

The master bedroom was bathed in the dim, amber glow of the bedside lamp, casting soft shadows across the silk sheets. Claudia sat perched on the edge of the mattress, her hands folded in her lap, fingers twisting nervously. Donald stood before her, holding up a smooth black blindfold between his fingers, letting the fabric drape temptingly.

"Just try it," he coaxed, his voice low and velvety. "It'll be different. Fun."

Claudia bit her lip, her dark eyes flickering with hesitation. "I don't know... It feels a little... strange."

Donald chuckled, stepping closer, his free hand brushing along her shoulder.

"Strange can be good, sweetheart. You always like it when I take the lead, don't

you?"

Her cheeks warmed at the implication, and she glanced away. She **did** like it—his confidence, his control. It made her feel safe, even when he asked for things that flustered her.

"But why... why a blindfold?" she asked softly.

"Because," he murmured, tilting her chin up with his fingers, "it'll make everything more intense. You'll focus only on touch, only on sensation. No distractions." He traced her jawline. "Don't you trust me?"

Claudia swallowed. Of course she trusted him. He was her husband, the man who had guided her through everything—marriage, motherhood, all the little

unspoken rules of their life together.

"I do," she whispered.

"Then let me take care of you," he said, his voice like honey—sweet and thick with promise.

Her breath trembled as she exhaled, then gave the smallest nod.

A slow, satisfied smile spread across Donald's face. "Good girl."

Gently, he guided the blindfold over her eyes, securing it snugly but not too tight. The moment the world went dark, Claudia gasped softly, her hands instinctively lifting—only for Donald to catch her wrists and lower them back to her lap.

"Shh," he soothed. "No peeking. No fidgeting. Just let go."

She shivered as his fingers trailed down her arms, her skin tingling beneath his touch. The absence of sight made every brush of his hands feel electrifying, unfamiliar in the best way.

"See?" he murmured, his breath warm against her ear. "Isn't this better already?"

Claudia couldn't answer—her pulse was too loud in her ears, her body too aware of every shift in the air, every whisper of fabric.

Donald watched her, his gaze dark with anticipation. **Perfect.** She was pliant. Willing. And completely unaware of what came next.

The blindfold clung to Claudia's face, sealing her in velvety darkness. Her breath came quicker now, each inhale laced with anticipation. Donald's fingers grazed the delicate strap of her nightgown, teasing the fabric before letting it slip from her shoulder.

"Mmm..." The sound escaped her lips before she could stop it—a soft, involuntary sigh as cool air brushed her exposed skin.

Donald smirked, taking his time. His hands traced the curve of her collarbone, down to the next strap, peeling it away with deliberate slowness. The nightgown loosened, pooling slightly around her waist. She shivered, not from cold, but from the thrill of his unhurried exploration.

"You're so beautiful like this," he murmured, his voice rough with admiration. His palms skimmed her sides, fingertips barely touching, just enough to make her tremble.

Claudia arched instinctively toward his touch, her body thrumming with every brush of his hands. The gown slid lower, inch by inch, until it finally whispered to the floor. She gasped, the rush of vulnerability sending a jolt through her.

Donald's lips found the slope of her neck—a slow, open-mouthed kiss that made her fingers clutch at the sheets. Every sensation was magnified, every touch a spark in the dark.

"Donald—" Her voice was breathless, pleading without words.

He chuckled against her skin, savoring her responsiveness. "I know, sweetheart. I know."

And then his hands moved lower, stoking the fire he'd so carefully built.

The last whisper of fabric slid away, leaving Claudia bare beneath the still air of the bedroom. The blindfold remained, sealing her in darkness, heightening every sensation. She shivered—not from cold, but from the thrill of exposure, the delicious vulnerability of being so completely at Donald's mercy.

His fingertips traced the slope of her shoulder, feather-light, teasing. She

sucked in a breath as they skimmed down her arm, leaving goosebumps in their wake. His touch was maddeningly slow, deliberate, as if he were memorizing every curve, every tremor of her skin.

"So responsive," he murmured, his breath warm against her ear. His lips followed the shell of it, a barely-there kiss that made her toes curl.

Claudia whimpered, her hands flexing against the mattress, desperate for something to hold onto. But Donald kept her there, suspended in aching anticipation, denying her the anchor she craved.

His mouth trailed lower, pressing a fleeting kiss to the pulse point at her throat. She arched into it, chasing the contact, but he

pulled back just enough to keep her teetering on the edge. A chuckle rumbled in his chest, low and knowing.

"Patience," he chided, his hands gliding down her sides, tracing the dip of her waist. His thumbs brushed the outer swell of her hips, circling in slow, torturous motions. She squirmed, her skin flushing under his leisurely exploration.

He kissed the hollow between her collarbones, then lower, along the slope of her breast—never quite where she wanted, never enough to satisfy. She bit her lip to stifle a whine, her body thrumming with unspent energy.

"Donald—" His name was a plea, ragged at the edges.

"Shh," he soothed, nipping lightly at her ribcage. "Just feel."

His hands slid to her thighs, fingers splaying possessively as he kneaded the soft flesh there. Claudia gasped, her legs parting instinctively—only for him to pause, leaving her trembling on the precipice.

"Please," she breathed, the word barely audible.

Donald hummed, pressing an open-mouthed kiss to the inside of her knee.

"Please what?"

She couldn't answer, couldn't form the words when every nerve was alight, every touch stoking the fire higher.

He dragged his lips up her thigh, slow, so slow, until his breath ghosted over where she ached most—then pulled away, leaving her gasping.

"Perfect," he whispered, admiring the way she quivered beneath him, so desperate, so *his*. And still, he made her wait.

The air in the room shifted—cooler, charged—as Donald's touch vanished. Claudia tilted her head, listening. The mattress no longer dipped with his weight. The silence was thick, unsettling.

"Donald?" Her voice was small.

No answer.

Then—a presence. Closer now. Standing right in front of her. She could feel the heat

of a body, the faint scent of unfamiliar cologne mingling with the familiar musk of their bedroom. Her breath hitched.

Is this still him?

Before she could question further, Donald's voice cut through the quiet, smooth and commanding.

"Open your mouth."

A shiver raced down her spine. Obediently, she parted her lips, just slightly—enough to show compliance, but not so much that it betrayed the nervous flutter in her chest.

Something warm brushed against her lower lip. Soft, yet firm. She hesitated, her mind scrambling to place the sensation.

Then it pressed forward, gliding along the seam of her mouth, insistent.

Oh.

Her stomach tightened. It was *him*, of course it was. Donald loved this—loved watching her like this, pliant and trusting. The thought steadied her. She relaxed her jaw, letting the warm length push past her lips, into the wet heat of her mouth.

It was different tonight. Thicker. A little unfamiliar in its rhythm. But she didn't question it. Couldn't. Not when Donald's voice had given the order, not when her role was to surrender.

Her tongue moved instinctively, tracing the shape of him, tasting salt and skin. A low groan echoed above her—deeper than

Donald's, rougher—but she was too lost in the act to notice. Her hands lifted, seeking purchase, and found narrow hips beneath her fingers. She held on, anchoring herself as she worked her lips in slow, practiced motions.

In. Out.

Each retreat left her mouth empty, aching, until he filled her again, deeper this time. Her cheeks hollowed, her tongue swirling along the underside in a way she knew Donald loved. A sharp inhale rewarded her efforts, followed by a hand tangling in her hair—not gripping, just guiding, keeping her in rhythm.

"Good girl," Donald murmured from somewhere in the room.

The praise sent a thrill through her. She moaned around the intrusion, the vibration earning another stifled sound from the man above her. His hips jerked forward, just once, a stutter in the otherwise controlled pace.

Claudia didn't stop. Couldn't. The weight on her tongue, the quiet sounds she pulled from him, the way her own body thrummed with wicked satisfaction—it was intoxicating.

She had no idea the stranger's eyes were locked on Donald, dark with approval.

No idea her husband was watching with rapt fascination, his own arousal coiled tight.

All she knew was the slow, sensual push

and pull, the heat of the moment, and the blissful ignorance that let her lose herself completely.

The stranger's grip tightened in her hair—not painful, but firm, possessive—as his rhythm began to falter. Claudia sensed the shift instantly; the way his body tensed, the hitch in his breath, the subtle tremor in his thighs beneath her palms. She knew what was coming.

And then it did—a flood of warmth, rich and salty-sweet, spilling over her tongue. She moaned softly, accepting it without hesitation, her throat working as she swallowed every last drop. It was familiar, comforting in its own way. *Donald always praised her when she did this.*

When the stranger finally pulled away, she

licked her lips absently, a satisfied smile tugging at the corners of her mouth.

"Mmm... that was wonderful," she sighed, her voice husky. She tilted her head expectantly, waiting for Donald's approval.

It came instantly.

"You were perfect," Donald purred, his voice closer now, thick with admiration. "So good for me. For us."

Claudia beamed at the praise, her cheeks flushed, her body still humming from the intimacy of the act. She loved making him happy, loved the way his voice darkened with pride when she pleased him.

"I love when you do this," she admitted, her fingers brushing her swollen lips. "When

you let me taste you like that."

A beat of silence. Then—

"I know you do, sweetheart," Donald murmured, though his tone carried something unreadable.

She didn't notice. How could she? Blindfolded, basking in the afterglow, she only knew the warmth in her belly, the pride in his voice, the lingering salt on her tongue.

And the stranger?

He said nothing. Just stepped back, watching as Donald moved in to cup Claudia's face, his thumb brushing her lower lip.

"My perfect girl," he whispered.

And Claudia, blissfully unaware, simply smiled.

A whisper at her ear—Donald's voice, velvet and commanding—sent a shiver through Claudia's body. "Lie down."

She obeyed without thought, the sheets cool against her bare skin as she settled back. Her legs parted slowly, the movement itself an act of trust, of surrender. The air between her thighs was warm, damp—her own arousal betraying her excitement with a soft, slick sound that made her blush beneath the blindfold.

Then—nothing.

The absence of touch was its own kind of

torture. She bit her lip, waiting, her heavy breasts rising and falling with quickened breaths. Where was he? Why wouldn't he—

Hands.

Not Donald's. These were rougher, broader, sliding beneath her hips with unmistakable intent. She gasped as they lifted her, tilting her pelvis upward, exposing her completely to the night air—and to the stranger now kneeling between her thighs.

The first touch of his mouth was a revelation.

Not a kiss, not yet—just heat, the barest graze of lips along her inner thigh, teasing, taunting. Claudia whimpered, her fingers

twisting in the sheets. He exhaled against her, the warmth of his breath making her tremble, before finally—*finally*—closing the distance.

His tongue was relentless.

It began with broad, languid strokes, tracing the delicate folds with the reverence of a man savoring a rare delicacy. She arched off the bed with a cry, but his grip on her hips held firm, keeping her exactly where he wanted her. Every flick, every swirl was calculated—a slow, torturous exploration that left her gasping.

Then he delved deeper.

The first press of his tongue inside her wrenched a sob from her throat. He

groaned against her, the vibration rippling through her core, as he drank her in. Over and over, he repeated the motion— withdrawing just enough to lave the sensitive bud above, only to plunge back in, deeper each time, as if memorizing her taste.

Claudia was unraveling.

Her moans filled the room, high and desperate, as his mouth worked her with sinful precision. He alternated between slow, open-mouthed kisses and sharp, fluttering flicks of his tongue—each new rhythm wringing fresh sounds from her lips. She was molten, boneless, her thighs quivering around his shoulders as pleasure coiled tighter and tighter within her.

"D-Donald—!" His name was a prayer, a

plea.

From somewhere in the shadows, her husband chuckled. "That's it, sweetheart. Let go."

The stranger obeyed the unspoken command. His lips sealed around her, sucking her clit gently as his tongue circled that perfect, aching spot—

And Claudia **shattered**.

Wave after wave of pleasure crashed through her, her back bowing off the bed as she cried out. The stranger didn't relent—drawing out her climax with slow, indulgent licks until she was whimpering from oversensitivity, her body spent and trembling.

Only then did he pull away, leaving her breathless and glistening in the lamplight.

Donald's hand found hers, lacing their fingers together as he murmured, "Beautiful."

And Claudia, still blindfolded, still floating, could only smile.

"Are you ready?" Donald's voice curled through the air like smoke—dark, intoxicating.

Claudia whimpered, her body still humming from the stranger's mouth, her skin flushed and sensitive. "Please," she breathed, her voice ragged. "Please, I need —"

"Shh." A finger brushed her lips, silencing

her. "I know."

Then—movement. The bed shifted, but not with Donald's weight. The stranger's hands slid beneath her knees, lifting her legs with surprising gentleness, folding her toward her chest until she was exposed, open, utterly vulnerable. Her breath hitched as cool air kissed damp skin.

A touch—broad, calloused fingers spreading her, testing her readiness. She was slick, swollen, aching. A groan rumbled above her, appreciative, hungry. Then the blunt pressure of him, nudging at her entrance, hot and insistent.

Claudia's nails dug into her own thighs. "Oh —"

He didn't rush. Didn't thrust. Just pressed

forward with unbearable slowness, letting her feel every inch as he filled her, stretching her so gradually she could have sobbed from the sheer intensity of it. Her body resisted at first—not from unwillingness, but from the overwhelming fullness—then yielded, accepting him in trembling increments.

"That's it," Donald murmured from the shadows. "Take it."

She did.

The stranger's pace was agony—each measured withdrawal followed by another languid push, deeper this time, deeper still. Claudia's head thrashed against the pillows, her moans pitching higher as he seated himself fully, hips flush against her.

He was *everywhere*. Thick enough to steal her breath, long enough to make her see stars behind the blindfold. And yet he moved with maddening restraint, rolling his hips in slow, sinuous circles that had her clawing at the sheets.

"More," she begged.

A chuckle—dark, unfamiliar—vibrated through the body above her. He obliged, angling her hips higher, changing the tilt just enough to brush *there* with the next torturous thrust.

Claudia cried out, her back arching. "Oh God —"

"Not God," Donald corrected softly. "Just a man."

The stranger's rhythm never faltered. Withdraw until she whimpered from the loss. Advance until she shook. Over and over, until time blurred and all she knew was heat and friction and the sweet, unrelenting drag of him inside her.

Her thighs trembled around his waist. Her breath came in broken gasps. And still, he took her apart—piece by piece—with nothing but patience and the devastating certainty of his body.

Donald watched, silent now, as his wife unraveled beneath a stranger's hands.

And Claudia? She didn't think at all. She just **felt**.

"F-faster—please—I can't—" Claudia's plea splintered into a gasp as the stranger

finally, *finally* obeyed.

One brutal snap of his hips stole the air from her lungs. Then another. And another.

The slow, sensual rhythm shattered into something primal—deep, punishing strokes that drove her up the bed with each thrust. Her fingers scrambled for purchase, twisting in the sheets, the headboard, anything to anchor herself against the onslaught.

"D-Don—*ah!*—ald!" His name fractured into a moan as the stranger angled her hips higher, hitting a place inside her that made her vision whiten.

"That's it," Donald purred from somewhere in the room. "Take what you asked for."

Claudia couldn't speak—couldn't *think*. Every breath came in sharp, staccato bursts, punched out of her by the relentless pace. Her words dissolved into nonsense, into half-formed syllables that melted into cries.

"I—oh!—I—I'm—*nngh!*—s-so—*ah!*—"

The stranger didn't slow. Didn't falter. His grip on her thighs tightened, fingers digging into soft flesh as he fucked her with single-minded intensity. The wet slap of skin on skin filled the room, obscene and intoxicating, mingling with her broken whimpers.

"You sound perfect," Donald murmured.
"Like you're coming apart."

She was.

Pleasure coiled tighter and tighter, a live wire sparking beneath her skin. Her legs shook, her toes curled, her back arched off the bed—but the stranger didn't let her escape, didn't let her catch her breath. Just drove her higher, harder, until her entire world narrowed to the searing heat between her thighs.

"P-please—*ah!*—I can't—*oh God!*—"

"You can," Donald assured her, voice dripping with dark amusement. "And you will."

Claudia sobbed, her body strung taut as a bowstring—

And then the stranger's pace stuttered, his

rhythm faltering for the first time as his own control frayed. But he didn't stop.

Claudia's body betrayed her first.

A sharp gasp tore from her throat as the first wave crashed over her—her back arching off the bed, her fingers twisting in the sheets, her thighs clamping instinctively around the stranger's hips. But he didn't let her pull away. His grip tightened, holding her open, forcing her to take every ruthless thrust as pleasure ripped through her in unrelenting pulses.

"N-no—ah!—*too much—*" Her voice was a broken thing, shattered into breathless fragments.

But the stranger didn't stop. Didn't slow. If anything, his pace grew more deliberate,

each deep, rolling snap of his hips dragging her climax out longer, *worse*, until she was sobbing, her body convulsing beneath him.

She could feel it—the slick, sinful evidence of her own unraveling, the way her body clenched and fluttered around him, milking him shamelessly even as she trembled from oversensitivity. And still, he fucked her through it, his rhythm never faltering, his breath hot and ragged against her neck.

*"D-Donald—*please—*" She didn't even know what she was begging for. Mercy? More? The words dissolved into a whimper as the stranger's teeth grazed her shoulder, his groan vibrating against her skin.

Then—

A hitch in his breath. A tremor in his arms.

Claudia felt the exact moment he lost control.

His hips stuttered, his thrusts growing uneven, desperate. A low, guttural sound tore from his chest as he buried himself to the hilt, his body locking tight against hers. Heat flooded her, thick and claiming, in pulse after pulse after pulse.

She whimpered, oversensitive and overwhelmed, but he didn't pull out—just held her there, pressed deep, as if determined to savor every last second of his release.

Only when the last shudder faded did he

finally still, his forehead dropping to her collarbone, his breath hot and uneven against her sweat-slicked skin.

Claudia lay boneless beneath him, her chest heaving, her limbs heavy.

And Donald? He watched from the shadows, silent. Satisfied.

Claudia's fingers, still trembling from pleasure, trailed up the stranger's back—searching for the familiar solidness of Donald's shoulders, the thick muscle she knew so well.

But her hands found none of that.

Instead, her palms skimmed over a lean frame, narrow shoulders, a spine more delicate than her husband's. Her breath

caught.

No.

Her heart stuttered—once, twice—before slamming against her ribs like a trapped bird. A cold, sickening dread pooled in her stomach.

This isn't him.

Frantically, she clawed at the blindfold, the silk knot unraveling under her desperate fingers. Light flooded her vision, harsh and disorienting. She blinked, her eyes darting wildly—

—to Donald, lounging naked in the armchair across the room, his thick fingers lazily stroking himself as he watched. His lips curled into a smirk when their eyes

met.

Then—

Movement above her.

The stranger lifted his head.

Claudia's gaze snapped up.

And the world stopped.

Zac.

His face—*her son's face*—flushed and sweat-slicked, hovered inches from hers. His dark eyes, so much like her own, were glazed with satisfaction, his lips parted as he panted. A strand of his hair, damp and sticking to his forehead, trembled with each ragged breath he took.

For one horrifying second, Claudia couldn't breathe. Couldn't think.

Then—

A scream tore from her throat, raw and guttural, ripping through the air like shattered glass.

"NO—!"

She scrambled backward, her limbs suddenly alive with panicked strength, shoving at Zac's chest with both hands. He stumbled off her, his expression flickering from dazed confusion to startled alarm as she twisted away, her body curling into itself like a wounded animal.

"M-Mom—" His voice cracked.

Claudia didn't—*couldn't*—answer. Her hands flew to her mouth, her nails digging into her own cheeks as if she could claw the memory from her skin. Her entire body shook, violent tremors wracking her from head to toe.

This isn't happening.

But the sticky heat between her thighs said otherwise.

Donald's chuckle slithered through the room. "Surprise."

Claudia's head snapped toward him, her eyes wide, *wild*. Betrayal, revulsion, sheer *terror* twisted her features into something unrecognizable.

"You—" Her voice was a broken whisper.

"You *monster*."

Zac flinched.

Claudia scrambled off the bed, her legs nearly giving out as she backed against the wall, her hands clutching the discarded blindfold like a lifeline. Her entire body trembled—not with pleasure now, but with revulsion, with horror.

"How could you?" Her voice was a raw, broken thing. "How could you—with *him*? With *our son*?"

Donald didn't move from the chair. He just watched her, his expression infuriatingly calm, his fingers still lazily tracing his own thigh.

"Claudia," he said, so softly it made her skin crawl. "Breathe."

"Don't—don't you **dare** tell me to breathe!" She nearly choked on the words. "You **monster**! You sick, twisted—"

"Look at him," Donald interrupted, nodding toward Zac.

Claudia's gaze flickered to their son—**their son**—who stood frozen beside the bed, his face pale, his eyes darting between them like a cornered animal.

"He's not a child anymore," Donald murmured. "He's a man. And you **felt** that, didn't you?"

A sob tore from Claudia's throat. "Stop it."

"You *liked* it."

"I didn't know it was *him*!"

"But you did," Donald countered, his voice smooth as oil. "Somewhere deep down, you *knew*. And you still spread your legs. You still *begged*."

Claudia shook her head violently, her nails digging into her palms. "No—no, I *didn't* —"

"You came on his tongue," Donald continued, relentless. "You screamed for him. You *wanted* it."

"I *didn't*!" Her voice cracked.

Donald sighed, as if she were a child throwing a tantrum. "Sweetheart, it's done.

And it was *beautiful*."

"Beautiful?" Claudia let out a hysterical laugh. "You're *sick*."

"Am I?" He tilted his head. "Or am I just the only one brave enough to admit what we all want?"

Claudia's stomach turned. "We?"

"You. Me. *Him*." Donald's eyes flicked to Zac, who flinched. "He's wanted you for years, Claudia. Haven't you, Zac?"

Zac didn't answer. His throat worked, his gaze fixed on the floor.

"Look at me," Claudia whispered, her voice trembling. "Zac, *look at me*."

Slowly, shamefully, he lifted his head.

"Did he *make* you do this?" she begged.

Zac swallowed. "...No. I wanted you, mom"

The word hit her like a slap.

"See?" Donald spread his hands. "No one forced anything. No one got hurt. It was just... natural."

"Natural?" Claudia's voice was barely audible.

"A mother's love. A son's devotion." Donald stood now, stepping toward her with the slow, deliberate grace of a predator circling prey. "You've always been so *good* to him, Claudia. So *loving*. Why should this be any different?"

"Because it's *wrong*," she choked out.

"Says who?" Donald's fingers brushed her cheek. She jerked away, but he caught her chin, forcing her to meet his gaze. "Society? The same people who would've said *we* were wrong, once upon a time?"

Claudia's breath hitched.

"You *trusted* me tonight," he murmured. "You *gave yourself* to me. And I gave you *bliss*. Can that really be wrong?"

Her resolve wavered. Just for a second—but it was enough.

Donald saw it. He *smiled*.

"There's my girl," he whispered, pulling her

into his arms. Claudia didn't fight him.

Claudia's fingers trembled as she pressed them against her temples, her voice barely above a whisper. "How... how do we move past this?"

Donald chuckled, low and smooth, as he reached out to stroke her hair. "Oh, sweetheart. There's no 'moving past' anything."

She flinched at his touch but didn't pull away. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," he said, his thumb tracing the curve of her jaw, "this isn't a mistake to apologize for. It's a gift."

A gift. The word curdled in her stomach.

"You can't be serious," she breathed, her voice cracking.

"Deadly serious." His grip tightened slightly, forcing her to meet his gaze. "You felt it, didn't you? The way your body responded to him? The way you *wanted* it?"

"I didn't know it was him!" she protested weakly.

"But you do now," Donald countered, his voice dripping with false sympathy. "And yet, here you are. Still flushed. Still trembling. Still *wet* for him."

Her face burned with shame. She *was* trembling. She *was* flushed. And despite the horror, despite the revulsion—her body hadn't forgotten the pleasure.

"This is our new arrangement," Donald continued, his tone leaving no room for argument. "You and him. Together. And me... watching."

Claudia's stomach twisted. "No. No, I can't —"

"You **can**," he interrupted, his voice dropping to a whisper. "And you will. Because deep down, you **want** to. Because you're a good mother. A **loving** mother."

The words slithered under her skin, poisonous and insidious.

"Zac needs this," Donald murmured, his lips brushing her ear. "He's been **aching** for you. And you—you've always been so

devoted to making him happy."

Claudia squeezed her eyes shut. "That's not —"

"Was it so terrible?" Donald pressed. "Did it *feel* wrong? Or did it feel... inevitable?"

She had no answer.

"Look at him," Donald urged, turning her face toward Zac, who stood frozen by the bed, his expression equal parts guilt and hunger. "He's *yours*, Claudia. And you're his. Isn't that beautiful?"

"It's *sin*," she whispered.

Donald laughed. "Sin? Or *freedom*?" His hands slid down her arms, possessive. "No one has to know. No one has to *judge*. Just us. Just *family*."

Claudia's resistance wavered. The horror was still there, sharp and nauseating—but beneath it, something darker. Something **tempting**.

"I can't," she said again, but the protest was weaker now.

"You **can**," Donald repeated, pressing a kiss to her temple. "And you will. Because you're **mine**. And I say so."

Claudia's breath hitched as her gaze traced the lines of Zac's body—the lean muscle of his shoulders, the faint tremble in his thighs, the way his chest rose and fell with each unsteady breath. She shouldn't be looking. Shouldn't **notice**.

But she did.

"See how beautiful he is?" Donald's voice curled around her like smoke, his lips grazing the shell of her ear. "All that youth. All that *hunger*. And it's all for you, sweetheart."

Her stomach fluttered. A traitorous heat pooled low in her belly.

"This isn't..." She swallowed hard. "This isn't right."

"Isn't it?" Donald's fingers trailed down her arm, feather-light. "Then why does your heart race when you look at him? Why do your thighs press together like you're *aching*?"

Claudia bit her lip. She *was* aching. God help her, she was.

Zac shifted, his Adam's apple bobbing as he watched her watch *him*. The air between them crackled with something electric, something *forbidden*.

"Mom..." His voice was rough, hesitant.

The sound of that word—*Mom*—sent a jolt through her. It should have repulsed her. It *did* repulse her.

So why did her skin prickle with heat?

"Shh," Donald soothed, his hands settling on her hips. "No need to think. Just *feel*."

And God, she *wanted* to stop thinking. Wanted to drown in the sick, sweet pleasure of surrender.

"He needs you," Donald murmured. "And you *want* him. There's no shame in that, Claudia. Only *truth*."

Her fingers twitched at her sides. She imagined touching Zac again—tracing the planes of his chest, feeling his heartbeat beneath her palm. The thought made her mouth go dry.

"That's it," Donald encouraged, sensing her weakening resolve. "Let go. Just this once."

Claudia's eyelids fluttered shut. Just for a moment. Just long enough to *pretend*—

—that this was normal.

—that this was *right*.

When she opened them again, Zac was closer. Close enough to touch.

And this time... This time, she didn't pull away.

Claudia's hands cradled Zac's face like something fragile, her thumbs tracing the sharp lines of his cheekbones as if memorizing him. Their lips met with a hunger that startled them both—not the hesitant brush of forbidden touch, but a **claiming**. Zac gasped into her mouth, his fingers tangling in her hair, pulling her closer as if he could dissolve the space between them entirely.

She was so much **bigger** than him—her curves swallowing his lean frame, her strength pinning him gently to the mattress without effort. Yet he arched into

her like a drowning man reaching for air, his body trembling beneath hers. Their kiss was messy, *desperate*, all clashing teeth and shared breath, neither willing to pull away long enough to even *breathe*.

Claudia moaned when Zac nipped at her lower lip, the sound vibrating between them. He swallowed it greedily, his tongue sliding against hers in a rhythm that made her toes curl. There was no technique, no finesse—just *need*, raw and unrefined. Her nails scraped lightly against his scalp, and he shuddered, his hips jerking up involuntarily.

They broke apart only when their lungs burned, foreheads pressed together, lips swollen and glistening. Zac's breath came in ragged pants, his eyes blown black with want. Claudia stared back, dazed, her chest

heaving. For a heartbeat, reality flickered at the edges of her mind—*This is wrong. This is your son.*

Then Zac whimpered, high in his throat, and dragged her back down.

This kiss was slower, deeper, *wetter*. Claudia licked into his mouth like she was tasting him, savoring him, her grip on his hair tightening when he whined. Zac's hands slid from her face to her shoulders, then lower, skimming the sides of her breasts—but he didn't dare touch, too lost in the dizzying push-and-pull of their mouths.

Donald's voice slithered through the haze. "God, look at you two. Like you were *made* for each other."

Claudia barely heard him. All she knew was the heat of Zac's skin, the salt-sweet taste of him, the way his body *thrummed* beneath hers.

And Zac knew nothing at all—just *her*.

Claudia's breath came in ragged gasps as she hovered above Zac, her body trembling with conflicting impulses. Every rational thought screamed this was wrong, yet her pulse hammered with undeniable anticipation. She could feel the heat radiating between them, the unspoken tension thicker than the bedroom air.

Zac's hands shook as they settled on her hips, his fingers pressing crescent moons into her flesh. His wide eyes reflected equal parts awe and terror - this woman who had rocked him to sleep now rocking his world in ways he'd only fantasized

about. The scent of her perfume mixed with their shared sweat created an intoxicating cocktail that made his head spin.

"Go on, darling," Donald purred from his chair, the leather creaking as he leaned forward. "Show him how a real woman moves."

Claudia's mind fractured as she lowered herself, a choked whimper escaping her lips, as his manhood intruded in her scraping every cell of her canal. The sensation was overwhelming - not just physically, but emotionally. This was her baby, her little boy, yet the hands gripping her hips belonged unmistakably to a man. Her maternal instincts warred with awakened desires in a dizzying internal battle.

Zac's breath hitched as their bodies connected, his fingers instinctively tightening. The reality surpassed any midnight fantasy - the warmth, the weight, the way her eyelashes fluttered. Part of him wanted to freeze this moment forever while another part urged him to move, to claim, to possess.

"That's it," Donald murmured, his voice thick with voyeuristic pleasure. "Look at her, son. Your mother's finally giving you what you've always wanted."

Claudia's movement started tentative, each motion sending conflicting signals through her nervous system. Pleasure and guilt intertwined like vines, each thrust pulling them tighter. She focused on Zac's face - the way his lips parted, the flush

creeping down his neck - anything to avoid confronting the enormity of their actions.

Zac's hands wandered upward, tracing the familiar curves he'd seen a thousand times in sweaters and summer dresses, now experiencing them in ways he'd never dared imagine. The softness of her skin beneath his calloused fingers sent electric currents through his body. When his thumbs brushed certain sensitive areas, Claudia's sharp intake of breath made his stomach flip.

"Such a good boy," Donald praised, his own arousal evident in his strained voice.

"Making your mother feel so good."

Claudia's rhythm grew more confident as primal instincts overrode moral objections. The way Zac looked at her - with worship

and hunger - ignited something deep in her psyche. She arched backward, surrendering to sensation, letting the pleasure drown out the screaming voice of reason.

Zac's mind blanked to everything but sensation - the rocking motion, the clutching heat, the overwhelming reality that this was actually happening. His fingers dug into soft flesh as he fought to maintain control, every nerve ending alight with forbidden ecstasy.

"Beautiful," Donald breathed, his hand moving slowly in his lap. "Just beautiful."

The room filled with the sounds of labored breathing and creaking bedsprings, the air thick with the musk of their transgression. Claudia's movements became fluid, almost

desperate, as if she could outrun her conscience through physical exertion. Zac matched her tempo, his hips lifting to meet each downward stroke, his young body responding with eager intensity.

Their eyes locked in a moment of terrifying intimacy - mother and son seeing each other completely unmasked for the first time. In that heartbeat, they both understood this would forever alter their relationship, their family, their very identities. Yet neither could bring themselves to stop.

Donald watched with rapt attention, committing every detail to memory - the way Claudia's hair stuck to her damp neck, how Zac's muscles tensed with each movement, the symphony of sinful sounds filling the room. This was better than he'd

imagined, more perfect than he'd dreamed.

Claudia's mind whirled with fragmented thoughts - the absurdity of the situation, the undeniable pleasure coursing through her, the terrifying realization that part of her never wanted this to end. Her body moved of its own accord now, a marionette with cut strings, dancing to some primal rhythm older than morality itself.

Zac's fingers found their way to her breasts, tracing them reverently before she instinctively sucked one into her mouth. The action sent them both spiraling further into depravity, their connection deepening beyond the physical. In this moment, they weren't mother and son - just two bodies chasing forbidden ecstasy under the approving gaze of the architect of their corruption.

Claudia's Mind:

What have I done?

The question looped endlessly, a broken record of horror and shame. Yet beneath the revulsion slithered something darker—something *hungry*.

His hands were so gentle. His voice so sweet when he moaned my name.

She should be screaming. Should be clawing at her own skin to erase the memory. But her body still hummed with pleasure, her nerves still alight with the ghost of his touch.

I liked it. God help me, I liked it.

The realization made her stomach turn even as her pulse quickened. This wasn't supposed to happen. She was his *mother*. She'd changed his diapers, kissed his scraped knees, tucked him in at night.

But he's not a child anymore.

Donald's voice whispered through her thoughts, oily and persuasive. *He's a man. And you felt how much he wanted you.*

A traitorous warmth bloomed between her thighs at the memory.

No. No, this is sick. This is—

Natural, Donald's phantom voice insisted. *Beautiful.*

Claudia squeezed her eyes shut, but the images came anyway—Zac's flushed face, his trembling lips, the way he'd looked at her with such *worship*.

I'm a monster.

But monsters, she was learning, could feel *so good*.

Zac's Mind:

She tasted like honey.

The thought burned through him, bright and searing. He should feel guilty. He *did* feel guilty. But stronger than the guilt was the *want*, the *need*, the all-consuming *rightness* of being inside her.

Mom.

The word didn't disgust him anymore. It
excited him.

*All those years watching her, wanting her,
pretending it was just normal
admiration...*

Now he knew the truth.

His fingers twitched at his sides,
remembering the softness of her skin, the
weight of her breasts in his palms. She'd
been *perfect*. More perfect than his
teenage fantasies had ever imagined.

*Dad was right. This is how it's supposed to
be.*

A tiny voice in the back of his mind
whispered that this was wrong, that he

should be sickened by himself. But that voice was drowned out by the memory of her moans, the way she'd *moved* for him, *taken* him so completely.

She wanted me too.

That was the most intoxicating part. She could deny it all she wanted, but he'd *felt* her desire, heard it in every hitch of her breath.

We belong like this.

And if Dad said it was okay...

Who were they to argue?

Donald's Mind:

Perfect.

The word sang through him, bright and triumphant. He'd *known* they'd be beautiful together, but the reality had surpassed even his most twisted fantasies.

Claudia's resistance crumbling. Zac's eager submission. The way they'd *fit*, like two puzzle pieces never meant to be separated.

My masterpiece.

He'd molded them so carefully—Claudia's submissive nature, Zac's idolization of his mother. A little nudge here, a whispered suggestion there, and now...

Now they were *his* completely.

The memory of Claudia's face as she came

undone above their son sent a fresh wave of heat through him. The horror. The *pleasure*. The exact moment she'd realized she *liked* it.

She'll never leave me now.

And Zac...

Donald smirked. The boy was hooked. He'd spend the rest of his life chasing this high, this forbidden union. And Donald would be there to *guide* him.

Our little family.

No more secrets. No more pretending. Just the three of them, bound together in something *pure*.

The world would call it sick.

Donald called it *love*.

The first tremor began deep within Claudia's core - a tiny spark that flickered to life somewhere beneath her navel. For one terrifying, exhilarating moment, she tried to fight it, to clench her muscles against the rising tide. But the spark had already caught, spreading like wildfire through her veins.

A tingling warmth radiated outward from her center, pulsing in time with her frantic heartbeat. Her fingers, which had been gripping the sheets with white-knuckled intensity, suddenly went slack. The sensation traveled up her arms like liquid honey, leaving a trail of goosebumps in its

wake.

"Oh God—" The words escaped as a broken whisper as the first real wave hit.

Her stomach muscles contracted involuntarily, a delicious cramp that made her arch backward. The heat spread upward now, flooding her chest until each breath came as a shallow gasp. She could feel her heartbeat everywhere - in her throat, behind her eyes, between her thighs where their bodies remained joined.

The world narrowed to pure sensation. The scratch of sheets against her back. The salt-sweet taste of sweat on her lips. The overwhelming pressure building and building until—

Release.

It crashed over her like a rogue wave, pulling her under with terrifying force. Her vision whited out as her body convulsed, every muscle tensing then melting in rapid succession. The pleasure was almost painful in its intensity, radiating outward in concentric circles that left her trembling.

Her legs, which had been wrapped tight around him, went limp as cooked noodles. The bones in her arms seemed to dissolve, leaving her fingers to twitch uselessly against the damp sheets. Even her neck refused to support her head any longer, letting it loll back with abandon.

The final wave crested at her temples, a dizzying rush that made her ears ring. For one blissful, terrifying moment, Claudia ceased to exist as anything but pure

sensation - no thoughts, no guilt, just endless, mindless pleasure.

When she finally collapsed forward, her body felt foreign to her - heavy and boneless, her skin oversensitive where it pressed against his. Every nerve ending still sparked with aftershocks, tiny electrical bursts that made her twitch involuntarily.

The weight of her own body surprised her. She should have worried about crushing him, but some distant part of her mind registered his hands gripping her hips, holding her close rather than pushing away. His ragged breath hot against her shoulder only prolonged the sensations, each exhale sending fresh shivers down her spine.

Claudia's lips moved soundlessly, trying and failing to form words. Language seemed impossible when every cell in her body still hummed with pleasure. Her eyelids fluttered, too heavy to keep open, yet she couldn't quite bring herself to close them completely - afraid that if she did, this feeling might slip away.

The sweat cooling on her back brought her slowly back to herself, the real world creeping in at the edges of her consciousness. But for now, in this suspended moment between ecstasy and aftermath, she allowed herself to simply *feel* - to exist without judgment or consequence in the warm cocoon of sensation.

The stillness shattered as Zac's hips pistoned upward with sudden, desperate

urgency. What had been slow and reverent turned feverish—an unrelenting tempo that sent shockwaves through Claudia's spent body.

The bedframe rattled violently, the wooden legs scraping against the floor in a frantic staccato. Each thrust landed with precision, the slap of skin echoing off the walls like a drumbeat. Claudia gasped, her fingers digging into his shoulders as the sheer *speed* of him overwhelmed her. There was no rhythm to memorize, no pause to catch her breath—just endless, driving motion, faster and harder until the world blurred at the edges.

Zac's breath came in ragged bursts against her chest, his lips brushing her skin with every snap of his hips. The heat of his mouth, the damp drag of his panting

breaths between her breasts, sent fresh shivers down her spine. She could feel the tension in his body—the coiled strength in his thighs, the rigid flex of his abdomen as he powered into her without restraint.

The force of his movements jolted her entire body, her own weight no match for his relentless pace. Her back arched involuntarily, her head tipping back as the friction built to an almost unbearable intensity. The bedsprings screamed in protest, the mattress shifting beneath them with every punishing drive forward.

Claudia's grip on his shoulders tightened, her nails leaving half-moon indents in his skin. She wanted to speak, to beg for mercy or more—but words were impossible. All she could do was hold on, her breath stolen by the sheer **ferocity** of his need.

Zac's thrusts grew erratic, his control fraying at the edges. His fingers pressed bruises into her hips, anchoring her as he chased his own release with single-minded determination. The wet, rhythmic sounds of their joining filled the room, a lewd soundtrack to their shared abandon.

And still, he didn't slow.

The headboard hammered against the wall, the impacts timed perfectly with each snap of his hips. Claudia's thighs trembled around him, her body struggling to keep up with the merciless pace. Every nerve ending was alight, every thought obliterated by sensation.

Zac's mouth opened against her sternum, a silent cry lost in the heat of her skin. His

body was a live wire—tense, trembling, teetering on the edge.

A final, brutal thrust.

A choked gasp.

And the world went white.

The first thrust came like a lightning strike - sudden and overwhelming in its intensity. Claudia gasped as the impact reverberated through her entire body, her fingers scrambling for purchase against the sweat-slicked sheets. The force of it drove the air from her lungs, leaving her momentarily breathless.

Before she could recover, the second impact landed with even greater force. Her vision blurred at the edges as her body

arched involuntarily, every muscle tensing then melting under the assault. A high, keening sound escaped her throat, unbidden and raw.

The third strike came as she was still processing the second. This time she felt something deeper - a warmth beginning to spread from her core outward, like molten gold being poured into her veins. Her nails dug into the mattress as her legs trembled violently.

When the fourth thrust came, it was different - slower but more deliberate, as if seeking something hidden deep within her. The moment seemed to stretch into eternity, Claudia suspended in a perfect balance between pleasure and pain. Then the dam broke.

The fifth and final impact coincided with a flood of warmth so intense it seemed to raise her body temperature instantly.

Claudia's eyes flew open wide as the heat spread through her in concentric waves, each more overwhelming than the last. Her mouth formed a silent scream as the sensation crested, leaving her trembling and oversensitive.

The aftermath left her boneless, her body still twitching with residual sensation. The warmth between them had created an almost feverish intimacy, their sweat-slicked skin sticking together as their breathing gradually slowed.

The room was silent except for their labored breathing—ragged, uneven, the air thick with sweat and spent desire. Claudia lay half-collapsed atop Zac, her body still

trembling with aftershocks. His hands, which had gripped her hips with such bruising force moments before, now traced idle, reverent circles on her bare back.

Donald's voice cut through the haze, smooth and satisfied. "Beautiful. Both of you."

Claudia stirred, her cheek pressed to Zac's damp chest. She should have felt shame. Horror. But all that rose in her throat was a breathless, "Oh God..."

Zac's fingers stilled on her spine. "Mom—"

"Don't," she whispered, but there was no force behind it.

His voice was rough, hesitant. "Did I... hurt you?"

A weak laugh bubbled from her lips. "No. No, you—" She swallowed. "You didn't."

Donald chuckled from his chair. "She's not fragile, son. Look at her. She loved every second."

Claudia's face burned, but she didn't deny it. Couldn't.

Zac's hands tightened slightly on her. "I just... I didn't think—" He broke off, his breath hitching. "I didn't think it'd feel like that."

"Like what?" The question slipped out before she could stop it.

His voice dropped to a whisper. "Like I was home."

Claudia's heart stuttered. She lifted her head just enough to meet his eyes—dark, earnest, so much *older* than they should have been. "Zac..."

"I know," he murmured, brushing a damp strand of hair from her face. "I know it's wrong. But it didn't *feel* wrong."

Her lips parted. No words came.

"Tell me it did for you," he challenged softly. "Tell me you hated it."

She couldn't.

Donald's voice slithered between them. "She can't. Because she didn't."

Claudia closed her eyes. "It was... different."

"Different good?" Zac pressed.

A beat of silence. Then, so quiet it was almost inaudible: "Yes."

Zac exhaled sharply, his thumb tracing her lower lip. "Then let's not pretend."

"Zac—"

"I want you," he interrupted, blunt and raw. "Again. Now. Tomorrow. However Dad says I can have you."

Donald's approving hum vibrated through the room. "That's my boy."

Claudia shuddered. She should protest. Should scream. Should run.

Instead, she whispered: "I want you too."

The admission hung in the air, thick and irreversible.

Zac's smile was slow, triumphant. "Then we're done pretending."

Claudia's fingers trembled as they traced Zac's jawline, her voice barely above a whisper. "I... I want this. Want *you*." The admission tasted foreign on her tongue, yet terrifyingly right.

Zac's breath hitched. "Say it again."

"I want you," she repeated, stronger now, her thumb brushing his swollen bottom lip. "In my bed. In my life. However we can have each other."

Donald's approving chuckle rolled through the room like thunder. "That's what I've been waiting to hear." He rose from his chair, naked and unashamed, circling the bed like a preacher at an altar. "From this moment, consider yourselves married in all the ways that matter."

Claudia's brow furrowed. "Married?"

"Bound," Donald corrected, running possessive fingers through her disheveled hair. "Man and wife in spirit, if not on paper." His other hand clamped onto Zac's shoulder. "My gift to you both."

Zac's eyes burned with something feral as he stared up at Claudia. "No more hiding?"

"No more hiding," Donald confirmed. "The house is yours to enjoy each other. The

couch. The kitchen. Her bed." His grin turned wicked. "Mine, when I allow it."

Claudia's pulse hammered at the implications, her skin flushing. "And... the neighbors?"

"Won't suspect a thing," Donald assured, bending to kiss her forehead. "Mother and son, living happily. Who'd imagine more?"

Zac surged upward, capturing Claudia's mouth in a searing kiss that tasted of salt and surrender. Her moan vibrated between them as his hands fisted in her hair - no longer tentative, but claiming.

"Mine," he growled against her lips.

"Yours," she gasped back.

Donald watched, stroking himself slowly.

"Perfect."