buddies were fixated on her and the strippers they liked, Ian the designated driver was plastered, and the simple fact was, nobody was going to leave this place without at least getting into a fight with me first. Now, it was impossible. “So, what do we do?”

“Well... I think I can buy us some time. And maybe we can get enough money out of your friends to get them to leave.” Mom’s voice started to settle. She had a plan – that much was good. “We have VIP rooms. They’re really expensive. Private time with any of the girls costs a lot. And I mean, a lot, especially if there’s... hypothetical favors involved.”

Two heartbeats went by after she stopped speaking. “...Favors?” My voice was stuck in my throat.

“Well... I mean, if we just tell your friends that you can... have me do things for you, tonight...” Mom paused. I thought I heard her clear her throat. “...If we make it sound like you’ll get a birthday surprise, then they’ll jump at it, won’t they?”

It was impossible to describe the way my gut flipped when she said that.

“Yeah, but...” I didn’t want to say just how much I wanted those favors. I tried to blame the alcohol in my system but found it a lot more difficult than I expected.

“But what?” Mom’s voice was different now. “It’s a pretense, Alex.” I couldn’t imagine what it must have been like on her end to have to clarify that with me. Even if we got out of here, our physical innocence intact, there was no way any conversation with each other could be the same. Her tone made that clear.

“Alright,” I croaked.

“I’ll be there in a minute. Don’t drink anything else.” Mom hung up, and I tried to keep myself from having a heart attack.

“Look at Alex, damn,” one of my buddies said off to the side. “He must be in love.” A chorus of laughs went up with that. I couldn’t really register much outside of that, and just tried to keep from passing out.

Mom emerged again from the stage. She must have put a lot of effort into calming down, because her and I were night and day – I was about to hyperventilate, and she was once again the cool, neutral hostess that elegantly stepped over to me, her hands on her hips, her lovely skin once again covered by the gorgeous silky panties and bra. None of it took away from how sexy she was.

“Alright, boys,” she said, smirking. “I hope you’re having a good night.” A round of hollers and happy cheers went up from my friends. “I hope Alex’s birthday has been good too,” she said, blowing me a sexy kiss from the stage, while my friends cheered that as well. Mom snapped her fingers at a girl and had them bring over a tray of drinks to us. “You’re being so, so well behaved, aren’t you boys? Drink up. You deserve it.” Her voice was different, more confident, much more controlled. If she was acting before, she was acting even better now. Mom was a pro, and if I didn’t know her, I’d almost guess that she was a vet of the stripping industry, at the peak of her craft, at the top of her game in charming her audience.

“Alright, let’s get to business. Your friend Alex just turned twenty one, didn’t he?” I felt hands slapping my back and shoulders as my friends cheered me on. “Well Alex,” she said, seductively, leaning forward, pushing her arms in front of her, pressing her breasts together underneath the silky, glittering bra, her red, luscious lips painting a little delicious picture as to what she could do with them. “I hope you’re aware that my calendar says I’m free tonight. And if you’re looking for some one on one time in the VIP room, well, I’m open for reservations.”

My friends gawked in jealousy. “Hot damn, dude. You lucky son of a bitch.”

Mom didn’t even flinch at that. Instead, she continued. “And if your friends are willing to sponsor you... I could...” she overtly licked her lips and sent a little kiss by air, “get you a little present from mommy.”

Ian stood up, practically knocking over the newly arrived tray of drinks. “Fuck yeah, birthday boy gets a blowie! How much?”

“How much do you think your friend’s happiness is worth?” Mom’s sultry question caused Ian to stop reaching for his pocket.

“You’re really expensive, aren’t you, Helene?” Ian gritted his jaw. “How much do you want to charge?”

Mom looked at me, then back to Ian, measuring his resolve carefully, balancing just how desperately we needed to get out of the public eye, now a cutthroat killer, simultaneously ready to take him for everything he could possibly be worth. She leaned closer to him. Ian stepped up to the stage. Mom’s ear whispered something in his ear. He went pale. Then nodded. An indeterminable sum left his pocket and into her hand.

Mom straightened up, gently descended the stage, and made a little motion with her finger, winking at me. I got up and followed her, entranced, incapable of saying no. She put a hand behind her, and I took it, feeling the softness of her fingers in my palm. Jealous stares followed me – I could feel them on the back of my neck.

“Have fun, Alex!” Ian shouted after me. “You have no idea how much you owe me now!”

My friends crowed, proud of the idea that I’d be getting a blowjob from a mother look-a-like, but they couldn’t fathom just how intensely aroused and confused I felt, being led by my real mother into the dark back rooms of Chanson Nu. Every step was like a weird dream. Mom’s hand was so soft in mine, so surreally there even if I didn’t think it could be.

In the back of the club, there were a series of hallways that seemed almost maze-like thanks to the booze, moving from side to side, clouded with curtains, unmarked doors, girls in various states of nakedness moving from room to room, security guards standing by entryways with dark sunglasses, men ringing girls on mini-stages, on poles, sometimes girls knelt between their legs with cocks in their mouths, slick, wet noises, moans and music coming from every possible room. This place was a lot more active back here – and I could see incredible amounts of money flying in every possible direction – suits with ties and high collars handing over bills in every room, mixing with the movement of flesh, the soft gasps of girls, the groans of the patrons who enjoyed all the varieties of pleasure that the girls here could offer; mouths, pussies, ass, and all the enthusiasm in the world.

Some of the rooms were closed off, but we could hear everything going on inside. The noises were the main hint as to the activities in each room, but there was another thing I noticed – the curtains that covered those doorways only wet down to shin level – you could tell based on which way the feet were pointing as to what positions people were in.

The shock at all this detailed knowledge was extreme. I hadn't so much as tuned into a movie with a sex scene while my mom was present, but now, she was leading me through a den of sexual vice. We were surrounded by it, overwhelmed by it, while my friends all thought I was coming back here to get some of that action from a woman named Helene. But my own mother led me by the hand through it instead. The sex and everything that paid for it around us made my head spin.

If mom somehow made enough out there, just dancing, then how much were the girls back here making? It felt like there was a hidden class of stripper millionaires back here that nobody ever mentioned.

But then again, sex work like this wasn't exactly something you brought up in casual conversation. The girls back here, they were basically escorts. Some of the girls looked at her with a smirk. One of them said casually, "wow, Helene, I didn't expect to see you back here. Looking at a new car?"

Mom shrugged and gave a little laugh. "This kid just turned twenty one. He's just too sweet – I had to have him all to myself."

We eventually turned into a tiny dark room, shrouded in curtains, a dainty chaise lounge chair and other soft furniture in the center. It was so small that we were practically forced to be next to each other – I sat on the chaise, trying to keep from falling completely over, mom stood by the entrance. All together, there were only a couple feet between us -- it was more like a closet than a room.

The room itself didn't have a door – curtains took its place. A soft, dark purple light shifted into pink, a high tech setup that changed the colors in the room slowly, keeping the rest of the atmosphere dark and sexy. Slow music played, a gentle, but throbbing beat that dulled the noise of the sex and moaning in the adjacent rooms. It was so small in here we couldn't help but be close to each other. Too close. I could smell the delicious, curved scent of ginger and citrus.

Mom peeled open the curtain door and waved over a security guard. “It’s my first time tonight with a client, Phil,” she said urgently. “I want total privacy, do you understand? No interruptions. Nothing.” From my perspective, with each hushed, agitated word, her ass moved in a gentle flick. I tried not to look, but whatever willpower I had left was entirely gone. All that was left was the drunk feelings, my mother’s perfume, and the way my cock forced itself against the inside of my pants. Phil, who was the size of a truck, honored her request and stepped farther out and put some earbuds on either side of his black sunglasses.

The curtain closed, and Phil was now out of sight. Mom spun around.

“Alright,” she breathed, her mask gone, her real, panicking, confused self now apparent. This was the first time I saw her authentic behavior since I got here. And it was the first time I could be myself with her. Sort of.

I had no idea how to approach what was going on with our bodies – what she had experienced, what I was still experiencing, my cock still erect and pushing against the inside of my pants. I couldn’t have calmed it down if I tried. We were too close for it to go away.

Mom folded her arms. She looked me up and down, her gaze momentarily pausing on my erect cock under my pants, her breath brushing against me since we were so close in proximity. She practically stood over me, thoughts blurring together on her face.

Mom looked like she was trying to say something, but stopped before she could open her mouth. She went to the side of the room, barely a foot away, her tight ass cutely flicking with each sharp movement, and she opened a cabinet that was built into the wall, pulled out a bottle, and poured herself a tall glass of what I guessed was vodka. She drank it immediately, turned to look at me, and then immediately turned back to the vodka, pouring and drinking another. I sat in silence, trying not to let the newfound shame devour me, trying not to let her close proximity and the delicious scent of her skin drive me insane.

“So,” she said, terse. “You need to tell me what the fuck is going on.”

I didn’t know how to respond. What the fuck could I say? *I’m attracted to you, or I want to have my own mother touching me?* None of that was going to work. I sat, wordless, instead.

Mom pulled a second glass from the cabinet and poured it half full, then handed it to me. “Drink it. We’re talking, now.”

I obediently downed it, and let the fire wash over me. My head started to pulse. I felt dizzy.

“Well?” Mom’s arms were folded, she leaned against the wall, and stared me down.

I didn’t know how to admit it to her. If I should. If it was even worth bringing up – if it wasn’t already painfully obvious that my cock was still throbbing because she was grinding on it earlier.

“Why couldn’t you tell me you were stripping?” The question fell out of my mouth.

Mom didn’t respond. She downed her vodka.

“If you had warned me…” I reasoned, “maybe I could have just pretended I was sick tonight. I didn’t want to come here, I tried to get the guys to go to Speakeasy. What the hell am I supposed to do? Why the fuck are we even in this situation? Why are you stripping? Couldn’t you just get a regular job?”

“I tried, Alex,” mom said, bitterly. “You don’t know what the job market is like for a woman who took a very, very long hiatus to raise children.”

The way she spoke stopped me. It was instant. The shame of trying to pin this on my mom was like a tidal wave – and I wanted to bury myself in the cushions and hide from everything.

“We were really struggling for a bit,” mom admitted. “We needed to replace the roof. Your father got a serious reprimand at his job, something that wasn’t his fault. But it put his position in danger anyway, and we had to scramble to cover our bases in case something happened. Your college education was at stake. Our house, too. Believe it or not, Alex, I didn’t take on this job because I like men staring at me.”

“One of my friends told me about this place, said they paid well, said I could do well there since I already had gymnastics experience. So I tried, and my first night, I made almost one thousand dollars. Do you even know what it’s like to hold that in cash, Alex? Just one thousand dollars?”

“I don’t,” I admitted.

“And most likely, you won’t, not because you’re not able to make that kind of money, but you’ll never be in a situation where you’re working for that amount in cash.” Mom’s lips were pressed together grimly. I didn’t realize just how much this job was making her, and how much it probably weighed on her to have to do it.

“And with your father always blowing the cash every fucking chance he gets, it’s all I can do to keep up.” Mom cleared her throat. “Do you get it, Alex? Do you understand that I’m actually doing my best here?”

I nodded, trying to keep calm.

“So that’s my side,” she said. “And now, you need to talk about yours. I thought you could control that thing,” she said, pointing at my cock. “You’re not a teen anymore.”

I gritted my teeth. I didn’t mean to get hard. It wasn’t like I was trying to get hard. It wasn’t like I was trying to grind on her too.

“Alex,” mom sternly said, “I’m your mother. You’re not supposed to... get a hard on around me. What the hell were you thinking? Why the hell did it just... keep going? What kind of son—”

“I can’t help it, mom.” I stood up. “It’s not like I have a choice about it.”

Mom tightened her grip on the vodka glass. “Sure. Likely. Your father isn’t like that when—”

“Dad’s not twenty one anymore,” I almost shouted, the anger flooding up through the alcohol. The outburst wouldn’t stop, the vodka lubricating my frustration. “Do you think I was trying to get hard? Do you think I was working on being turned on? I can’t help it mom, your body, it looks good. You’re fucking sexy, alright? You’ve looked insanely hot ever since I’ve come back. Not only have you been not wearing a bra at home, which is fucking hot, you were grinding on me here, and there’s no way my cock won’t react to that, and you know what? It felt good, and I’m fucking drunk, so yeah, you turned me on, I am turned on, and I’m probably going to be turned on as long as you look so fuckable. Are you happy?”

Mom was stunned. Eyes wide. But I went a step further.

“And it’s not like you weren’t wet after you were on me. I saw it. You couldn’t help it either.” Once the words left my mouth, I regretted it. I could have left that out. I could have explained away my own arousal as some kind of drunk, biological response. But for girls, I didn’t know if it was that way – I felt like it shouldn’t have been that way. But my mom was turned on, her cunny was wet, it was a physical fact of life. And now that fact was out, sitting between us.

# Chapter 8

She carefully set down the vodka glass on the counter and tried to look composed, but her hand was shaking a bit as she brought it up to her mouth.

“I don’t...” Her voice caught. “I wasn’t...” The way she looked at me was intense. Disbelieving. Shocked. “Was... was I?”

I felt like running away, but the alcohol pushed me further. I nodded at her. “You were.”

“Oh.” My mother, the accountant named Laura, the woman who raised me, put her fingers over her lips. I didn’t know what was going on inside her head, but based on her facial expression, I knew it had to be loud, confused, and completely world shattering.

I wanted to take it back.

The alcohol wanted to push further.

My cock wanted to push further as well.

Two votes outweighed one.

My hand snapped out and grabbed my mother by the waist. I heard her gasp as I pulled her onto me, and suddenly, her body was on mine, her hips on my leg, her breasts brushing against my chest and stomach, her hair draping over my neck, her face looking up at mine, entirely surprised, completely stunned.

I was just as stunned as her. I had just pulled my mom close to me. I could smell her more clearly, I could feel her body, her firm torso, her soft legs, all pressing against me the way a girl’s did. Somehow, the way she fell, it meant that my cock was nestled between the cleft of her legs. Against a place that was very... soft. Very warm.

“Alex,” mom’s voice was a warning. A still, high warning, something without much weight to it. “You’re drunk.”

“I know,” I said, trying to regain control over myself.

I expected her to get up. To slap me. To tell me I wasn’t being myself, that I needed to get a hold of myself, that I was entirely out of line.

But she didn't. Her body was on mine, her eyes were on mine, her softness conformed to me, while my cock pressed against something between her legs. The scent of her breath was sweet – vodka, mint, the mellow citrus and ginger. I wondered how much she drank at work as a matter of habit. I also wondered if the alcohol she just drank was helping her to cope with the present circumstances.

I wondered if the drinking did anything to her decision making abilities, the same way it affected mine.

I thought about that for a long, long time. The same length of time that mom and I laid together, staring at each other.

A weird, weird line of a thought snaked its way through my head. And out of my mouth.

“My friends think you're blowing me.”

Mom blinked.

“They think it's happening right now,” I finished the thought. The closeness of the walls were so tight around us that it almost seemed natural for her to be on the chaise with me. To get her up and off of me seemed impossible. She just looked at me, her cheeks red, her breathing faster.

What the hell was I doing? My mom gave birth to me. She helped raise me. She worked a white collar job. Used to pack lunches. What the fuck had happened to us where now she was half naked, laying against me, while my cock pushed against the softness between her legs?

But it felt good. Too good to stop.

My hands went up. They traced along her sides while mom kept staring at me, lost for words, the smell of the alcohol flowing over me while her dilated eyes and her soft panting filled my senses. She was about as confused, about as stunned as I was, but it almost felt... natural for my hands to be on my mother. Even if it was wrong, but then again, what about this situation even started out as right?

My hands went up, along her back, feeling at the thin line of her bra connector, up her firm upper shoulders, toward her neck. Then back down, tracing along the indent along her spine. Mom's body was firm – that of a dancer, a gymnast, still taut and firm and tight and... young.

Her lower back sloped down, and then sharply upward with the curve of her ass. I tried to stop – I tried to hold back from reaching out with both hands to grope my mother’s ass, but nothing could hold it back. I opened my fingers and took the mounds of firm, muscular flesh in them, and gave a tight, drunken squeeze, pulling her onto me harder, letting my cock grind against the space between her legs. Mom gave a sharp breath.

She drew back. Her hands went up, moved to either side of me, as she pushed herself off of the couch. “A-alex,” she said, her voice shaking. “I think... I think you’re too... I think you’ve been drinking and...”

She was right. The booze was blurring my vision. I really did have too much for how fast the night was moving. I interiorly crossed my fingers and hoped that all of this, somehow, could be attributed to the booze and that my mom and I would have some semblance of a relationship after all of this.

I tried to sit up, but only was able to drag myself up halfway before the effects of the booze hit me especially hard. I leaned my head back and closed my eyes, almost passing out. I didn’t fully realize it, but my cock was curved against the seam of the zipper, forming a bend underneath the cloth. The very tip of my cock poked out from the waistband, just enough for... her to see.

Not that I intended to do it that way. I really was too drunk to keep aware of everything.

But she saw it.

And I could tell that she saw it – I could tell that my cock was now barely exposed to the outside. That my mom, the lovely, mature woman who had stolen me back here with the pretense of blowing me, actually saw my penis head.

My mom saw the very tip of my cock poking out from the waistband of my pants and through my half-closed eyes, I saw her mouth open in surprise.

Her eyes flicked to the side. “What the hell...” she muttered.

That was the last thing before the haze of the alcohol took me for a little dreamy ride. I wasn’t asleep, not quite. The music still went along at its same tempo, the noise of the girls and the suits in the adjacent rooms didn’t stop. But behind my eyelids, there was a brief, brief moment of darkness. A visual silence, where I finally had a chance to let my body process the booze.

I was sure mom would take this opportunity to take a mental break too – to try and psychologically recover. She would definitely need a therapist when all of this was over. I guess I would probably need one too.

A slow minute went by.

And then I felt something around my legs. My heartrate spiked.

They were fingers. Soft, light touching fingers that went along the inside of my pants and traced upward toward the hardness in my pants that just refused to subside.

My eyes opened, but just barely.

Mom was leaning over me, her tits hanging below her chest, the gravity pulling them taut and downward through the gorgeous custom bra. Her hair was draped gently around her face, her mouth was barely open, her eyes wide with curiosity and... something else. Her fingers were moving slowly, gently up my leg. Her eyes occasionally flicked to mine to see if they were open. I guess in the half darkness of the room, it was going to be impossible for her to tell if I was awake as long as I kept my eyes only open the tiniest amount possible.

I could see her perfectly clearly, and the more she moved up my leg, the more clear the situation became.

Mom's hand was reaching for the head of my cock. The one that rose just above the edge of my waistband.

Her fingers traced up my groin, gently slipping her nails up the side of my pelvis, sideways, toward... my erect cock as it pressed through my pants.

My heart was surging like a river, pounding hard and fast, it was weird that I wasn't gasping for breath along with it, though I definitely felt like my chest was ratcheted tight.

Mom's hand stopped. My heart almost did too.

I could see the conflict in her face, the way she blinked, while staring at my cock head, the way she furrowed her eyebrows as she tried to make a decision, her hand held back. I couldn't tell what she was deliberating in her head but it was wasn't making much sense to me through the alcoholic haze.

But what I did know was that while I was drunkenly swimming in the thought of her staring at my cock, she finally made her decision. Her eyes were now firmly set, her tongue traced along the edge of her lips. I couldn't believe what was going on. Why was she getting closer? Why was she staring at the head of my cock? Why were her hands getting closer to it?

She must have thought I was passed out. She must have thought I wasn't going to know about, or remember any of this.

Mom had no idea I was watching her.

Her fingers went to the button at the top of my pants. I felt her slim, gentle fingertips as she worked at the button, until it finally slipped free of the button hole, and it sprung apart, only the zipper holding everything together. My cock head was freed by only half an inch, but from what I could see, that was enough for more of the head to appear. It was red, engorged, but mom's focus, completely intent, one hundred percent absorbed, was on it.

In the dark, I couldn't tell if what I saw was real. It almost looked like mom was licking her lips while she stared at it.

Her fingers kept moving. They gently moved the edge of the flap that covered the zipper to the side, and then she took hold of the zipper, and pulled it, slowly, agonizingly slowly downward, setting my cock free in a gentle smoothness that let it go upward, inch by inch.

Mom was now staring, completely entranced by my cock. She stared at it, must have been comparing it to my father's, must have been considering its shape and its form compared to the one she knew best.

It was too much to handle. My eyes flew open. Mom suddenly looked up, still leaning over me, her hands still on my pants.

"Oh-oh my god, Alex," she stammered.

I felt stone cold sober, surprisingly. The intensity of what she was doing must have flushed it out of me. "What are you doing?"

"I was just..." Mom looked from side to side, trying to come up with something. "You just took out your cock, Alex, you must be so drunk, and I was just trying to..." She stopped lying as she noticed the way I was staring at her.

“I saw you,” I said.

Mom blinked.

If there was a way for us to break the news to each other that we found each other attractive, this one might have taken the cake for ‘least orthodox.’

We looked at each other. The moment went by in heartbeats, not seconds, not in musical thumps, but through the intense pulse of my anxious, horny, drunk heart.

“I was...” Mom’s words faded. What should she have said? There was nothing that could salvage her honor in that moment. She knew she had just unzipped my pants. I knew she had freed my cock. That she licked her lips looking at it. We were both more than aware of each other.

My cock flexed in that minute, still free, still in the open. Mom’s eyes were immediately drawn to it, immediately fixated on the veiny rod that her son had, the one her body had made.

Mom looked at me. Almost as if she was... asking a question, deeply suppressed behind layers of shame, of caution, of shock. The question was asked for a long moment, answered by the simple fact that I didn’t put away my cock, when in any situation outside of this one, I would have hurried to put it away.

My cock flexed again.

Mom blinked. Her mouth opened, a soft, wet pink place, where her little tongue slowly circled the inside of her lips as she tried to figure out what to do.

But she knew what she wanted to do, even if it was just out of curiosity.

Her hand reached forward again, her fingers stretched out, her form descended as she crept closer to my cock while my eyes watched her. Mom’s hand opened up, and the tips of her fingers grazed the length of my shaft, sending sparks upward through them. Her hand drew closer, her fingers circling around, and I could feel heat, pulsing in her palm.

My eyes must have gone wide, because mom looked up at me, suddenly awkward, suddenly shocked at herself.

Her hand drew back.

My cock flexed again. I didn’t know how to make it stop, but in a way, I didn’t want it to stop. I wanted her to keep looking, to try and touch me again. The

tension in the room was thick, suffocating, but mom was still leaned forward, still looking between me and the engorged shaft that kept perfectly straight in front of her.

“...Son,” she started.

But I didn't wait. Something in me snapped.

My hands shot out and I pulled her onto me again, and mom was suddenly on top of me, her body now pressed against my raw cock, the feeling of the soft skin of her tummy now pressing against my shaft – flesh on flesh, her breathing suddenly in my ear. Mom's voice was there, high, nervous, surprised. “Alex, wait,” she said quietly, her breath catching, her breathing now fast, her hands moving onto my shoulders to push herself upward.

But I didn't want to wait. Her scent, the feeling of her body, the way her hands felt on me, the way my cock was now skin to skin, it was enough to unlock some kind of uncontrollable beast in me, and I reached my hands up, took my mom by the neck and hair, pulled her face down... and kissed her.

The taste was of sugar, of vodka, of sharp ginger and mint, a candied flavor that I never would have expected out of my own mother, but here I was, now kissing her, now tasting the inside of her mouth, feeling a moan going from her mouth and into mine. I kissed harder, her lips moving softly too, in words or in a kiss back I couldn't tell – all I knew was that I was kissing a woman that my body craved, even if my mind was screaming that she was my mom, that I was out of control, that I was doing what was more insane than anything else I had ever done in my entire life.

Mom pulled back, her lips freed, her breathing now apparent and faster than before. “Alex,” she said in a harsh whisper, “You can't, I'm your mother, you need to-“

Before she could finish I grabbed her neck again and pulled her back onto me. Her protests were silenced by my mouth, her tongue trying to help her form words, now only able to move against my teeth, my lips. It almost felt like she was fighting back with her mouth, trying to say something to me, but all that was left was a tone, a musical note as she moved her mouth on mine, the taste of alcohol infusing everything as the kiss returned. My cock pushed against her tummy, hard, and her body reacted with a tense stiffness.

I pulled my kisses off to the side, uncontrollable, and mom wasn't talking, just breathing, just making light gasps of trepidation, of surprise. Her cheek was soft, the rouge replaced by a genuine flush, my mouth moving along her face and down to her neck, her taut, firm, smooth neck, delectably lined by the frame of a dancer.

"Alex, stop," mom whispered, her tone a foreign mix of something I had never heard out of her before. But everything was different – she had touched me, I had kissed her, and if I didn't know any better, she had kissed back.

"Baby, listen," she said, trying to keep her voice steady. "I'm your mom. You have to stop. You have to... oh..."

My lips moved down her neck as I bit, nibbled, reflexively licked and kissed the way I had practiced in college. Mom's hands went to my chest, pushing lightly, but not enough to actually bring herself upward, only enough to give her a bit of space to breathe. Her gasps were in my ear, the closeness of the room didn't adjust any of that. The noise of sex filtered through, the curtain being the only faint barrier between us and the rest of the strip club, the rest of the pleasure rooms where only feet away men were getting their cocks sucked, were fucking girls who were enthusiastic, and made every noise to indicate it.

The noise turned me on even harder. My hips moved upward, pushing my cock against her firm, bare midriff. Mom gasped in response, looked down, at the iron rod that pushed into her. I couldn't imagine what she must have felt in that instant, seeing her son's cock pushed against the outward place where she used to carry him. But my cock was there, it was throbbing, it was harder than it had ever been, and while I kissed at her neck and felt my hands start to explore her body, she actually pushed herself closer to it.

My hands went down her back, slipping over her bottom, feeling the softness along the lower edge of her ass, and then moving down, onto her thighs. I squeezed one, sensing how strong her legs were, feeling the softness that only a mother could have, feeling the strength that only an acrobat could develop.

Then she stopped my hand.

"Alex," her voice was barely audible now, not even a whisper. "Alex, what the hell are we doing?" She drew back, stood up and over me, close to the curtain. I could see it in her face. Her cheeks were a deep, deep pink, her eyes were widened

by the excitement, by danger, by confusion and fear. Her hands, her whole body was trembling, barely swaying with the feeling of the booze.

“You’re not... I’m your...” mom’s defenses were crumbling, and the horny, fuck hungry monster in me could tell.

I flexed my cock. Intentionally this time. Even if she was my mom I couldn’t deny it, every part of this was sexy, and I wanted way, way more.

Mom’s eyes went to my cock. She licked her lips. Obviously, this time. Her mouth was parted in a soft look that didn’t match what she did in the club, where it was just a signal, a party act. This time it was somehow authentic. Somehow real.

Reality slapped me in the face, hard.

Mom wanted to have my cock in her mouth.

Suddenly, we heard a voice coming from outside of our little curtained room. Below the edge of the curtains, I could actually see Ian’s shoes as he disappeared into the room opposite ours. If I could see his shoes, that meant he could see my mom’s – he could tell what we were doing just based on the position of her feet.

“Alex, bro, I don’t see her on her knees!” His cackling was grating, and loud, but suddenly I heard a deep, terrifying male voice boom over him.

“Hey. You want me to throw you the fuck out of here? Respect the privacy, man, that’s your one warning.” It was Phil to the rescue. I heard Ian make some excuse and then there was nothing from his room, except the fast, slick sound of a mouth sucking cock, and Ian’s suppressed groans. Below the curtain, I could see lovely dark legs, kneeling between his shoes, the cute, barely visible movement of the black stripper’s body as she put a lot of work into blowing him.

But that did raise the point. Mom looked at me and I at her as we realized Ian could tell that she wasn’t doing what she was paid to do. If I could hear him, if I could see him underneath the curtains, then he could see us.

Mom opened her mouth and closed it as she tried to formulate a plan. “We’d... we’d better make it... look like we’re...” she stammered, sinking to her knees. Slowly.

She settled on the ground, her mouth barely parted, her chest heaving from anxiety, from curiosity, from excitement. I pulled myself up, sitting with my legs spread, and flexed my cock unintentionally. Mom's eyes followed it.

"You should... put it away..." she said, quietly, fixated on the tip, her hands pressed together close to her lap. It was like she was trying to hold on to some shred of an image of chastity, but the way she knelt there, focused completely on the way my cock moved, told me that she was feeling far, far different than she wanted to portray.

I didn't put my cock away, and mom just knelt there, staring, her gaze sometimes flicking back up to me. "You're my son, Alex," she said, protesting, as if I were arguing with her. But it was much more difficult for her than if I were arguing myself - she was arguing with herself, with the desires in her body, with the thoughts and intentions that stirred in her.

Mom moved even closer. She was between my legs now. She carefully brought her hands up, set them gently on my lap. Looked at me. Looked at my cock. Pressed her lips together as she warred within herself, deliberated as to what she was doing, why she was doing it, while in my own head I was going insane. My mother was getting closer to my cock. My mom's mouth was opening. Her lips were wet, and soft, her eyes were staring up at me while the beast in me wanted her to move lower.

And she did.

Mom carefully edged her face closer to my cock. She pressed her lips closed, now. Her eyes were on the tip, that twitched back and forth as she moved closer. She carefully lifted herself, now only on her knees, her head positioned close to the tip, her soft, red lips only inches from the head. She was curious, she was drawing close, she was...

Wanting.

The alcohol in me, the lustful desire, and now finally, my conscious mind, they all seemed to agree.

I wanted her mouth on my cock.

I reached forward and set my fingers through her hair. Her eyes drew to my hands, up my arms, to my face, staring into me as I gently gripped her hair, and

gave the slightest pull. Not enough to force her. Only enough to tell her where I wanted her mouth to go.

“Alex...” she said, her stare stuck on my shaft, “what are you doing?”

I couldn't help myself. “Open your mouth,” I groaned.

Mom shook her head no, but didn't move back. I pulled her close, gently, and she didn't fight me. Instead, her face was only an inch from my cock, her lips edging closer, the heat of her breath now gently caressing my rod, her sight transfixed on the tip where I was already beading a tiny sparkle of precum, where the excitement manifested in little twitches that held her attention tighter than anything I had ever seen her focus on.

“Mom,” I whispered, “please.”

She didn't open her mouth. She didn't try to swallow my cock or lick me.

Instead...

...she kissed it.

Mom's lips pushed out gently as she closed her eyes, and kissed the hard length of my cock, her mouth settling softly against it, in a long, drawn out, still kiss that sent pleasure, sharper than I could have ever expected from this kind of touch, rocketing through me. Mom's lips were like lightning, the softness of her mouth more than enough to send me into a different space. She kissed at my shaft, and then drew back.

She looked at me.

And now everything was different.

My mother just kissed my cock. It had touched her lips. Completely willingly.

Mom gave a barely audible gasp, stunned at the fact that she went that far, frozen at the thought that she had just broken the skin barrier far beyond anything I had done. She looked up at me, my hand still in her hair.

“Son,” she said, quietly, scared.

I expected her to protest more. This was already so insane, beyond anything I could have ever expected a day ago. Maybe it was time to call it quits, to somehow find a way to just disappear.

“What?” I asked.

Mom took in a deep breath, her voice shaking. “You can’t tell your father.”

Her mouth opened. Her wet lips glistened and before I could even process what she said...

...she went down on me, the hot wetness of her mouth suddenly engulfing my shaft, the creamy heat exploding over my cock.

My mother was sucking me off, licking at my shaft, tasting me, suddenly filled with an enthusiasm I didn’t realize was there – it was overwhelming, it was fast, it was Laura whose lips and tongue were slicking and sliding over my head and up and down the length, surrounding my cock with spit and heat.

I threw back my head and couldn’t help but groan, the wind leaving me faster than I could breathe in.

Mom was sucking, slurping, moving at a speed that was far, far faster than any of the girls I had encountered in college. She was better at this than I could have ever expected, her mouth was a sweet, wet place, a slick hole of pleasure that made my balls tighten, that made me gasp and groan harder than I could control.

She was practiced. I realized in that instant that this is the kind of stuff she did for dad but... was she ever this enthusiastic?

I felt something starting to build, I felt her tongue, the sucking wet of her mouth pulling something up within me. Her cheeks were barely pulled in as she moved, up and down, deliciously slick, up, down, up, down, the feeling of her mouth like home, as I felt a pinch below, a grip, a sudden buildup that pushed upward and --

Before I could cum, her mouth popped off of me in a fluid motion. “Fuck,” she gasped. She stood up violently.

Stared at me as if I had done something. Looked back down to my cock, which had her spit hanging off of it in strands, looked at me, her saliva around her mouth, her lovely, wet lips shining.

Mom was awake to the realization of what she was doing to me. What she was doing within herself.

I sat up a little more. I was stunned too. I didn't know mom would go this far, that she even had it in her to do this. But there was one thing that was for certain – it felt incredible, and mom's mouth was perfect for sucking.

She turned, nervously toward the curtain, where Ian was groaning as the black girl worked her magic on him. From the vantage point where he could undoubtedly tell that mom was standing, not kneeling, that the promised birthday blowie wasn't happening. She looked at me, completely stuck, divided, trying to figure out what the hell to do, especially now that she had already sucked her own son's cock.

I was throbbing, shaking, twitching, recovering from being so suddenly brought to the edge. I was also trying to figure out what the fuck was going on inside me – it had never, ever felt this good. I didn't know a woman like my mom could do something like this to me – that I was so close to spurting a load between my mom's lips.

The time was going by, fast. Mom's eyes flicked back toward Ian's room and she blinked, once, twice, three times, as she made the quick calculations in her head.

She looked into me, her red mouth just barely parted, panting in conflicting anxiety and excitement.

And knelt.

My cock grew impossibly harder. Mom settled down again between my legs, her head turning as if she could see whether Ian was watching us. I didn't know – I wasn't sure if he could tell, but based on the way the slick slurping mixed with his tensing groans in the other room, it was a coin toss as to whether he was even aware that we existed.

But here mom was.

Kneeling between my legs.

Mom looked at me guiltily, at my shaft, still wet with the spit from her mouth. Her hands went up, sliding up my legs, her fingers working their way along my waist, and then closing in on my shaft, her fingers tracing closer, circling around. Mom settled her grasp on my cock. Closed her hands. Both of her hands were on my cock now, and she started to move them up and down as she watched me, as she watched her son with a look of concern, blended with horny curiosity.

She opened her mouth then, watching as I was twitching, shaking under the intense pleasure of her hands as she jerked me off, and then moved her face down, swallowing up my cock into the wetness of her mouth, the pleasure swirling with spit as she sucked and let her tongue slick everything.

I was close before – all the studying at home in preparation for a vacation meant I hadn't seen any girls in a while, meant I didn't even have the time to jerk off – my balls were swollen, ready, and each delightful sucking motion from my mom drew it up, faster, more powerfully, the intensity rising between my legs as the wet haven of my mom's mouth fucked on me. I moved my hands up and gripped her hair, started thrusting, and it moved deeper into her mouth, bumping against her throat.

I was close – mom was making a noise as she strained to take it deeper into her mouth, I was making a noise as I felt it rising in my balls, as I felt power sparking upward in my core.

Mom looked up at me, made eye contact, her eyes staring at me with some kind of curiosity, intensity, shock as I approached the edge of orgasm.

I felt it—the tensing, the strength peaking, the final gate before the semen could explode from me. Mom tried to pull back, knowing I was about to unload, but my hands tightened their grip on her hair, and I pulled deeper into her throat, the wet pleasure multiplying. Mom started gagging, her eyes widening, her throat closing in on my cock, her hands snapping out and pushing, but it was happening, and I couldn't let go of my mom's face even if I tried.

I started to cum – I felt it, tense, shooting out like a fire hose, the power in my balls darting up, violently sending waves of fluid upward, and directly into my mother's mouth – spurting load on load as I lost control and felt the edges of my vision fading

Mom made a noise, pushed harder, but my grip in her hair tightened further as I lost control over my orgasm, losing awareness of anything else, as I started pumping my hips, pushing deeper past mom's lips, semen shooting straight down her throat as she gulped, and gulped, and whined, her eyes blinking wildly as hot cum splashed into the very back of her mouth.

Mom stopped struggling, let the cum go down, swallowed again, and again, and again, as I felt my balls tightening with the powerful strain as every drop went into her tummy.

Her hands gently went up to my hips. She closed her eyes, and I felt it, the sucking sensation as she drew the last drops from me.

I felt like I was going to pass out, but miraculously stayed awake as I watched her, gently suckling on my cock, savoring the taste, savoring my movements as my body reacted, now sensitive, to every minute movement of her tongue.

She opened her eyes to watch me as I let go of her hair, as I weakly drew back, as my cock softened in her mouth, leaving the faint trailing drops of cum along her tongue. Mom gave one last slick suck and drew back. A strand of my semen clung to her lip as she drew back, looking entirely sober, entirely sexy, entirely aware of what she just did.

It was a different mom than I was used to.

Her hand moved up and wiped the strand of cum from her lips.

“Well, Alex,” she said, quietly. “I think I’ll have to add therapy to our expenses next.”

# Chapter 9

I glanced under the curtain and noticed Ian was gone. He must have finished up just before I did, which meant mom and I were alone, in a way, again. I imagined Phil was still standing guard outside.

Mom stood up as I pulled my pants up, stepping back to the cabinet where she got the booze. This time, she pulled a couple napkins out, ornate ones, custom made, with the Chanson Nu logo in a clean, French script embroidered along the side. Mom wiped her mouth with it, staring at me with surprise and a rapidly developing shock.

“Oh my god, Alex,” she whispered.

I shared the same sentiment.

Mom poured herself another glass of vodka. Poured me one too as she shook her head, as if she were surprised at something not-so-innocent I had done, the same exact way she reacted when I climbed a bookshelf and sent the whole thing tumbling. That time, she didn't drink in response, but the facial expression was the same – one of awe, barely concealed mirth, concern at some unnamed danger that I didn't understand at the time.

But this time, I understood, in as much as any young man could when his own mother had just sucked him off, had just swallowed an entire load of his cum.

“What now?” I asked.

“Well we can't tell anyone, that's for sure,” mom said, dizzily confused. “I imagine if Ian's done, you boys might go home. But none of you are sober enough to make the drive. I'll ask Jerry to get you all a taxi to drop you all off home. He'll be more than happy to, I imagine.”

Reality settled back for me. Mom was a stripper – she was going to keep up this life, she had already broken an incredible barrier by going into the VIP rooms with a ‘client’ for the first time – even if this was her son, as if that made that any less extreme. I thought about dad. A wave of guilt slammed over me.

“Mom,” I said, trying to keep calm, “dad's not going to know you did favors for... anyone... is he?”

Mom blinked. “No way in hell, Alex. Everyone’s a professional here. Nobody tells anyone else’s business.”

“Are you going to do favors in general now?”

“Absolutely not.” Mom took a deep breath. “This was...” she mused for a bit, “an extreme circumstance. I wouldn’t do this for anyone but...” she cleared her throat, “family, I guess.”

I tried to stand, knees weak from the power of the orgasm mom gave me. She handed me a glass of the vodka. “You know...” her voice was sweet, gentle. “You tasted very... clean. Not a lot of men make that effort, in general, I mean. I really appreciate it.”

I nodded, surprised that I’d somehow ever get a compliment on how my cock tasted from my own mother.

Mom folded her arms over her chest and took a deep breath. “I’m going to go to the back, get a little cleaned up. Wait by the front for me with your friends, and I’ll say goodbye for tonight. We’ll talk more tomorrow.”

Somehow, I got out of the maze of rooms in the back of the club, drifting out of the menagerie of sex and bodies, feeling like I was barely there. My friends were clustered by the edge of the stage – everyone had the same look – post orgasm bliss. Everyone smiled as they noticed me, Ian more than the rest.

“I don’t want to talk about it,” I said, trying to cut them off.

“She blew you, bro. How was it?” Ian seemed almost ecstatic.

“Leave it alone man.”

My buddies jumped in, punching me in the shoulders. “Ahh, birthday boy!” “She liked you. Probably did a little more than blow you, huh?” “Kinky motherfucker!” “You should get her number.”

Minutes later, out of the corner of my eye, the curtains by the edge of the main stage drifted open, silkily dragging as my mother emerged from them. Mom had her game face on, her seductive look, her makeup fresh, her hips swinging daintily, in a way that instantly made me hard again. She was holding something small in her hands – a little box, barely the size of her palm.

She came close, and all my friends went silent in reverence. Mom leaned forward, her breasts pulling downward from the gravity. “Hey kid,” she said, a cute grin on her face. “One of the girls jumped out of a present last week, so we had some extra wrapping paper. I figured you’d like a present too since it’s your birthday.”

My buddies grumbled enviously as mom’s dainty hands reached out to mine and placed the box there. It was neatly wrapped – clean edges, symmetrical lines, the tape job immaculate. It was the way mom wrapped presents; picture perfect.

“Open it when you’re outside,” she said, her tone low, different. It was the same tone mom would use when she said ‘I love you’ whenever I’d leave for school. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

I nodded and waved, wanting to respond with a ‘goodbye, mom’, even though that would have undone everything. Instead I turned, left, occasionally glancing over my shoulder at my beautiful, beautiful mother, who stood on the stage and already drew a bit of a crowd – men with suits who were about to beg to see her naked, who, I knew, would never ever get to experience her the way I just did. They might get to see, but they’d never get to truly touch, never get to cum deep inside her throat the way I had.

That thought brought a sliver of peace to it. What did it matter if mom was making bank off of them?

A taxi was waiting for us outside, Phil standing next to it. “Management’s compliments,” he said, imposing enough that nobody fought him to get into Ian’s car. We piled into the taxi obediently under Phil’s stern watch.

Ian gave the taxi driver the directions to get to his apartment so we could keep drinking and get some food, while my other friends started arguing over which girl, outside of Helene, was the hottest. I looked a little more closely at the present mom gave. I carefully opened it, feeling like tearing it open would take away from how beautifully wrapped it was. Inside a miniscule cardboard box, there was a rolled up napkin – the ones from inside the back rooms with the Chanson Nu logo on it.

Written along the edge, in fine pen, with handwriting clear and readable, the handwriting of an office accountant, it said;

*Happy Birthday,*

*Love, Mom.*

It was signed with her lipstick kiss.

Author's Note:

Hey.

Thanks for making it to the end of the story. I hope this gives you a good idea of what I offer – though if you're looking for more content (more intense and varied), then take a look at my Smashwords page where I keep my entire catalogue:

<https://www.smashwords.com/books/search?query=fake+flower>

I've only started publishing as of early 2023, so if the catalogue seems small, that's completely normal. It'll grow over time, and chances are, if you're reading this, you'll receive publishing alerts whenever a new story drops.

**IF YOU DO NOT WANT TO RECEIVE PUBLISHING ALERTS, then please do me a huge favor and unsubscribe from my email list. A link to unsubscribe will be at the bottom of any of the emails I've sent you. Don't forget to check your spam folder!**

Thank you everyone,

Fake Flower