



THE INCEST NIGHTCLUB

JULIUS INCESTUS

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All characters engaged in sexual activities are over 18

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Chapter 1

Chase I leaned back in my office chair and cracked my knuckles. I felt a subtle pain in my lower back. I had been sitting for way too long, and it was time for a break. I pulled the curtains aside, letting natural light stream into my bedroom.

I lived in Orange County with my mother and older sister. I was currently studying software engineering, which kept me busy most of the day. Otherwise, I loved working out. As of late, I barely had any free time at all, and it was a miracle I still found time to go to the gym. I knew that the upcoming months would be rough since my family at the moment wasn't in the best financial situation. I was already doing side gigs to help out the family.

I opened the window to let in some fresh air. I looked at the beautiful view of rolling hills and valleys, and behind me were the sandy beaches that stretched for miles along the coastline. This house provided a stunning view and cost us a fortune, but I was fearful it would be taken away from us soon.

I tried not to think of our setbacks and looked down at our garden. My mouth opened when I spotted my mother in a

tight, pink leotard, showing off her curves and fit body. She'd styled her hair in a neat bun at the nape of her neck, secured with hairpins. Her makeup was minimal. She had a natural rosy blush on her cheeks and natural pink lips that enhanced her smile. Standing five feet eleven, she was voluptuous with a nice bust and round bottom. She was only thirty-eight, but could easily be mistaken to be a decade younger. She was gorgeous. Painfully gorgeous. I felt bad admitting it, and I felt sick whenever I stared at her more than what was considered necessary.

She lifted her leg all the way to her head, exposing her butt cheeks and sacred region as she twirled around on her foot. I loved watching her dance and would sneak peek whenever I found the time and opportunity. I always kept telling myself to stop, but I couldn't. She was irresistible, and I was drawn to her like a baby hungry for milk. She did some other stretches, moving into poses I had only seen in my wildest sexual imagination. She did the forward bend, bending forward at her waist and reaching her toes with her hands. She flashed me her full moon and the delicious crack in the garment. She sat down, extending her legs into a wide straddle position. With a straight back, she leaned forward from the hips, reaching toward one foot and then the other.

I wasn't even touching myself, but I shivered with pleasure. I lost myself in her moves, dreaming that she peeled off her clothes and performed nude. I vividly imagined her in her natural state with no garments veiling her flesh. I wanted to plunge my head between her legs and taste her flower.

Slowly but surely, I pitched a tent to her, and I asked myself whether I should do something I hadn't done before.

"Knock, knock," Savannah, my older sister, said before

stepping into my bedroom. She popped my taboo bubble.

I whirled around, looking like a deer caught in headlights. “What’s the point of knocking if you just bust in?” I asked her with hints of annoyance. I quickly plopped down onto my chair, shifting to hide my bulge.

Dressed in a bathing suit and wearing the scent of the ocean, Savannah was a younger and slimmer version of my mother. She was two years older than me with bright blonde hair and high cheekbones that reddened like apples whenever she laughed. Her heart-shaped lips had triggered many taboo dreams as well. My latest sexual dream, which I desperately tried to forget, featured her sucking my rod till I woke up with cum splashed all over me.

She placed her hand on her hip. “Ugh, are you deaf? I shouted for you when I walked up the stairs.”

My eyes swept over her. Having a sun-like complexion from being outdoors all the time, she looked the sexiest whenever she came home from surfing. Her red bathing suit had a deep V-neck that reached her belly button and exposed her cleavage. A light clue of her camel toe showed at the apex of the V-shape where her powerful thighs met her pussy.

I didn’t answer her, and she strode to the window, bringing the briny scent of the sea with her. She placed her hands on the window sill and bent over. “Why are you perving on Mom?” she asked flirtatiously.

“Savannah, shut up.”

“Easy there, little brother,” she said, giving me a look. “Why are you mad?”

“Nothing,” I said. It was far from the truth. She could joke a lot, but I wasn’t in the mood. Our situation had gone downhill lately.

“Can I sit on your bed ... I’m not wet.”

I cocked my head to the right. “What?”

“My bathing suit and hair are dry,” she said, blinking. “I won’t make a dirty mess on your bed.”

I shook the taboo thoughts out of my head. “Sure, sit.”

“It’s been a crazy month,” she said, placing her elbow on her knee and propping up her chin with her hand. Her lustrous, blonde hair fell in front of her.

“Tell me about it,” I said and looked at the wall instead. A couple of months ago our father was arrested for fraud. He was currently in jail, so we had to sort ourselves out. We had to sell off most of our assets, including our car to make ends meet. We were all devastated, especially Mom who’d never had a career.

My father was a fifty-year-old investor and lawyer. He’d met our mother when she was working as a waitress. They’d married shortly after and Dad had promised her that she would never have to work again. She could just enjoy life and take care of the children. Mom had fallen for his charm quickly, and Dad’s promise had been kept till now.

The fraud was worse than we thought, and lie after lie had been discovered. He’d run a Ponzi scheme and fooled investors. Mom had demanded a divorce as soon as she’d found out. Despite all that drama, Mom was slowly recovering, but the financial insecurity was still our main problem.

“It’s weird how everything can switch so suddenly,” Savannah said. “It was all sunshine and roses till the world flipped upside down.”

“We have to make the best out of the situation,” I said.

“The mortgage of this house is no joke,” she reminded me. “Rent is through the roof, so I’m not sure how I’m supposed to move out.”

I was the only one of them who had a well-paid job at the moment, but it was just a side gig. I had debated whether I should drop out and focus on work, helping Mom out till she was in a better position. I knew she was looking for a job, but I wasn't sure if she'd found any yet. She certainly should be able to land something fancy when taking her looks into consideration. She could use her beauty, maybe as a model or so, but it would take time to be discovered.

"What about your friends?" I asked her. Savannah was a popular girl with her charm and beauty. Unlike myself, she'd been dating since she was sixteen.

"They are in the same boat," she said. "It's a jungle out there ... What about yourself? Have you found a girl yet?"

"That's the farthest thing from my mind," I told her. "My plates are full ... studies and work."

"You seriously haven't found a girl yet?" she asked, arching an eyebrow.

I was tall and physically fit, so I understood her reaction. "I said no."

"What happened to Ashley?"

"I broke up. She was too whiny."

"That was like half a year ago. What have you been doing all this time, masturbating?"

I gave her a look.

"I would have easily lined up for you."

I gave her another look.

"Chill, I'm joking," she said, flashing me one of her gorgeous smiles. "Mom said yesterday the bank would have taken our crib if it hadn't been for you."

"That's true," I said. Mom had refused my help at first, but I had talked her into it. I didn't tell her that I used my savings

just to make her feel better.

"That's the reason I wanted to talk to you," she said. "I appreciate what you are doing ... When Mom told me that I was like, Thank God for having you."

"You're welcome," I said, scratching my neck.

"Can I give you a hug?"

"Of course," I said, knowing it came from her heart.

I rose simultaneously with her, and she fell into my arms like a missing puzzle piece. I was five inches taller than her. It wasn't Savannah who was short but just me who was six-foot-four. Having grown up with a handsome father, I had inherited some of his genes. He'd also fed us well when we grew up, not stunting our growth.

I wrapped my arms around Savannah's back as she mashed her lovely tits against my chest. I stiffened. She'd never given me such an intimate hug before, holding onto me dearly. I didn't know where to place my hands at first. It felt like every spot on her back was a sexual landmine which her bathing suit did little to cover. Her warm, sweet breath descended my neck, sending a shiver down my spine. I heard the beat of her heart and her soft breathing. Suddenly, it felt as if time stood still.

She broke the hug, looking me in the eyes for a brief moment. "How do you find time to hit the gym?" she asked, tracing my shoulder and bicep.

"I sometimes ask myself the same," I said and questioned if she'd hugged me that intimately just to get near me.

Letting go of me completely, she said, "Mom wanted me to tell you that dinner's up in an hour."

"Alright. I'll finish some code and join you."

She strode out of my bedroom and my eyes were fixed on her bottom till she disappeared down the stairs.

“Chase!” Mom called from downstairs.

“I’m here!”

“Dinner’s ready!”

I sighed in relief. I had finished the programming gig and would have time to finish my homework after I’d eaten. I jumped to my feet and headed downstairs.

I was greeted by the savory scent of pot roast. Wearing her hair in loose waves, Mom carried the dish to the terrace. “We’ll sit outside,” she said. She was wearing a flowery summer dress with a plunging V-neck and spaghetti straps. It showcased her perfect hourglass figure along with her round bottom and busty breasts. She was well-endowed in every way possible, and I shouldn’t be so harsh on myself when finding her so sexually attractive. Even if I kept telling myself it was wrong.

Savannah was already seated, wearing a crop top and a skirt. She patted the seat next to her, and I settled down. Setting the pot roast onto the table, Mom leaned forward to the point her boobs were on the verge of falling out. I averted from the sight and caught Savannah grinning in my direction. Thankfully, Mom didn’t notice.

“What have you been up to?” Mom asked me after we’d filled our plates with the meat and roasted veggies.

My temperature spiked every time I saw Mom’s genuine smile and lovely, blue eyes. Savannah had inherited every ounce of Mom’s beauty, from her high cheekbones to her velvety skin. “I finished up a gig.”

“I see,” Mom said. “I hope you weren’t dealing with any annoying clients.”

“I get those from time to time,” I said.

"And you, Savannah?" Mom asked.

"Work and then hit the waves with my friends," she said, taking a bite from the juicy chuck roast.

"My children ... I want more details."

"Well, there weren't many tips, but not many jerks either," Savannah said with a shrug. "It's kind of been a dull day."

"Even the waves?" Mom asked with a wink.

"Even the waves," she confirmed.

I found it hard to believe Mom could still smile despite everything that had taken place lately. "How was ballet?" I asked her, trying to be social as well.

"So, you were watching me?" Mom confronted me.

"Uhm, when I needed a break, I opened the window and happened to see you."

"Okay," Mom said suspiciously. "Ballet was lovely. Thanks for asking. I felt I needed a timeout, and I also want to enjoy my free time while it lasts."

"What do you mean?" I asked and lowered the fork back onto the plate.

"Well, I have some good news—I landed a job at a call center."

I exchanged glances with Savannah, and we said in unison, "Call center?"

Mom demurely lowered her gaze. "I know what you're thinking, but I have to accept it for now."

"You deserve way better," I said.

"Tell me about it," Savannah said. "I mean, wouldn't you make more as a waitress?"

"Not by much," Mom said. "It's just temporary. But I don't have many skills or a higher education for that matter. My options are limited."

I admired my mother for admitting that without being

embarrassed, but I didn't agree. When it came to women, they could use their looks for a lot more than what men could.

We dug into the pot roast. For every forkful, the tender meat melted in my mouth. The mushrooms and root vegetables were golden brown and soaked the flavors of the meat. "You would certainly make more as a chef," I flattered her.

Her beautiful cheeks bloomed like two roses. "Thank you, it means the world to me. But I can't deal with stress. I'm allergic."

I turned my attention back to Mom's culinary arts. We finished the dinner, and Mom was sweet enough to bring us dessert. She'd bought cupcakes for us at the local bakery. Mom lifted hers to her mouth and swirled her tongue around the frosting. She took a bite and spilled some on her lips, licking them.

Since I had eaten so much of the pot roast, I couldn't finish mine. Savannah nudged me with her elbow. "Are you gonna finish that?"

I pushed it to her.

"Thank you," she said and devoured it. "Mom, I'll be out with my friends later."

"Enjoy your evening," Mom said.

After my sister went out with her friends, I retreated to my bedroom and took a breather. I started thinking again about dropping out. I had to make a decision sooner than later. I didn't like the fact I was busy every waking hour. I wasn't sure if my mother would like it, but I hoped she would understand.

"Chase," Mom called for me.

"Yeah?"

"Can you come down for a sec?"

"Sure," I said. I descended the stairs. She sat on the couch with her hands folded on her lap.

“Am I disturbing you?” Mom asked.

It was late in the evening, and I wasn’t sure what she wanted. But it was good timing since I wanted to speak with her as well. “Not at all,” I said. “I was just watching some gym videos.”

“I want to talk to you for a bit while your sister is gone,” she said and patted the cushion next to her.

“Sure,” I said. I settled down on the sofa. I turned my attention to her, her blue eyes sparkling like the stars outside.

“I hope you aren’t spending every waking hour just for our sake.”

“Mom, we are in a tight spot, and I want to help,” I said firmly. I knew where this conversation was going since I had a similar one earlier. “You did so much for me and Savannah when we grew up. I want to be there for you too.”

“But you’re young and I want you to have fun,” she said. “Look at your sister. She’s constantly out with her friends.” She placed her hand on my thigh, her touch warming me.

“Mom ... I don’t consider being homeless to be fun.”

She lowered her gaze, knowing I had a point. “I wish it didn’t come to this ...”

“None of us do, but we have to make the best out of the situation,” I told her. “Listen, I have thought about this for a couple of weeks. I’ll drop out for now and work instead. I’ll help you out with the mortgage and debt.”

“Chase ... You’ve helped me enough,” she said, her eyes welling up.

I took her hand. “I want to help you more,” I said firmly.

“What about your studies?”

“It’s not that important,” I said. “I’m already making money, and I can always go back. Degrees aren’t the most important thing when it comes to software engineering. Your skills matter

more.”

“I feel really bad for everything,” she said, lowering her face in her hands.

I draped my arm over her shoulder. “Please, don’t say that. It’s not your fault.” I comforted her, lending her my shoulder. I got out some tissue paper and handed it to her. It stung my heart whenever she was crying. I waited for her to recover, giving her the time she needed.

“Are you sure about this?” she asked me, sniveling.

“I am,” I said firmly.

“It’s so mature of you ... It felt as if it were yesterday that I breastfed you. Now you’ve become so strong and wise. I’m so proud of you.”

“You have all the right reasons to be,” I said. “You raised me well. You’re the best mother a son and daughter could have.”

“I just wished there was something I could do for you,” she said.

Looking at her soft hand, her velvety skin and her massive bust, I knew there was something. “You’ve done everything in the world for me,” I told her.

“You sure?” she asked, and it made me unsure whether we were thinking of the same thing or not, making my cock thicken inch by inch.

“I am,” I said.

“Can you at least let me give you a hug?” she said, sounding like her daughter.

I rose and fell into her warm, taboo arms. Her sweet breath descended down my neck as my hands caressed her smooth back. I had to shift a little, so she wouldn’t feel my obvious bulge that was about to poke against her. She stroked my back in return, feeling my muscles and flesh. She sniveled lightly,

and I embraced her for as long as she wanted to.

Breaking the hug, she smiled. "Thank you for everything."

"You're welcome."

Chapter 2

Mom

Once I got home from my first day at work, I sighed in relief and was grateful to be back home. It hadn't been fun, but I didn't have much of a choice. Working at a call center was depressing. It wasn't the work itself but the people I had to put up with, explaining the same thing over and over again and dealing with rude people who didn't show basic courtesy.

My son was at the gym and my daughter had taken another shift in the evening. It was a perfect opportunity to discuss my situation with my sister, whom I'd invited over.

I couldn't stop thinking of my conversation with Chase. He would actually drop out for our sake. He was so dear to me, but he was an adult now and made his own decisions. It felt a bit embarrassing but at the same time not. Since I didn't have a man in my life any longer, I started looking at him more and more, in perhaps ways I shouldn't be looking at him. But I couldn't help it. After his growth spurt, he became even more attractive than his father, taller, stronger and more handsome. I found myself dreaming of him now and then, which happened more frequently as of late. I wondered if he was thinking the

same. A part of me wished he did.

I heard my sister pull in, and I quickly rose to greet her. I took a quick look at myself in the mirror. I wore a perfectly fitting pencil dress with a deep V-neck. I had been dying to jump into something nice after having worn a uniform for an entire day.

I opened the door for her, and my sister's lips curved in a smile. Standing as tall as I, Stella was two years older. She ran a nightclub and was a bit of a workaholic. She was in good shape and had a toned belly and a compact ass. Her boobs were enhanced though and strained against every garment she wore.

"Finally, I can see you again," she said, tossing her blonde glossy hair over her shoulder and opening her arms. We stood at the threshold but had to hug each other. Her warmth and love were addictive, and I sure needed all of that during these desperate times.

I didn't want to let go of her, but I wanted to talk to her too. "Should we go to the terrace?" I asked while squeezing her a little harder, letting my hands trail down to her firm ass that I was slightly jealous of.

"Like always," she said, breaking the hug and closing the door.

I took her with me to the terrace. "Anything to drink?"

"A bottle of water will be fine," she said. My sister mostly drank water and smoothies and would sometimes have a glass or two during work.

We settled down on the couch, enjoying the sunny weather and cloudless sky. "Catch," I said, tossing the water bottle to her.

"Thank you," Stella said, catching it perfectly. "It's hard to notice everything you've gone through when you smile so brightly."

I took it as a compliment, knowing my son noticed it too now

and then. "I try to stay as positive as possible."

"It's a gift I'm not endowed with," she said and gave my breasts more attention than usual. "So, how's it going?"

"Despite the smile, not the best," I admitted. "We wouldn't have lived here if it hadn't been for my son."

"How come?"

"I had so much debt that they were about to confiscate the house," I said with a sigh. "My wonderful son, my pride, had a lot more in savings than I could have ever guessed. He not only helped me pay the debt, but he also said he would drop out for my sake just so he could work more." My eyes welled up. I got a bit emotional whenever I thought of him. He truly was my pride. A mother's dream boy.

"Wow," Stella said and looked stunned as well. "Savings ... He spends hours in the gym, gets top grades, and he's been working on top of it?"

My sister couldn't believe it herself. "Yup," I told her. I wanted to say that he had my ex-husband's workaholicism in him, but comparing those two was an insult and left a foul taste in my mouth. "Chase is an honorable boy. Everything a mom could dream of."

"Boy?" she asked and cocked her head to the side. "He's like six foot four. He's a man now."

Stella was right, but it felt odd whenever I called him a man. "In my eyes, he'll always be my boy."

"Right," Stella said. "I met him at the gym last week. He looked more tired than usual."

"Did you train together?"

"I tried, but he's usually around a bunch of girls."

"I didn't know he was currently dating," I said, watching her closely. I knew he had a girl many months ago, but he broke up

with her for one reason or another.

"I don't think he does either at the moment, but they're the ones who try to hit on him, not the opposite."

"I gotcha," I said.

"I can't believe he's willing to drop out just for your sake," Stella said. "Wasn't becoming a software engineer a dream of his?"

"It's the money he's dreaming of," I told her. "If he's already working and making a bank on top of it, I'm not so sure how much a degree will help. He talked about it yesterday."

"I would never believe he had the time for that ... What about Savannah, is she also helping out the family?"

I slowly shook my head. "It's not like she doesn't want to. But she's been a bit more outgoing as you know, and a waitress doesn't make much."

"Has she found a new boyfriend after she broke up a month ago?"

I shook my head. "Not yet, but she'll find one soon. I have a feeling she wants to move out, so she won't be a burden. It's painful to admit that." I still remembered when my ex-husband got busted, and I learned about all his mischiefs and lies. I was heartbroken, and it all came crashing down on me like a ton of bricks. Chase had been the first who showed his support, sitting so close and talking to me. I had of course tried to remain as positive as possible even if it was difficult. A lifelong prison sentence awaited my ex-husband, and I would never see him again.

"That's why I'm glad you're still in one piece," Stella said. "So, it's Chase who keeps the household running?"

"Mostly, but I also landed a job yesterday and just got back from my first shift today," I revealed.

“Really?” she asked.

I knew why it surprised her since I hadn’t had a job since my teens. “At a call center.”

Taking a sip, she coughed it all up and had to put the bottle down. “What, *what*?”

I chuckled and saw the same reaction as I had on my kids. “You heard me, girl.”

“Of all the places?”

“I’m in a tight spot. I had to take the first I found.”

“Amber, you could make a lot more elsewhere than what you do at a call center,” she said firmly.

“Where?” I questioned.

“Geeze, I don’t know, how about OnlyFans?”

I chuckled. “That was a joke, right?”

“Half a joke,” she admitted. “My point is, with your looks, you’ll make way more. A lot of employers want a good-looking woman so they can attract more clients. This is true for every business out there.”

“I get that, but like I said, I haven’t found any other opportunities yet,” I told her.

“Listen, I’m currently looking for beautiful women in the milf category. I promise you that you’ll make way more at my place.”

“Nightclub ...” I said as it brought back memories. “What will I do exactly?”

“Girl, you know very well what you do at a nightclub.”

“Right,” I said. “But there are different tasks.”

“We need a waitress first of all but there are other opportunities too, taking into consideration you’ve been a dancer as well.”

I smiled, which brought back memories. “You don’t think I’m a bit too old for that?”

Stella frowned. "When did thirty-eight become old?"

I considered it. My children didn't know it was at a nightclub where I met my ex-husband. I had never lied to them and never would. I'd worked both as a stripper and as a waitress. Although that was more than two decades ago. I remembered it as if it were yesterday—The thrill of working at night, being showered with tips and compliments. The girls who worked there were amazing and so fun to be with. When I met Tony, I ended all of that and dedicated my twenties to raising my children, which I had no regrets, but sometimes, I wished I could relive those memories, and I knew that I needed the money as well.

"You're right ... I miss those times too," I said. My older sister had introduced me to that life. I was glad she was doing well and hadn't left that life completely behind.

"See?" Stella kept nudging me. "You're seriously wasting your time at a call center. Give the boss the middle finger, hop into those sexy clothes and make it rain."

"But only as a waitress for now. I don't want my children to know that I've been a stripper or an adult worker."

"The stigma is in your brain only. Everyone wants to be a sex worker, admit it."

"Maybe," I said. My sister didn't understand since she didn't have any children herself.

"And I'm certain Chase would love to see you," Stella said with a wink.

I scowled at her. "What?"

"I'm just saying, he does seem to look at you now and then. He's far from gay."

"Don't be ridiculous—he's my son," I said, raising my voice, so she understood the gravity of what she was saying.

"I know you well," she continued coquettishly, crossing her

legs. "You always act that way when you're trying to hide something."

I looked away, but I knew she was right. I had seen him look at me a bit more intimately than what a son should look at her mother, and it all started after puberty. To be fair, I looked at him too, and after Tony got dragged away, I looked at Chase more, wanting a substitute. I thought about it earlier today too but tried to forget it, but resistance seemed futile.

"Forget it," I said. "But I'm willing to give it a go. I kind of miss those days."

"I remember when you first saw me in lingerie, and you were like, 'Why are you naked?'"

I laughed. "That was ages ago."

"Those were the days," she said, smiling so deeply her dimples showed. "You found my porn collection a couple of years later."

"Sorry for sneaking around," I said. "You made me curious. I just wanted to know what my older sister was up to when her bedroom door was closed."

"No hard feelings," she said.

"Sixteen to nineteen definitely were the highlights ... not that I regret raising my children. I mean they mean the world to me and are way more important than fun, but it would be nice to go back."

"You can have it both ways," Stella said, her lips sliding into a grin.

Chapter 3

Chase Two weeks ago, I dropped out. My professor was shocked, but I told him it was due to personal issues and most likely I would be back in the future.

I spent every working hour in front of the computer or the gym. I tried to find as many gigs as possible, but I also started looking for other jobs, becoming a bouncer or a security guard. I knew they always wanted tall and intimidating men, and I craved some fresh air after sitting for so long.

I glanced at the clock and it was already 1 AM. I had to wrap this up, so I could get some sleep. My mother had acted strange lately, and she had also said she had gotten a lucrative raise. I was glad for her sake but found everything a bit odd. Maybe I was just overthinking it. It was not unusual that hot girls got better grades for being hot, or women landed well-paid jobs based upon their looks. I found it stranger she was still at a call center even if the schedule didn't make sense at all.

I had helped Mom out with some numbers, and the mortgage would be difficult to pay, but easier as we were both working. We didn't have to worry about becoming homeless, and I calculated that we would be able to buy a car as well. As the

days moved on, I came closer and closer to my mother.

I had seen an increase in sexual dreams of her. Just this week I'd already experienced three wet dreams where she was the main star. It was distracting, but I wondered if I made it worse by trying to fight those thoughts. After wanting to do something for her and helping her out, our relationship had certainly become deeper. I wasn't sure if she was feeling the same.

I cracked my knuckles and decided to go to the bathroom for a little. I opened the door, and to my surprise, the lights were on. Suddenly, my mother came out of the bathroom, wearing revealing, red lingerie with threads spun from my fantasy. The fabric hugged her curves in all the right places and left just enough to the imagination. She halted, surprised to see me as well.

"Mom?" I asked, just to make sure.

"Chase," she said, looking equally as caught off guard as I did. "I thought you were asleep."

"Ugh, I had to work a bit extra."

She gave me a look, and I knew she didn't like my answer. "Christ, it's in the middle of the night. You need to rest too."

"But you also work at night," I pointed out.

"Yes, but only at night. You work from morning to dusk," she pointed out.

"Sure," I said, scratching my neck and trying my hardest not to gawk at her. But I pitched a tent to her either way. "What are you up to?" I asked her, but I quickly regretted it. I should've just gone to the bathroom, but I wanted to see her. I craved her.

"I'm just trying out some clothes," she said while a subtle blush crept up her cheeks.

"Oh, okay ... Uhm, goodnight then."

She placed both hands on my shoulders, my bulge dangerously close to her center. "Promise me to get some sleep," she said, sounding concerned for me.

"You too," I pointed out, making her smile.

She let go of me, and my cock throbbed harder than ever. I hopped inside the bathroom. I wished my erection would go away, but it was stubborn. It didn't help that she had left behind the most erotic perfume, making scenes of my hot mother flash by. She wore a sexy vanilla and rose perfume that made me melt, and after having seen her with so little clothing, I wanted to jack off badly. I didn't question why she wore lingerie. I just wanted Mom's flesh more than anything.

I brushed my teeth, but my bulge kept hitting the sink. I was painfully hard and it felt as if my testicles were tightening to knots. I got out of the bathroom and hurried to my bedroom. I stripped my clothes off. Once I crawled under the sheets, I reached for my cock and slowly stroked it. "Should I do this? Should I masturbate while fantasizing about my mother for the first time?"

My balls were boiling, and I knew already it would be near impossible to sleep if I didn't do something with the load that haunted my testicles. I reached for my shaft and just wanted to get it done with. I quickly stroked myself to the fresh images of Mom dressed in lingerie. I added some scenes when she was dancing ballet and when she did some of her sexy stretches. I thought of how my cock stretched her, and how I took her in various positions. It felt unbelievably good and thrilling. I was fantasizing about my mother, having sex with her, and making out with her.

The climax was imminent, and I curled my toes, fired right at the sheets and got it all over my hand and belly. I let my head

slump back as my heart rate raced and now slowly eased into a slow steady rhythm. I blinked at the ceiling. To my baffling surprise, I didn't feel disgusted. I was just glad I had let that out of my chest.

* * *

The following day, I woke up to a sexual dream featuring my mother. I was at a point I couldn't remember when I had a dream that didn't feature Mom. My morning wood was rock hard, and I had no choice but to splash cold water over it.

After I'd showered, Mom prepared breakfast. She didn't mention the lingerie and neither did I. It felt a bit weird seeing her after I'd masturbated to her for the first time in my life, but I tried telling myself it was all in my head. I didn't think it was much different from a wet dream, and maybe I was making this into a bigger deal than it actually was.

"Is Savannah still out with her friends?" I asked Mom.

"I think she's found another boy," Mom said, chuckling.

When it was time to get back to work, getting my hands dirty, I went back and thought over how odd it had been to see Mom in those clothes. It didn't add up. It seemed she was hiding something. Even if she was my mother, I didn't like being intrusive. But I was dying to get an answer to what she was truly up to.

* * *

The clock was ticking toward 11 PM. It was currently dark, and my mother had gone to work two hours ago. Savannah had texted me she wouldn't be home either, so I currently had the

home for myself. I went outside my bedroom and aimed my eyes at Mom's. It didn't hurt having a look. I carefully opened the door and went inside. I was greeted by the vanilla and rose perfume she loved to wear. Her bedroom was sparkling clean. She had purple curtains and a matching plush carpet. She slept in a queen-sized bed and on the nightstand was a photo of me, Savannah and Mom.

I fixed my eyes on the photo till I caught a business card. I stooped over it. "California Women's Nightclub," I read out loud. My mouth opened. "No way," I mouthed. My heart rate accelerated. I picked it up and typed the address on Google Maps. It was a twenty-minute drive from here, and it left me with no choice but to have a look.

I quickly got an Uber. Sitting in the backseat, I had butterflies in my belly. My mind was blank. I looked out the window without a thought in my head. The driver stopped at my destination, and I took a deep breath as I hopped outside.

I wasn't far from Laguna Beach, but I wasn't familiar with this neighborhood, which looked quite luxurious. I saw the big sign written in pink, blinking neon lights. "California Women's Nightclub." It also depicted a naked woman holding a tray. There were several cars parked outside, and they were all nice and shiny.

I walked by the fancy nightclub, hearing erotic music and the sounds of glasses clinking. I saw several scantily clad women in lingerie, underwear or bunny costumes. There was a strip pole in the background where a topless woman hung upside down. But then, to my not-so-baffling surprise, I saw Mom. Dressed in the same red lingerie I'd seen her yesterday with dollar bills stuffed in her cleavage, she looked stunning, and she turned me on. It should've been obvious. There was no way in hell she

worked at a call center.

I ogled at her, studying her as she bent over and flashed her round rear. She was perfect for that job and looked as beautiful as a high-end model. She had fun as well, enjoying this work as if it were second nature to her. It made me suspect she'd been doing it before.

As if by some subconscious reflexes, she suddenly shifted her gaze to me. I must've looked like a deer caught in the headlights, and she looked no different. Her eyes were aimed at me, and mine aimed at hers. None of us blinked, and it was as if I were stuck in a trance of some sort. Her lips curved in a subtle smile, and I turned and headed in the other direction.

I couldn't think of anything on my way back, but when I got out of the taxi, my phone buzzed. I already knew who it was. I picked it up and read the text. *We need to talk.*

Ok, I answered her briefly, not wanting to let such a dear woman like her hang. Once I entered our home, I sat on the couch and kept replaying the scenes of seeing her there. I became harder than ever, but I was still in a state of disbelief.

Eventually, I heard a car pull over, and it must have been her Uber. It was two in the morning, and I wasn't sure if I would be able to fall asleep later.

"Hi," she said, trying to smile. She wore leggings, high heels and a sexy leather jacket. She was as hot as she'd ever been.

"Hi," I said.

"Why aren't you sleeping?" she asked like a caring mother. She unzipped her jacket and hung it in her wardrobe.

"I thought you said you wanted to talk."

"I meant tomorrow," she said and sat down on the couch. She was left in a tight, white top. "But it doesn't matter since you're awake now."

"First of all, I wasn't spying on—"

"Chase, it's okay," she interrupted me. "I know you want the best for me, especially after having financially saved us."

"Yesterday, I became a bit curious when I saw you in those clothes," I admitted.

"I get that," she said. She patted the spot next to her. "Can we sit closer?"

"Sure," I said. I sat down next to her with my hips against hers. The physical contact was forbidden, yet it felt so good.

"I don't want any space between us," she said. She wore that perfume that made my libido rise. I regretted that I came so close to her since I might reveal what I actually thought of her. She drew in a deep breath. "I don't know where to start."

"Mom, I'm not disappointed or anything."

"I know you aren't, but it's something I have to tell you first," she said. "This isn't my first time working at a nightclub. It was there I met your father."

"Really?"

She nodded.

"I thought you were a waitress?"

"Yes, I was a waitress at a nightclub, but I was also a stripper."

"Wow," I said. Once she said *stripper*, it stirred some life into my cock, making me look at her a bit differently.

She placed her hand on my thigh, stroking me intimately. "I actually got my first job when I was underaged ... I loved dancing and I loved the money. Those three years, sixteen to nineteen, were the highlights of my life, but then I met your father, and I decided to leave the partying and nightlife behind to raise you two."

"I see," I said. "I don't think many girls out there would make such a decision."

"I don't think so either, but I don't have any regrets," she said. "Stripping and nightlife were fun, but being a mother, especially a proud mother, is something else."

"Right."

"Well, I didn't either lie about the call center, but my sister persuaded me to go work at a nightclub again. Couldn't resist it either since we need the money, and I thought it would be fun to relive some memories."

"I see where you're coming from," I said. "I have to admit ... you looked good."

"Thank you," she said, blushing slightly.

"I mean not in that way," I said as a blush crept up on my cheeks. "I mean good for a waitress in a nightclub." I sounded dumb as hell, but I had myself to blame for admitting my own mother looked good in that context.

"It's okay, Chase," she said, drawing a circle on my thigh.

The circle she drew was hypnotizing, drawing me closer to her. "As long as you enjoy it there," I said.

"I do ... How about you? Do you enjoy coding all day?" she asked, searching my gaze.

"It feels good to build stuff, but I'm looking for jobs elsewhere. I just want to get out of this house now and then. Two hours in the gym aren't enough."

"Well, they're looking for security. The owner of the nightclub is Stella."

"Wait what, my aunt?" I asked.

"Uh-huh," she said and spilled the beans. We had managed to keep it a secret for long, but it was time for him to know the truth.

"I thought she ran a bar downtown?"

"The nightclub is also kind of a bar."

"Well, judging by her looks, it makes sense," I said and didn't seem that shocked.

"When she was younger, she was a horny teen. Nowadays, she's a bit of a coquettish cougar."

"So not much has changed in other words," I said, laughing.

"No, but she's looking for security ... a tall muscular boy."

"Boy?"

"Well, man, but I can't call you that because you're a boy to me and always will be."

"That's fine," I said, chuckling.

"The job offer is quite lucrative, and I thought maybe it would be better than sitting on your computer for so long."

"Honestly, I have thought about working as a bouncer of some sort before," I said. But what I wasn't so sure about was the fact that my mother would be working there, and I knew it would be difficult while she was practically dressed in underwear.

"So?" she asked.

"Will we be working together?" I asked her.

"Somewhat," she said. "You'll see me, but you'll mostly be taking care of drunk troublemakers."

"I see," I said.

"I would feel a bit safer having you there," she admitted and kept drawing the circle on my thigh.

"I guess I can give it a shot," I said. I said that in case it would be a bit too much nudity, and I also wasn't sure how my relationship with Mom would be.

"I accept that," she said, a smile curving on her lips. "They have also offered me more money, working as a stripper. But I'm not sure at my age."

"Why?" I asked, my eyes sweeping over her. "You're as beautiful as Savannah."

"You're the sweetest," she said and draped her arm around my shoulder, giving me a sideways hug. "Do you think I should take it?"

"You certainly know how to dance, and we need the money for now. Also, if you enjoyed doing this before, then why not?"

"Okay. Thank you for being supportive."

She held the hug a bit longer. "One more thing before we go to bed. Please, try to keep this a secret. Your older sister is very attractive," she admitted with a giggle. "And I kind of want to keep her out of this. It's just that there's a stigma around adult work, and I got somewhat lucky with your father."

"I will never judge you," I said.

"I know ... that's why I love you."

"I love you too, Mom." At that moment, I glanced at her lips and felt an impulse to kiss her. She saw it too, and her cheeks pinked. She didn't resist the idea, just sitting there and waiting for me. But I didn't go for it. If only I was a bit braver. "I'll ... try to get some sleep."

"Me too," she said, lowering her gaze as if expecting the kiss.

Chapter 4

Chase
I tested the code again, and it worked flawlessly. We had eaten breakfast a moment ago. Mom had talked more about my duties at the nightclub and the nightly routine. Being a bouncer wasn't rocket science, and I sure looked forward to trying something new.

When I went to bed yesterday, I couldn't stop thinking of her. I had told her that I loved her several times before, but last night felt different. The way I'd looked at her lips, and the way her cheeks pinked, I felt something I'd never felt before. I cursed myself for my cowardice, but the taboo thoughts whirled in the back of my mind. This was incest, and she was my mother, but at the same time, so what? If I found her attractive, what was I supposed to do about it?

I sighed and needed some fresh air. I pulled the curtains aside and was greeted by the sight of my mother doing some stretches. That was the last thing I needed—more visuals of my mother. She did the pose when she leaned forward to touch her legs. She was bent at the waist, and her ass pointed in my direction. When I masturbated to her, I fantasized about her in that position. I took my erection and slipped the head into her

love hole followed by the rest of my length. I wondered how tight and sweet she was, and the taste of her vagina. It must taste like a ripe strawberry judging by how well she took care of herself.

I pitched a tent to her and asked myself whether I should masturbate or not. I reached for my cock and suddenly someone opened the door.

I yanked my hand back and whirled around. "For fuck's sake, can't you knock for once?"

"What's the point of shouting if you don't even listen?" Savannah defended herself. She was dressed in denim shorts and a matching off-shoulder crop top. She'd painted her lips ruby red, making them full and sweet. She also wore mascara, adding volume to her eyelashes. She strode to the window, placed her hands on the sill and leaned forward. "Are you perving on Mom again?"

My face flushed. "No."

She turned to me with her hand on her hip, making me come face to face with her flat tummy. "Your face is red as a tomato," she said and her grin widened when she glanced down at my bulge.

"What do you want?"

"I wondered if you could be a good brother and tell me how I look. After my shift, I have a date," she said.

"Fine," I said. "But you have to step back. I can't see much else than your tummy and breasts." She took a step back. I studied her from head to toe. The tight denim shorts hugged her hips perfectly, and her top pushed her breasts up. I loved the way the clothing flashed her petite shoulders. "You look good."

"What about my hair?" she asked, twirling around, so her hair fluttered. She wore it loose but had styled it so it was wavy.

She looked unbelievably hot, and my tent sure wasn't going anywhere.

"Savannah, you don't have to ask me how you look. You know you're pretty."

She laid her hand over her heart. "Thank you."

"Mom uses a vanilla rose perfume that I think smells good. You should try that one. Other than that, I don't have much to say."

"I know which one you mean. I borrow it from time to time. Sorry for walking in on you masturbating."

"I wasn't masturbating," I corrected her.

She rolled her eyes flirtatiously. "We all do. Next time, I'll knock."

I didn't trust that smile for some reason. "I hope the date goes well," I told her.

"Thanks," she said and waved. "I'll go now. Later."

I didn't answer as she closed the door. It wasn't easy living with two attractive older women.

* * *

After Mom and I had eaten dinner, we prepared to leave. We went a bit earlier since Mom and Stella wanted to give me a little introduction before starting my shift. "Chase?" Mom called for me.

"Yeah?"

"Can you come into my bedroom for a sec?"

"Sure," I said. I hopped out of my computer chair and made my way to her bedroom. She stood there dressed in white, fishnet lingerie and matching stockings. Her hair cascaded in soft waves around her shoulder and down her back. She glowed

like a bright star.

"Since you're the only man in this household, can you give me your opinion?" she asked, turning to me, making me come face to face with her goddess-like body.

Why did Savannah and Mom have to do this to me now and then? "Uhm, sure."

"So?" she asked, twirling her hair on her finger.

"You look stunning," I admitted and struggled to pull up my jaw.

"I want to try another. Can you compare them?"

"Sure," I said. "I'll leave you for a sec."

I was surprised she wasn't the one who asked me to leave. I went outside her bedroom, listening to how she slipped off garment after garment. I glanced at the keyhole, and I debated whether I should have a look. I shook my head. I was taking this a bit too far, or was I?

"Come in," she said.

I stepped inside, and she wore a hollowed-out, sleeveless, backless, low-cut bodycon dress. My mouth opened an inch. The dress ended at her upper thighs, exposing her hips, shoulders, cleavage and belly button. "Christ, Mom."

"I take that as this was a little bit hotter," she said with a flirtatious giggle.

"Little bit is an exaggeration," I said. It was mostly the valley between her breasts that got most of my attention. But there was more flesh than clothing, and the dress covered her in all the sensual places.

"My bottom?" she asked and twirled around.

I could see the borders of her ass, making me want to bend her over. "It's gorgeous."

She smiled like the sun, twirling around.

"You sure are in the mood," I noted.

"Yeah," she said, sounding happier than ever. "I'm looking forward to not only working there again but being closer to you."

I smiled and wasn't sure where our relationship was heading. "I have another outfit."

"Okay," I said and stepped outside. I closed the door and stared intensely at the keyhole. After I'd seen her in that bodycon dress, I wanted so badly to have a peek. Not being able to resist, I mustered my courage and approached it on my tiptoes. I closed my left eye and peered through. She tried out another piece of lingerie. The bottom was already on, but not her top. My eyes widened as I saw her boobs in their full glory. They were round, busty and perfectly symmetrical. I fixed my eyes on her thick, sugary nipples. I hadn't seen her breasts since I was a baby in her arms, but I wanted to be there again, sucking her tits. My cock surged, and I quickly had to tuck it into the waistband. I would never forget the nude, mental photo of my mother, storing it safely inside my mind.

"You can come in," she said gladly. She wore purple lingerie with matching stockings. "Tell me, which one was the hottest?" She twirled around on her foot.

"Without a doubt the bodycon dress."

"Nice, now I know what to wear," she said. "Are you ready? Should I get an Uber?"

"Sure," I said. "I'll meet you downstairs"

Dressed in her bodycon dress, she came down shortly after. We hopped into the Uber and headed toward the nightclub. "Are you nervous?" she asked.

She had an infectious energy, and I could tell she was excited. "No. I don't get nervous."

"Too big for that, eh?" she asked and ruffled my hair, making me blush.

We spoke about various topics. "Savannah won't be home later," she said.

"Are you thinking of how we'll keep this a secret?" I asked her.

"Somewhat," she said. "But it will be difficult."

"How do you know she'll even want to work there, to begin with?" I asked her.

Mom's lips curved in a smile. "I know my daughter. Once she learns what kind of money she can make with her looks, there's no turning back."

"I suppose," I said. "She seems too busy riding the waves though."

"She can still surf," Mom said. "You work less hours at a nightclub."

I knew she had a point.

We jumped off the California Women's Nightclub. It wasn't open yet, and the sun was setting in the background. I recognized my aunt inside who talked to some of her women. She immediately came over when she saw us.

"Hi, Amber," she greeted Mom and hugged her tightly.

"Hi," Mom said, wrapping her arms around Stella and embracing the titty-mashing hug.

"This hug will be quick since I want to see my nephew."

"He's right behind me," Mom said and proudly stepped aside. Aunt Stella was a true milf. She had blonde glossy hair that flowed down her back, and she wore a short, silky pencil dress with a deep v-neck. She looked as sexy as Mom and definitely so with her silicone tits that strained her dress.

She had done a great job keeping the nightclub a secret since

we did see each other now and then at the gym.

She wrapped her arms around my back, squeezing me tightly and pressing her enhanced rack against my chest. I melted in her arms, palmed her ass with my right hand and ran my left over her back. She broke the hug, and her teeth sank into her lip. "So ... Now you know the truth."

I shrugged. "A bar isn't that far off from a nightclub though."

She tapped my chest. "Chiseled and hard. You were born to be a bouncer," she said with a grin. "But I'll have to inspect you further inside—without your clothes on."

I arched an eyebrow in Mom's direction, who laughed at her dirty sister. "She's joking."

"Come," Stella said eagerly, taking my hand and bringing me into the nightclub. As it started getting darker outside, the purple and red LED lights lit up the entrance. There were several round tables with plush couches, and in the corner was a strip pole.

"Meet your team," Stella introduced me to the gorgeous women, who all looked at me with lust and desire. I shook hands with all of them. "So, you and I can go to the VIP lounge in the meantime."

I left Mom behind as my aunt took me into another luxurious room with a strip pole in the center of the room. We took a seat. "So, time to undress," she said and wagged her eyebrows.

"I thought you were joking," I said and didn't mind taking off my clothes in front of her. She had also been one of my forbidden dreams.

"I was," she said, winking. "Unfortunately, this will be boring, but we have to go through the employment contract."

"Sure thing," I said. "I would rather undress, to tell the truth."

"Behind closed doors, I won't stop you, but in the hall, only

ladies are allowed to be nude.”

“Self-explanatory,” I said and read through the contract. There was nothing fishy in there, and besides, she was my aunt, so it wasn’t like I didn’t trust her.

I signed the contract, seeing Stella smile again, her lips swollen as if stung by a bee.

“Do you mind if I touch your arms again?”

“Not at all,” I said. She curled her hands around my biceps, squeezing them intimately and moving up to my shoulders.

“Geeze ... your shoulders are like two bowling balls,” she said. I picked up the scent of something sweet running between her legs. “Will you be able to concentrate with your mom in the background?”

I stiffened. “Of course,” I said. “Why shouldn’t I?”

“You must have an open relationship,” she said with a grin. “Not many sons and daughters openly talk about sex work with their parents, or sex for that matter.”

“I guess you could say that,” I said.

“I haven’t told anyone that she’s your mom, nor that you’re my nephew, so keep that in mind. It was your mother who wanted me to keep it a secret.”

“Really?” I asked.

Stella nodded. “Uh-huh. I know you’re a horny teen, and some of those ladies can relieve you since you’re good-looking, me included. You won’t have to pay them.”

I felt a shiver down my spine when she offered me sexual pleasure. She was a different person here than in the gym. “I’m good.”

“Feels weird having sex when your mom is in the same building?” she asked, grinning.

“Kind of,” I said and wasn’t sure what she was fishing after.

"I won't nag at you, but I can take care of you if it is an emergency. There are some hot chicks in there that will probably make your balls blue."

I had never heard Stella speak to me like that before. I wasn't sure whether she was serious or not, but it sure turned me on. "I'll make sure I do my job first and foremost."

"You're a good boy, Chase. Come, let me finish the tour." She showed me around the nightclub where I would hold guard and check the IDs. I walked past some young strippers, trying out some new poses, hanging onto the pole with it nestled between their bare breasts. They were smoking hot, and I became hard as concrete when watching them.

Mom stood bent at the waist and cleaned some tables, flashing her rear that was hardly covered by her dress.

Once the darkness settled in on the spring evening, my shift started. It was a calm night, and there were not so many guests checking in. I mostly stood by the entrance, checking the IDs. Occasionally, I glanced behind my back, seeing my mother in her provocative clothes enjoying herself as she served the guests. I was still rock hard from earlier, and it made it even more difficult knowing she was half-nude behind my back. Our eyes met on occasions, and she just smiled in return.

As the night continued, I heard some noise inside. Two men were wasted and started fighting. I quickly stepped in and took the dwarf by his shoulders and hauled him out. "What the fuck are you doing?" he slurred in his incomprehensible speech.

"Kicking you out," I told him firmly.

"You're a piece of shit," he said. He stumbled along the sidewalk and crashed head-first into a lamppost. My coworker called 911, and I hauled out the other guy too. My mom proudly smiled at me as I pulled him out of there and dumped him on

the streets. I was prepared for more, but other than that it was very calm.

Someone poked my back, and it was Mom. It was difficult to keep eye contact when she was dressed in her bodycon dress. She glowed with health and happiness, showing no signs of the grief that had haunted her earlier. "We have a break together," she said.

"Alright," I said. "I'll come."

She eagerly took my hand, giving it a squeeze and guiding me into one of the private lounges. "Want something to drink?"

"What do you got?"

"I can bring some martinis," she said, her eyes sparkling.

"Sure, but I'm not allowed to get intoxicated during work."

"You're loyal," she said proudly. "It will just be a glass or two, nothing to lose sleep over."

I sat down and she returned shortly after with a tray and placed it on top of the table, putting a glass in front of her. She lifted her glass to mine as she took a seat. "Cheers."

"Cheers," I said, clinking the glass and taking a sip. Except for the strong alcohol, it had a crisp, clean taste with a hint of herbs. It warmed my belly. I wasn't a big drinker, and I had never had a glass with my mother before. It turned me on though for one reason or another.

"I loved the way you dragged those pigs out," she said with a laugh.

"Fitting description," I said, sharing her humor.

"You turned on the girls too," she said, placing her elbows on the table.

I noticed that she said *too*. "They sure as hell turn me on."

"Only pretty girls are allowed here," she said, waggling her eyebrows. She took her glass and finished her drink. I finished

mine as well. "What are your first thoughts?"

I blinked at her. "About you working here?"

"No," she said, smiling brightly. "I meant *you*. Do you enjoy being a bouncer?"

"It wasn't as bad as I thought it would be." I only had one complaint and that was having my mother behind me half nude. It was a bit distractive. I was already raging hard, and I knew my erection wouldn't go anywhere till I returned home.

"I'm glad to hear," she said. "It's important to enjoy your work ... I sure learned that after being at that depressing call center."

"You look way happier here—" I suddenly felt a stabbing pain in both of my testicles that cut off my speech. I hunched forward, gritting my teeth.

"Are you alright?" Mom asked me, taking my hand and stroking it with her thumb.

"I'm fine," I said, drawing in a sharp breath.

"You don't look fine to me ... Chase, just tell me."

"No, it's okay, Mom." My answer didn't satisfy her. After a couple of deep breaths, the pain slowly ebbed. "I'm okay."

"I don't like it when you don't tell me what bothers you. I want to be there for you too," she insisted.

"You are," I told her.

"I have always told you when something bothers me," she said, not letting go of my hand.

"I'm sorry. It came so suddenly but now it's gone."

I managed to steer the conversation away from that topic. I knew very well the source of that pain, but there wasn't much I could do about that now. We finished our martinis and went back to work.

During the remaining shift, I tried keeping the glances over my shoulders to a minimum. I couldn't risk any further blue

balling. I debated myself whether I should talk to my aunt, but truth be told, I wanted Mom's lips wrapped around my manhood. It didn't feel right to admit that, but I knew it was true, and the main reason I didn't use the free pass I had with Stella or the rest of the girls. My aunt was already forbidden, but my mom was even more taboo.

When the nightclub was closing, it was 3 AM. Mom looked just as alive as when she arrived, speaking with Stella and a couple of coworkers. "Are you still awake?" Stella asked me, knocking on my chest.

"I am," I said.

"You did a good job dragging those drunks out," Stella said with a wink. "I love your loyalty too."

"You'll have it," I said.

She opened her arms and I gave her a hug. She made sure to push her crotch against my bulge till probably the precum seeped into her dress. There must be a lot because I had an erection since I saw my mother topless in her bedroom.

"Goodbye for now," I said.

"Goodbye."

Mom and I went into the Uber. I picked up the scent of alcohol but tried to ignore it. She placed her hand on my thigh, and I looked at her. "Are you sure you're feeling alright?"

"I'm fine," I said. I honestly couldn't wait to get home, so I could jack off.

"I have a feeling you're keeping a secret from me."

I searched her face, and she looked concerned. "I'm okay," I told her firmly. She looked a bit tipsy, and she leaned her head on my shoulder. Luckily, the driver didn't know she was my mother.

Once we got out of the Uber and made our way up to our

doorstep, I felt the stabbing pain once again, and it was even worse than earlier. I was about to fall, but my mother caught me. “Gosh,” I said.

“Oh my God, Chase, are you alright?”

“Nope,” I admitted. “I need to sit down.”

“I’ll hurry,” she said, fumbling for the keys and quickly opening the door. She took me inside, but it was difficult to walk further than the foyer. Once she closed the door, she stood in front of me with her hands on my shoulders. “Look me in the eyes—Is it your balls?”

I couldn’t shy away from her eyes any longer. “Yes.”

“Let me help you.”

I looked at her blankly. “Do you realize what you’re saying?”

“I am,” she insisted. “You’re a healthy nineteen-year-old, of course, I know you’re going to end up in pain while being surrounded by women in underwear.”

“But you’re my mother.”

“And you’re my son and I can’t stand seeing you in pain.”

If I had already masturbated to her, I wasn’t sure what the difference would be if she actually went down on me.

“Come,” she said, taking my hand. “You need some sleep too. Lie down in your bed and I’ll blow you.”

“Mom, are you sure you aren’t drunk?”

“Maybe a little,” she said with a giggle.

She took my hand and led me up the stairs, but she missed a step and it was my turn to catch her in my arms, my left hand palming her tit. “Are you okay?” I asked her and slid my hand away from her boob.

“I’m fine but you are not.”

I rolled my eyes, and she took me into my bedroom. She made sure to close the door, and she tugged the collar of my shirt.

Sweating buckets, I took off my shirt and wiped my forehead with it. Not minding the sweat, she smiled upon seeing my sculpted body. I was a bit nervous, so I fumbled a little with the belt.

She went down on her knees. "Let me," she said, giggling as she unbuckled the belt and pulled it out of the loops. She pulled down my pants followed by my underwear and freed my cock. It was about time. Finally, it could breathe. Her smile widened upon seeing it. "Nice," she said, her eyes tracing it as it cast a thick shadow onto her face.

"Lie down ... I want you to have sweet dreams after this."

"Okay," I stammered. I wasn't sure what to think or say. It happened so quickly that I questioned whether I dreamed or not. I tried to let go. I didn't want to suppress this at all. I wanted to enjoy every second of it. She jumped on top of my bed and crawled to the middle.

Mom grabbed the bottom of my shaft with her left hand, smearing the precum over my length. "So much cum, no wonder your balls are hurting." She leaned forward and licked the sides of my cock. My eyes widened as her delicate tongue hit my shaft. I shivered with pleasure. The way she leaned forward granted me visual access to her breasts.

"Are you feeling better now?"

"Yeah ... but you'll finish, right?"

She laughed. "So now you want it."

"Uhm yeah," I said.

"I won't leave you in pain. I never have and never will."

"Can you take your dress off?"

"Anything for you," she said, fumbling behind her back and removing the upper part of her dress. She freed her marvelous melons, and they looked even better when I had them in front

of me rather than when I had to peer through a keyhole.

"Geez, you're well-endowed," I said, studying the round shapes as they hung in front of me like two fruits ready to fall into my hands.

"So are you," she said, stroking my erection.

"Do you mind if I touch them?"

"Why?" she slurred. "You have touched and sucked on them before."

I leaned forward and squeezed both her soft breasts. They were natural and supple, and it was like sinking my fingers into a dough. While I fondled her tits, she pointed the tip at her lips and guided it right into her mouth. She sealed her lips tightly around the shaft and sucked me in and out.

"Hmm, Mom," I said. I had gotten blown before, but it felt ten times stronger when it was my own mother, sucking and slobbering over my meat. She passionately sucked me as if she'd dreamed about this herself. I propped a couple of pillows behind my back, so I could constantly watch my erection slide in and out of her wet mouth.

Occasionally, she took a couple of breaks, running her tongue up and down along my shaft and delivering sweet, motherly kisses all over it. She guided it back into her mouth, bobbing her head forward and gliding my erection over her wet tongue.

It wasn't just the sensation that felt amazing, but she looked so sexy and passionate. She sometimes kept her eyes closed, and sometimes she opened them to look me in the eyes. She rubbed her tits along my thighs, and I felt her stiff nipples drawing lines on my flesh. Goosebumps flared across my arms, and I thrust my hips higher, trying to push my cock deeper down my mother's throat.

With both my hands, I reached for her neck, helping feed her

my cock. Even if her lips stretched around my girth, I could see her smile and it was infectious. I felt a happiness I'd never felt before. A sudden wave of euphoria washed over me, and on the next downward stroke, my body jolted. I emptied myself inside her mouth. She sealed her lips tightly around my girth, so I could fire my cum down her gullet.

"Oh," I moaned silently. She slid her lips up and down, keeping up the small friction and making the intense pleasure linger. She milked my orgasm well, and she slowly came off, sliding out inch after inch of my drenched cock. It landed with a smack against my waist. She opened her mouth, showing off a pool of the pearly reward in her mouth. She swallowed it all.

She crawled on top of me, lying down and giving me the most intimate hug she'd ever given me, pressing my semi-hard cock against her wet crotch while her nude breasts were mashed against my chest. "How was that?" she asked close to my ear, and every word sent an intimate shiver down my spine.

"Mom, I feel a thousand times better."

"I'm glad ... Promise me to get some sleep."

"Sure," I said.

She pressed her lips to my cheeks, leaving a damp patch of skin behind. She slithered off me and gently laid the sheets over my chest. "Nighty night."

Chapter 5

Mom I was on my way to my sister. She'd offered to give me a ride, but I needed some fresh air. Yesterday was still fresh in my memory. I knew very well what blue balls were, but it wasn't just that. He'd looked at me more and more, especially after I showed him my clothes. I saw it as clear as the day when he kept glancing over his shoulders at the nightclub. If he felt a bit awkward taking the first step, I knew I had to, and the alcohol sure helped too.

This morning was not as I had imagined it to be. We barely even spoke to each other, and I needed to talk to my sister in case I had done something wrong.

I entered her neighborhood and found her home. I rang the doorbell. She quickly came over and opened the door. She stood there in a bikini, smiling from ear to ear.

"Hi," she said happily. She pulled me in a brief hug before looking at me. "You look troubled."

"I'm not troubled," I said. "I've got a ton on my plate right now, got to sort through it all."

"That's okay," she said. "I'm here for you like always."

"I know." We went out to her terrace. It was a bit smaller

than mine, and I hoped the neighbors weren't home. We settled down on two sun loungers.

"How was your first day?"

"I loved it," I said. "Thank you so much for encouraging me."

"Better pay, right?"

"Just the tips alone bring me the same salary as that stupid call center."

"I told you so," she said. "But what's troubling you then?"

"It's about Chase," I said.

"Did something happen?" she asked, intrigued.

"I can give you some backstory first," I said.

"I'm all ears."

"The last few days, I noticed he'd been looking at me more and more."

"Are you pretending that you weren't looking?" she asked, waggling her eyebrows.

"Can you let me finish?"

"You got mad earlier when I pointed out the same ... Sorry, go ahead."

"I'm sorry about that, but just listen," I said. "Well, I saw it in his eyes, and I had tried giving him the hint earlier, if he wanted help with something or if I could do something for him. I mean, we might as well have been homeless if it hadn't been for him. I knew it would probably be easier for me to take the first step, and during our shift yesterday, he got a really bad case of blue balls, so when we came home, I couldn't just watch my son in pain." I drew in a deep breath and prepared to drop the bomb. "I gave him a blow job."

My sister's mouth formed into an 'O'. "You. Did. What?"

"He lay in his bed and I took his cock into my mouth," I said, spelling it out for her.

"Wow." Her wow was followed by silence.

"Stella?" I said, shaking her leg.

"I'm sorry ... It's dripping down there," she said, bursting out giggling. She wiped the laughter from her face. "Did he enjoy it?"

"Of course ... He came in my mouth, after all."

She sneakily tried to touch herself, pretending she was itchy. "What was it like for you?"

"I felt his climax too ... it felt equally as good. You've no idea how long I've wanted to do this for him. Especially after his father died, I lusted for him, but it was a bit difficult to break the ice."

"Wow ... again," Stella said. "I've also seen him throw glances at you here and there. I know you're exceptionally good-looking and all that, but holy moly that's so taboo ... Did you swallow?"

"I did," I said.

"What about the taboo part?"

"I guess the alcohol helped suppress that," I admitted. "I feel a lot happier that I let it out, but this morning wasn't as I planned it to be."

"You wanted to blow him again?" she asked, waggling her eyebrows.

"If he asks, I'll be on my knees for him anytime he wants to, but it was a bit awkward. He didn't speak to me that much and avoided eye contact."

"Maybe settle him into it. I mean a blow job is quite a big step in such a relationship."

"Maybe that's the answer," I said. "I still want to talk to him."

"I joked here and there too about relieving him, just to see how he would take it, but I'm his aunt though not his mother."

I watched her closely. "You weren't joking."

"Okay. Your son is hot, and I want him too. Is that better?" she yielded.

"Way better," I admitted. "But I'm still not sure how to approach him regarding this."

"Maybe he'll feel better after he's been in the gym. If I catch him there, I can talk to him too."

"I would appreciate that," I said. "But tone it down. Make sure no one's listening."

"You can count on me ... Hypothetically speaking, if he found me attractive, maybe we could together, you know?"

A smile played on my face. "I know he finds you attractive, and that's not off the table. But I don't consider throwing a threesome at him to settle him into it which you said earlier. You're right that this is taboo, and we should take one step out of the time."

"Maybe you can give him a lap dance," Stella suggested. "He can tell you what turns him on the most."

I laughed. "I would love to give him a lap dance."

"Maybe take a step deeper and push his cock inside," Stella suggested.

"We'll see," I said.

* * *

I felt a lot better after having talked to my sister. She was right. I needed to give him some time. We both had a day off today, and he'd told me he would do some programming gigs. He was currently at the gym, and I hoped Stella would have a word with him.

He'd also promised me to go over our finances. We wanted

to buy a car instead of constantly getting an Uber. I sent him a text in the meantime, asking what he wanted for dinner.

Burgers, he replied.

It always made me smile when he replied so quickly. He also told me when he would be back, so I made sure I had the dinner ready for him. He was always starving when he got back from the gym.

I fired up the grill and slapped on the patties. I heard Stella's car pull over, so I was glad they'd talked to each other. He hopped out of the car and stepped inside. "Mom?"

"I'm outside. Dinner's ready in a second," I told him.

He went upstairs and dumped his bags in the bedroom. I set the table for him. When he came back from the gym, his muscles were so pumped up. It made me a bit wet when I saw him so tall and strong. Now that I'd blown him, I didn't try to suppress it as much. "How was the gym?" I asked him as we both had a seat.

"Fine," he said, keeping eye contact longer than a couple of seconds, which was an improvement from this morning.

"I'm glad to hear," I said. We spoke about various topics as we dug in. It always honored me when I saw him devour the food that I'd specially made for him. There was no point in asking how it tasted when he reached for patty after patty.

When he was full, I decided it was a good idea to talk to him about yesterday. He was a bit more confident, so I thought the timing was right.

"About yesterday," I started, waiting for his reaction.

He flitted his eyes to mine and boldly met them. "Yeah, what about it?"

"I think we should talk about it."

"Sure," he said. "I'm all ears."

"How did it feel?" I asked him. I wasn't sure what to bring up first, so I had to start somewhere.

"Quite good," he admitted. "You sure are a lot more skilled than the girls my age."

He knew how to flatter me. "I'm glad ... but I didn't only mean my technique, but the fact that I did that."

"It was quite thrilling," he said. "It's not like I haven't fantasized about it before."

"Do you mind telling me?" I asked.

"Sure," he said, scratching his neck and mustering his courage. "I think you're aware of how attractive you are."

"I am," I said. "But you know I don't like to toot my own horn."

"Well that just makes you more attractive," he said. "To come clean, I have been having multiple sexual dreams about you, and ever since Dad got busted, I have just dreamed about you more and more. I have masturbated while fantasizing about you a couple of times as well."

"Oh," I said as a hot blush rose on my cheeks. "I have also done that a couple of times."

"It's just something in the back of my head that tells me we shouldn't be doing this. We can get badly judged."

"Let's keep it between you and me," she said.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Will we be doing this again?"

"Do you want to?" I searched his face, and his lips slowly slid into a grin that he couldn't suppress. "I take that as a yes," I said, chuckling.

"You're quite irresistible," he said. "There aren't many hot, young mothers out there."

"You make me so proud when you say that," I said. "I've been dying to do something for you. It just didn't feel right that you tapped into your savings just to save my ass."

"When you asked me that a couple of weeks ago, what did you have in mind?"

"Maybe a handjob," I said. "But I wasn't sure if you would be comfortable."

"Was it the alcohol that made you do it yesterday?"

"That and the fact that I caught you glancing at me several times. Also, I know what blue balls are, so it wasn't difficult to put the puzzle pieces together."

"My main problem with that nightclub was all the sexual teases, but if you're willing to give me some while we're there, I don't mind."

"I'll give you everything you want," I said, sighing in relief at his reaction. "You're a mom's dream son. I feel so protected and accomplished with you."

"You raised me well," he said.

"Thank you," I said. "You and Savannah ... I love both of you."

"Speaking of her, if you noticed that I was glancing at you, how would she not know that something is up with us two?"

"We'll try our best to hide it, but you're right. She'll eventually find out, but keep in mind, I trust her as well as I trust you. It shouldn't be a problem if she eventually stumbles upon us doing some dirty things together."

He chuckled and scratched his neck. "Right."

"Now that's out of the way, can you do me a favor?"

"Whatever you want," he said firmly and showed the same dedication as when he'd helped us financially.

"I want to start stripping again, and I don't have any man to practice on. Since we have a day off tomorrow too, Stella will let me use the private lounge. I want to give you a lap dance, and I want your sincere opinion about what the hottest moves are."

His eyes slowly widened as he realized what I was asking him about. "As long as you'll give me something at the end."

"I got that covered for you," I said and couldn't wait to taste his cum again.

"We'll go there tomorrow," he said.

"A hug?" He rose to his feet, and I fell into his arms. He was taller than his father and way more handsome. We closed the gap, and he locked me in his embrace. I melted in his strong arms, leaning my head onto his shoulder while his hands traced the curves of my back.

We held the embrace for longer than usual, and when I broke it, he said, "Should we go over our finances? See if we can buy a car later?"

"Sure," I said happily, wondering where I would have been if I didn't have him.

Chapter 6

C hase.

I sat at my desk and couldn't stop thinking of that heavenly blow job she'd given me. The night before yesterday had taken my breath away from me. I still found it hard to believe that my own mother had gone down on me, plunging my cock down her throat, sucking me passionately.

I had never felt such a strong climax in my life. It was like I released all my stored-up dreams and flooded her mouth with it. I looked forward to going deeper into the relationship. She'd wanted to give me a lap dance today, and I couldn't wait to have her strip in front of my young eyes. I had seen her dance in the garden several times before, but erotic dancing was different.

"Chase!" she called for me. I glanced at the clock and knew we should get going soon.

"I'm coming," I said.

"Come to my bedroom first," she said. I opened her door and was greeted by her vanilla and rose perfume. She also twirled on her foot, wearing white lingerie. "I want you to tell me which outfit is the hottest."

"Sure." I studied her in the white fishnet lingerie along with the white stockings. My cock twitched a little, and I found her incredibly seductive. "I approve of them."

“Okay, let me try out a red one ... You don’t have to leave now. You can sit on my bed.”

“Alright,” I said and had a seat on the edge of her bed, waiting as she peeled her clothes off. I watched patiently as she slipped off her lingerie, sliding the straps off her shoulders and letting the top fall to the floor. She bent over, flashing her full moon and neatly placed the top in a drawer. It was something incredibly erotic being alone with my mother while she undressed. She slid off her bottom and exposed her incredible ass to me. My eyes rounded at the amount of nude flesh, making my cock stir. At that moment, I wanted her badly, my cock surging.

“Can you help me with my stockings?” she asked.

“Of course,” I said. She sat on the edge of the bed and stretched her legs to me. She parted them a little, and I saw her sacred region for the first in a long time. She had a beautiful pink slit flanked by two symmetric lips. Beads of honey clung to her folds, and a sweet perfume wafted from the source. A triangle patch of hair adorned her mound, and I found her sexy as hell.

“It’s okay, you can look all you want,” Mom said.

“Right,” I said and slowly pulled off her stockings, revealing her long, stunning legs. I sat my right hand on her hip and caressed her flesh. “Gosh, your legs are so smooth.”

“It’s important to take care of ourselves,” she said with a wink.

I moved onto her left leg and glanced at her vagina again, all wet, vulnerable and waiting for an erection. I had one. I wondered if she was willing to take it that far. I curled my fingers around the stocking and gently pulled them down her leg.

“There,” I said and put the garment on the bed.

“Thank you,” she said and extended her hand to me. “Help

me to my feet.”

I gladly clasped her wrist and pulled her up, so her glorious tits jiggled. “Gosh, you’re strong,” she said, stifling a giggle.

“I’m not going to argue with that,” I said. I sat back down on her bed as she fumbled around her drawer and found another lingerie. While she searched around, she was bent at the waist, flashing me her gorgeous, spankable ass. Her buttohole was visible along with her pink entrance that I so badly wanted to stick my cock in. It was hard to believe I’d originated from that hole, and here I sat and lusted for it again.

She rose to her feet and found another outfit. She put on the red fishnet lingerie and twirled on her foot. “It’s the same,” I pointed out.

“But a different color,” she said. “Which one do you like better?”

It was a difficult decision. The white one made her look like an angel and the red one looked like an exotic fruit. “It’s a tough call, but the red one makes you glow a bit brighter.”

“Keep in mind I’ll be dancing for you in these clothes,” she said.

“Go for the red one,” I said and winked at her.

We got dressed, and I couldn’t stop thinking of her vagina. It was stunningly beautiful, and my mouth watered as I kept thinking of it.

While in the Uber, she accidentally touched my bulge. “What are you thinking of?” she asked.

“What we’ll be doing.”

“Nice,” she said, biting her bottom lip and sounding more excited than ever.

Once we’d arrived at the nightclub, we hopped out of the car. It was 5 PM, and it wouldn’t open until late in the evening.

Stella was already inside, writing something down and taking notes.

"She's a workaholic, isn't she?" I pointed out.

"Not only that but also a perfectionist," Mom said. "But most importantly, she loves what she's doing, and she's loyal to the family."

"I can see that," I said.

We knocked on the window, and she happily opened it for us. "Welcome, welcome," she said and whisked us inside. "I'm just dealing with some orders and stuff."

"That's fine, we won't bug you," Mom said.

Stella looked at me differently. "A lap dance from your mom, eh?"

I exchanged glances with Mom. "Chase, she's my sister. She won't tell anyone."

"I might blackmail you to sleep with me though," Stella said flirtatiously and tapped her pen against my chiseled chest. "I can be naughty too."

"You're more than welcome," I told her.

"I appreciate your work. We've seen an increase in visitors already. Sis, you're the new star."

"New? I've been doing this before."

"Well, new for my nightclub. Are you ready to strip tomorrow?" Stella asked.

"Depends how horny I'll make my son," she said with a wink.

"I gotcha," Stella said. "Go enjoy yourself. I'm here if you need anything."

Mom took my hand and happily led me to the private lounge. "So, just the two of us," she said and closed the door.

"Are you allowed to touch during a lap dance?" I asked her.

"You are definitely allowed," she said. "But most of the time

no. It spoils the dance.” She changed clothes again, taking off her skirt, top and blouse till she was only dressed in panties. I ogled at her again as she was topless, her tits mesmerizing me.

“No wonder you bring in so many visitors,” I said.

“Thank you,” she said, obviously honored. She slid up the stockings and put on the rest of the lingerie till she was glowing red with eroticism and life.

“Sit in that chair and wait for me,” she said, striding to the stereo. I sat down, ogling at her full moon as she searched for the right tunes. She played a sensual song. She put on a robe, set the light on the dimmest setting and turned around to face me. She walked to me slowly, building suspense. I couldn’t wait for her to rub her gorgeous ass against my crotch. The robe slipped off her shoulders on her way, and she left it on the floor. She slowly circled me in sync with the music.

She ran her hand down my chest and thighs, getting closer and closer. She straddled my knees while making direct, intimate eye contact. I popped wood within a second, my cock threatening to poke a hole through my pants. She wrapped her arms around my neck, making me come face-to-face with her tits. She gyrated her hips, stimulating the sensitive crown of my erection.

She threw her head back, whipping her hair away from her face. She delivered kisses along my neck. I still hadn’t touched her, but I didn’t deem it necessary. Her moves were magical and sensual. I just watched while she did her thing.

She smoothly swung around, facing away from me. She sat back on my lap, using my knees to support herself as she gyrated over me in a squatting position. She grabbed my neck and pulled me closer to tease me with a kiss. She started bouncing on top of me, and I leaned back and enjoyed her heavenly

movement.

“How am I doing?” she whispered, turning around and making eye contact.

“You are taking me to heaven,” I mumbled.

“Did I pass the test?”

“Touch me and see for yourself.”

She slipped her hand under my pants and gave my hardening cock a squeeze. “Hard and thick ... You’ll have to watch me pole dance too.”

“Will your clothes come off?”

“We’ll see,” she said, knowing how to tease me. She jumped on top of the stage and grabbed the pole, walking around it and getting warmed up.

I sat there with my legs spread wide and my cock throbbing, watching my mother dance. Not even in my wildest imagination had I seen her move like that. She swung around, her legs wrapped around the pole as she descended and ascended the pole. She threw her head back, her hair fluttering behind her like silk. Grinding the pole with her crotch, she moaned as the warm steel got covered in her honey. Then she jumped up, held onto the pole for dear life and then spread her legs wide, blowing a kiss right at my face. I was so enchanted by her erotic dance, that I started to drool. The music fitted her dancing perfectly. The first drop of precum leaked from the tip and trickled down the pulsing shaft. I wanted her and that badly.

While she hung upside down, she unhooked her lingerie top, freeing her chest. She landed back onto the scene and swung around once again, pressing the pole against her tits. Her sensual, erotic dance continued, and the head of my erection hurt as it kept throbbing against the zipper.

She landed on the stage, and I hoped she would come over and give me a motherly blow job again, but no. She bent over and took off her lingerie bottom, flashing me her nude, creamy ass and jumped back onto the pole, embracing it with her tits, pussy and hands.

I was lost for words as she kept stroking the pole in every way imaginable.

She jumped off the stage and slowly came over to me, straddling my legs. "So, how was my dance?" she whispered sensually while gyrating her hips.

"Mom ... you're a goddess."

She made direct eye contact, her lips curving in a smile. She unzipped the zipper, and I lifted my pelvis so she could pull down my pants. She freed my cock, which was so hard it struck her wrist. "Ouch," she said, chuckling.

"Sorry about that," I said.

"I guess I owe it myself for making you so hard," she said, turning around and swiveling her hips on top of my lap, rubbing her ass crack against the sensitive head.

My lips slid into a grin. My mother was a master at what she was doing. "How's that?"

"You're taking me to heaven," I said, watching her erotic full moon. She wedged my cock into the cleft of her ass and rubbed it like a hot dog in a bun. I reached forward to her chest, cupping both her tits as she continued her nude lap dance. "You're going to make me cum if you continue."

"Are you going to cum for mommy?" she asked seductively.

"Hmm, yeah," I said.

She turned around, and it felt like slow motion as her pussy neared my rod. Her wet lips touched my shaft, and she rubbed it up and down along my length as if her nether region was

licking it. She spread her lubricants all over it. It was only a couple of inches away from her love hole, and I wondered whether she would be daring enough to slip it inside.

She threw her arms around my neck and pushed her breasts closer to my face. I plunged right into her cleavage, letting her soft breasts warm me. She lowered her wet slit to my balls and used her tummy to pleasure me.

She kept rubbing her toned, warm waist against my sensitive head. My breathing deepened, and she kept making that sensual eye contact. I palmed her ass and helped her rub my crotch with her belly. "You're getting off aren't you?" she asked seductively.

"Hmm, yeah," I said. I wrapped my arms around her back and made her continue the sweet rubbing. Even if it wasn't her pussy, it still felt incredibly good.

I grunted hard and my body jerked. I fired my cum all over her waist and tits. "Geeze," I said, seeing her proud smile.

"That's a lot of cum," she whispered, glancing down at the ropes of semen adorning her body.

"Yeah ... I've never seen anyone dance like that in my life," I said, sighing in relief.

"Do you think I'm ready?"

"You better be joking."

"I take that as a yes," she said with a smile. She came off me and cleaned my seed from her waist. We sat next to each other, and I was still numb from that climax.

"Which moves were your favorite?" she asked.

"The nude lap dance," I said. "Everything you did was mesmerizing. The eye contact, the sensual movements, the pole dancing ... It all made me speechless and hard."

"I'm glad that I still got it in me."

"Will you strip tomorrow?" I asked her.

“I will ... It will bring in some extra money.”

“You sure deserve it,” I said.

She pressed her lips to my cheeks.

Chapter 7

Chase
I slowly opened my eyes and woke up to the sound of someone knocking on my door. “Chase?” my older sister called for me. She opened and stepped inside, giving me no time to hide my morning glory.

I rubbed the sleep from my eyes. “Savannah,” I mumbled, shaking my head.

“This time I knocked so many times that I was worried,” she said and then fixed her eyes on the tent. “What are you hiding there?”

I sat upright, so I could conceal it somewhat. “You should know that I was sleeping.”

“I’m sorry,” she apologized. “It was ages ago we spent some time together, so I thought maybe after breakfast you would be down for a walk.”

“Sure,” I said. “But not for long since I have to finish a gig.”

“Better than nothing,” she said. “Why are you being such a sleepyhead?”

“I had to finish some things yesterday,” I told her. “I’ve started a new job as a bouncer.”

“Bouncer?” she said, mildly surprised. “That shouldn’t come

as a surprise. Have you kicked someone's ass yet?"

"I just have to deal with some drunk pigs now and then, otherwise it's quite mellow." My eyes cleared up, and she wore ripped mini jeans and an off-shoulder crop top. She wore her hair loose, which glowed like flowing gold down her back.

"Do you like my outfit?" she asked.

"It's perfect," I said. "Are you going to leave, so I can dress?"

"You don't want to chat in the meantime?"

I gave her a look, making her laugh.

"I'm just joking with you. I'll tell Mom to make breakfast. See you downstairs." She pretended to close the door, but I could see her eyes between the doorframe and the door.

"Savannah."

She closed the door with a giggle.

Why did I believe she was teasing me on purpose? To be fair since I'd already gotten so close to Mom, why couldn't I be intimate with my sister? I put on my underwear and also shorts. I clearly remembered yesterday. I had also dreamed of Mom dancing. I couldn't get her seductive, erotic moves out of my head. I couldn't believe either that she'd used her waist to make me climax. It felt so damn good and strong, all those teases and sweet friction. She'd even run her pussy up and down along my cock.

I wanted to enter her, making love to her. Yesterday had been equally as taboo as the day she blew me, and I couldn't stop thinking of how actual penetration would feel like. We'd already admitted we'd both checked each other out, so I didn't see any reason why we didn't want to have sex with each other.

I put on my shirt and descended the stairs. They were outside. Mom wore a knee-length summer dress and shades. Savannah sat next to her, chatting. I joined them, taking a seat. "We were

waiting for you," Mom said, her pink lips sliding into a smile. Mom filled up my plate with scrambled eggs and toast.

"He was being a sleepyhead today," Savannah said, lightly kicking me under the table.

"Do you know how hard he's working?" Mom asked her.

"I'm just joking," Savannah said.

We exchanged smiles. "I know," I said. My sister could be bratty and playful now and then, but I knew she meant it well. She had no mal intent and would be there for me if we needed each other.

"Savannah told me you would spend some time together," Mom said.

I nodded. "We'll go to the shop and buy a do not disturb sign. I'll definitely need it for my door."

Savannah rolled her eyes. "I stood there for like an hour, knocking and calling for you. What if something had happened? I didn't mean to just walk in."

I waved my hand dismissively. "I forgive you."

"I'll go to the dealership in the meantime and buy a car," Mom said. "It's about time we get a vehicle."

"A car?" Savannah said. "So, we aren't tight on cash?"

Mom shook her head. "I have a job now and Chase works full time, so we aren't in a tight spot any longer."

"I see," Savannah said and took a bite from her toast. "I'm glad the worst is over."

"So am I," Mom said, smiling.

"You look way happier than usual," Savannah said, watching Mom closely. "You haven't found a new guy ... Have you?"

"A new guy?" Mom questioned, and I knew she was being clever. "Nope. My son and daughter are all I need. And you?"

"I have but," she said, her smile sinking. "I don't know. It feels

like video games and porn are more important to guys these days."

"Don't say that," Mom said. "You'll find a dedicated man one day."

"I hope so too. Maybe I have high standards because of Chase," she said, smiling in my direction.

We finished the breakfast and relaxed for a little bit longer. Mom excused herself to go to the dealership. Savannah crossed her legs and turned to me. "You saved us all," she said.

"You can't give me all the cred," I said.

"I can, and I refuse to do otherwise," she said, taking my hand. "Should we go out for a walk?"

"Sure," I said. "Will you be wearing those clothes?"

"Uh yeah, what's wrong with them?" she asked, twirling around.

"Never mind," I said. They were incredibly skimpy, but nothing was wrong with them. We headed outside to the sunny weather. It was May, and the sun caressed our skin. It made my sister's hair glow even brighter. "So, what's on your heart?"

"There are many things," Savannah said. "I mentioned it briefly at the table. How can you be so motivated? You never procrastinate. You're always there for us. You do so many things and never seem to want a break either."

"It's called not being a loser."

"That's the most unsatisfactory answer I've ever gotten from you."

I chuckled as we headed toward the beach. "It's just who I am," I said with a shrug. "I'm happy when my family is. I guess growing up with a dedicated mother made me dedicated. The reason why so many are unmotivated these days might be because of bad parenting."

"Maybe," she said. "I found a boyfriend, but his libido sucks. Everything he has is good looks, but nothing else."

"I'm sure there are boys my age that will satisfy your needs."

"It doesn't seem like it. I know one, but he's my brother, so that's out of the question."

I knew it wasn't the case. I laughed and infected her.

"What have you been doing with Mom lately?" she asked.

"What do you mean?" I asked, feeling a bit awkward in case she would find out what we'd been up to.

"She looks like a woman who's found love," Savannah pointed out.

"She had a pretty big fall and now she's up and running. You don't think that would have made her happy?"

"I suppose," Savannah said.

"There's your answer," I said.

"There are some of my friends," Savannah said.

They were on their way to the beach, wearing bikinis and their hair loose. They all had the same sun-kissed complexion as my sister. One of them tossed a volleyball up and down, and when they got their eyes on me and my sister, they all turned to us.

"Savannah, what's up?"

"Spending some quality time with my brother," my sister said, inviting them over for a hug, one by one. My sister's friends were some of the hottest who held the power to bring men to their knees. They were as tall as Savannah with flawless skin and busts that came in all shapes and sizes. They were all toned, fit and playful, enjoying the beach life to the fullest.

"Hi, Chase," one of her friends said, waving at me. She pushed her blonde hair behind her ears, so I could see her pinkening cheeks. Her pushup bra helped her cleavage deepen and her

bikini bottom covered very little of her firm ass.

"Hi, Nathalia," I greeted her back. She was the only one I knew since she went to the same gym as I did.

"You haven't found a girl yet?" she asked curiously.

I shook my head. "There's a free spot for all of you," I joked, making them giggle.

"I've been nagging at him for several weeks," Savannah said and proudly draped her arm over my shoulder. "You have to find a girl soon."

"I'm on it," I told my sister as she pulled me closer to her.

"How about you come and play some volleyball with us?" Nathalia suggested. "We can be your girls for now."

I glanced at the clock. "Sure, but not longer than an hour. I have to finish some work."

"Blah," one of them said. "I hate schedules."

"You need to take a day off where you can just live," Savannah encouraged me.

"I'll live with you for an hour," I said.

"We have a deal." Savannah took my hand, making us look more like a couple than siblings. She took me to the beach. I hadn't been here for a while, and I already had sand in my shoes. I walked behind my sister's friends, watching their ass cheeks sway. I didn't know what kind of bikinis they were wearing, but it was just a string with minimal coverage.

I took my shoes off and also my socks. Stopping over me, Savannah tugged at my shirt. "This one must come off as well. Your shorts too."

"I'll take off my shirt but not my shorts," I told her, giving her a look. "Was this planned?"

"No," Savannah said. "I just happen to run into them ... but you aren't against eye candy, are you?"

"I have a sweet eye."

"I know you do." She chuckled and then she nudged me with her elbow. "Maybe you should pick one."

"I want more than one," I said.

"Someone's ambitious." Savannah pulled her top off, leaving her in a skimpy bra. She wore her ripped jeans, and I was glad she didn't undress to her panties since then I knew it would be impossible to hide my boner.

"My brother is on my team," Savannah insisted.

"So, you're going to hog him for yourself?" one of them asked.

"Yes," Savannah said, wrapping her arms around me and pressing her chest against me in a sideways hug. Because of her skimpy bra, I got her boob flesh all over me. She let go after pecking my cheek.

"I hope you aren't wearing any lipstick," I told her.

"I would have kissed you longer then," she said flirtatiously. "Pick our third team member."

"Nathalia, you're with us," I said. She beamed and ran over, her tits jiggling inside her skimpy bikini top.

She wrapped her arms around me, generously squeezing her boobs onto my chest. She smelled sweeter than a pineapple, which I guessed was the shampoo she was using. "Savannah, come, let's do a three-way hug."

Savannah cut in, and I was squeezed in the middle of them as they competed for space. "Easy there," I said.

"What do you think of my brother's abs?" Savannah said, laying her hand flat on my abdomen.

"Sexy as hell," Nathalia said and groped my right side.

Savannah was a bit bolder and trailed her hand lower. "Alright, enough hugs now," I said. I had to stop my sister before she became too excited. "Keep in mind, I haven't played

volleyball in years.”

Savannah waved her hand dismissively. “It’s fun, that’s all that matters.”

While the waves kept crashing in the background, we lined up. Savannah started the serve. She tossed the ball into the air, jumped and shot the ball over the net like a comet. “Take that!”

The girl on the other side jumped and smashed the ball, timing it perfectly. The ball hurtled toward the sand. Nathalia was prepared and passed the ball onto me, and then I smashed it hard over the net. None of the girls could take it, and the ball created a small crater upon impact.

“High five!” Nathalia said, raising her hand to me. I gave it to her and the smack was so satisfying.

“We aren’t done with you,” our opponents said. They executed a series of quick sets, but my girls were on guard and kept smashing the ball, which kept flying back and forth over the net. One of our opponents jumped so high, her tits accidentally fell out of her bra, and I quickly smashed the ball in her direction, not giving her time to cover her teardrops.

“You did that on purpose,” she said and blew me a raspberry.

“You sometimes have to play tactically to win,” I said, enjoying the sight of her gorgeous melons. I was surprised her tan lines weren’t more prominent. When thinking more about it, my sister and her horny friends were probably bold enough to sunbathe topless.

We continued to play, and the laughter mingled with the thud of the volleyball hitting the sand. I had a blast playing with these five ladies. My sister did a dolphin dive, leaping in the air, arching her body and delivering a precise spike that sailed past the blockers. I quickly helped her up to her feet, seeing the upper parts of her breasts covered with sand. Also, the straps

had slid down her shoulders, and I realized behind that sand was her forbidden tits.

"Maybe you can brush some of that sand off," she said, smirking.

I quickly brushed it away, touching her stiff, pink nipples. Then I helped her pull up the straps, but I regretted not ogling at her flesh a bit longer. The ball hit the sand, and our opponents high-fived each other.

"Did you just touch your sister's breasts?" Nathalia asked with a grin.

"I was just cleaning them a little," I told her with a wink.

"Maybe he'll clean them more at home," Savannah said, giggling with her friends.

The little match sure turned me on, and we played longer for an hour. I wiped the sweat from my brow. It wasn't only fun, but it was hot being surrounded by all those girls in skimpy clothes. I found it difficult not to think of Savannah's breasts, but I tried to play it off.

"Sis, if you want to stay, that's fine, but I have to go soon."

"But we're having so much fun," she said. "It won't be fun without you."

"Savannah, I'm sorry. We can play another day."

"Okay, but I'll at least follow you home. I want to spend some quality time with you, so that's what I'll do," she said and turned to her friends, erotically covered in sweat and sand. "How long will you be here?"

"We're planning to stay till sunset," Nathalia said.

"Alright, I'll be back later," Savannah said.

"Don't forget to answer your DMs," Nathalia said, kissing her hand and blowing it to me.

I gave her a thumbs up and also said goodbye to our oppo-

nents. Savannah took my hand as we walked back up. I gave her a look.

“What now?” she asked me playfully. She was alive after that volleyball round, and so was I. I loved every second of it and would have loved to play more, but I couldn’t stop thinking of Mom, knowing what awaited me at work. “Aren’t we allowed to hold hands?”

I gave her hand a squeeze. “Alright.”

“We used to kiss when we were younger too,” she said.

“You get away with a lot more when you’re a child.”

“You’re talking as if kissing your family members is a crime,” she said.

“You got a point,” I said.

“On the lips or the cheek?” she said flirtatiously.

I pressed my lips right on her cheek, causing a red color to bloom. “Happy?”

“I love hugs and kisses, so yeah. Admit you had fun.”

“I didn’t have any plans to deny it,” I told her. “Your friends are full of life.”

“Will you take Nathalia out on a date?”

“We’ll see,” I said. If I hadn’t started being intimate with Mom recently then that was a possibility, but I had lost interest in girls. It wasn’t only my interest in Mom that had increased, but also in Savannah. I just wasn’t sure how to talk to her about it.

“Now that we’re in private,” she said, twirling her hair on her finger. “What did you think about my tits?”

“They were nice ... but don’t do that again.”

“Why?” she asked, mildly disappointed.

“Your friends were watching.”

“If we were in private?” she asked.

“I’ll think about it,” I said, but truth be told, it felt great to

touch her there. If only I had more time on my hands so that I could brush more sand off.

“Do you actually think Mom works at a call center?” Savannah asked, switching topics.

“I’m not sure what to believe,” I said and scratched my neck. If she would prod further, I wasn’t sure how I was supposed to dodge her questions.

“I just find it hard to believe,” Savannah said. “You know how good she looks.”

“She’s a solid eleven on a ten scale,” I said.

“That’s one of the rare times I hear you admit that our mom is hot,” she said, searching my gaze.

I should have guarded my tongue a bit better. The fun and games with her friend sure numbed my senses for a little. “You look good and Mom looks good,” I said. “Nothing strange with admitting that.”

“You aren’t keeping any secrets from me?” Savannah asked. “I don’t think that’s nice. I appreciate everything you’re doing for us as a family, but I want to know if there’s something going on behind the scenes.”

“Savannah, relax,” I told her, taking her hand. “It’s been some rough months.”

“I know,” she said. “But it’s better thanks to you.”

“I appreciate that ... Let’s see what car Mom has bought,” I said. We headed back home, and she’d bought a brand-new Tesla that stood parked in our driveway. It was the exact same model we had to sell earlier. “We’re getting our life back, eh.”

“I thought she would go for something else,” Savannah said, watching herself in the reflection of the window.

We entered the door, and Mom had just vacuumed the floor. “What have you two been up to?” Mom asked. “You got sand

and sweat all over you.”

“We met my friends halfway there and joined them for some beach volleyball,” Savannah said. “I’ll join them later, I just wanted to follow my little brother home.”

“Finally, we got a car again,” I said.

“It was about time,” Mom said. “We got our honor back.”

Her words made me smile. I remembered how embarrassed she was when we had to sell off our assets. “We’ll gain more as well,” I said, giving her a cryptic wink. “I’ll retreat to my bedroom and finish up some programming gigs.”

“Don’t leave me hanging,” Savannah said, refusing to let go of me. “I want to hug you before you leave.” I opened my arms and let her fall into them. She closed her eyes and leaned her head into my chest.

“You happy?” I asked her, stroking her lovely back.”

“Uh-huh,” she said, breaking the hug.

“Have fun with your friends,” I told her.

“Have fun dragging out pigs,” she said, winking. She left and happily skipped back to the beach.

* * *

“Chase, are you ready?” Mom called for me.

“I am,” I said, putting on my clothes. I had barely finished the gig. I had been distracted or maybe I had myself to blame. I couldn’t stop thinking of Mom stripping in front of me. The scenes of mom dancing kept playing in my mind, and occasionally I saw my sister, remembering her soft boob I had brushed sand off. That volleyball game with her flirtatious, horny friends sure had spiked my libido, but for some reason, I showed little interest in them. I wanted to touch Savannah

again. I wasn't sure how to talk to her about this, but she seemed more into it than I did.

I descended the stairs and was greeted by Mom dressed in her bodycon dress. She twirled on her foot, her blonde hair fluttering like a flame in the afternoon breeze. "How do I look?" she asked.

"Hot as hell," I said. I looked around, being a bit suspicious after Savannah's conversation. "She isn't here, right?"

"Nope," she said. "Maybe we should get an Uber before she catches me in this dress."

"What about driving?"

"I'll be having a couple of glasses and so will you," she said with a wink.

"Alright," I said. The last time she had a couple of glasses she'd gone down on me. I hoped that it would be repeated.

"Are you getting paranoid, because of your sister?"

"She asked me a couple of questions earlier, asking whether you actually worked at a call center."

"How did you dodge the question?" Mom asked.

"It was difficult," I said. "I just tried changing the subject."

"It's a double-edged sword," Mom said. "I feel bad keeping secrets from my daughter. Yet, I'm not so sure about introducing her to this life."

"I don't understand. If you made it, why can't she?"

"Maybe you're right and I'm exaggerating. But she'll certainly find out we've been doing a thing or two together."

"I have a feeling she wants me."

"It's not a feeling," Mom said as if enlightening me. "Siblings can be attracted to each other. There's nothing wrong with that."

"According to the law there is," I said.

"We don't have to tell anyone," Mom said. "It was like when I was underage and started working at a nightclub. You sometimes have to be brave and aim high. The world is your oyster."

"You're a great mother," I said, admiring her smile and attitude.

"You're a great son," she said and took on her jacket. "The uber is here."

We jumped in the backseat, but she wanted me to sit in the middle, hip to hip. Mom placed her hand right on my crotch, but quickly moved it to her seat belt. "I swear I didn't mean to."

"It's fine," I said.

"Did you finish up the gig?"

I shook my head. "I couldn't stop thinking of you ... you have been running my mind ever since you danced for me."

I made her blush. "That's sweet of you," she said. "I just hope you'll stay focused when we get there ... Stella isn't all about fun and games, she can be tough too."

"My shift ends a couple of hours earlier than yours," I told her.

"Will you wait for me?" she asked. "Maybe we can have some fun together afterward."

"I'll always wait for you," I said, smiling.

We arrived, and it would open in about half an hour. The sun was setting and the darkness spread on the opposite side of the sky. Stella was already up and running, guiding the waitresses and dancers, making sure everything was clean and tidy. She greeted us both with hugs and kisses, and the other women also embraced me, showing interest as always.

As the nightclub opened, there was an influx of guests. I checked the IDs like always and had to occasionally drag

someone out who had broken the rules. Every time I had to go inside and deal with troublemakers, I got a potent view of Mom. She was currently on stage, circling the pole seductively. She hugged the pole, throwing her head back so her lustrous hair flowed behind her. She humped the pole with her crotch, making me hard as concrete.

She raised her foot to the top of the pole, flashing us her sexy panties with a wet patch in the middle. There were several guys that threw handfuls of stacks at her, making it rain.

Stella placed her hands on my shoulders, making me jump. "Your mom is a star," she said seductively and massaged my shoulders.

"She's more than a star," I said.

She pressed her lips to my cheek. "But even how hot she is, you have a job to take care of."

I turned to her and nodded. I wasn't sure how long I had been ogling at Mom, but obviously a lot more than what was intended.

I went outside and stood guard for a little bit longer, giving my cock a break as it slowly grew limp. But I knew right behind me that my hot, horny mother was stripping, and I wanted to see her so badly that it hurt.

* * *

"Chase," Mom said, opening the door and throwing her arms around my neck.

"Easy there," I said and picked up the scent of alcohol on her breath. She was incredibly warm to the touch, making me want her even more. I realized that I had a break now since Mom always made sure to remind me.

"I'm sorry, I'm just so full of life," she said. The music got louder, the thumping bass reverberating through my body. The lights kept flashing, casting ever-changing patterns and colors across the dance floor. There were a couple of topless dancers on stage and glasses kept clinking. "Come, let's have a timeout together."

"Sure," I said. She took me to the private lounge, and I could finally slump down. Since there were a lot more people here this evening, I had taken care of more troublemakers than usual.

"Can I get you something to drink?" she asked.

"I'm thirsty as hell," I said.

"I'll be back," she said. She closed the door, and I leaned back on the plush couch. I was glad the private lounges were completely soundproof. There was so much music and dancing going on that I needed a break. At the same time, it felt great to be alive, and I loved seeing my mother having a blast.

She came back with a tray of tequilas and a water bottle and placed it on the table. As soon as she opened the door, all the noise streamed inside. She gently closed it, not letting any noise leak inside. It made our moment feel more private. She sat down next to me with her elbows on the table, leaning forward so her cleavage deepened. Her smile was infectious, lighting up her face with an attractive glow. Even if she wasn't outside dancing, the fire still flickered in her eyes.

"So, I was yet again admiring you when you pulled those troublemakers out," she said, sinking her teeth into her bottom lip and ruffling. "Makes me feel extra safe."

I waved my hand dismissively. "It was nothing," I told her.

"Oh, it was something," she said. "I'm not the only admirer you've earned. My young, flirty colleagues keep talking about you too, wondering how I know you and if you're down for a

threesome.”

“I see,” I said, liking the sound of that. “They’re gorgeous.” I popped open the water bottle and chugged it down in one go. Gasping for air, I threw the bottle into the bin.

“Damn, you’re thirsty,” she said and took a sip of her drink. She placed it down and eyed the glass that was meant for me. “Don’t want a drink to warm you up?”

I took the glass and downed it in one go. I wasn’t the biggest fan of alcohol, but my mother knew how to persuade me. “Stella had to remind me not to look too much at you,” I said, grimacing at the strong alcohol content.

“I caught you staring several times,” she said with a sweet smile. “I don’t mind. I’m proud I’m still attractive enough to turn you on.”

“Mom, you’ll be attractive for decades to come,” I told her.

“If you only knew how happy that makes me,” she said. She reached my bulge with her foot. “You aren’t being blue balled, are you?”

“Kind of,” I said.

“When your shift ends ... we’ll do something,” she said with a wink. “My son shouldn’t go around in pain.”

“It’s been so painful ... Ever since I played volleyball with my sister.”

“Did you do anything more than play volleyball?” she asked, narrowing her eyes at me.

“Not really ... but she made me touch her boob,” I said.

“What did my flirty daughter do?” she asked, covering her mouth while giggling.

“Her top accidentally slid off, and she asked me to brush sand off her tit.”

“Were they nice?” Mom asked, leaning forward. She looked

thrilled to be having this conversation.

"They were pleasant to touch, but since her friends were there, I didn't look as much as I wanted to."

"So, you admit that you want her?" Mom asked and waggled her eyebrows.

"I want you both," I said.

"Maybe I can teach her to dance ... give you a nude lap dance," Mom said.

I didn't think she would talk that way if it hadn't been for the alcohol, but it didn't matter. I enjoyed this conversation as well. "Maybe you can," I said and glanced at the clock.

"Is your timeout over?" Mom asked, disappointed.

"Unfortunately, yes. I got to bounce," I said.

Rising to her feet, she extended her hand to me and pulled me up. She snaked her hand inside my pants and wrapped her hand around my girth. "Hmm, you promise you won't become limp?" she asked, her hot breath against my face.

"As long as you'll keep dancing," I said.

"I'll dance for you all night," she said, smiling happily.

She let go of my bulge, and I had to finish my shift before I could have her again. I went back outside to get some fresh air while the music boomed inside. I drew in a deep breath and wondered if my mother planned on giving me another wet blow job. I sure needed one, and that shot sure put me in the mood. I reminisced about yesterday when she rubbed her pussy over my cock. What if she would take it there instead? I shivered with pleasure and couldn't wait till my shift ended.

* * *

Stella came out. She was a little bit tipsy but still fully functional.

She had changed her outfit to a knee-length pencil dress with a deep V-neck. Her breasts tested the limits of the dress, and I was afraid they would spill right at my face judging by how hard they strained the straps.

"Aren't you keeping track of the clock?" she asked.

"I am," I said, flashing her a smile. "I'm just waiting for Josh. He's taking a leak. He'll be back soon."

"Just checking everything is as it should be," she said and moved closer to my ear. "You're free to watch your mom now."

"How did you know I wasn't planning on going home?" I asked her, believing she was a magician.

"Well, she told me," she said. "I kind of want a word with you too before you leave. We can watch your mommy dance in the meantime."

I glanced over my shoulder and saw Mom do the split on the stage. "She has the stamina of a youth," I said, surprised at how she was still up and running.

"When I first saw her dance, I was also surprised by her energy," Stella said. "She's always been like that, mesmerizing all of us with her dances."

Josh came back, and I patted his back. "I'll stay for a little bit longer."

"Alright, unless plans change, we'll catch up tomorrow," Josh said.

I stepped inside, and Stella took my hand, guiding me to the reserved seat where we had a perfect view of my mother. She was still sitting in a split and lightly bouncing up and down as if riding a cock. In my mind it was my erection, and she took me to the depths of her love hole. She had stripped off her dress, being on stage in underwear and a bra. I wondered if she would take it off too.

Stella snapped her finger and one of the waitresses turned to her. "Some tequila shots," she said, winking.

"I thought we were supposed to talk, not get wasted," I said jokingly.

"We'll do both," Stella said flirtatiously. "A shot won't kill such a strong man like you." She groped me right on the chest, and I let her. It felt good having a close relative touch me, but I knew it would feel even better if it was my own mother. "What I wanted to talk to you about was your sister ... I saw a couple of photos of her, and I think she would be a pretty good dancer."

"I think so too," I said. "But I'm not sure if Mom wants her to work here."

"I see," Stella said. "But you don't think you can talk her into it?" Stella tried. "Think of having both your mom and sister working here ... Won't that be fun?"

"You're kinky as hell," I said.

She chuckled. "I've been so all my life ... the more forbidden, the hotter. Vanilla is too dry for my taste. I need something spicy."

"My sister will find out eventually," I said. "We won't be able to hide it for long. When she knows, we'll see her reaction."

"Good enough for me," Stella said. "Your mom told me you had an entrepreneurial background, is that correct?"

"She's blowing smoke up my ass," I said, chuckling. "I have done some programming gigs on the side, that's all."

"Well, that's something," Stella said. "So, you should know a thing or two about marketing."

"I sure do," I said. I took a break and turned my attention to Mom. She clung to the pole together with a younger woman. They wrapped their arms around each other's backs. They closed the gap and pressed their lips to each other. Mom slipped

her tongue into the dancer's mouth, and they kissed, a wet, sloppy tongue kiss with saliva dribbling down their chests. I was about to lose focus and wasn't sure what we were discussing any longer.

"Geeze," I said as it started getting incredibly hot. "I didn't think she ..."

"I've seen her do naughtier stuff than that."

"Tell me about it," I said, not with an ironic tone but a serious one. I wanted to hear about my mother's sexual adventures and that badly.

"I'll let you know a thing or two, but first, I want to give you an offer to become more involved in the nightclub."

"You want a young nineteen-year-old to take over the reins of this business you have run longer than what I've existed?"

"I know talent when I see it," she said, crossing her legs. "This isn't a ploy for me wanting to have sex with you. I need a young man who can tell me what works or not. I also need someone who knows web development and social marketing. You're perfect for this job."

"You want me to be a bouncer as well?"

"I do," she said. "But my sister told me you still work when you aren't here, so I thought why not help me out here instead."

I nodded and thought longer about it. She sure had a point. "I'll think about it," I said. "But it sounds a bit better."

Mom received a standing ovation for the dirty lesbian kiss and it rained shortly after. She came over to us with bills stuffed in her panties and cleavage. "Can I cut in?" she asked. I patted the cushion next to me, and she had a seat. She had an hour left of her shift.

"You looked amazing," I told her. She was glowing with life and beauty that lit her up. Her cleavage glowed as her heart

thumped in her chest. She was like a newly bloomed flower, spreading her heavenly scent and beauty.

"I became a bit more motivated when you watched me," she said. She collected the cash and handed it to me. She waved over to the waitress. "Three glasses of champagne."

The topless waitress nodded and strode to the bar. "What have you two been discussing?" Mom asked me and Stella.

"My plans to steal your Chase," Stella said with a giggle.

Mom curled her arm around mine. "You'll never steal my boy."

"What do you say, Chase, do you want to get more involved here?" Stella asked, pushing her hair behind her ears.

"Will it involve theft?" I asked.

Both of them burst out laughing. "I was just joking," Stella said. "A man can be shared by many women, you know."

"I'm down for it," I said. Looking around, I had more ideas than just marketing. The stage could be reorganized, and there was always room to expand. "Only if you let me be more involved than what we discussed."

"That's a deal," my aunt said. "I've always wanted to work side by side with a guy ... Even better when it's someone hot."

The waitress came over and served us the glasses. Her tits were narrow at the top but full and round at the bottom, jiggling by the slightest move. They distracted me as I paid her assets more attention than the drink.

"Here you go, hottie," she said with a wink and pushed the glass to me. She strode off to the next table, her ass cheeks swaying in a hypnotic fashion.

"Cheers," Mom said and raised the champagne glass, making them clink. I raised the glass to my lips and had a sip. It was drinkable since it was sweet and not so strong.

"Sis," Stella said and put the glass back down. "You don't think my beautiful niece would be interested in joining you on the dance floor?"

"I'm not sure," Mom said. "She has a body to die for and all that, but I don't want to push her into something she isn't comfortable with."

"I respect that," Stella said. "I'm just saying, the spot is there if she wants it."

"What do you say, Chase, do you want to see your sister dancing topless?" Mom asked, leaning her head onto my shoulder. She went a step further, touching my waist and running her hand down to my crotch.

"I sure do," I admitted as Mom kept stroking my bulge and the sensitive head.

"Maybe we should talk to her about it," Mom suggested in her tipsy voice.

"Maybe," I said, considering it. I played a movie in my head, seeing Mom teaching her daughter dance moves, using me to practice lap dancing. It was incredibly hot as they took turns gyrating their nude hips on top of me till I exploded. I wanted it to be realized.

Stella finished her glass. "I'll leave you two a bit. I got to sort some things out."

Mom inched her hips closer to mine, and the touch of flesh against flesh raised my desire for her. She didn't let go of my bulge either, stroking it with her hand, and each stroke sent a tingling sensation down my spine. "I think you've been hard for too long."

I wondered if it would be time for another wet blow job. "What do you have in mind?" I asked her.

"You'll see when we get back home," Mom said, winking.

"Mom ... I'm really hard," I told her in a pleading voice.

"I'll just dance for a little bit," she said and pressed her lips to my cheeks, leaving a lipstick mark behind. "Then I'll take care of you when we get home, is that okay?"

"Sure," I said. "What about Savannah?"

"She's sleeping over with her boyfriend. We can make as much noise as we want."

It would be one long hour. Mom swung her feet off the seating and made her way to the stage. I leaned back in my seat, watching Mom as she danced like a youth. I was mesmerized by her feminine moves. She swung around, grinding and bumping the pole. She did numerous splits and climbed onto the pole only to slowly descend while doing a spiral. She was magical in every way possible. The outside world faded into insignificance, and I zoned in on my mother.

My cock kept throbbing against the zipper, threatening to break through it. I was surprised there wasn't a big hole there already. I couldn't stop thinking of her warm breath and seductive moves that were all served right in front of my nose.

Eventually, the nightclub closed, and I waited for Mom outside. The Uber was already there. Mom was just inside and talked to Stella. They hugged each other goodbye, and Mom came out, beaming. "Do you need help walking?" I asked her.

"I only had a couple of glasses," she said. I opened the door for her, and we both had a seat. It was difficult keeping my hands off her, knowing she had promised to relieve me when we got back.

Once we were home, we jumped off. She whisked me inside, and once the door was closed, she immediately grasped my cock with a grin and looked into my eyes. "Let's go upstairs."

"Will you blow me again?"

"I've already blown you," she said and drew a circle on my chest. "I want a man inside me."

"Really?" I asked, my cock twitching in approval.

She took my hand and half ran with me upstairs. "It's time to sleep in my bed again," she said.

"Christ, how can you be so alive after having danced for an entire day?" I asked. It didn't add up at all.

"How can you work from dawn to dusk every day?" she asked, giving me a look.

"Touché," I said.

"Less talking," she said. She opened her bedroom and whisked me inside. She closed the door after her. I watched as she strode toward me, her tits jiggling inside her bra. She threw her arms around my neck, eyeing my lips with lust and desire in her eyes. She closed the gap between us, and my eyes widened as she kissed me right on the lips. Behind all that alcohol, she tasted sweet like a forbidden fruit.

I cupped her ass and squeezed both her cheeks. I pulled her warm body closer to mine, so she could share her heat. "Ah, Mom," I said, breaking the kiss, so I could look into her blue eyes that swam with love and desire.

She latched her lips onto mine again, prodding the seam of my lips with her tongue. It happened so fast, I wasn't sure how to react, but I welcomed her tongue into my mouth, letting her slip it deep inside till our tongues were dancing. While lingering in that passionate kiss, I pushed my raging lump closer to her crotch in pursuit of that sweet friction.

We suddenly stood by the edge of the bed, and we fell on top of each other. She shrieked a little, making her cheeks red. "Sorry, didn't mean to scream in your ear."

"I'm still breathing," I said, licking her flavor from my lips. "Are you sure about this?"

"No ifs, ands, or buts," she said, pulling her bodycon dress over her head and tossing it onto the floor. Her lustrous hair framed her face and flowed down her back like molten gold. She looked no different than a hot porn star from the eighties. "How about you?"

"I want to."

"What do you want?" she teased me and unzipped the zipper.

"I want to have sex with you."

"Are you going to fuck your own mom?" she asked, biting her lip.

"Yeah ... I'll fuck your brains out."

"I'll like the sound of that," she said. I lifted my pelvis for her, and she pulled down my shorts. She covered her mouth and giggled.

"What now?"

"Lift your pelvis again and I'll show you."

I did and she pulled down my underwear. She held it up in front of my eyes. It was sticky with precum, but most importantly, there was a giant hole in the middle of it. I opened my mouth and stared in shock. "Huh ..."

"Next time I'll take care of you at the nightclub," she said. She lay down between my legs, grasping my erection. "Your tip is slightly red. It isn't painful?"

"No, it's dying to enter you. It might come from throbbing against the zipper for multiple hours straight."

"I'll suck you for a little bit," she said, her warm, husky breath against my length. She plunged it into her mouth, and I sighed in relief as I met the sweet friction I'd been dreaming of for an entire day. She slid it over her tongue till I entered her

throat. She positioned her mouth accordingly, so she could better accommodate my girth that stretched her lips.

I watched her wide-eyed as she feasted on my erection, sliding it in and out. She made the hottest slobbering and sucking sounds, sounding dirtier than a porn star. I also felt the alcohol on my cock, warming it as well.

I raked my fingers through her lustrous hair as I watched her tits bounce up and down onto my thighs. "You suck so well," I said as she took me closer and closer to heaven.

She sealed her lips tightly around the tip and slowly and seductively pulled her head back. She came off the tip like a reverse kiss and let out chunks of spit that trickled down my erection like lava. "Oh, Mom," I moaned.

"You like this?" she asked and licked up the spit with her tongue. She worked my cock as if she was worshipping it, and I enjoyed every second of it.

"I love it," I told her. "Can I lick you for a bit?" I asked. It wasn't long ago I'd seen her sacred region for the first time in my life. I had wanted to taste her since then, especially as images and videos of her grinding that pole kept playing in my head.

"I won't cross my legs for you," she said, delivering a final kiss on my cock. She rolled aside and spread her legs. I quickly moved into position, coming between her forbidden legs and spreading them a little bit more. I didn't suppress anything as I lay there. Her pink slit was flanked by two lips, and there was a neatly trimmed triangle patch of hair on the mound. I fingered her, running my thumb over her soaked, sticky folds. Her sweet scent pulled me closer and closer to her pussy. I didn't even realize it when my nose hit her clit and my mouth was an inch away from her love hole. I stuck out my tongue and hit her

squishy flesh. I punctured a bead of honey with my tongue, and my eyes lit up at her sweet, heavenly scent. It was addictive, and the thrill of licking my own mother made goosebumps flare across my arms.

She reached my forearm and stroked me. "You alright?"

I licked her upward in a sensual stroke. "I'm in heaven."

"You have goosebumps all over your arms," she pointed out with a wide smile.

"It feels so thrilling to do this," I said.

"It's addictive," she said. "Oh, Chase, I haven't been pleased by a man in so long. I really need this."

"I need this equally as much as you do," I told her and turned my attention back to her sacred region, licking her folds. I moved my tongue closer and closer to her hole. With my index and middle finger, I parted her lips and stared right into her pink fruit. I pushed my tongue deep into her, playing around with my tongue till I felt her body shiver with pleasure. She had the same aroma as honeydew, and I couldn't wait to get her nectar all over my cock.

I came off her and lay over her in a missionary position. She leaned forward to grab my cock. "Let me," she said. I watched as she guided my missile into her tunnel. She pushed the head in first, which was followed by an inch of my length, and finally, it was inside. I thrust into her, sinking my cock deeper and deeper all the way to the hilt.

I gasped in relief as I was fully inside my mother. I was greeted by a wave of euphoria that felt almost as good as a climax. It was so forbidden and good. I could enjoy this sensation for the rest of my life.

I pulled out and slid in with barely any effort, pushing it till I bottomed out and drowned my cock in her honey. Her walls

clamped onto my erection, hugging it affectionately. I started fucking her, letting out every single taboo teenage dream as I almost rammed myself into my mother.

“Hmm, my son, that’s it,” she moaned out my name and wrapped her arms around my back, refusing to let go of me till I spilled every drop of my seed in her womb.

Her teeth sank deeper into her lip, almost splitting it, and all the while her fingers dug into my back. I didn’t mind since it added more depth to the act as I plowed her soil even deeper. Her balloon-sized breasts rolled up and down on her chest and the sounds of our bodies slapping in bliss filled Mom’s bedroom.

“Oh my son,” she said. “Fuck me!”

I slammed into her, and the climax rose. All those forbidden dreams. It finally came true. I let out a savage cry of pleasure as both of us arched our backs simultaneously. I blasted her pussy harder than I ever had and pumped my molten cum into the depths of her pink hole.

Sighing a breath of relief, I kept my erection stuffed inside her. My eyes slowly lowered to hers. There were sparks between us, and it felt as if my heart pounded in sync with hers as we kept eye contact while I was still inside her.

“Oh, my son,” she said with her eyes fixed on mine. “I’m so proud of you.”

I pulled my seeping cock out, dragging a stream of cum with me, looking whiter and healthier than ever. I lay down next to her, speechless and numb. I had fucked my mom—The woman who’d given birth and raised me. She didn’t back her ass against me tonight. She turned around and faced me, and her two bright eyes were filled with love.

“You filled me up ... the void which should’ve been filled a

long time ago," she said, still breathing deeply from the act. "I'm more than glad we did this."

I draped my arm over her and adventurously caressed her full moon, which was so big it took ages to reach the other side. "So am I ... I don't think I will ever experience something greater than that."

"Maybe with my daughter," she said, grinning.

"Who knows," I said, catching my breath. "Should I sleep here?"

"I don't want you anywhere else," she said. She took my hand and nestled it under her breasts, holding my hand and refusing to let go of me. "Thank you for everything, Chase. Thank you for being the best son in the world. Thank you for being there for me and your sister. I owe you the world."

"You're welcome," I said, kissing her neck. There went that barrier. There was nothing that could separate us now. I had planted my seed deep inside her, and it had felt so damn good on top of it. She backed her ass farther against my crotch, warming my body like a blast furnace. I slowly descended into a deep slumber.

Chapter 8

Chase I slowly opened my eyes. Upon waking up, I questioned whether yesterday had been a dream or not. I had fucked my mother, and I had finished into her depths. It felt like a dream but at the same time not. Nothing so intense could be a dream.

Once I felt a body heat so close to mine, it dawned on me that it wasn't a dream at all. I wanted to rub my eyes, but my right hand was under my mom's hand and nestled beneath her boobs. I had woken up the same way as I had gone to sleep.

I waited till my eyes cleared up. With drool trickling out the corner of her mouth, my mother was dead asleep. I fondled her boobs in the meanwhile, and let her breath flow to my right hand. She held onto it dearly. I had a raging boner that poked her ass. I glanced down and it was stuffed into the crack of her ass, warming me like a hot dog in a bun. I saw some stained cum on the sides of her cheeks. I took her hard yesterday, and I had never felt such an intense climax. I watched her hair that was slightly tousled, but it still gleamed like gold. While being so close to her and only letting the sunlight fill and light up the room, she glowed like a beauty.

“Oh, Mom, I love you,” I whispered. While being hard, I wanted to have sex with her again. Her butt cheeks kept rubbing my cock, making me excited. I wasn’t sure if I wanted to wake her up. I wouldn’t consider myself being a good son if I woke her up just for my sexual satisfaction.

I leaned back and let my head slump onto my pillow. If I had managed to wait for several hours yesterday, I should be able to wait now as well. One thing was for certain, I was not going to pull my cock out of her ass till she’d woken up.

I reminisced over what happened yesterday, the sensation of having her love flesh wrapped around my manhood and when I exploded inside her. I closed my eyes, caressing the curves of her butt cheeks. She was such a magical woman filled with eroticism and life. She was right yesterday when she asked me how I could work for so long, explaining why she had the energy to dance. I should have noticed I was looking at myself in the mirror. My mother was equally as alive as I was, and it was probably her I had inherited it from instead of my dishonest father.

I reminisced back upon growing up with her. She was always the first who’d been there for us, taking care of either me or Savannah in case we needed attention or care. I was a bit angry that we had to keep this relationship a secret. It was consensual, and we wanted each other equally.

“Chase?” she mumbled in her morning voice.

A tingling sensation spread across my chest when I heard the sound of her beautiful voice. “Good morning.”

“Good morning,” she said. I looked over her shoulder, and she smiled. “Can you be a good boy and give me a napkin ... I have spilled drool all over the pillow. There should be some tissue paper in the drawer.”

I turned around to the nightstand and opened the drawer. Since I didn't want to pull my cock out from her ass crack, it was a bit difficult to reach it, and I couldn't see it at the moment. I thought I grabbed the box of tissue paper, but it was just a pink vibrator. It was sticky and carried the scent of my mom's vagina.

"Did you find it?"

"No, but I found your vibrator."

She giggled. "It should be next to it."

I put the vibrator back down and reached for the box of tissue paper. I pulled out a couple and handed them to her. "Thank you," she said and wiped the drool off her and tossed the crumpled papers into the bin. "I have never slept so soundly in my life."

"You aren't even hungover?"

"Maybe a little ... I think your semen helped."

"How do you know?"

"Based upon my own experiences," she said, her lips curving in a smile. "The best thing you can do to prevent a hangover is to have sex. I didn't have that much to drink anyway."

"You sure about that?"

"Compared to my younger days, I'm a hundred percent sure. Why?"

"You were quite horny yesterday," I said.

"Well, a woman has her needs," she said. "It wasn't just dancing that turned me on, but seeing you there as well. I felt so safe and protected. I couldn't wait to have sex with you."

"You're sober now, correct?"

She laughed. "I am. I don't have to explain how handsome you are. I have wanted to have you inside me since your balls dropped. I've always wanted to be there for you one way or

another.”

“I see,” I said. “I slept deeply as well. After I climaxed yesterday, there wasn’t a thought in my mind.”

“Not in mine either,” she admitted. “What about the sex?”

“I loved every second of it.”

“Is that your erection?” she asked.

“What else should it be?”

“I don’t know, you might as well be fingering me,” she said. “Isn’t it a bit painful for you to be that hard? I’m thinking of your balls.”

“That’s why I waited for you to wake up,” I told her. “Should we go for round two?”

“I would love to ... I love morning sex. Take me from the side.”

I pulled the sheets further down and lifted her leg, exposing her slit. My cock throbbed against her hole. I grabbed my erection and gave the head a nudge, so it slid inside her hole. She was surprisingly soaked. “Have you been wet all night?”

“Yeah ... I had some intense wet dreams about you,” she admitted. “You fucked me on stage, pounding me hard and so loud that you couldn’t hear the music.” Her morning voice sounded incredibly husky.

I pushed all the way inside, making us gasp simultaneously. I lifted her leg a bit higher. “I’m flexible,” she said. “You don’t have to be afraid to lift it higher.” I did as she wished, which gave me a potent reach inside her pink. I started fucking her again, thrusting into her harder and harder. The sounds of our flesh slapping rose along with my desire to cum inside her again.

“That’s it, my son, all the way inside,” she said, biting her lip as I gave her the morning pounding she deserved.

"Mom, I'm almost there," I said as the orgasm built rapidly.

"That's okay, spill your seed inside," Mom said.

I grunted harder and harder. It went way quicker than yesterday, but in the end, I pushed all the way inside and spilled my precious cum all over her love hole. While at the peak, the door suddenly swung open, and Savannah stepped inside with dark trails of mascara streaks lining her cheeks. I suddenly stiffened as if time stood still.

My sister's hand flew to her mouth, and she gasped. "Mom ... Chase?"

My eyes flicked from Mom to my sister. I was caught with my erection in Mom's honey jar. Neither Mom or I said anything. "I'm sorry ... I didn't mean to walk in on you."

She closed the door, and it took some time for Mom to call for her. "Savannah, come back!"

She didn't come. "Was she crying?" I asked.

"She was," Mom said, knowing immediately when her children were sad. "I'll talk to her."

I pulled my cock out from her, and she swung her legs off the sides of the bed. She jumped into a bathrobe, lightly tying the belt. She quickly made her way to her daughter's bedroom with cum dribbling down the insides of her thighs.

It didn't feel right to lie to her while Savannah was crying. I wasn't sure why she was crying, but I found it hard to believe it was because I had fucked our mother. I quickly reached for my underwear but then realized it was a giant hole in it. "Right," I said, shaking my head. I went outside and headed to my bedroom, finding a new pair of clothes and then stepped outside, listening to Savannah sniveling.

"Chase, you can come too," Mom said.

I opened her bedroom. Savannah sat on the edge of the bed,

crying with her face in her hands. Mom sat next to her with her hand draped over Savannah's neck. I plopped down next to my dear sister. I felt bad that I had gone behind her back. "Savannah, I'm sorry I didn't tell you earlier," I told her.

"No, Chase," Savannah said, her lips curving in a smile. "I got dumped."

I felt an internal relief, but it quickly vanished when I realized that my sister was still in pain. "I'm sorry about that."

"You haven't done me anything," she said, sniveling. "Apparently, pornography was more important than me."

"You found a bad guy," Mom tried to comfort her. "There are hundreds of other guys out there."

"I've dated so many, and they have all left me unsatisfied," she said.

I gave her a couple of napkins, and she smiled. "Thank you."

She blew her nose. "What were you ... doing?" Savannah asked, trying to talk about something else for a change. "I can't believe you were having sex."

"Well," Mom said and looked at me, probably not sure where to start exactly. "Are you ready to talk about it? I can still comfort you a bit more."

"I would rather not dwell on it," Savannah said. "Let's change topics because I want to know how this started."

Mom and I exchanged glances. "Do you want a long or a short story?" Mom asked.

"Long," Savannah said. "I hate anything short."

"Okay," Mom said. "As you know, you have a very attractive brother in every sense possible. I have fantasized about him now and then and I ended up fantasizing about him more when he stood up for us as a family, bailing us out with his own sweat and blood. I wanted to do something for him in return, but I

wasn't sure if he felt the same. So when I started working at a nightclub—"

"You said you worked at a call center?" Savannah questioned. "Why have you lied to me?"

"No, sweetie, I haven't lied. I started working at a call center, but my sister persuaded me to start working again at a nightclub."

"What do you mean by *again*?"

"I will get there," Mom said patiently. "My first job was as a waitress at a nightclub. It was there I met your father."

"Really?" she said.

Mom nodded. "I wasn't only a waitress but also a stripper. Another fun fact, I started working there when I was underage. But fast forward all these years, I desperately needed a job, since I don't want your handsome brother and my pride to break his back for our sake, and the call center truly sucked, so my sister suggested I go back to the nightlife slash adult life. The owner also needed a bouncer, so that's how Chase began working there."

"Your sister?" Savannah asked.

"Yes," Mom said. "She runs a nightclub, and we worked together during our teens."

"I see," she said and turned to me, throwing an admirable glance at me. "You look more like a bouncer than a software engineer."

"Thank you," I said. "In fact, I do enjoy it more there."

"Have you beaten up anyone yet?"

"Uh, that's not what I do. I usually drag out troublemakers," I said.

"Same thing Now how and when did you start messing around with each other?" Savannah asked.

"It happened recently," Mom explained. "While working at the nightclub, my son had a really bad case of blue balls. I couldn't stand seeing him in pain. I decided to relieve him when we came home, so I went down on him. Yesterday, I might have had one glass too many, but I've still fantasized about having my own son inside me many times before."

"Did it feel weird?" Savannah asked.

"No ... it was the best sex of my life," Mom admitted.

"Chase," Savannah started. "I have also had a crush on you. I just wasn't sure whether I was hot enough because you didn't show any interest."

"Hot enough?" I asked as if her suggestion was preposterous. "You are the hottest girl in town. I wasn't comfortable at first with Mom either because of the stigma around incest. If society wouldn't have judged us, I would have made a move on you a long time ago."

"So you think I'm pretty?" she asked, her grief clearing up.

"Of course, I do and I've told you so many times before."

"I hope I didn't go too far when I made you touch my boob."

"Well," I said and scratched my neck. "We should perhaps be a bit discreet about public sex acts, but you're well-endowed."

She chuckled, and I was glad to hear her laughter after having heard her cry. "Mom, do you think I can also work at a nightclub?"

Mom looked out the window and considered it. "You're a grown woman, Savannah. You make your own decisions. It's your body, your choice."

"I want to ... Only if Chase is there."

"Well good news for you is that Stella has an eye on you, so the spot is available if you want it. She also offered Chase a higher position, so he'll work full time there."

"Nice," Savannah said, a smile curving her lips. "But I know very little about dancing."

"I'll teach you everything. Within a week or two, you'll be ready."

"What kind of dancing?" she asked.

"Erotic dances, dah," Mom said playfully. "You'll dance for your brother, and he'll be the judge."

"Are you looking forward to my lap dance?" Savannah asked, draping her arm over my shoulder.

"I am," I said and let her lean her head onto my shoulder.

"We have to work on your mobility first," Mom said. "We can start now if you want."

"I do," Savannah said and jumped to her feet.

"We'll go outside and do some stretches," Mom told me. "You are free to watch."

"Sure," I said. "But I have to talk to Stella. She wanted me to work on the website."

"Okay ... Just get some sunshine afterward."

Savannah eagerly followed Mom outside. I retreated into my bedroom. I opened the window a little since I needed some fresh air. So now my hot older sister would start work there as well. There would be a doubling in teases. I thought back to how this day started when Savannah caught us mating. I knew this would happen, so I shouldn't have been surprised.

I looked at my phone and saw a missed message from Stella. I called her and she explained to me how she wanted the website to be done. It wasn't much, just a landing page that I sure had some template for. She was very picky, a perfectionist. I knew that from her workout routine.

As I started working, I heard Mom and my sister roll out the mats in the garden outside. I couldn't help but feel curious.

I rose from my computer chair and pulled the curtains aside. They were both dressed in skin-tight yoga pants and a sports top that pushed their breasts up. The yoga pants hugged their curves perfectly, showing off their butt cracks and hips. There was nothing wrong with my sister's ass, but Mom's shapes were definitely rounder and plumper.

"You have a very nice ass," Savannah pointed out.

"So do you," Mom said.

"No, it's way flatter," she said.

"It's because you're taller," Mom said. "If you join your brother in the gym, it will be rounder."

"But I don't have time," Savannah said. "I've always wanted to ask him, but I'm buried in work."

"You work less hours and get paid more at a nightclub," Mom told her. "I'll tell you more when we get there, but let's start stretching. You need mobility if you want to dance."

Mom started with a gentle forward fold, instructing Savannah to hinge at the hips and slowly lower her torso toward her legs. "This will help release the tension in the hamstrings," Mom said.

"All I can think of is that I'm showing my butt," Savannah said, giggling.

"And what do you do at the beach all day long?" Mom asked.

"I don't only show my butt," Savannah said. "I show my breasts too." They stood side by side, and my eyes bounced from rear to rear. As the sun climbed higher it cast its golden light upon them, making them unbelievably attractive.

Mom moved onto the standing quad stretch. Savannah balanced on one leg while bending the opposite knee, bringing her foot toward her glutes. "Mom, help," Savannah said as she struggled to find balance.

"Hold my shoulder," Mom said, standing in front of her.

Savannah was about to fall forward and in panic placed her hand right on Mom's boob. "That's fine too."

Savannah laughed and sank her fingers into her tit before moving her hand to her shoulder. "I swear I didn't mean to."

"It's okay, it's not like you haven't touched them before."

"I'm not a baby any longer."

"You're right—you're a *babe* now."

Savannah flushed. "Mom," she said, giving her mother a look.

It was getting steamy. I knew I should be working, but I fixed my attention on them. I wasn't prepared for getting turned on. They took a seat on the floor and moved into a seated forward bend, extending their long legs in front of themselves. They reached their toes.

"Do you feel it in the hamstrings?" Mom asked.

"I sure do," Savannah said. "It's burning."

Then they transitioned into a pigeon pose. They bent a knee and brought it forward, placing the shin and foot parallel to the mat. "This deep hip opener helps the hip flexibility, which you sure will need."

"For dancing or other acts?" Savannah asked.

"Both," Mom said, a smile playing on her lips.

I had a perfect view of both their cleavages. Savannah was struggling, and a drop of sweat landed right between her breasts and trickled down the valley.

They moved onto cat-cow stretches. They started at a tabletop position, and Mom lectured her on how to arch her back on the inhale and round it on the exhale. "I feel more like a dog than a cow," Savannah said.

"I'm teaching you to stretch not to have sex," Mom reminded her as she arched her back, flashing her round ass. They moved on to the split, and Savannah found it difficult to hold the

balance. "I thought you were a surfer."

"This is a different ball game, trust me," Savannah said, holding onto Mom's shoulders.

Mom touched the insides of her thighs. "Do you feel it there?"

"Yeah ... that was a bit too close," Savannah said, laughing.

"Come on, you just touched my boob after all."

"I'm joking," my sister said.

"Do you think you can go a bit lower?"

"I'm trying," Savannah said, moaning as she tried doing the split.

"That's okay," Mom said. "You are doing great, but you need to practice more."

"You'll have to teach me," Savannah said.

"I got all the time in the world for both of you," Mom said.

"Do you think I can give him a lap dance later?" Savannah asked.

Mom said, "I'll teach you some basic moves later."

I sat back in the chair. My zipper was already down since I didn't want to ruin another pair of underwear. The stretches they'd done were incredibly hot, and I couldn't wait till Mom would teach her daughter how to strip.

* * *

"Knock, knock," Savannah said. I turned around and to my surprise, the door was still closed. She hadn't just stormed in like she used to.

"Come in ... That's a good girl," I said.

She chuckled. "You don't like it when I'm a bad girl and storms in?" She placed her hands on my shoulders and started massaging me.

"These days, you're free to be both," I told her, purring from her heavenly touch.

"I feel so relaxed," she said. "It's not just the stretches, but I'm also relieved I can do something else ... like a new chapter of my life."

I turned around, and she was still wearing her yoga pants and sports top. It was 8 PM, and we had eaten dinner an hour ago. "I feel the same," I said.

"Are you done soon?" she asked. "The night won't last forever, and I want to dance for you as long as possible."

"You will," I said. "Give me half an hour, and I'll meet you in Mom's bedroom."

"Don't make me storm into your room again," she said.

"I keep my word," I said and winked.

She strode out of my bedroom and cast a flirtatious wink over her shoulder. Half an hour passed quickly, and I didn't want to sit there any longer. I wanted to see my sister dancing. Mom was also calling for me. "Chase, are you there?"

"I'm coming," I told them. I rose and stepped into Mom's bedroom. It felt great to be here again, and yesterday was a night I would never forget. Mom had already prepared the chair.

"Savannah, you'll have to borrow some sexy clothes from me," Mom said. "I'm sorry, Chase, wait outside for a minute."

I stepped outside and felt flashbacks from when I had peeked at Mom undressing. It sure was tempting as I heard them slip off their clothes.

"Try this one," Mom said.

"Thank you."

"That looks really sexy," Mom said.

"But I need a smaller top," Savannah said. Mom's breasts were

a bit bigger than her daughter's, so I clearly saw the issue.

"Here you go," Mom said. "You look stunning."

"Thank you ... I wished I had your breasts though."

"If we all looked the same the guys would get bored of us," Mom said. "Your boobs are also attractive."

"Chase, you can come," Mom called for me. It was about time. I opened the door and was greeted by Mom and my sister in red matching lingerie.

"I borrowed Mom's old one," Savannah said. "Apparently she hasn't used this lingerie since she was seventeen."

"It fits you perfectly," I said. The lingerie hugged her in all the right places, enhancing her youthful beauty and femininity. The top lifted her bosom, creating a delicious cleavage that I wanted to bury my face in. She admired herself in the mirror, running her hand over the smooth fabric. With a playful smile, she adjusted the straps.

"So," Mom said and patted the seat in the middle of the bedroom. "Are you going to let your sister dance?"

"Of course," I said, and we exchanged grins.

"Don't judge me," Savannah said. "I haven't done this before, so I might be a bit clumsy."

"You don't think riding waves is a bit more sophisticated?" I asked her.

"I hope," Savannah said, turning to Mom.

"It's a different ball game. The only similarity would be that you know how to move your body. But here, it's all about creating a sensual and erotic atmosphere. The prepping is equally as important as the acts." Mom chose a sensual instrumental and lowered the volume. She also put the lighting on the dimmest setting.

"So, Savannah, come here," Mom said. "We start at the other

end of the room. We walk toward him like a sexy professional who's done this a million times."

"But I haven't."

"But you pretend. Confidence is key. Without confidence, you won't be sexy. Watch." Mom strode toward me with her back straight, aiming her eyes at mine. She moved her hips up and down, gliding her hands along her body to give me a taste of what was to come. Mom turned to her daughter and cupped my neck, massaging me softly. "Your turn."

Savannah drew in a deep breath, and my lips slid into a smile as she strode toward me in a similar fashion. She made sexy eye contact, and her smile widened to the point she would giggle, but she stifled it well. My eyes trailed down to her tits that jiggled inside her skimpy lingerie top.

"How was that?" Savannah asked me.

"I thought it was pretty good," I told her, looking up at her while I was in a seated position.

Mom gave her a thumbs up. "I liked it too, but try not to giggle."

"I was about to," Savannah said. "It feels so spicy with the music in the background."

"It will be spicier," Mom promised her. "So, let's start from the beginning. When you have arrived, always circle the chair and continue to work your hip up and down to the music. Caress his shoulders and even lower your body to get him into the mood. Watch."

Mom seductively strode to me at the perfect pace, allowing me to drink her in properly. She placed her hand on my shoulder and strutted around the chair, exaggerating her swaying hips. She made me aroused, her smooth touch making me melt. She lowered herself right in front of my face, showing

off her cleavage. She positioned herself perfectly to give me a head but teased me instead, moving back up again.

Mom cupped my neck, squeezing it lightly. "I'm waiting for you," she told Savannah and stepped aside to give her room.

Savannah seductively strode toward me, hips swaying with each step. She placed her hand on my shoulder and circled me. She did the same move as Mom, lowering herself, so I could see her breasts. She glanced at my throbbing bulge and then made eye contact. "How was that?"

"It was hot," I told her.

"Did I turn you on?"

"You can see, can't you?"

"It might be a crease in your shorts," Savannah said, waggling her eyebrows.

"You'll find out soon," Mom said. "After you've circled him once, it's time to straddle him." Mom demonstrated. She stood in front of me with her chest leaning toward my face and her butt slightly out. Slowly, she lowered herself onto my lap, making me smile broadly.

She wrapped one leg around the back of the chair for support and then the other, flashing me her private area covered by skimpy lingerie. Drawing in a deep breath, I picked up her sweet scents. I recognized it from licking her yesterday. She was probably as aroused as I was. She wrapped her arms around my neck, and I boldly palmed her ass. Mom delivered hot, quick kisses along my neck. "Just brief pecks," Mom stressed the importance to her daughter. "You want to leave him hanging for more. Never get too sexy at the beginning." Mom delivered a couple of more kisses, just enough to send shivers down my spine.

Mom jumped off me, and let Savannah take the center stage.

She straddled my legs in a similar fashion to Mom, locking her arms around my neck. She spread her legs, and I glanced at her center, inhaling her sweet, natural perfume that I wanted to bathe in. She slowly moved to my neck, kissing me in a similar fashion to Mom, but she moved to my lips, kissing me there which made me stiff. She pulled her head back, biting her lip. "It's equally as tempting for me," she whispered.

"This is so nice," I said with a shiver down my spine.

"Touch my ass too," she demanded.

I palmed her ass, stroking it. I felt the sparks between us, and I knew this was just the beginning.

Savannah jumped off, and Mom pecked her daughter's cheek. "That was beautiful," Mom said. "Now that you gave him a little tease, move back onto your feet and dance in front of him, and then we'll straddle him again." Mom showed off her moves, doing a simple figure eight right in front of my eyes. "You continue till he can't take it anymore." Mom also moved her hands from her hair to her breasts, squeezing them a little. She moved her hands up and down her body as if she were rubbing soap all over herself. She even boldly slipped her hand inside her bottom, touching herself in her private area. She slipped out her hand, and her fingers were gleaming from her wetness. She slowly moved her finger to my lips, tracing the seam before slipping it into my mouth. I sucked on it hard, and she struggled when she had to remove her finger.

"You taste amazing," I flattered her.

"There's more where that came from." She turned around while standing between my legs. She slowly got low until her hands were near the floor. She shook her ass near my crotch, stomach and even moved it up to my face. She moved her body seductively, twisting her neck to give me a subtle smile.

She came off, drawing a circle on my chest. "How was that?"

"I'm so turned on you have no idea," I said in a husky voice.

"Too horny for your sister?"

I shook my head. "Savannah, you're up next." Savannah copied Mom's sensual moves, dancing in a figure eight. It felt as if I were dreaming as she continued the dance. Mom had to remind her, "He wants to taste your sweetness."

Savannah lowered her hand to her bottom and slipped it inside. Smiling, she drew a sensual circle on her peach before pulling her hand out. It was dripping, and She slowly traced my lips with her sticky fingers, slipping them inside my mouth and letting me suck her longer than Mom. She had a milder taste but equally as delicious. I licked my lips, eyeing her nether region.

"Do you want more?" Savannah asked me.

I eagerly nodded, but Mom stepped in to stop her. "Remember to tease him," she reminded her daughter.

Mom's response disappointed me, and Savannah backed off. "Sorry bro."

"I'm good," I said.

"After you've given him a little taste, it's time to ride him," Mom said. She straddled my legs while keeping one arm on my shoulder. She swept her free arm downward until she touched the floor. She moved back up as if she were riding a bull. She kept gyrating her hips and pushing her chest closer and closer to my face. I watched her tits jiggle inside her top, craving more of her fruits.

Mom locked her arms around my neck and rubbed her boobs over my face while continuously swiveling her hips. "Geeze, Mom," I said, palming her precious ass to help her magical hip move. She breathed deeper, intensifying this experience. Then

she reached inside my shorts, finding my length and curling her fingers around it. Moaning, she stroked me a couple of times, her warm breath against my neck.

On the next upward stroke, she slid her hand out of my shorts. "Your turn," Mom told Savannah and came off me. This started feeling like torture.

Savannah happily straddled my legs, holding onto my shoulders. She tried to lean back till her hand touched the floor, but she wasn't flexible enough. "Okay, that's not for me."

"That's okay," Mom said. "You don't have to go all the way."

Savannah resorted to gyrating her hips. She was as magical as Mom, and she radiated joy, her eyes sparkling. Her hands kept trailing to my crotch, and in the end, she couldn't contain herself. She slipped her hand inside my shorts and seized my cock. I felt the sparks right away as it was the first time my sister had touched me.

"Wow ... you're hard," Savannah said, her eyes widening. My length and strength caught her so off guard that she slowed down the dance.

"I didn't know you were a virgin," I said.

"If you only knew how many guys out there who can't get it up," Savannah said and kept lovingly touching it. "It's like rock hard." She became even more fond of me, stroking me slowly and seductively.

"Okay," Mom interrupted her. "Let's wait for that."

"I don't want to let go of him," Savannah said.

"Not even if you get to plunge it into your mouth?" Mom asked her daughter.

Savannah and I exchanged grins. She slowly came off me, and Mom stepped in front of me. "It's time to take off your shorts," Mom said, tugging at my nether garment.

I lifted my pelvis, and Mom skillfully tugged them down. She looked at my underwear and then glanced at my daughter. Mom pulled down my underwear, freeing my erection that soared like a spear. Both of them bit their bottom lips upon seeing it in its full glory.

“Wow ... what a beautiful cock,” my sister said, pushing her hair behind her ears.

“Now we’ll finish it up by giving him a nude lap dance,” Mom said. “We’ll start from scratch.”

I didn’t touch my cock even if it was tempting. Adjusting the music, Mom started from the door, seductively walking toward me. She touched my chest, circling me while the sensual music played in the background. She drew an intimate circle on my pec and spread my legs. She did the hypnotic figure eight, slipping her finger inside her panties and giving me another taste of her forbidden honey. She turned around and perched her ass on my lap, rubbing it against my erection. I shivered with pleasure, her bottom sliding up and down along my cock. She turned around and straddled my legs. She rode me like a bull, and when she swept up again, she’d unhooked her top which had fallen to the floor.

I grinned at her two melons which she made sure to shake in front of my eyes, all the while she gyrated her hips on top of me. She embraced me, squeezing my manhood with her warm body and making sure to stroke it on occasion.

Eventually, she came off me and went down on her knees. She opened wide and slid my manhood so deep that I could see the bulge on her throat. Gagging, she quickly came off, covering my cock in her pearly spit. “So, Savannah, you’re up next.”

“When I suck him, can I suck him off?”

"That's why I left him for you," Mom said generously.

"Okay," Savannah said eagerly. "I might not take my top off the same way you did."

"It's fine," Mom said. "Do your best."

"Is it okay if I blow you?" Savannah asked.

"Uh, yeah?"

"We're siblings after all," Savannah said, her cheeks pinkening.

"You've been wanting this as much as I have."

"I know. Alright, let's do this."

Savannah started on the other end of the room, striding toward me. She followed Mom's instructions well, circling the chair and erotically touching my chest. She did the figure eight, hypnotizing me. She didn't drag it out, and she quickly dipped her finger inside her panties, fingering herself. She pulled her hand back, which came out soaked. I opened my mouth, and she pushed every dirty finger into my mouth. I sucked on them hard, her flavors so sweet and forbidden.

She resorted to straddling my legs, gyrating her hips. While she kept one hand on my shoulder, she reached for my cock with her free hand, stroking me. She made direct eye contact, and I saw the love and affection. She snaked her hands behind her back and freed her tits, the top landing right on my cock. She let it be there while she continued her lap dance. My smile widened upon seeing her tits in their full glory. They weren't covered in sand but were fully visible like two fruits ready to be picked. They were an amazing pair of teardrops, capped with areolas and topped with cute, little nipples. I pecked them both, making her giggle. I wanted to suck them too but waited since she danced so sensually.

She went down on her knees and threw her head back, whipping her hair away from her face. She removed the top

from my cock with the tip of her fingers, seizing my length with both her hands and aiming the tip at her mouth.

She giggled. "Sorry, I can't hold it in."

Mom patted her daughter's back. "The lap dance is over. You can suck him off now. We've been keeping him hard for way too long."

"Are you ready?" Savannah asked and gave me a horny look from her seated position.

"Just stick it in your mouth," I begged as her torturous foreplay was about to derail me.

"This one's for you brother ... for being the best sibling in the world." Opening up wide, she sucked me in. I raked my fingers through her blonde hair as my cock slid over her wet tongue. Her high cheekbones turned pink and demure as she choked on my manhood. It was so taboo and thrilling, and I loved every second of it.

She looked up at me and made herself look innocent and sexy at the same time as she stuffed my cock inside her. Then she took me to the depths of her throat all the while looking me in the eyes, not even blinking.

"Jeez," I moaned as she bottomed out, her lips stretching. She slowly pulled her head back, massaging every inch of my cock with just the help of her lubed-up throat.

She came off with a pop, but with her right hand, she held onto my erection. "How is my mother compared to this?" she asked, a pearly string of saliva stringing from my dripping cock to her plump lips. She sank her teeth into her lip, biting off the string, making it swing and splash right onto her chest. She squeezed her boobs together and let spit dribble onto her teardrops, smearing it all over her like sun lotion.

"Maybe she can teach you a thing or two," I said. Savannah

wasn't bad at all. I just wanted to tease her.

"What do you say, Mom?" my sister asked our mother.

Mom leaned back on the edge of the bed, smiling proudly at her daughter. "You're sucking him well, but if you want some lessons, I can teach you a thing or two."

Savannah grinned. "We will see." She opened her mouth again and guided me back to her throat, this time increasing the bobbing motion while her eyes were glued to mine. I hardened to concrete. My testicles got hotter, and they soon reached a boiling point as I was about to orgasm. Noticing my impending climax, she winked at me and let the cock slip out of her mouth, gathering more saliva and letting it trickle to her chest.

"Spit on them," she begged in a husky voice.

I spat at her boobs, and it must have been the best spit in my life. She pushed them up to me, motioning them to be squeezed. I went in and started kneading my spit right at her cleavage, rubbing it all in. Then she got my cock right between her tits like a hot dog in a bun.

"Gosh," I shivered in pleasure as she kept titty fucking me. I curled my toes to the point they would cramp up, and while keeping my cock stuffed between her breasts, she opened and pushed the cock back into her mouth. My balls were now boiling over and the cum started spurting out. I jerked uncontrollably as the orgasm swept me over. I was about to fall back as I splashed my sticky cum inside my sister's inner cheeks. She swallowed it all as if she were drinking in the cum, famished for healthy seed. She raised an eyebrow after the sixth blast and carefully stroked my shaft, spilling more of my nutritious buttermilk down her throat.

I leaned back and sighed in relief. She came off with a pop, licking the pearly cum from her lips. "What a load," she said

and quickly eyed the tip in case there was something left.

"What a blowjob," I said.

"And all that cum," Savannah said and wiped her lips.

"That was intense," I said, wiping my brow.

"Intense because of my skills or the fact that I'm your sister?"

"Both," I said.

"It felt thrilling," Savannah admitted. "Everything leading up to this."

"The first time I danced for him, I felt it too," Mom said. "Let's be glad we can be open about this. I don't think every family has that luxury."

"Neither do I," I said.

"So, can you teach me to pole dance as well?" she asked Mom.

"Of course, sweetheart," Mom said, rubbing her back. "I'll take you there tomorrow and teach you all the sexy moves."

"Nice ... Will you watch me?" Savannah asked me.

"I will," I said. "Stella wanted to see me too, so I'll come with you either way. She's planning to expand and open a massage section of the Nightclub."

"Are you going to sit there for the rest of the night?"

I extended my hand to her, and she pulled me up. "I'll go to bed," I told them.

"Me too," Mom said. It was already 11 PM, and the blowjob and their dancing had sure made me tired. I hugged Mom goodnight and was about to hug my sister too.

"Can I come with you ... I just want to talk for a little," Savannah insisted.

"Sure," I said, smiling. I took her with me into my bedroom, and she threw her arms around my neck till I fell on top of the bed. "Easy there."

"Sorry ... I didn't hurt you?"

"No," I said.

"I just wanted to let you know that I loved sucking you," she said.

"You did an amazing job," I said, stroking her ass. "You were sexy as hell."

"I tried to hide it, but I was madly in love when I danced in front of you."

"You didn't do a good job hiding it," I admitted.

She chuckled. "Alright ... I'm super wet, and I know I won't be able to sleep if I don't orgasm ... Do you think you can go down on me?"

My lips slid into a grin. "Of course, I can."

"Did I taste good?"

"I still have the aftertaste in my mouth, and I want more."

"Can we go into my bedroom?" she asked.

"Sure," I said. She jumped out of bed and extended her hand to me, pulling me to my feet. She took me into her bedroom. It was there she sat this morning when she was in tears.

She lay down in bed. "You'll have to take off my bottom."

I climbed on top of the bed and sat between her legs. "With pleasure," I said.

"Can we tongue kiss?" she asked, glancing at my lips. "It feels like I've never experienced a passionate tongue kiss in my life ... I really want to kiss you."

I lay on top and lowered my lips onto hers. I closed my eyes, and when our lips met, I felt an immediate sense of love and connection, pulling me toward her. We pressed our lips together in a tender embrace, feeling the warmth and softness of each other's mouths. My heart rate accelerated, and I slid my hand along the side of her waist.

As we deepened the kiss, we parted our lips and invited each

other's tongues. I intertwined mine with hers, caressing her soft, stick of sweets. The outside world faded into insignificance. She wrapped her arms around my back, cupping my neck.

I broke the kiss, breathless, and my heart pounded with taboo intensity. I approached her neck and kissed down her warm flesh till I reached the swell of her breasts. I latched my mouth onto her boob, sucking her nipple. I moved onto the other, delivering kisses all over her soft tit till the stiff nipple was in my mouth. She had a natural sweet body scent that I couldn't get enough of, making me lick her rack.

Inhaling her heavenly flavors, I eyed the center of her lingerie bottom. Wanting to get to the source of her flower, I curled my fingers around the waistband while she lifted her pelvis. I gently pulled her bottom off, and it felt like slow motion as I uncovered her wet, glistening slit. She was bald, and her slit was perfectly strawberry pink, flanked with puffy lips. Lubricants flowed like a pearlescent stream from the nether hole which made it glisten. My eyes were glued on her womanhood, and my mouth watered as I felt her sweet, musky scents swirling up to my nose.

"It's a work of art."

She giggled and pushed her pussy closer to my mouth. "It's all yours now."

I cupped my sister's ass and leaned in closer. I laid my tongue flat on her and swiped all the way up to her clit. The droplets were rich, thick and left a honeyed aftertaste. I planted a kiss right on top of her clit and let my fingers crawl farther down. I curiously drove my finger inside her and felt her sweet walls clamp down on my finger. I explored around a little before I couldn't resist licking her some more.

"Oh, brother," she said, throwing her head back.

Her moans made me want to lick her further, flicking my tongue side to side and even trying to bury my tongue deeper inside her. I moaned in pleasure and relief as I noticed she started lifting her pelvis a bit. I glanced up and saw the swell of her chest, rising and sinking. It gave me a clue that I wasn't far off from taking her to the peak.

"How am I doing?" I asked. I licked my lips, fingering her while she kept thrusting her hips to my face.

"Keep on going," she said hurriedly.

I went down on her again and pressed my tongue right on her squishy slit. My sister was divine. I noticed the hairs on her arms rising. She propped her head up with her left hand and breathed deeper. "Oh," she moaned. "That's it, Chase. Keep licking me. A bit deeper."

I did as she wished and continuously pushed my tongue inside. I moved my fingers up to her clit and gently brushed it side to side. She whimpered in pleasure as her orgasm built rapidly. I flicked my eyes to hers, and her entire body was shaking. I went back down and continued to push her buttons right, not giving up till I'd seen her orgasm. The peak was right around the corner. I plunged my tongue deeper inside her sugary walls. She released a guttural moan and threw her head back, her pitch rising to a crescendo. I kept my tongue flat on her wet pussy but pulled back as her juices squirted on my face and spilled all over my chest. As it dripped down to my thighs and mattress, I stared at Savannah in disbelief. I'd made my older sister orgasm and the realization made me prouder than ever.

She came down from the high, and I watched her as her juices dribbled down my face. "How was it?" I asked.

"I loved every second of it," Savannah said. "None of my boyfriends have ever given me an orgasm like that."

"I'm glad," I said proudly.

"I can't wait to start dancing with Mom," she said.

"I can't wait to see you tomorrow either," I said. "Will you let me go to sleep?"

She nodded. "We should get a king-sized bed and sleep together."

"We should."

"A nighty night hug?" She sat up, and I embraced her, holding onto her dearly. "Good night, little bro."

"Good night, sis," I said and rose to my feet. I switched off the light and went to my bedroom.

Chapter 9

Chase
“I can drive home, as long as you won’t try to intoxicate me,” I told Mom.

“Alright,” Mom said. Mom wore a knee-length summer dress with slits and classy shades on. “Will be less fun for you though.”

“Stella complained earlier, so I would rather be compliant.” Today Stella would bring me some nude masseuses, so they could practice erotic massages, but before that, I would watch Mom teach my sister how to dance. My sister and I took a seat in the back, and Mom took the driver’s seat. Savannah wore mini jeans and a crop top. It was ninety degrees outside and roasting. The sun steadily climbed on the horizon. It sure as hell was hot, both the weather and being surrounded by my gorgeous relatives.

“Mom, how many lessons till I can start working?” Savannah asked. When she’d woken up, she’d nagged at Mom to get going. She was super excited to start working at the nightclub. I was also eager to see her dance, especially Mom teaching her.

“Depends upon you,” Mom said. “How many shifts have you left at the café?”

“I only have five scheduled, one in the evening.”

“Okay,” Mom said. “I can give you a ride later.”

Savannah placed her hand on my thigh, and we exchanged glances. “Will you be the judge again?”

“Me and Mom,” I said.

Mom started the Tesla and headed toward the nightclub. “Chase ... After I’ve taken Savannah to work, I want you to watch me because I want to try out some new moves.”

“We’re going to make his balls blue,” Savannah joked.

“I’ll cope, don’t worry,” I said.

We arrived and met up with our aunt. She was beaming, welcoming us all with a hug, but it was clear that Savannah was the center of Stella’s attention. Stella drank her in. “Your height, your youth, your sensuality—You got it.”

Savannah blushed. “I guess it’s in our genes.”

“You look exactly like your mom when she was young.”

“That’s a compliment because I know she was a bombshell then and is a bombshell now.”

“Feel free to try any sexy clothes you’d like,” Stella said. “We got some new red lace bodysuits. I tried one yesterday, and I loved it.”

“Let’s check them out,” Mom said, taking her daughter’s hand. “Chase, you’ll come with us.”

“To the women’s changing room?”

“Uh yeah? You’re the man of the nightclub,” Mom said with a flirtatious wink.

“A hot guy always gets the free pass,” Stella said, giving me the green light as well. Mom whisked me to the women’s changing room. As soon as I stepped inside, I was greeted by the rich, floral scent of Jasmine, evoking feelings of intimacy. Their changing room was as erotic as the nightclub itself, lit up by red and purple lighting. There were several wardrobes filled with

seductive clothing and plush sofas with heart-shaped pillows. Several photos of dancing women hung on the wall and some pornographic ones of a woman sucking a cock or masturbating.

Mom brought out the red lace bodysuits. "Wow, look at these," she said and found the right size for her daughter too.

"They look super sexy," Savannah said. "Let's jump into them." They stripped off their clothes till they were butt naked. Mom neatly folded her clothes and put them in her locker. While she was bent at the waist, Savannah and I admired her rear.

"Your ass makes me green with envy," Savannah said and caressed Mom's shiny cheek.

"Let me see yours," Mom said.

Savannah bent over and spread her legs. Mom caressed her daughter's cheeks, sliding her fingers over her pussy. "What do you say, Chase?"

"They're both equally as gorgeous," I said while being on the verge of pitching a giant tent.

They jumped into the bodysuits, which erotically covered parts of their flesh but revealed some. I could see my sister's right nipple but not the left, parts of her labia and her clit. Mom was equally as covered, giving me hints of her private parts.

"Damn, they're sexy as hell," I noted.

"They're getting the job done," Mom said and patted her daughter's back.

"So, let's go dancing," Savannah said, eager to enroll in Mom's strip lessons.

We went into the VIP lounge, and I had a seat on the plush couch. Savannah and Mom stepped onto the stage and gravitated toward the pole. "First things first, we need sexy club music," Mom said. She bent over in front of the stereo while Savannah curled her hand around the pole. She flicked her eyes

to me and stroked the pole with her hand till she giggled.

"What does it remind you of?" I asked her.

"Your thick cock," Savannah said.

"There we go," Mom said, rising as the music played in the background. "Right ... there's more to it than stroking the pole, but that's a great start."

Savannah stepped aside to leave room for Mom. "First, we take it slow and start with swinging around the pole." Mom grabbed the pole with her dominant hand. She kept her outside leg straight, swung it out to the side and pivoted with her inside foot simultaneously, swinging around the pole with grace and ease. After she'd swung around, she hooked her inside leg around the front of the pole. "Make sure you get a good grip while doing this," Mom lectured her. While keeping her leg hooked around the pole, Mom arched her body backward, her hair cascading down her like a golden waterfall. She deepened the arch, showing off her flexibility and sexuality. She looked like the glowing crescent moon and was in a perfect position to be penetrated.

Mom came off and patted the pole. "Don't be shy," Mom told her daughter.

"I won't be able to arch my back like that," Savannah said, looking just as impressed as I was.

Mom placed both her hands on Savannah's shoulders. "Be confident and do your best—that's what matters. We'll stretch together in the evenings, and you'll become as flexible as I, okay?"

"You're the best," Savannah said. She followed Mom's footsteps. She held onto the pole and gracefully swung around it. She hooked her leg into it and arched her back as low as she could. Even if the arch wasn't as deep as Mom's, she still looked

as sexy as she could be.

Mom proudly patted Savannah's back. "That was great."

"You think so?" Savannah asked, glowing with beauty. She looked more alive after that brief swing, reminding me of how Mom looked during her dance nights.

I also gave my sister a thumbs up. "You looked gorgeous."

"Thank you," Savannah said, her cheeks pinkening.

"That's the little foreplay you always have to give your audience. Now we'll move onto the basic climb." Mom wrapped her legs around the pole, anchoring herself to it. She pulled her body up with her hands. Once she was almost at the top, she squeezed the pole with her legs and leaned back. She glowed as she clung to the pole. The red light in the ceiling cascaded down to her and blended in with her matching bodysuit. She peeked at me behind the pole, seductively winking. "Always maintain eye contact with your audience ... On your way down, you can get creative, but I love to release my legs and spread them, sliding the pole along my crotch, like this." She demonstrated, spreading her legs and sliding down with the pole against her crotch and tits.

"You have to help me climb that thing," Savannah said, looking a bit intimidated. I had tried rope climbing at the gym, and I knew for a fact, that Mom made it look way easier.

Mom instructed her carefully, telling her daughter where to place her knees and feet. Mom made sure to palm Savannah's ass, sinking her fingers into her cheeks as she gave her a gentle lift. "Come on, you got this."

"Maybe Chase can hold me while you instruct," Savannah suggested.

I rose to my feet and wanted to be a good brother and help her. "Jump on top again," I told my sister. She did with a giggle,

clinging onto the pole.

"Hold my ass," my sister said with hints of desperation in her voice in case she would fall. I palmed her firm, delicious butt while Mom showed her where and how to place her legs. I could hold onto my sister's cheeks for the rest of my life.

"Chase, you can let go," Mom said.

I slowly let go of my sister, and she made her way up slowly but surely. "God damn, Mom, you're strong as a bear," my sister said.

"It's all about using your muscles and body right," Mom said. "It isn't that difficult once you get it."

Savannah climbed halfway up the pole. "Okay, I'll slide down," she said, spreading her legs like Mom and carefully making her way down in a spiral. She whipped her hair back and spun around the pole, beaming. "That was so much fun."

"You'll be so much more alive when you do it in front of an audience," Mom said.

"Thanks for grabbing my ass," Savannah said, holding onto the pole and swinging around again.

"You're welcome," I said and took a seat.

"Let's do the fireman spin," Mom said. She grabbed the pole like a baseball bat. She lifted her outside leg and swung around till she had enough speed and power to spring up on the pole. She spun around, holding onto the pole with her hands and knees. She leaned away from it and threw her head back, making her gorgeous, blonde hair flutter. It was a magical sight, and I was lost in her erotic spinning.

She spun down till she landed on both her feet without a hint of dizziness. "Wow," I mouthed.

Mom kissed her hand and blew it to me, and she turned to Savannah, who looked equally as stunned as I. "Are you ready?"

Savannah nodded eagerly. Mom guided her thoroughly, telling her the importance of spinning around first before jumping onto the pole. Savannah jumped onto the pole with a giggle and spun around. She threw her head back, trying her hardest to mimic Mom's moves.

"There you go," Mom encouraged her.

Savannah landed on her feet but struggled to keep her balance. "How did you do that without seeing stars?"

"Practice, sweetheart," Mom said. "Are you ready to try a slightly more challenging one and my personal favorite, the ballet hook?"

"I was born ready," Savannah said, clearly in the mood.

I couldn't get enough of either of them. They were so magical in their own ways. Mom demonstrated the ballet hook, standing beside the pole with her inside hand gripping it. She stepped forward with her inside foot and pivoted on her outside, turning her body to face the pole. As she pivoted, she lifted her inside leg, extending it to the side with her toes pointed, resembling a ballet arabesque position.

As she continued to spin, she used her outside leg to hook around the pole. She leaned back slightly and used her momentum to execute a smooth, erotic spin. She reminded me of when she would dance ballet, only that she looked way sexier in her red, revealing clothing.

She came down to her feet, and let her daughter try. "This is when your mobility comes into play," Mom told her.

"We definitely have to spend an entire evening stretching," Savannah said as she followed Mom's instruction. Savannah was an incredibly quick learner, and she listened intently to Mom explaining every single move.

Finally, Savannah succeeded and spun around while extend-

ing her leg in the ballet-inspired position. When Savannah gracefully landed, Mom wrapped her arms around her daughter. "You make me so proud."

"You're an excellent teacher," Savannah said, embracing Mom's titty-mashing hug.

"I wished we had more time, but you probably have to get going," Mom said.

Savannah threw a glance at the watch. "Time flies when you're having fun," she said with a sigh. "Chase, how was the dance?"

"You looked like a true star," I told her.

"Did I turn you on?" she asked flirtatiously.

"You sure did ... that combined with the lap dance and you have the power to bring me to my knees."

"I wonder what my friends would say if they knew I was pole dancing," Savannah said.

"Maybe you can teach them," I told her.

"You would love that, wouldn't you?" Savannah said with a giggle.

"Wouldn't hurt," I said.

Mom turned off the music, and they disappeared into the changing room. I headed outside and saw my aunt sitting with her laptop. "Is she as good as your mother yet?"

"She's getting there," I said and plopped down next to her.

Stella coquettishly stroked my bulge. "That confirms it."

I laughed with her.

"What do you think of these erotic photos?" she asked.

She showed me what she was looking at, and I liked every single one of them. "They'll look amazing on the wall."

"I know ... We need to spice things up a bit," she said. "The masseuses will be here in half an hour or so."

"What kind of massage are we talking about?"

"Erotic massage, what else?"

"I've never had one."

"Do you want something to eat or drink in the meantime?"

"Some strawberries and water would be nice."

"I'll be back." She swung her long legs off the couch and strode to the bar, my eyes were glued on her bottom. She wore a knee-length pencil dress with a plunging V-neck, looking sexy as hell as her enhanced breasts strained against her clothing.

Mom and Savannah came out from the changing room. "So, see you later," Mom told me and Stella. "I'll drive my daughter to work now."

"You're wasting your time there," Stella said. "You'll be making more here in tips alone."

"I know, but I want to leave my job properly. I've made some friends there I want to say goodbye to."

"I gotcha," Stella said with a wink.

Savannah waved her hand to me as Mom whisked her inside the car.

My aunt sat down, her tits jiggling inside her dress. She passed me the water bottle and placed a bowl of strawberries on the table. "Your sister and mother are bombshells," she said and reached for one, biting so the juice trickled down her lips, chin and dripped onto her cleavage. She took a napkin and dabbed it across her tits, reminding me of how easily they jiggled.

"Tell me about it," I said. I grabbed a strawberry as well and popped it into my mouth. They were perfectly bittersweet. Once I reached for another, my hand bumped into hers.

"You didn't have any pussy in there?" she asked.

"Nah, I had yesterday though," I said.

"Whose?" she asked with a kinky smile.

"My sister's," I said, feeling a thrilling sensation by admitting

that.

"Nice, open, let's feed each other," she suggested. "If we spill ... let's lick it up."

"I thought we were supposed to get some work done?" I asked.

"Does this look like an office to you?" she asked me with a giggle.

She infected me with her laughter. "You got a point," I said.

"Since we have to wait for the masseuses ... We might as well have some fun in the meantime."

She was right. I opened my mouth, and she placed half of the strawberry on my tongue. I took a bite and let the juice trickle onto my chest. She placed the other half in my mouth, and I chewed it as well, letting several rivulets trickle down my chin and pecs.

She pushed her hair behind her ears and leaned into my chest. She kissed the bottom of my abs, moving up and licking the trails on the way. Every kiss sent a shiver down my spine. I quivered with pleasure, as she reached my neck.

"Your turn," she said and bit my earlobe.

I took a strawberry and plopped it into her mouth. She sank her teeth into it and spilled the juices all over herself. I watched the trickle as it started its slow descent into the valley of her breasts. "Should I take my dress off?" she suggested.

"It'll be hard to clean you otherwise," I said.

She pulled the dress over her head and unhooked her bra. Finally, she freed her gorgeous, silicone breasts. It was the first time in my life I saw my aunt's gravity-defying breasts in their full glory. I leaned closer to her orbs and buried my face between them. I pressed my tongue flat against her flesh, reaching the sweet strawberry juice and licked all the way up.

She arched her back and pushed her chest against me. I ended up on her neck, kissing her. My aunt was as sweet as my mother.

"Tastes even better," I said. "Stuff one in your cleavage and let me eat it."

She grabbed one and stuffed it into the valley of her breasts. "Bon appétit."

I buried my face between her boobs, opening my mouth as I reached the strawberry. It had never tasted so sweet. She took another and placed it in her cleavage again. "Fetch it and let me have it."

I gladly plunged between her tits again, opened my mouth and caught the strawberry. I moved it to her lips and dropped it off, so our lips touched. She chewed, so the pink juice dribbled down her flesh, and I didn't ask for permission as I licked her again. She shivered with pleasure, and I caught sight of goosebumps flaring across her arms.

"Hmm, Chase," she said, giggling. "Did you know that strawberries are some of the most erotic things you can eat?"

"So you chose them carefully?" I watched her face. It should've been glaringly obvious, but she looked as turned on as I did. I picked up the sweet scent of fresh honey between her legs.

"There's nothing in this world that turns me on as much as seeing my good-looking nephew ... Just touch me."

I reached inside her skirt, tracing the little hair she had on her mound till I reached her heat. "You're as wet as a river," I told her.

"You're hard as steel," she said. I waited for her next sentence. I wanted to know if she would give me the green light, so we could peel off our clothes and have some sex.

"My mother and sister hardened me to concrete," I said.

"My little sister was a bad girl and didn't finish your throbbing cock?" she asked, giving me a sympathetic look.

"She was bad indeed," I said, my voice growing huskier.

"I'll happily go down on you ... after the massage. I need you to be hard for the girls," she said, her lips sliding into a grin.

"You're just as bad as Mom," I said.

"Let me have your youthful lips, Chase," my aunt said, leaning toward me and pressing her lips to mine. I yielded to the kiss, letting her slip in her tongue. She skillfully intertwined hers with mine, and she cupped my neck, pulling me closer.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang, and we broke the kiss. Even if the passionate moment was interrupted, she still smiled. "That kiss will continue for another day. Let's greet the girls."

Stella made sure to put on her clothes. Putting on my shirt, I jumped to my feet and followed her to the door. Three pretty girls looking no older than twenty waited outside. Stella opened and whisked them inside. "Girls, meet Chase," she said and placed her hand on my shoulder. "He'll be our manikin for today."

The girls whispered to each other, their blushes spread like wildfire from cheek to cheek. I knew that look in their eyes when they found someone attractive. I shook hands with all of them, their hands youthful and smooth. Harper, Olivia and Emily were their names, and they looked to be at the peak of their fertility.

Stella took us to one of the massage rooms. There was a low bed in the middle of the room, surrounded by heart-shaped pillows. There were mirrors on the walls and the ceiling, so I could watch the masseuses while they massaged me.

"Girls, start by undressing," Stella said.

"Will Chase also undress?" Olivia asked, throwing sideways

glances at me.

"I will," I said. I took off my shirt. As soon as my shirt came off, the girls pointed and giggled.

"Where do you work out?" Emily asked as she reached behind her back and unhooked her bra.

I told her my gym and the girls exchanged glances. "You'll see us there soon," Emily said, flashing me her youthful, perky tits.

We stripped off the rest of our clothes, and the girls helped me fold my garments and put them aside. They kept glancing at my erection, pretending they weren't looking. They were gorgeous, but I looked a bit longer at my aunt. It was the first time I'd ever seen her fully nude, and the sight of her didn't disappoint me in the slightest. She was classy with a neatly trimmed triangle patch of hair on her mound. Her pussy was perfectly symmetric as if gifted by a goddess. I wanted to lick and taste her, but she punctured my dream bubble by patting the bed.

"Lie down," Stella said, giving my manhood more attention than usual. "You can watch us all in the mirror."

I lay down and prepared myself for the intimate massage lesson. They all came as close to me as possible. They smelled like a garden of roses, their femininity taking me to paradise.

Stella started by playing soft music and lighting some candles and incense, spreading a heavenly aroma. She explained the importance of setting the mood right and also communicating. "We're all different, someone might want to talk to you and someone might just want a massage."

They listened intently, asking questions when it was needed.

"After you've set the mood, we'll start with a light shoulder massage." Stella placed her hands on my shoulders. She kneaded the two muscles on either side of my neck to the

shoulders. She started with light pressure but then squeezed harder till I groaned. She made tiny circles at the base of the skull, gently squeezing the back of my neck. She demonstrated it to her students too, and they copied her technique but wasn't as strong as Stella.

"How are we doing?" Harper asked while squeezing the back of the neck.

"It's lovely," I mumbled as their touching had already silenced my mind.

"What about his ass?" Olivia suggested.

"We will come to that part," Stella said. "But one thing at a time. Never rush a massage."

They took turns massaging my shoulders, and with the help of the mirror, I ogled at them.

Then Stella filled her hands with oil and passed the bottle onto the girls. She started with long strokes along my back, using the palms of her experienced hands. "Start at the shoulders and sensually make your way down his back. Again, never rush this."

She let the girls try, and they were a bit too eager. Stella had to remind them to calm down now and then. Stella showed different techniques, kneading in a circular motion and gentle squeezing. The girls applied the squeezing technique to my buttocks, which made them giggle.

"I hope you're only giggly when you're together," Stella said. "Because you shouldn't be doing that during a massage."

"I've never heard a girl giggle alone," I said.

Stella patted my ass. "Chase is an experienced man."

"How old are you?" Emily asked.

"Nineteen."

"No fucking way," Olivia blurted.

"Why are you all surprised?" I asked them.

"Because I've never seen anyone so young and handsome as you," Olivia said. They competed for space to touch me, massaging me at once.

"Are you girls ready to move on to the most important part?" Stella asked them. All of them gladly nodded. "After you've rubbed him with your hands, then you'll rub oil all over your upper body and slide your chest on him. So let's help each other."

Grinning, I watched in the mirror as Stella helped Olivia and Emily helped Harper. In the end, their bodies gleamed, making them ten times more attractive. "Watch," Stella said as she pressed her soft boobs at my glutes and slid them all the way up and down on my back. I sighed in relief at her intimate touch, and it wasn't something I had expected.

She stepped aside and made room for the girls, who happily rubbed their tits over my back. Stella gave them some additional tips like breathing on my neck and delivering body kisses. She also asked for my opinion several times, so I could let the girls know what worked and didn't.

"It feels like I'm in heaven," I mumbled, which was no joke.

"Turn around, we want to see you too," Stella said.

I turned around and revealed my cock at full mast. Harper giggled and already curled her fingers around it. "Wait a second," Stella said, brushed off Harper's hand and sat between my legs. "Let's use our bodies first." She demonstrated and slid her warm body over me. My cock slid between the valley of her breasts then her toned waist till it throbbed against her pussy. She ended with a kiss on the neck and then slid all the way back down, sending shivers down my spine. "Alright, Harper, show us what you got."

She crawled between my legs and pressed my erect cock between her breasts and slid her body over mine, rubbing the sensitive parts of my manhood with her body. While lying on top, she kissed my neck and then slid down.

She made room for Olivia, who took her time. When she slid her perky boobs over me, my eyes were about to roll to the back of my skull. She also made sure to push them to my face, lingering there before sliding down.

They kept swapping turns, and I relaxed as they took care of me. My head slumped back, and I looked up to the mirror where I saw their bodies move in a sensual fashion. I became so painfully hard that I wanted to push it inside them more than anything, and as they rubbed their bodies over me, I felt their wet center growing wetter every time.

When it was Stella's turn, she lay over me and kissed my neck. "Are you hanging in there?" she said and delivered kisses along my neck. My hands settled on her massive ass, and I searched around her taboo flesh. She was so mature, calm and hot at the same time, radiating sexuality with her heaving bosom and full ass.

"I am."

On her way down, I bucked my hips and the head butted against the seam of her lips. "Now we come to the final part of the lesson—the climax."

The girls made sure to listen now. Stella explained since I was already hard, it would be better to just push it into the mouth with little to no hands. She gave me a look and opened wide, covering the head in her warm mouth. It was about time. She invited my manhood down her throat till her lips were firm against my groin. She kept me entrenched there, squeezing my joystick with her throat muscles while caressing my legs. She

pulled back, came off and passed the wet cock to her students, teaching them to blow me with maximum pleasure. I watched Stella in a seated position, watching the width of her hips and was mesmerized by the size and volume.

“Why don’t you sit on my face?” I suggested and lusted to taste her forbidden fruit. “You can teach your students on top of me.”

She didn’t object and gladly crawled to me. She sank her beautiful bottom and covered the ceiling with her pink fruit. It felt like slow motion as her pussy lowered and lowered till her folds hit my lips. I kissed her right in the center. I licked her like mad, scooping up her delicious honey. She had the perfect-tasting pussy as I kept exploring her pink fruit. I flicked my tongue side to side and drove it deeper into her walls. I sank my fingers into her butt cheeks and held onto her like a child who didn’t want to let go of his mother.

I felt how my cock was passed back and forth between the students who took turns blowing me. And even if Stella moaned on occasions, she also guided the girls on how to properly blow me, leaning down on occasions to suck me some more. It was getting out of hand, and the climax was imminent. I bucked my hips, not sure whose mouth I would blow my load in.

Stella swung her legs off my face, her nectar trailing down the insides of her thighs. Harper had her lips wrapped around my cock, and on the next downward stroke, I emptied myself inside her mouth. Her eyes widened, and even if my girth stretched her lips, I could see her smile.

She slipped the cock out of her wet mouth, which landed with a smack against my waist. She opened her mouth, showing off a pond of cum which she happily swallowed.

“That was amazing,” I said and felt my heart rate lower.

"How was my blowjob?" Harper asked, proud to have made me detonate.

"You four did a great job."

"Practice makes perfect," Stella chimed in. "So, I want us to meet again before our launch and refine the massage and blow job."

"Count me in," I said. I rose to my feet and took a break outside. The girls resorted to stripping, and I waited for Mom who thankfully showed up.

"What have you been up to in the meantime?" Mom asked. "You look comfortably numb."

"Stella taught the girls how to give a sensual massage," I said.

"Was it completed?" she asked, wagging her eyebrows.

"Yup, your sister taught the girls how to blow me properly," I said.

"It was about time," Mom said with a laugh, "My sister is hungry for your cock. Come, let's go to the changing room."

She took my hand and led me there, closing the door and leaving us in private. "How's Savannah?" I asked her.

"She's super excited to start working here," Mom said and put her purse into the locker.

"You aren't afraid of getting a competitor?" I asked her, taking a seat and watching Mom undress.

"No such thing," Mom said, pulling her dress over her head and neatly folding it. "It will always make me happy that she's enjoying herself. Honestly, I didn't feel all that good trying to hide this from her."

"Neither did I," I said. I was also glad Savannah had caught us, otherwise she wouldn't have given me that heavenly head. I also couldn't wait to see where this relationship would take us to. I craved to make love to her too.

Mom unhooked her bra, freeing her beautiful breasts. She sat down on the bench and extended her long legs to me. "Can you be a good boy and help me?"

My chest tingled whenever she called me a boy. I pulled down her panties and gave her pink more attention than usual. Holding up her panties, I noticed how it weighed down in my hand. "Are you perpetually wet?"

"When working at a place like this while having such a handsome son as you, then yes," she said. "I can't say the same when I was with your father."

I waved my hand dismissively. "Let's forget about him."

"I already have," she said. "You're the man of the house now."

Mom put on fishnet leggings and white lingerie that barely covered her private parts. I took her hand and spun her around, giving her a nod of approval. "Are you ready to dance?"

"I sure am," Mom said, beaming.

We went into the private lounge, and I had a seat in front of the stage. "I'll show you a couple of moves, and you let me know which one works best."

This was what I called a luxurious job. I leaned back as she was bent at the waist, finding the right soundtrack for her dancing. Finding the right song, she began by warming up, sensually striding to the pole and circling it. Standing with her back straight and tall, she was a master at making eye contact.

After getting warmed up, she jumped onto the pole and wrapped her legs around it, crossing one ankle over the other to create a grip. She lowered her body down into a seated position all the while looking at me. While on her feet again, she spun around the pole. "How was that?"

"It looked great," I told her. "But you could have climbed higher, perhaps pressing the pole closer to your crotch."

"I'll try again," she said. She jumped onto the pole, clinging onto it as she climbed higher and higher till she almost reached the ceiling. She slid down in a seated position while making sure the pole was against her privates. She mixed things up and landed right on her bum, humping the pole a little before rising.

"Way better," I noted.

"Nice," Mom said. "Do you think that or the fireman spin will work better for a warmup?"

I assumed it was one of the moves she'd done with Savannah. "You need to refresh my memory," I told her, wanting to do anything to see her beautiful body move.

She stood beside the pole and gripped it with one hand. She stepped around the pole with one leg and used the momentum to lift her body off the ground. As she spun, she extended her outside leg outward, creating an erotic spin till she landed on her feet. She whipped her hair back and waited for my opinion.

"I think you should combine those two, but wait with the chair spin. It would look hotter if you gradually make your way up the pole with different techniques."

"I get what you're saying," Mom said and realized what I was talking about. She looked stunning as she kept climbing and sliding down the pole.

"You aren't growing tired?" I teased her.

"We're only getting started," she said, kissing her hand and blowing it to me. "I got some moves up my sleeves I haven't done in ages."

"Show me," I said.

She gripped the pole with both hands, palms facing outward. She planted one foot on the ground and used the other to hook around the pole. She used her arms to lift her body off the ground, bringing her hips up and over her head until her legs

were above the pole and her body was in an inverted position.

My mouth opened as she hung upside down. Suddenly, she extended both her legs in a straddle position, and as she extended her legs, she leaned her upper body away from the pole. She rotated in a smooth and alluring motion, and she looked like art. She brought her legs back together and landed on her feet.

"Wow," I said.

"How was that?" she asked.

"I love it when you hang upside down ... Do you know any moves where you hang upside down and show your ass a bit more?"

"I got one," she said. "This one is called the scorpio." She eagerly jumped back to the pole, hanging upside down from the pole with one leg hooked around it and the other leg extended outward. Her extended leg was straight and parallel to the ground. She leaned slightly forward with one arm reaching up and gripping the pole above the head. She showed off her beauty and flexibility and most importantly her rear. I had a potent view of her ass that looked fabulous in that position.

She went over a couple of other moves. I was a fan of superman and the gemini and anything that involved her showing off her flexibility. I also gave her some tips on what to do, building up the heat and taking the complicated moves at last. Throughout the rehearsal, my cock thickened and thickened.

She also wanted to practice some lap dance moves. "Didn't Stella blow you earlier?" Mom asked. She had keen eyes who'd spotted my bulge.

"Then sexy you came along and made me horny again."

"Will a lap dance be too much?" she asked.

I shook my head and patted my lap. "Do your thing."

She did, starting with the usual teases and transitioning into intimate dances. She moved her body in waves while running her hand along her curves.

She pressed her body against my lap with her hips and buttocks, making me poke another hole through my underwear. She descended onto the floor, doing some sensual crawling, stretching and rolling movements. My favorite was when she lay on her back and opened her legs, making me stare right down at her precious sweet spot. Then she did a backward roll and came up to her feet.

She finished sitting on top of my lap with her elbow on my shoulder and eyes on mine. I told her which parts worked best and which moves made me want to ravage her. "Will you pick those bills out of my panties later?"

She made me grin. "I sure will."

She pressed her lips to mine, but I wasn't satisfied. I cupped her neck. "Let's kiss a bit deeper while we have this privacy."

She leaned in for a longer, deeper and more passionate kiss.

* * *

The music boomed through the nightclub, reverberating through my body. I even felt the ground vibrate as I stood outside and checked the IDs together with my colleague Josh. There were a lot of visitors today, wanting a break from the daily stress. Stella had done a great job advertising the new women, including my mother.

When I could finally take a breather, I glanced over my shoulder. Mom was yet again on stage, warming up in her

revealing bodysuit. I could watch her on repeat for the rest of my life, doing nothing else than seeing her dance. I couldn't wait till my sister joined her on stage, dancing next to each other and perhaps performing a lesbian show. I wondered if anyone would figure out that they were mom and daughter.

I became increasingly turned on as I lost myself in Mom's erotic show. She showed off her dance moves which she had practiced with me earlier. She clung onto the pole upside down, descending only to climb it back up. I was mesmerized, watching wide-eyed as she rode that pole.

As the night continued, and they started getting intoxicated, it was time to throw someone out. I kept an eye on what happened inside. I received a text from Stella that I had to come into the third private lounge. It was urgent.

I entered the club, and the music enveloped me. I passed by a topless girl serving drinks and continued to the private lounge. There was a cracked bottle on the floor and a bleeding man backed into a corner. I glanced to the left and saw another man who was about to swing a bottle at the man's face, but I quickly stepped in, grabbed his arm and lowered it with force. He howled and growled.

"Easy there," I said, but he didn't respond, just growling in his incomprehensible speech.

There was no one else inside here, so I questioned what had taken place. "You come with me," I said, putting his hand behind his back and hauling him out while he tried to squirm his way out. He smelled of piss and alcohol. I met Stella outside who had her arms folded, looking mildly concerned. "Call 911, a man is bleeding."

"I already have," she said. She didn't look as concerned as the rest of the girls working here, as if she'd seen worse than this.

I didn't throw him out but held onto him till the cops showed up. If I let go, I had a feeling he could barely take a step judging by the strong alcohol stench whirling around him.

The ambulance arrived and took care of the bleeding man. Stella talked to the cops and explained what had happened. Apparently, they were friends and there was envy when they started tipping the dancer. Then it had taken a violent turn with one of them taking a bottle and smashing it against his friend's face.

I was at a loss when listening to that feud. I wasn't sure how friendship could become so bloody but reminded myself that alcohol had been in the picture. After the cops asked all the questions necessary and dumped the suspect into the backseat, they drove away.

Stella massaged my shoulders a little bit. "Ugh, when they started fighting everyone freaked out."

"I wonder if that guy will make it alive," I said.

"He will because of you," she said, kissing my neck as a reward. "His friend became violent and was about to go for a second swing."

"All because of envy?" I asked her.

"Envy is one hell of a drug."

"I just find it hard to believe since they were friends at first."

"We don't know whether they were friends or not, and secondly, everything gets worse with alcohol in the mix," she told me. "Let's take a seat, I need to enjoy the stars for a little before I go back into the jungle."

I chuckled. "Jungle," I said, finding it funny.

We took a seat and enjoyed the few stars in the sky. If it hadn't been for the light pollution there would have been many more. "The girls feel a lot safer with you in there," she said, drawing a

circle on my chest.

"It's my job," I said.

"Right, but not every bouncer or security guard is as strong and fit as you," she said. "You act quickly too."

"It's nothing."

"It's something," she said and crossed her legs. "It's the sad part of running a nightclub, the men we make money out of are the biggest troublemakers."

"Not everyone causes trouble," I pointed out.

"A good deal of them do," she said, touching my shoulder and running her hand down. "That's why I'm so grateful to have you."

"You're welcome," I said. It always felt great to be appreciated. "How's my mother doing?"

"Great," Stella said and glanced over her shoulder. "Full of life as always. She saw you haul out the troublemaker too."

"She isn't too busy dancing?"

"Nope, you're more important to her," Stella said with a grin.

A topless girl came outside and knocked Stella on the shoulder. "I need your help for a sec."

The cute girl wore a bunny costume and gave me more attention than Stella. "I'll leave you and Josh for a little while. I'll holler if I need you again."

Josh and I talked on occasions. We weren't enemies or anything, but we didn't have much in common. It was typical during my working hours that I kept growing hornier and hornier as my mother danced in the background. Even if I wasn't looking at her, I knew she was there.

"That woman never grows tired," Josh said. "You always keep an eye on her."

I knew who he was looking at. "There is no one else to keep

an eye on.” I wasn’t the only one who noticed it despite her being the oldest there.

As time passed, I saw another man who behaved a bit suspiciously, as if he had a bit too much to drink. He suddenly spanked one of the girls so hard on the ass that I heard it from here. The girl didn’t take it lightly and tried to move away from him, but he kept following her, pointing at his crotch. I quickly hurried inside and shouldered past the crowd. I grabbed him by the neck, so he squealed. I yanked him back and dragged him out to the exit.

“Let me go!” he slurred.

“You won’t be coming back here again,” I told him and dropped him off the streets. He didn’t stop cursing at me and tried approaching us several times, but Josh was ready and blocked the entrance, threatening to call the cops if he didn’t leave. Eventually, he left and stumbled down the street.

* * *

The door opened and all the music leaked out. Mom threw her head back, whipping her hair. “It’s your break,” she said. “I want to sit with you.”

“I’ll come,” I told her and joined her.

“Should we watch the strippers in the cozy room?”

“Sure,” I said. The cozy room was one of the rooms that didn’t have so loud music, and it also provided more privacy. Luckily, there weren’t any other men around, just a girl stripping on stage.

We plopped down. Mom showed off the dollar bills stacked inside her cleavage and dress. “You’ve been a good woman,” I told her as I collected them.

“For the family,” she said in a lowered voice, pressing her lips to my cheeks. “We’ll go back to eating rib eye every day.”

“No doubt about that,” I said.

Mom wasted no time stroking my clearly visible bulge. “You’re hard like always,” she said in her tipsy voice. Her lips were red as a rose, and she wore a sweet vanilla perfume which drew me closer to her. It wasn’t every day I saw her wearing lipstick, but she looked hotter with some paint on.

“I managed to sneak in a couple of glances at you,” I said. “You dance even better than what you showed me earlier.”

“It’s the music and vibes that make me so much more alive,” she said. “I just love letting loose. I’m so glad you could watch me earlier. If it hadn’t been for you, I wouldn’t have regained my confidence.”

“I’m glad,” I said and watched the stripper dance for a little. She could do some moves here and there, but she was nowhere near as talented as my mother.

Mom snapped her fingers at the bunny waitress. “Elisa, bring me some mimosas and alcohol-free to Chase.”

“Coming right up,” she said, happy to be serving me.

“You’ll be driving your drunk lady home after all,” she said, waggling her eyebrows.

“Don’t you mean—”

She interrupted and placed a finger over my lips. “Not so loud.” She gestured to the stripper, and I reminded myself that they weren’t supposed to know that she was my dear mother.

“Sorry about that,” I said.

“It’s all good,” she said with a smile. “You’ve no idea how turned-on I became when watching you haul that pig out.”

“Which one of them?” I asked.

“Both,” she said. “We became quite frightened at first when we

heard the glass break followed by a loud squeal. The blood was terrifying. Everyone was looking at you when you dragged him out." She lowered her voice. "My motherly instincts wanted to be like, 'That's my son.'"

"I see," I said, her words sending a shiver down my spine.

"The other guy behaved like an ass too," she said, leaning forward. "I did everything I could to avoid him when he started groping around. I was afraid he might have come after me."

"Then he would have left without a tooth or two," I said sternly.

Mom wrapped her arm around mine till the waitress came over with drinks. Mom lifted the glass to mine. "Cheers," she said.

"Cheers," I said and clinked the glass. I had a sip, and the alcohol-free tasted way better in my opinion.

While watching the stripper, Mom reached inside my pants and stroked me. She kept leaning closer and closer to my cheek, kissing me several times while holding onto me. I had never smelled such a strong scent of alcohol on her breath, and it turned me on.

"Why don't you touch me?" she suggested.

I noticed that there was a wide blotch at the bottom of her dress. I rubbed her there since it would have otherwise been a bit difficult to reach her while wearing the body suit. I touched her wet folds, giving them a lovely rub which turned me on even more. It seemed like she was so intoxicated and turned on that she couldn't restrain herself.

"You got ten minutes left of your break—Take me to the private lounge."

"That's prohibited," I said, even if I wanted to do the same.

"First of all, Stella is on our team," Mom said. "Secondly, I

don't want you to go an entire night with such a hard-on. You should enjoy yourself."

"I don't think she'll like this," I pointed out.

"Come on," Mom said, grabbing my hand and holding onto it dearly.

"Alright, screw it," I said as we both rose with a giggle. "What was said in this room stays in this room," I told the stripper.

She blew me a kiss. "Don't worry about it, baby."

Mom and I snuck into one of the private lounges and locked the door. Immediately after, her lips were latched onto mine while she cupped my face in her hands. I cupped her ass in return, moving her to the stage.

Breaking the kiss, we hurriedly stripped our clothes off, tossing them over our shoulders till we were both nude like horny savages. Taking a step back, she fell with her back onto the stage.

"Are you alright?"

Nodding eagerly, she spread her legs, sinking her teeth into her bottom lip, as aroused as she could be. I glanced down at her precious pink region and couldn't resist a lick. I pressed my tongue flat on her center and licked all the way up to her clit, ending with a precious kiss on her pearl.

"Just stick it in," she begged in her husky voice.

It felt even more thrilling fucking my mother while there was a large crowd outside. We shouldn't be doing either, but I grabbed my hard-on, rubbed the head against her wet folds and slid right inside. Grabbing her legs, I took her hard, thrusting into her and not trying to stifle the sound of our flesh slapping.

I savagely fucked her till her massive boobs rolled up and down on her chest, and she moaned out my name. "Oh, my son, a bit harder for being so dirty."

I gave it to her, fucking her in rapid thrusts, panting. I fixed my eyes on her gorgeous, tipsy face. "Mom, you were being dirty for pulling me in here."

"I was," she said, breathing deeply. "Give it to me, I deserve it."

I sank my fingers into her hips, holding onto her firmly as I sent my erection in and out of her precious slit. Grunting, I pushed all the way in as hard as I could, and the tight, hot friction of her pussy against my cock detonated my orgasm. I spilled my creamy seed inside her and slowed down. Even if it had been quick, it was intense.

While lingering inside my dear and half-drunk mother, I rubbed her pussy a little bit. "That was amazing," I said, savoring the sensation.

"I know," Mom said, her lips slowly sliding into a smile. "I needed that."

I slowly pulled out from my mother and handed her the bodysuit. I glanced at my clock and sure had to hurry outside. She quickly took my hand. "Let me kiss you first." The clothing only covered half of her body, but she desperately leaned into me. I couldn't resist her. I invited her in for a passionate kiss, involving our tongues, lips and hot breath.

She came off my lips, swimming in love and lust. "You got some lipstick on your lips ... Let me clean you for a bit."

"Mom, I have to hurry."

"Wait, just a second." She took some tissue paper and dabbed it across my lips. "There ... See you later."

* * *

When it was time to close, I was tired. I was glad I had seized

the opportunity to fuck my mother. I spoke a little bit to Stella before jumping into the car. I had to help my mother. She was a bit more tired than usual. "Chase ... will you help me to bed?"

"Of course, Mom," I said. Before starting the car, I noticed a couple of texts from my sister. I answered her and told her we would be home anytime soon.

"That's a good boy," she said, smiling as I drove her back home.

I pulled in and patted Mom's thigh. With drooping eyelids and a light furrow on her brow, she struggled to keep her eyes open. "I hope you aren't sleeping."

A yawn escaped her lips. "Isn't it night yet?"

I chuckled at her comment and stepped out of the vehicle. I opened the door and lifted Mom out of the car. Savannah stepped out and waved at us. "Has she passed out?" she asked with hints of worry in her voice.

"No," I said, holding onto her so she wouldn't fall. "I just think she has had a bit too much to drink."

"I hope you're looking after her," Savannah said, sounding concerned.

"No one will lift a finger at her," I said. "Mom, can you walk with me to the door?"

"As long as you hold me," she said. Her shoulders slumped forward, weighed down by fatigue. I had to help her up to the doorstep, and I knew I had to carry her up to her bedroom.

Savannah closed the door and went on her knees. "I'll take off her shoes."

"Thanks for the help," I told her.

"You're welcome," Savannah said.

"I thought you were sleeping."

"I finished my shift late and couldn't fall asleep, so I watched a movie instead."

"Mom, I have to carry you upstairs."

"That's okay," she said, her words coming out in a soft, muffled quality.

"She's like half asleep." I lifted her into my arms, cradling her as I carried her all the way up. "Sis, help open the door."

"I'm right behind you," Savannah said and opened Mom's bedroom door.

I carried her to her bed and gently laid her down as if she were an expensive vase. I dusted off my hands, and Savannah gave me a look. "What, is she going to sleep with her clothes on?"

"Alright, let's undress her," I said. We started with her fishnet leggings, pulling them down and revealing her stunning legs. I lifted her pelvis as Savannah took care of Mom's wet panties, pulling them down.

"Gosh, they smell super sexy," Savannah noted as she rolled down her mother's panties. "Is she always this horny?"

"She's hornier than you," I said and waggled my eyebrows. I reminisced over when she pulled me into the lounge just so she could get fucked by me.

Savannah lifted her mother's used panties to her nose and smelled them. "Like honey ... and cum." She lowered the panties from her eyes and arched an eyebrow.

"Don't give me that look," I said, crossing my arms.

Savannah eyed Mom's pussy and leaned over to rub her a little. "There's dried cum there." She gave me that suspicious look again. "Do you remember what I feel about secrets?"

"Alright," I said. "I fucked her. You happy?"

"Are you allowed to?" she asked with a grin.

I shrugged. "It's a nightclub and I was on my break after all. Come on, let's take off the rest of her clothes."

We pulled off her top and unhooked her bra, freeing Mom's heavenly breasts. Savannah flicked her nipples side to side.

"She's still aroused," Savannah said with a giggle.

"She was on fire," I said. "The flame hasn't been reduced to embers yet." I lifted the sheets over her tits and said goodbye to them for now. "Is that alright Mom?" I asked close to her ear.

"I'm sorry. I'm really tired," she mumbled.

"It's okay," I said. "You deserve some rest. Tonight, you were the dancing queen. We got a day off tomorrow after all."

"I love you, Chase. You too, Savannah."

We both said that we loved her and kissed her cheeks. Even if our relationship had taken an explicit turn, we were still a family, and I loved being there for both of them. I would never abandon my mother or sister.

We left her bedroom and gently closed the door. "Are you also tired?" Savannah asked me.

"Unfortunately," I said.

"Why, *unfortunately*?" she asked.

"Because I know you want to talk."

"How about this ... You go to bed, I hop in with you, and we can pillow talk till you tell me to leave."

"Just *talk*?"

"For today," she promised.

"Fine," I said. "Let's brush our teeth and hop into bed then."

We went into the bathroom, and Savannah kindly squeezed toothpaste onto my toothbrush. "Thanks."

"You're welcome," she said.

"I warn you," I told her. "I'm too tired for a shower."

"You don't smell bad, a mixture of alcohol and girls," she said, giggling.

We brushed our teeth together. I felt a strong déjà vu as we

stood side by side. "Why are you looking like that?" Savannah asked after gargling and spitting out the water.

"I've seen this before," I said.

"Dah, it was when we were kids. We always brushed our teeth together," Savannah said.

"Why haven't we done so before?" I asked.

"We grew up," she said, knocking at my forehead. "Wake up, sleepyhead."

"Alright," I said. "But let's be quiet. I don't want to wake up Mom, after all."

"Sure," Savannah said. "Let me jump into my nightgown real quick."

"I'll wait for you in bed," I said. I went into my bedroom and undressed. Even if I was tired, and it was 3 AM, I looked forward to spending some quality time with my sister, even if it wouldn't be much. I had spent so much time with Mom lately that I didn't want Savannah to believe that we neglected her.

I jumped into bed and moved the pillow to the side and placed another one next to it. There was supposed to be only room for one in my bed, so we would lie here tightly.

Savannah knocked on my door. "Chase?"

"Uh, yeah?"

"Can I come in?"

"I told you so," I said.

She opened the door and gave me a funny look. She was dressed in a pink, silky nightgown with her nipples visibly poking against it. "You're always mad at me when I storm in."

"But that was unexpected," I said. "Are you supposed to be braless in a nightgown?"

She rolled her eyes. "It's not like you haven't seen my tits before. I just don't want to excite you too much since I know

you're tired and want to sleep. So, can I hop in?"

I moved farther against the wall and patted the spot next to me. "Thank you." She reclined on the soft pillow, her bright, blonde locks spilled across her nightgown. Her slender arm rested at her side. The gentle rise and fall of her boobs with each breath mesmerized me. She was stunning in every way possible, her face youthful and flawless. I took a lock of her hair and laid it behind her, just so I could appreciate her gorgeous face a bit better. It wasn't only her beauty that she'd brought with her, but her sweet, feminine scent and lovely warmth.

"What's on your heart?" I asked.

"A couple of things," she said, shyly looking at me. "Can I pull down the sheets?"

"How far?"

"I just want to see your shoulders and pecs."

"Sure," I said, giving her the green light.

She slowly rolled down the sheets, her lips curving in a smile. "That's better," she said. "I couldn't imagine a month ago we would be in this situation."

"You thought we would end up on the streets?" I asked her. It had been a possibility. It had been ugly when we found out about our father's mischief which was followed by selling off our personal belongings.

"Honestly, I did. I was in panic mode since I had to find a guy, which is mission impossible these days, and at the same time, I didn't just want to abandon you two."

"I was prepared for the worst too," I said. "But with hard work, anything can be achieved."

"That's what *he* said," she said jokingly. "An actual *he*, not all the phonies out there."

"You sure you haven't just been unlucky?" I asked her.

She shook her head. "I'm a hundred percent sure that there's no one as young, handsome and attractive as you out there."

"I'm not going to argue with you," I said.

"There's nothing to argue over," she said. "It wasn't just that you single-handedly pulled us out of this mess, but we've all been intimate with each other. I love that."

"If you only knew how many times I've fantasized about you."

"Only me or Mom too?"

"Both."

"I've masturbated to you countless times too," she said. "Gosh, I was in heaven when you went down on me."

"You tasted like a peach."

She giggled. "You tasted like a man." She drew a circle on my peck and peeked down. "Are you wearing underwear?"

"I always sleep in my underwear."

"Just checking," she said. "I remember after you hit puberty and your growth spurt happened. Shortly after, I had my first wet dream about you fucking me hard in Mom's bed."

I caressed the curve of her ass. "Maybe we can realize that dream," I suggested.

"I would love to," she said. "Why do you think there's such a stigma regarding incest?"

I shrugged. "They talk a lot about genetic disorders and so on."

"I refuse to believe it."

"You want me to knock you up, or?"

"I'm on the pill though, but I wouldn't mind if it happened. Cleopatra married his brother, after all."

"If it will be a daughter, we should name her Cleopatra," I said.

She buried her head into my shoulder, making it tickle. "If it

will be a boy, will we name him Ptolemy?"

"Gosh that's one ugly name," I said, cringing. "Let's go for Julius."

"What had that emperor to do with incest?" Savannah asked curiously.

"He had a dream of fucking his own mother," I said.

"I see. I like Julius," she said. "Weren't Julius and Cleopatra lovers?"

"They were," I said. "If Cleopatra was so stunning that she caught the heart of the world's most powerful man at the time, I hardly believe the genetic disorder myths."

"Neither do I," Savannah said. It was followed by a lovely silence. I enjoyed our little talk so far. It always felt nice spending time with my sister. "They allowed me to quit earlier, by the way, so today was my last shift."

"It's 3 AM."

She rolled her eyes. "Yesterday, whatever," she said. "Can we do something tomorrow?"

"It was so much fun playing volleyball," I said.

"I know," she said. "Unfortunately, my friends are all busy in the morning, and I wanted to do some stretches with Mom later, maybe even practice some strip moves."

"There'll be some eye candy for me," I said, making her punch my shoulder.

"How about surfing together?" she suggested.

I thought about it. "I would love to try," I said. "But then you'll be my crutch."

She beamed. "It will be so much fun ... Why haven't you asked before?"

"I have been busy, but I have more time on my hands nowadays."

"I can't wait," she said, which was followed by silence. My eyelids were growing heavier, and I would easily fall asleep soon. "Are you growing sleepy?" she asked, poking my eyelids.

"A little," I said. "You aren't boring, but it's been a long day."

"I feel you," she said. "I'll be a good sister and not bug you with my voice or tits."

"You can happily bug me tomorrow," I said, making her giggle.

"A nighty night kiss," she said, pouting her lips.

I nodded and she pressed her soft, smooth lips to mine, emphasizing the smack. "Good night, lil bro," she said, ruffling my hair which she used to do when I was young.

"You too sis," I said. She rose and headed for the door, gently closing it.

Chapter 10

Chase
My phone rang, waking me up. I slowly stretched my arms and legs and turned to the nightstand, grabbing my phone. My eyes adjusted to the bright light, and I saw a photo of Savannah's lovely face followed by the letters *sis*. "Hello?" I answered in my groggy morning voice.

"Hi, are you awake?" Savannah asked with hints of worry.

"Uhm, yeah ... Why are you calling me?"

"Because I knocked several times and you didn't answer, and last time you got mad when I walked in."

"You can come in," I told her.

She opened the door and was dressed in a sexy pink bikini. She wore her hair loose, matching her sun-kissed complexion. "You're always sleeping," she said, smiling to see me.

"It was a long night," I said, rubbing my eyes, so I could see her a bit better.

"Are you ready to hit the waves?" she asked.

"Let's eat something first."

She extended her hand to me. "It's time to show you how strong I am."

I completely forgot about my erection, but I let her grab my

hand and help me to my feet.

"Nice hard-on," she said.

"I'll be down in a minute," I said. She didn't close the door but just descended the stairs. I put on my swim shorts and tucked my hard cock into the waistband, hiding it fairly well. I went down the stairs. Mom and Savannah were outside, and I picked up the scent of toast. They'd already set the table, and I joined them for breakfast.

"Sleep well?" Mom asked me. She was dressed in a skirt and a top. To my surprise, she didn't look hungover at all.

"Yeah," I said. "How about you? You were so tired I had to carry you all the way to bed."

She stifled a chuckle. "I know. But you made me weigh like a bag of air."

"Are you feeling better now?"

"I'm fine," Mom said. "Maybe a little headache, but it could have been worse. We had so much fun last night."

"Yeah ... every night over there is magical," I said.

"I can't wait to start," Savannah said, loading up her plate with toast, scrambled eggs and bacon.

"What will you two do later?" Mom asked us.

"We'll go surfing," Savannah said eagerly, nudging me with her elbow.

"I'll *try* to," I corrected her.

"It's nice to see you two have fun," Mom said. "I'll also spend time with my sister. We'll go shopping for a little."

"Buy something nice for me," Savannah said, taking a bite from her toast. I hadn't even filled my plate when she was about to finish hers.

"I sure will," Mom said in her serene voice. It was difficult not to think of that moment when I plunged my cock into her

lovely depths. It felt so good and forbidden, especially when she was intoxicated.

Mom kicked me lightly with her feet. "What's on your mind?"

"Last night," I said.

"The moment you had your way with me?"

"Someone is a psychic," I said.

"Not that hard to guess since it's what I've been thinking of too," Mom said. "You took me hard."

"You begged for it," I said, winking.

"And I'll do so again," she said. She looked truly content. A month ago, it was the complete opposite. Savannah's talk yesterday was still fresh in my memory, and I was also glad our relationship had taken this turn. "Savannah, how about we practice a little when you come back from surfing?"

"I'm game," Savannah said. "I need to work on my mobility, so I can dance like you."

We finished breakfast, and Savannah showed off her surfing boards. She had three of them and handed me one. She packed her beach bag with two towels and sunscreen. "So, Mom, we'll go now!" Savannah said.

"Have fun, darlings!" Mom told us.

I held onto the surfing board a bit clumsily, not understanding how exactly. Savannah showed me how to hold it sideways. "There you go. Are you excited?"

"A bit," I said.

"There aren't many there at this time of the day, so if you want to see my tits, you can."

"Good luck teaching me how to surf," I said with a laugh.

We went down to the beach. The sun was rising behind us, making the waves shimmer. They crashed onto shore and dispersed into foam. Savannah shielded her eyes, a light breeze

making her hair flutter. "The waves are perfect, not too big but not too small either." They kept endlessly rolling toward us.

"I have butterflies in my tummy."

"Let's rub some sunscreen onto each other," she suggested. "It will loosen you up a bit."

"Alright," I said and couldn't resist her soft hands.

We laid down our towels, and Savannah fished out the bottle of sunscreen.

"I start," she said and patted my towel. I lay down on my back, and she inched her hips closer till they bumped into me. She popped open the bottle and filled her palms with the coconut-scented sunscreen. She started on my back, affectionately rubbing it in slow, sensual strokes. She made her way to my shoulders and then did every inch of my arms, making sure to squeeze my biceps a little.

"You're so muscular," she pointed out.

"Next time we spend time together," I said, "you should follow me to the gym."

"I would love to," Savannah said. "I feel like, it doesn't matter what we do, just as long as we're together that's what matters."

"I agree," I said. She made her way to my back and descended to my buttocks. She squeezed them a little, and I could picture her grin. She moved farther down my legs and patted my butt again.

"Turn around."

I did, seeing my beaming sister and her hair fluttering behind her. "That was so relaxing," I said.

"I'm glad," Savannah said and again filled her palms with the sunscreen, starting on my shoulders.

I drew in a deep breath. "That sunscreen smells amazing."

"I love coconut," she said. "It's my favorite."

She massaged the sunscreen into my abs a bit longer than usual, tracing them and knocking lightly on them. She went down my legs, brushing her hands over my bulge. "So, it's hard but not poking up?" she said, perplexed.

"It's the waistband pressing it against my waist."

"I see," she said. "Just checking." She finished my legs and then lay down next to me. "Your turn."

I sat up and filled my hands, starting on her slender shoulders and making my way down her hands. She interlaced her fingers with mine, and a smile blossomed on both our faces. "We can hold hands if you want," I told her, feeling sparks between us.

"Just for a little," she said, letting go of my hand shortly after. I continued the sensual strokes, reaching the curves of her breasts. "Chase, I want you to massage my breasts."

"That's fine," I said, and couldn't complain about seeing her lovely, jiggling tits again. She sat up, reached behind her back and unhooked her bikini top. She freed her gorgeous teardrops, and I immediately attacked them with my hands, squeezing them lovingly. When I fondled them, my temperature spiked so suddenly. I was in love, my heart pounding for my older sister.

She sat with her palms behind her, leaning back a little. Even if I had smeared sunscreen all over them, I continued to explore them, feeling her nipples slowly stiffening to the point of daggers.

I slid my hands down her smooth waist, eyeing her bikini bottom that hid her second treasure. I continued down her firm thighs and long legs. "So, let me do your back," I said.

"I loved it when you touched my breasts," she said, putting on her bikini top and turning around.

"I love your tits," I said and went for her back. I took her slender arms and shoulders, running my hands down to her

buttocks which I kneaded thoroughly, making her giggle. Then I went down her legs till I'd rubbed them carefully. "So, should we ride the waves?"

"Uh-huh," she said, turning around with a giggle. "It's time for me to teach you a thing or two."

"Do we need to wax the boards?" I asked her.

"Yes, but I already spent the morning doing so," Savannah said. "So, first we gotta paddle out," Savannah said, jerking her head at the rolling waves. Bringing the boards with us, we went to shore and waded into the water, the cool ocean lapping at our ankles. She guided me, showing me how to position myself on the board and paddle out. So far so good, as I followed my sister while we paddled past the breaking waves. With each stroke, I grew more confident, and I couldn't wait to stand up.

"See those swells?" Savannah asked and pointed toward the horizon. "That's where the waves are forming, watch." With ease, Savannah rose to her feet, looking like a goddess as she caught a wave and rode. She held out her hand that skimmed the wave as the water sprayed all over her. I watched in awe as my older sister glided across the water with each turn and twist. I saw the passion in her eyes, similar to when Mom danced ballet or stripped.

She rode to shore and turned to me, letting out a joyful cry. "Your turn, brother!"

"I have a feeling you made it look way easier!"

"Just ride!" she said with clear hints of joy in her voice. "Paddle hard and pop up when you feel the wave."

Taking a deep breath, I positioned myself on the board. My heart pounded with excitement as I paddled as hard as I could, feeling the wave beneath me. "Pop up!" Savannah shouted, her voice filled with encouragement.

I pushed myself up to my feet, feeling the rush of the wave beneath me as I rode it. I couldn't believe it. I felt pure adrenaline and a sense of weightlessness as I glided across the water, the wind rushing past my ears and the salty spray stinging my skin. I felt a constant struggle to maintain balance and stay upright. I managed ten seconds before I fell off. I came up for a breath, shaking the water from my face.

Savannah was in the background, applauding. "You did great!"

"I barely managed ten seconds," I shouted back. I wasn't mad. Those ten seconds felt great.

"It took me months to even pop up," Savannah said. She quickly paddled out to me. "Take my hand."

I lay on top of the board as well, taking her hand. She pulled me toward her, and she pressed her lips to mine, her blonde hair mesmerizing me. "Surfing is hard," she said. "I've never seen anyone conquer a wave on the first go."

"It was thrilling as hell," I said. "I felt an adrenaline rush unlike any other."

"Try again," Savannah encouraged me. "I'll come right after you."

"Alright," I said, paddling out. I waited for the perfect wave, and then the wave propelled me forward.

"Pop up!" Savannah lectured me.

I did and felt the same amount of adrenaline as I rode the wave. Savannah was right behind me, grinning from ear to ear. "You got this!"

Her encouragement motivated me, and I managed a couple of seconds longer before falling off. My sister bailed as well, swimming toward me. I laughed with her. "The sense of freedom is addictive," I said.

"I know," Savannah said. "That's why I love surfing too." It wasn't just the sense of freedom, but doing an activity with my dear sister. I felt a strong pull toward her, wanting to spend more time with her.

She swam closer to me, the upper parts of her breasts fairly visible. "I love spending time with you."

"I just thought of the same," I said.

"Should we go again?" Savannah suggested. "Let's continue till you make it to the shore."

"Let's do this," I said, grinning. It took many attempts, many shrieks and a lot of laughter. My older sister was always behind me, guiding me through the waves and rooting for me. She wanted me to succeed just as much as I wanted her to be happy.

In the end, I succeeded, riding across the waves. "You're almost there, Chase!" she said eagerly while being right behind my heels. I reached the shore and stepped off simultaneously with her. She opened her arms and wrapped them around my back, not being shy about pressing her body against mine. "Oh, you're the best!"

"Savannah," I said, finding it difficult to breathe. "You're strangling me."

She released her grip a little. "Sorry," she said with a titter but didn't let go of me. I felt the beat of her heart and her warm flesh against mine. It was one of the best feelings, especially at the pinnacle of our joy. "You're so talented that you make me jealous. But it's good envy," she said, breaking the hug.

"That was so much fun," I said. I slid my hands farther down her body, exploring her a little. I felt a sudden urge to make love to her. I drew in a deep breath and felt the scent of the ocean mingled with her naturally sweet scent.

"I know ... It was more passionate doing it with you than my

friends,” she admitted. She twirled her finger on her hair while I held onto her.

I felt a sudden blood surge making its way up my cock. I let her feel it, the bulge poking against her. It made her grin. “Mom isn’t home,” she said in a lowered voice.

“What are you suggesting?” I asked her.

“Maybe I can ride you in her bed.”

“In her bed?” I asked and searched her face.

She laid her hand flat on my chest. “Admit that you want it too.”

“It will be extra forbidden,” I said. “To make a dirty mess in our mom’s bed.”

“I agree.”

“You don’t want to continue to surf though?”

She slowly shook her head. “The coast is clear. It’s not every day we’ll have this opportunity. I’ve been craving sex with you for so long and to realize that wet dream will mean a lot to me.”

“If it will mean a lot to you, let’s go,” I said. She had just been there for me after all. She quickly packed the towels back into her bag, and we half-ran back home. We occasionally glanced at each other, giggling as we knew we would be up to something we shouldn’t be doing.

We arrived home and dumped the boards in the garden. Savannah took my hand and ran with me upstairs. We opened Mom’s bedroom and closed the door. We gravitated toward each other and closed the gap with our lips. We wrapped our arms around each other’s backs. It felt like we merged into one as we held the kiss, the world fading till it was only the two of us left.

Her hot and husky breath was constantly on my face, and I explored her mouth with my tongue. We unconsciously made

our way to the bed and fell on top of each other. I crawled back, and while she straddled my legs, she took off her bikini top and freed her breasts.

I lifted my pelvis, so she could pull my swim shorts down, freeing my erection from its confines. I helped pull her hair behind her, so she could gobble up my cock. She eagerly sucked it, bobbing her head back and forth and slobbering over my meat. She flicked her eyes to mine and made eye contact while enjoying my joystick.

"Hmm, Savannah," I said, loving it when she sealed her lips around my shaft. "Don't make me cum in your mouth."

She came off with a wet kiss. "Because you want to finish inside me?"

"You're damn right I want to finish inside you."

She rolled next to me and extended her legs out. "Pull down my bikini."

I sat up and went between her legs, pulling her bikini bottom down her long legs and tossing it behind me. I aimed my eyes at her innocent, pink pussy, parting her lips with my fingers and ogling at her lubricated hole. I dived in and pressed my tongue flat on her vagina, passionately licking her in slow strokes till goosebumps flared across her arms. I wanted to lick her more. I wanted to do so many things to her, but my erection was throbbing for her, and I had to plunge it inside.

I rubbed the head against the folds till the head parted her youthful lips. I slid in and was greeted by a tight, warm embrace. My internal temperature spiked upon the first plunge. A piece of me was inside my sister. I started fucking her. My sister and I moaned simultaneously, sharing the pleasurable moment.

We opened our eyes, and hers were swimming with lust and love. Every thrust inside her sugary walls sent me to

new heights of pleasure, and every smack pushed me closer to the edge. A light sheen of sweat gleamed on her forehead. It was getting hot in the room, and our breathing deepened simultaneously.

I flicked my eyes to the photo of me and Savannah on the nightstand. We were children, holding each other's hands. Seeing that photo just made it feel so forbidden and thrilling. It also made me love her more.

She wrapped her legs around me, which was followed by her arms. Her pussy quivered and clamped down on my girth. She let go of a moan, clawing my back. Her body went rigid, and a sharp gasp escaped her lips. I recognized her orgasm from when I'd licked her, and it made me fuck her harder as mine was right around the corner as well.

I stuffed my rod deep inside her forbidden hole. With a hard grunt, I exploded inside her, flooding her womb with my seed as her pussy squeezed me harder. I slowly pulled in and out of her, milking the orgasm as I wished it would last forever.

I regained my breath and looked at her, her lips curving in a smile. "That was so nice," she said in a lowered voice.

"We should have done this years ago—"

Suddenly, Mom opened the door and stiffened on the threshold. Her hand flew to her mouth. "Gosh, what are you two doing here?" It took a couple of seconds for her to realize we were making sibling love.

Savannah and I blushed, but Savannah's was way stronger, coloring her cheeks and neck like a newly plucked rose. "Sorry," I said, breaking the silence.

"Don't you have your own bed?" Mom asked us with a friendly smile. She wasn't mad but looked a bit caught off guard.

"We need a bit more space for an act like this," I said.

"Alright," Mom said, waving her hand dismissively. "Savannah, you'll have to wash the sheets."

"Sure ... Didn't you hear us?" Savannah asked.

"Now you know how it feels when someone storms in on you," I joked, making her punch my shoulder.

"I just got home, and I didn't hear anything," Mom said.

"You got here just in time when I came," I said. My cock was still entrenched in my sister's slit. I didn't want to pull out since it felt so good to have it stuffed inside her.

"Is this the first time you're having sex?" Mom asked curiously.

"Yes," I admitted.

"Okay, I'll leave you two," she said. "Savannah, after you've washed the sheets, come down and we can do some stretches together."

"Okay," she said shyly. After Mom closed the door, Savannah sighed. "I didn't expect that."

"It's fine," I told her and resorted to micro-fucking her.

"You're still inside me," she said, grinning.

"I know," I said. "I don't want to pull out."

"Are you going to lie on top of me for the rest of your life?" she teased me.

"Exactly what I'll do," I said.

She threw her head back. "That was what I call making love ... I haven't had that passionate sex in my life."

I rubbed my knuckles on her cheeks. "I'm glad I did the job right."

"You sure did," she said.

I slowly pulled out, my cum lubricating her exit. I swung my feet off the bed and gave her the bikini. "You made your dream true," I said, winking.

"I know," she said, smiling. "But I have had plenty of other wet dreams as well."

"We got work to do," I said, grinning.

She gave me a nude hug, holding onto me dearly. "I love you, Chase."

"I love you too, Savannah," I said, hugging her back.

Epilogue

Mom I slowly opened my eyes. The sunshine filtered through the window, filling my bedroom with a bright light. Everything was so much brighter. We had truly left the dark days behind and started a new chapter in our lives—A chapter we'd all been waiting for.

I was so proud of my son. He'd always been my pride. I had raised him well, but I didn't want to take credit for everything he'd done for us. He supported me when I started working at the nightclub. He paid off my debt out of his own pockets. He helped me get back to dancing, and he helped his sister as well. He worked overtime, sacrificing the time of his youth for our sake. I would be on my knees for him anytime. I loved it whenever I could please him one way or another.

I kept thinking back to the first time we were intimate with each other. The night when I went down on him and sucked him off in his bed. His semen had tasted so rich and forbidden. Even if I was slightly intoxicated, it felt so good to see him squirm with pleasure.

Then the night came when he had his way with me in this bed. When he pushed his cock into me and spilled his seed

inside. The tongue kiss was so passionate and made me melt, and then I woke up to his erection nestled into my butt crack. The following morning sex had been wonderful, and when my daughter stepped in was the start of another lovely chapter.

I had been skeptical of encouraging my daughter to work at a nightclub, but I was doing it, and because of it, I had Savannah and Chase. My daughter had started there two weeks ago, we had a different schedule and worked separately. My sister was still the boss, and she made the schedule for us, but my son worked more hours than me and my daughter. I knew he was fucking Stella too. Even if my sister was a workaholic, she still lusted for a young gun.

Today, I would teach my daughter how to do a lesbian show. Stella wanted Savannah to do one for our audience, and I would come with her to the nightclub before her shift would start. Chase would also follow us since he had some business to discuss with Stella.

It felt nice to relive my youth. I couldn't believe I had been insecure in case my children would find out about my past. I should've known they were supportive. I drew in a deep breath and stiffened by some noise coming from Chase's bedroom. "Ah, ah, ah," my son moaned, which was followed by the sound of warm flesh slapping. My horny daughter would sneak into his bedroom now and then, especially during the morning to get fucked by him. It warmed my heart knowing they loved each other. It was a parent's nightmare having quarreling children who separated and would never speak to each other again.

While they enjoyed themselves, I drew a light circle on my womanhood, waiting for them to finish. I heard my son and daughter moan a final time and then the sound of the squeaking bed dwindled. I let them go to the bathroom first and heard

them descend the stairs shortly after. I rose and watched myself in the mirror. I was way more toned than a month ago, and the wrinkles of stress were gone. I felt healthier, more optimistic and more alive than ever.

I put on a knee-length summer dress and met my children downstairs. They were on the terrace, sitting on the sofa, and my daughter leaned her head on his shoulder. "Sleep well?" I asked them.

Savannah nodded, and she had that comfortable look of love that she always wore after she had sex. "Like always ... When will we go?"

"Let's get something to eat and I'll drive you there."

"Can I make breakfast?" Savannah asked.

"Sure," I said, smiling. Savannah jumped to her feet and headed into the kitchen, leaving me alone with Chase.

"How's it like working with Stella?" I asked him, taking a seat next to him.

"It's great," he said, leaning back on the sofa. He looked relaxed like he usually did after a strong climax. "It's hard to explain, but I click well with her."

"You have a similar drive and similar work ethics."

"You have too, otherwise you wouldn't be able to dance all night," he said.

My eyes swept over his shirtless body. He was so attractive that it was addictive to look at him. "How was Savannah yesterday?" I asked him. I had a day off yesterday and had mostly done some stretches at home, but Chase had worked as a bouncer while his sister danced, so there was still plenty of eye candy for him.

"She's great," he said. "She's mastered some impressive dance moves. There are more and more bills stuffed in her cleavage

and panties every day ... but still not as much as what I collect from you."

I smiled and felt my cheeks pinkening. "I'll continue to teach her till she's even better than me," I said. "As long as she's happy, it warms my heart."

"I know you're happy," he said. "I was surprised earlier how you always looked positive, but I could still tell you weren't quite you. Nowadays, you're even a better version of yourself, like a newly bloomed flower."

"Thank you," I said, lowering my eyes a little. His words warmed my heart. "It's been a wonderful month. Reliving my youth has meant a lot to me. Not just to be able to dance again, but also to have this open relationship." I drew a circle on his thigh, craving him like I usually did now and then. I knew it excited him when I touched him, and that was the point. I wanted the best for my son.

Savannah was a good girl, and we ate outside in peace. We had nothing to worry about these days, just taking a day out of time, enjoying it all.

* * *

We arrived at the nightclub. "Come, let's go," I told them. They were watching some YouTube videos on their phones. "What are you guys watching?"

"Strippers," Savannah said.

"Nice," I told my daughter. She was spending her time well and being productive. Stella was inside like always, pacing back and forth. She was probably juggling a million things in her head like she usually did.

She opened the door and greeted my children with hugs and

kisses first, and then she turned to me, beaming. "Hi," she said, wrapping her arms around me in a passionate hug and making sure to press her breasts against mine. Her silicone breasts were lovely. Her original rack hadn't been bad, but if she could make herself look sexier, she seized the opportunity. "Ready to kiss your daughter?"

"We've kissed countless times before," I pointed out.

"Right but this one will be a bit more passionate," she said, waggling her eyebrows.

I took Savannah with me to the changing room, and we went over the sexy clothing. "I'm getting tired of bodysuits," Savannah said.

"The audience wants something fresh as well," I pointed out. "How about a microkini?" I suggested and picked one up. It barely covered the essentials with the tiny triangles offering just enough coverage to our breasts and nether region.

"That one looks nice," Savannah said with a smile, checking it out. We tried them out and looked at ourselves in the mirror. Every inch of my daughter's sun-kissed skin was on display, from the curve of her hips to the gentle slope of her back.

"You look sexy," I said.

"So do you," Savannah said. She stood behind me and checked my bottom out, caressing my cheeks. "You were sleeping long today."

"I woke up around the same time as you did," I said, whirling around to her.

"You did?" Savannah asked.

"Don't worry. I know you're a horny teenager," I told her.

"But I don't want you to accuse me of hogging him for myself," Savannah said.

"We had sex a couple of days ago," I told her. "Relax."

"Either the boys these days have a super low libido, and he has a normal one, or he has a super high libido and the boys have a normal one."

"Neither," I told her. "He has an unprecedented libido while the boys these days just suck." I made her laugh.

We went outside and went on top of the stage. Stella and Chase were sitting outside on the terrace, dealing with some paperwork.

"Alright, let's warm up with some stretches," I told her. We started with some basic stretches. I loved seeing her progress, and her mobility getting better each day. She still held her balance quite well, and I believed she asked for help now and then just so we could get close.

"Help," Savannah asked as she did the quadriceps stretch, bringing her heel toward her buttocks. She leaned forward and accidentally, quote-unquote, touched my right boob. She burst out laughing. "I didn't mean to."

"Sure thing, sweetheart," I told her.

"Your boobs are so nice," she said, studying and fondling them.

"There's absolutely nothing wrong with yours either," I told her.

"But I wished they were slightly bigger," she said. "And maybe creamier."

She flattered me. We finished our stretching routine and were prepared to get down to business. "Okay, for a lesbian show, let's start with stripping together first." We took turns, grinding the pole and moving in sync. It was magical having my way with the pole only to see my daughter dance shortly after. We fed off each other, spreading the erotic energy.

"Okay," I said as it was time to move on to more intimate moves. "It's time to come together and hug each other with the

pole in the middle of our tits.”

We gravitated toward each other, and we wrapped our arms around each other’s backs while the pole was right in the middle. “Remember, to make eye contact, the audience wants real intimacy.”

We looked into each other’s eyes. She had the same blue color as me, and it reminded me of how pretty they looked. As we held eye contact, her lips curved in a smile. I snaked my hand to her privates, finding my daughter’s wet slit. “Good, you’re wet.”

“What now?” she asked with a blush.

“Touch yourself, and push your fingers into my mouth. I’ll do the same to you.”

She was a good girl and touched herself, and her fingers came out dripping wet. She pushed them past my lips, and I sucked on them one by one, tasting my daughter’s forbidden honey. She was quite sweet and slightly bitter, but the flavors mingled well. She was a newly bloomed rose, and she had the power to bring men to her knees. She just needed to learn how to wield that power and her cleavage would soon be stuffed with cash.

Then I touched myself, drawing a circle and covering my fingers in as much honey as possible. I withdrew my fingers and slid them over her lips as if applying lipstick, and I pushed my fingers one by one into her mouth. It tingled as she sucked on them.

“Should I have applied it to your lips like lipstick?” she asked.

“It’s hot and guys love that,” I told her, nodding.

“Let me do it again,” she said. She reached her privates again and skillfully smeared it on my lips. Then she slipped in her fingers, giving me a taste of her forbidden sweets.

“This is hot,” she said with a giggle.

“Now that our lips are lubricated, let’s kiss,” I told her. “But let’s keep the pole between us for now.”

“Alright,” Savannah said, and we had to shift our heads side to side as we kept seeking each other’s lips. My lips touched my daughter’s, and if she was jealous of my boobs, I sure was jealous of the smoothness of her skin. As we got near the pole, we broke the kiss. Biting our lips, we moved to the left and continued the kiss. My heart beat quicker. This wasn’t an act. It was real intimacy as my heart kept pounding for her. I tasted and explored her. It felt magical and so strong in every way possible.

When we came off each other’s lips, we made eye contact and smiled simultaneously. “Are you ready to go down?” I asked her, craving it to take it one step further.

Savannah nodded eagerly. “This was a lot hotter than I expected,” she said. “I wasn’t even sure from the beginning if I would be able to kiss another woman, let alone my mother.”

“Women are usually more open to experiment than guys,” Mom said. “It’s fun when you’re starting out.”

I showed her how it was properly executed, kissing down her neck and her youthful body. I reached her toned thighs and made my way to the insides of her legs, reaching the source of her sweetness and kissing her sexy lips. I licked on top of her garment and ended it with a kiss. My daughter was amazing, and it felt equally as dirty as whenever I would suck my son.

I rose to my feet and let her go down on me. She kissed down my neck and waist till she reached my thighs. She followed my instructions well, and I grinned and shivered as she moved closer and closer to my center. “Ah,” I released a moan as she started kissing and licking my crotch, leaving a wet patch in the middle of our garment.

“Am I doing it right?” she asked.

I nodded. “You can do a bit more,” I told her. She kept lapping me, and then she rose to her feet. “Then we kiss, especially as our lips are a bit filthier.” We went for another passionate tongue kiss. “So, how was that?” I asked her.

“I thought it was nice,” Savannah said. “Must be a bit more difficult with a crowd around.”

“Not really,” I said with a shrug. “It makes you more motivated and makes it feel more alive.”

“Mom, I have to go pee,” Savannah said.

“It’s okay, darling,” I said. “I’ll wait for you outside.”

I turned to the terrace with the gorgeous view of Laguna Beach, but I couldn’t see my son or sister anywhere. I became suspicious, but then I heard some noise coming from one of the private lounges. I quickly recognized those noises, and I could even tell which position he was fucking my sister in.

I felt a sudden heat washing me over, and I couldn’t resist a naughty, little peek. I carefully made my way to the door. They’d left it half-open. They’d probably been so horny that they’d forgotten it. Grabbing the side of the door, I carefully craned my neck, seeing my naked son standing up and thrusting his hips into my nude sister. She lay on top of the stage with her feet on Chase’s shoulders. Chase grabbed her thighs, sinking his fingers into her soft flesh while continuously sliding his erection in and out of her.

“Oh, Chase,” Stella moaned as her silicone tits bounced up and down.

He grunted and groaned. I could tell the orgasm was right around the corner as he curled his toes and fucked her so hard the bangs rose and reverberated through the room. He released a guttural groan and emptied his seed inside her. I felt it in my

vagina. I felt his cum filling me. It warmed my heart to see how popular he was. He was so strong that we all wanted a piece of him.

He micro-fucked her, and I knew his attention would turn elsewhere. I turned around before he would catch me looking, and I came face to face with Savannah who crossed her arms across her chest.

"Why are you perving on your son?" she asked in a lowered voice. She tried to suppress her grin, but it was an unsuccessful attempt.

I walked a bit away, so they couldn't hear us. "As if you haven't done the same," I told her in a hushed voice.

"Alright," she said. "I'll admit, before we messed around sexually, I would usually catch him looking at you from his bedroom."

I opened the terrace door and headed outside, gently closing the door. "I'll let you know a secret," I told her. "I knew he was looking at me."

"Oh," my daughter said with a naughty titter. "He was always mad whenever I caught him."

"Understandable," I said. "Keep in mind, they might have left the door open on purpose."

"I doubt it," Savannah said. "They were probably so horny that it was an emergency."

"Who knows," I said.

We waited till my son and sister came out, reeking of sex and Stella's musk. Chase chose the spot next to me and wasn't shy about inching his hips closer to mine. They were still warm from the act.

"How did the lesbian show go?" he asked.

"Perfect," I said, exchanging glances with Savannah. "Your

sister is an excellent kisser.”

“I know,” he said, winking at her.

Stella crossed her legs, smiling like a horny teenager who’d just gotten satisfied. “What do you think of this terrace?” she asked. “We’ve also bought the neighboring property.”

“It’s lovely,” I said. “It’s nice to get some fresh air.”

“I agree,” Savannah said. “I can definitely imagine dancing outside or chilling with a drink or two.”

“The view is amazing too,” I said, enjoying the sight of the shimmering waves as the sun steadily rose. I felt the strong optimism again, being in a relationship that I loved. I didn’t have to worry about stress or finances, or my needs going unnoticed for that matter. I could make a living off what I enjoyed doing with the boy, girl and sister that I loved the most. It was a dream come true.

We talked for a little bit, and eventually, Stella wanted to show Savannah some new clothing for tonight, leaving me alone with my son.

“Is she a tight one?” I asked him.

A weak blush crept up on his cheeks. “What do you mean?”

“You forgot to lock the door.”

“Oh,” he said, scratching his neck. “Well, she is tight.”

“Nice,” I said.

“She can tease me now and then though. She sometimes wants a lot of foreplay before jumping into the main course.”

I chuckled. “She’s always been like that,” I said.

“But your lesbian show turned me on ... It turned her on too.”

“I see,” I said and placed my hand on his thigh and leaned my head on his shoulder. He draped his arm over my neck, inviting me closer. “I love you Chase ... Thank you for everything.”

“You’re welcome ... What do you want for your birthday?”

I blinked. As I got older, I wanted to forget about my birthdays, but my son reminded me that I was still attractive. I looked him in the eyes, and my lips curved in a smile. He was thinking of me like always. “No materials ... I just want love.”

“Tomorrow, you’ll have a monopoly on me,” he said.

“Can you be there during the morning?” I asked him, biting my lower lip and feeling my vagina moistening.

He nodded. “I can even sleep with you tonight. You’ll wake up with my erection in your butt crack.”

I gave him a sideways hug. “That’s what I want for my birthday—You.”

“I love you, Mom,” he said, pressing his lips to my cheek.

Afterword

Want a free, never-before-released book, **Mom's Glory Hole**, and explicit covers? Join my email newsletter at <https://juliusincestus.com/julius-newsletter/>

Or if you want to get in touch with me, you can contact me at author@juliusincestus.com

And If you enjoyed **The Incest Nightclub**, please leave a short (or long!) review on my website.

Until next time

- Julius Incestus

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Mom's Sexual Therapy

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Sister's Porn Dream

