

afs

# INFECTED HEARTS



## CHAPTER 1. I'M HERE MOM

### Day 1



"Thank God there's no traffic." Adam pressed the gas pedal as he yawned and kept an eye on the dimly lit country road. "I hope Mom and Dad are okay."

The tension made his head ache badly, and his blood pressure spiked.

"You need to worry less, Adam." That is what his Mom always told him. He wasn't wrong to turn off the radio—the noise was getting on his nerves.

When he heard what was happening in his home state, he rushed to his parents' house, leaving college far behind. "I remember them sending me off as if it were yesterday."

"Well, that's it." Abraham, his father, loaded the last bags into the trunk of the Volkswagen. With his muscular arm, he ruffled his son's hair. Adam was a bit shorter.

"You've grown up so fast, my dear," Matilda said, adjusting Adam's messy hair and gently stroking his cheeks as she reminisced about the distant past. She was wearing her kitchen outfit, a beautiful floral yellow dress with a neckline that accentuated her waist, hips, and lovely big firm breasts. "You were such a sweet good boy, and now you're leaving. I can't believe it." She tried to hide the tears behind her long red curls.

"Come on, Mom, I'm not leaving forever. I'll be back," Adam replied, a bit annoyed. His mother always tended to be dramatic.

"Let the boy have fun. College, girls, alcohol, parties—it's the best time of your life," his father said with a grin." I remember my youth. And if you fall in love, Adam, find someone like your mother."

"I'm not planning on getting married just yet, Dad." Adam glanced at Matilda one more time, momentarily pausing on her freckled breasts as she wiped her eyes.

"Don't talk nonsense, Abraham. By the way, alcohol? He's too young to be drinking," Matilda said sharply, frowning.

"C'mon, honey." Abraham threw his large, meaty arm around Adam's neck. "He's not a child anymore."

He looked at his wife's body and suddenly reached out, touching her stomach and pulling the skin a bit.

"Sweetheart, I think you've gained some weight. I know I usually say I like your curves and all your extra weight, but..."

"Extra weight?" The sadness on Matilda's face as she said goodbye to her son swiftly transformed into a storm of anger.

"You've really let yourself go. While Adam is away, I'll sign you up for my fitness class, and we'll work out together. It's about time we did this."

"Adam, do you also think I'm overweight?" Matilda looked at her son for reassurance,



touching her hips on the tight dress, then placing her hands on her ass, two large ovals behind her.

Adam was surprised that his farewell turned into a conversation about his mother's weight. She was 44 and sexy as fuck. She was a fine woman, aged like wine. She had always looked better than other mothers in the neighborhood. Even the slight wrinkles around her eyes didn't take away from her beauty.

"You are gorgeous, Mom. Don't listen to him." Adam pushed his father's hand away and approached, kissing Matilda gently on the cheek.

"Thank you, darling," Matilda kissed him in return. The warmth from her lips gently transferred to his skin, coursing through his veins.

"That's the way, Adam. When talking to women, you should say what they want to hear, not what they need to hear."

Matilda smacked her husband's shoulder. He winced, rubbing the spot.

"I'm serious. Don't ever talk to me like that again or call me fat!" Matilda puffed her cheeks and crossed her arms, raising her boobs higher.

Adam noticed how the small outlines of his mother's nipples showed through the fabric of her dress. *Why is she wearing that?* he wondered. *I can't wait to meet some girls in college. Girls like Mom. Fucking redheads would be awesome...*

His father's voice snapped him out of his thoughts.

"Sorry, honey, I'm just being honest. If you don't want to go to the gym, we could always do some cardio in bed. We'll have plenty of time..."

"I think it's time for me to go." Adam got into the car. He said his goodbyes and drove off, glancing in the rearview mirror as his parents hugged and waved.

Now, he was back in the present moment, in these late-night hours, a couple of months later, when chaos overtook the world. Raindrops were hitting the windshield. Those carefree days were long gone.

"Home is just up ahead, I'm almost there, Mom. Wait for me."

Now, the silence was deafening, making him think of bad things, so Adam turned on the radio.

"...Authorities are reporting that everyone must stay home until further notice."

The voice of the announcer sounded nervous, trembling, breaking off, either from fear or lack of time.

"Breaking news: Riots have erupted in the city center. Officials are unable to provide an exact explanation, but witnesses report that a group of people, displaying unusually aggressive behavior, attacked passersby and police officers. The number of casualties is rapidly increasing, hospitals are overwhelmed, and doctors are urging residents to stay home and avoid crowds.

Weather conditions are making it difficult for services to reach those in need, especially in the north. Right now, camps are being set up in the south to help..."

The radio crackled and buzzed, breaking the tense silence in Adam's car. He felt anxiety wash over him. Ahead, at the intersection, smoke billowed.

He finally arrived home. An old, weathered car sat on the lawn, its sides wide open. Tire tracks marred the once-pristine grass. The car's lights flickered. His father's car was parked nearby, its windows smashed. Though the lights were on inside the house, the street outside was eerily empty.

Adam quietly drove closer and, tapping the curb, retrieved his holster. It was a Sig Sauer P365.

He pulled the car door handle, but before opening the car, he glanced at his own reflection in the rearview mirror—his gray-green eyes, exactly like his mother's.

"Be ready for what you might see. Mom always taught you—be ready."

He took a deep breath and hurried, opening the front door and rushing into the house. He listened—he could hear footsteps, possibly voices, unfamiliar ones. Blood was splattered on the wall, staining Mom's veterinary diploma. He moved further in, noticing through a small gap that the light was on in the bedroom.

At the bottom of the stairs leading to the second floor lay a lifeless body, face down. It was his father, Abraham, still in his bathrobe. The back of his head had been brutally crushed by a bat, and his arms and legs were mangled.

Adam moved further, drawing his gun.

"This house is empty. Where are all your savings, lady? And who's this freak? Your son?"

"Hahahaha, throw that photo away."

"She's got good genes, you get it, huh? Hahaha."

“Let’s wrap it up. We’ve stayed too long. Should we take her with us?”

Adam heard voices and footsteps. He peered through a crack. Three men. One had a bat with blood dripping from it. Another held a knife. The third was searching a mattress for cash.



“Forget her. Let’s finish it here, kill her, and move on. There’s another good house nearby,” said the man with a bat.

“I knew her husband. That guy was trouble. Worked at the local gym, sleeping with lonely women and moms. Did you know that, honey? Your husband cheated on you,” added the man with a knife.

“Please... leave... leave me, I’m begging you.” His mother’s voice trembled. Adam, broken by his father’s death, didn’t expect that his inner rage could go beyond limits. He had never heard her so shattered, so desperate and humiliated.

She sat on the floor in a robe, her left breast a bit exposed, but the nipple still hidden. Her face was streaked with tears, her red hair wet and tangled. Her left hand was cuffed to a lamp.

“We’re not leaving until we have our fun with you, sweetheart,” said the

man holding a bat.

Adam opened the door. The man with a knife was closest, facing away. Adam fired, and blood splattered onto the robber on the bed.

“What the—” the one on the bed shouted, wiping blood from his face.

“You—” the one with a bat tried to yell, but Adam shot him in the leg and stomach. He fell, groaning in pain.

“Easy, easy! Please, bro!” the guy on the bed begged, raising his hands. “What do you want? What do you need?”

“You broke into my house and killed my father,” Adam said coldly.

“I didn’t know! I didn’t know!”

“Where’s the key to her handcuffs?”

The man, glancing nervously at his injured partner’s screams, pulled a key from his pocket.

“Drop it on the floor and no tricks if you want to live.” Adam trusted his instincts; he had no idea what he was doing.

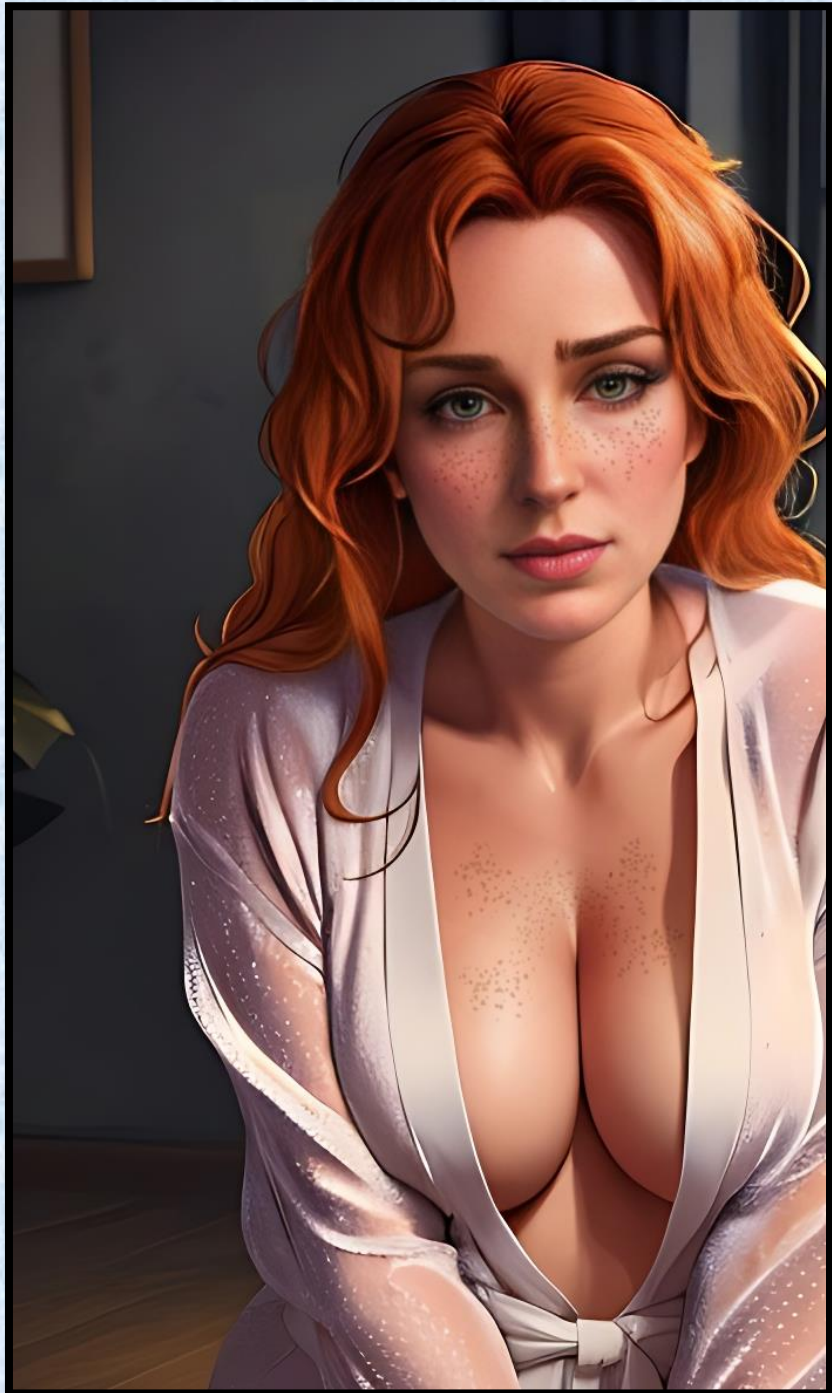
The guy hesitated, staring at the key. Maybe he thought about swallowing it, but in the end, he did as Adam said. A second later, Adam fired a shot into his stomach.

The guy gasped, crumpling to the floor, clutching the wound.

Adam grabbed the bloodied key, wet from the spreading pool beneath the first one he shot and killed. He turned to Matilda. She was looking, but not seeing him.

“Hey, Mom. It’s me. I’m here to help you. It’s going to be okay,” he said, unlocking her handcuffs.

“Where’s... Abraham? Your father?” she whispered, barely able to speak. Adam adjusted her robe, hiding mother’s breasts and body.



He lifted her into his arms, stepping carefully past the bodies and blood. Matilda's hands rested on his, her body bare under her robe. She felt so light, fragile, and innocent—so different from how he remembered her. Adam reached the car, opened the back door, and carefully placed her inside.

"I'll grab some clothes, then we'll go," he said, turning back toward the house. But as he stepped outside, his stomach churned, and he bent over, vomiting on the lawn.

"I killed a man... oh God..." His hand shook as he almost dropped the gun. "It was self-defense. They killed my father. Oh God, Dad... Ugh..." Adam wiped his mouth and took a deep breath, "Keep it together."

Amid the moans, he gathered everything important from the house—clothes, documents, whatever he could. Blood from his father was already spreading to the front door. He threw things into the trunk and back seat, packing quickly, never having done it this fast before.

Adam ran back into the house, stepping into his father's blood. "Do I need to take the body? No, I can't..." He thought about the burglars, the moans, and, reloading his weapon, entered the room. The one who was on the mattress was already dead. The one with the bat was still showing signs of life, leaning against the bed.

"Please... man... Call an ambulance."

"You killed my father and were going to rape my mother." Adam pointed the gun at him.

"No, no, don't shoot."

Adam didn't. He walked to the hallway, turned off the light, and locked the door. Then, he switched off the lights in the house and rushed to the car. Matilda was still sitting, staring blankly ahead.

"I'm here, Mom. Everything will be okay." Adam glanced at the house one last time and drove off.



## CHAPTER 2. GAS STATION

### DAY 1

He flinched when an ambulance and a patrol car sped by them at a sharp turn. They were clearly headed somewhere more urgent.



He tried to turn on the radio, but all he heard was a faint static hum. Nothing but silence. He drove past a block engulfed in a massive fire, likely burning for hours, yet there wasn't a single fire truck in sight.

"They killed your father. Right in front of me," Matilda said in an utterly empty, detached voice.

Adam's hands trembled on the steering wheel. "I'm sorry. If I had come sooner... if only I could have."

He stopped at a gas station just outside the city. It was empty, no cars, just a few workers on the night shift gathered, talking about something.

Adam started filling the car. "You need to change, Mom." He draped a jacket over her and brought some hot chocolate.

"I used to bring you hot chocolate when you had nightmares," she said, and a faint smile appeared on her face. She wrapped herself more warmly in Adam's jacket and zipped it up.

"I packed all your things in a suitcase. It's in the trunk. It's strange how a whole life can fit into one small case."

"What about Abraham's things? Did you take his things?" She took a sip of the chocolate, her voice sounding as if she already knew the answer. She knew it was a silly question. Why would a dead man need his things?

"No, Mom. I didn't take them. I'm sorry."

"No, don't apologize. I shouldn't have asked." She took another sip.

Adam filled up the car and sat down beside her, wrapping his arm around her shoulder. Their heads gently touched in a tender gesture.

"Why did you come back, dear? How did you know...?" she asked.

"We got out of class early. Weird things started happening in town. Our professor, Dr. Flauberson, bit a girl. He said he was hungry. This happened this morning. I went back to the dorm, and a few hours later, there was an accident right outside our window. Then another one, and another. It was like crime suddenly went through the roof, and it was all happening right in front of me. The news was reporting these terrible things, so I rushed to get to you. But I guess I wasn't fast enough. I'm sorry, Mom."

"You saved me. Don't apologize," she said, finishing her chocolate.



"Did they... touch you?" Adam asked, unsure of how to word it. He felt awkward.

He tightened his grip on her shoulder.

"No, they were too busy trying to steal cash and torment your father. It all happened so fast. Life was destroyed in seconds. When I saw his body and those people at the door... it was a nightmare."

"It's all behind us, Mom," Adam said, hugging her tighter, watching a convoy of soldiers pass on the road. "The world seems to have gone crazy."

He moved to the driver's seat so she could have some privacy and change. She was completely naked behind the robe.

"Did you grab any underwear?" she asked awkwardly.



"Underwear? No, I didn't think about it." Adam scratched the back of his neck, blushing deeply.

"You didn't think that your mother wears underwear?" Matilda smirked, changing clothes while Adam stayed in the driver's seat. Through the rearview mirror, he watched as she slipped off her jacket and shrugged out of the dirty bathrobe. She sat with her back to him, and the faint light from the gas station illuminated her tanned back, where freckles dotted her shoulders and lower back. Adam just watched, glancing at the movements of her curves, her moles, wrinkles, and freckles. She threw on a T-shirt, sweater, and jacket, and suddenly caught his gaze in the mirror.

Adam looked straight ahead as if nothing happened, and she did the same.

When she was changing her pants and underwear, he didn't dare look.

*She's not wearing any underwear.*

"Since the phone lines are down, I was thinking of going to Granny's place down south. They say it's still safe there. Once the connection's back, I'll call the police to report what happened at our house. Is that okay, Mom?"

"Okay."



## CHAPTER 3. FIRST ENCOUNTER

### DAY 1

She moved to the front seat. The only thing playing on the radio was a Christmas station with a little interference, but it was enough to distract her for a moment. The sight of her bare, toned back stirred him in a way he couldn't ignore. She was hot. His mother was stunning. That was simply the truth. There was nothing wrong with acknowledging it. "I just haven't had a girlfriend in a while, that's all," he muttered, trying to redirect his thoughts.

"Your father was the kindest man to ever walk this earth... and they slaughtered him like an animal," Matilda said, looking out the window. "That's not fair."

"Don't dwell on it," he said softly, his hand resting on her leg, gently pressing through the fabric of her jeans. "We need to focus on getting to safety first. Once we're there, then we can talk about everything, Mom."

She glanced at his hand. "You shot them."

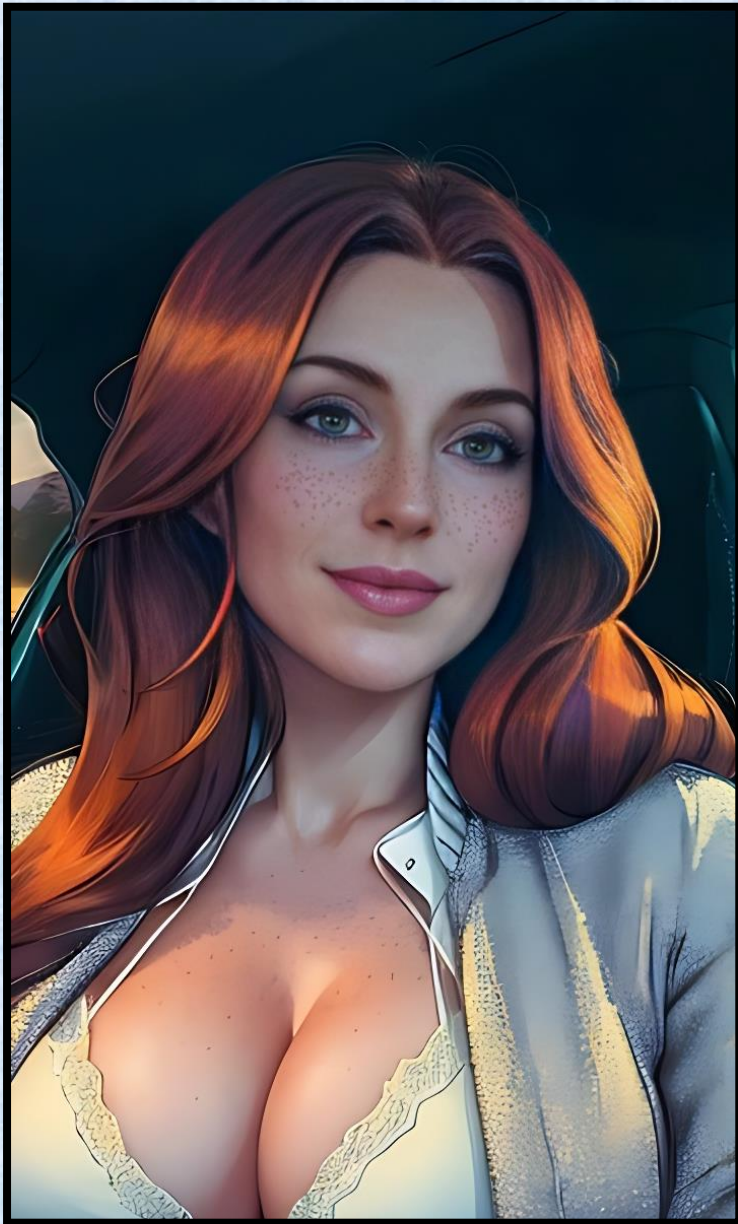
Adam's heart skipped a beat, and instinctively, he withdrew his hand. But Matilda, with surprising tenderness, took it and brought it to her face. He felt the warmth of her lips against his fingers as she kissed them.

"It's okay," she whispered. "You hear me? It's okay. You were defending me. That's all. You did nothing wrong, baby. You were protecting your mother. Adam, your father... he always talked about how much you'd grown, and now I see it. He was right. I'll be forever grateful for what you did. I'll be forever in your debt."

A bitter smile tugged at his lips, though it was brief. "Rest now, Mom. We still have a long road ahead."

She smiled sincerely and, leaning, kissed him on the cheek, just above the corner of his lips. She then turned to the window and tried to fall asleep.

"I'll be forever in your debt." Adam thought about her words and, as Christmas music played in the background, he recalled something. Like at the age of twelve, when he first learned to masturbate, he used to steal his Mom's panties. He would sniff them, masturbate and sometimes maybe even think about her body.



*I was such a nasty little kid, but hormones were raging inside me. I think that happens to a lot of boys during puberty when they think about their own Mother. I guess.*

Adam looked at Matilda. With each breath, her neck tensed, muscles and tendons moving so beautifully.

*Why do I recall this now?*

Adam flinched when he heard a siren. A police car was right behind them. His mother woke up, rubbing her eyes. Adam pulled over to the side of the road. Where did that car come from?

"Could they have been following us this whole time? What if they know...?"

"Sweetheart, you did nothing wrong," Matilda reassured him in her soothing motherly tone. "Everything will be fine, don't worry."

Two police officers stepped out of the car. Adam noticed that one of them was swaying suspiciously. He stayed back behind the car, while the other, clearly the senior officer, approached the driver's window and shone a flashlight inside.

"Papers. Where are you headed? Is this your wife?" the officer asked, his words coming out in rapid succession.

“She’s my mother.” Adam handed over his ID. “We’re heading south to my grandmother’s place.”

The officer glanced at the ID, then returned it with a sharp look. “Haven’t you heard about the quarantine? Everything’s been cordoned off. No one’s allowed to leave the state. Turn back to the city.”

Adam opened his mouth to protest, but the officer didn’t let him finish.

“Is that blood on your shirt?” he asked suddenly.

Adam looked down. There was a blood spot on his shirt. How had he missed that?

The officer’s hand moved to his holster, drawing his gun. “Step out of the vehicle.”

Before Adam could react, the officer’s partner lunged forward, tackling the officer to the ground.

Adam heard a grunt that sounded like a word. “Hungry...”

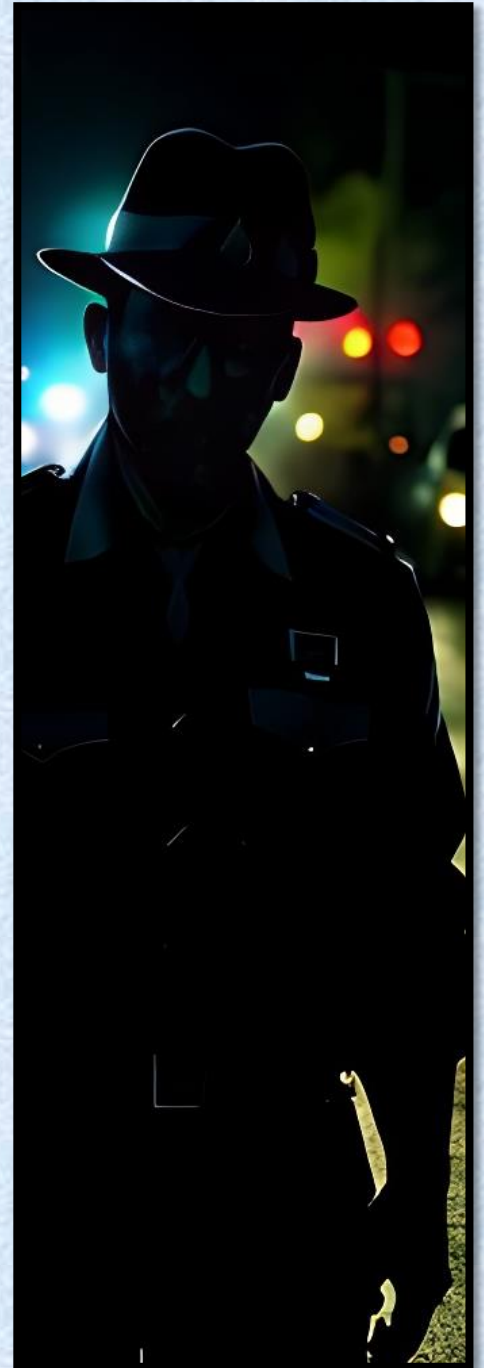
But then something far more horrifying happened. The second officer sank his teeth into the first’s neck, tearing into him with a viciousness that made Adam’s blood run cold.

His instincts kicked in. Without thinking, Adam slammed his foot on the gas pedal, the tires screeching as he sped away, leaving the two officers behind in his rearview mirror.

“What was that?” his mother asked in a barely audible whisper.

“I don’t know, Mom. I don’t know.”

*The same thing happened with Dr. Flauberson. He uttered the same words. ‘Hungry... So hungry!’*





## CHAPTER 4. HOUSE

### DAY 3

Adam opened the door and stepped into the house. It was a small cottage-like mansion nestled in a wooded area. The air was cool, but that was the least of his concerns. Dark circles from sleepless nights shadowed his eyes, and he held a bag of scavenged groceries in his hands.

“Mom? I brought more food.” He glanced around the house, her belongings were scattered everywhere, but there was no sign of Matilda. “Mom?”

He heard a noise upstairs and, without a second thought, entered the bathroom. Matilda was in the shower. His Mom stood under a stream of warm water, washing her hair, her arms, her shoulders. He didn't find the strength to close the doors. His greedy hungry gaze slid down to her rounded ass, big, juicy, usually always hidden behind dresses and modest outfits. Her two lush, plump halves moved as she shuddered at the rush of warm water. Her ass flushed red from the steam. Matilda moved her red curls a little, tossing them from her back to her chest, and Adam could once again examine her back. Her curves, the freckles on her back, at her shoulders.

She was so freaking hot.



Adam's cheeks flushed and he took an awkward step backward, but at that moment Matilda turned sideways and Adam caught a glimpse of the reddish pubic hair below, followed by the curve of her left breast. With each shift of her body towards him, he saw more and more, until finally, he could see the pink nipple. The one he sucked on as a child.

She noticed him just in time and didn't turn her whole body directly toward him. "Adam?" She turned to the wall. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

"Sorry, I... brought some food, and I couldn't find you anywhere." He stood there, now staring at the floor. With his head down, he could clearly feel the rush of blood flooding his face.

"There's warm water now, so I decided to finally take a shower. I'll come down in a bit; wait for me downstairs.

Close the door!"

He left and smiled. *I can understand why I used to jerk off to her body. Mom is gorgeous. Even at twelve, I knew that. Damn, was I really jerking off to my own Mother?*

He went back to thinking about her ass, her pubic hair and suddenly the thought of feeling her panties again struck him like a lightning. The smell is probably so wonderful.

"Stop thinking about all these foolish things, Adam," he told himself and went downstairs.

This house was the only one in the area with a weak gas supply still running, so they settled there when the car ran out of fuel. The gas stations were empty, and he didn't dare drive into the bigger towns.



A few times on day 1 they saw a few deranged civilians stumbling along the roadside, but neither he nor Matilda dared to stop to ask questions or even take a closer look.

They barricaded a door and spent the whole first day trying to find a radio signal, but it was all in vain.

Adam turned on the gas and cooked what little he could with the soup he found at a store down the street. Going out was frightening, but they needed food.

His mother came downstairs, dressed in her robe, drying her hair with a towel. The room was warm; the heating was still working.

"I'm sorry for barging in on you. I didn't mean to," Adam said, trying to avoid looking her in the eyes or at her at all.

"Remember what I always tell you? You should worry less; it's bad for your health. Just forget about it, dear. Compared to everything that's happening, it's nothing." She sat down at the table, the room dimly lit by just a couple of candles. Adam handed her a bowl of food and took a seat across from her. She ate without much appetite.

"I saw some cars; they weren't there before. One of them was left open, as if someone had run out... The car won't start, but it has a full tank. Tomorrow, I could try filling a canister and putting gas in our car."

"Will we finally be able to leave this place?" Her eyes lit up with hope.

"Yes. We've been here for two days. Waiting for a signal on the radio to tell us what's happening isn't an option, Mom."

"I know it's not, but those sounds at night..." Her hand shook as she held the spoon. "You know, I have this feeling like I'm reliving the first day over and over. Like it never ends. And I..." She tried to hold back her tears, forcing her face to stay calm. "I just can't stop thinking about his body."

"I do too." Adam set his food aside. "But there's nothing we can do, Mom."

Matilda stared into her bowl as the edges of her robe parted a bit, exposing a part of her right boob. She reached down, remembering something, and pulled out a bottle of wine.

"I found this while you were out. I know you're not quite old enough, but... God, what am I saying? You've been in college; you must have been drinking every day."

"No, I didn't. But I won't turn down some wine." Adam smiled, hoping to lift her spirits a little. "And don't forget, I'm already an adult."

Adam barely found a corkscrew using the candle's light and opened the wine, a red dry one with many years of aging.

"Obviously, rich people lived here," he said.

"Yeah, probably," Matilda replied, holding out the glasses as Adam poured the red liquid.

He hesitated, holding the glass with both hands, the dark ruby liquid swirling as he took in its scent.

“Go on, take a sip,” Matilda said with a warm smile. Adam brought the glass to his lips, tasting the dry, complex notes for the first time. It was bold, but it warmed his mouth. Matilda watched him, her own glass in hand, remembering her own first taste years ago. She took a small sip, savoring the moment not just for the wine, but for sharing it with her son.

“It’s different,” Adam said, a grin breaking through his initial surprise.

Matilda laughed gently, nodding. “Yes, it is. But you’ll come to appreciate it, just as I did.”

He hadn’t heard her laugh in a long time, and perhaps the effect of the wine was starting to show, but he loved watching her, admiring her beautiful face. His Mom was so beautiful.

Matilda took another sip. “Let’s talk about something from the normal world. I want to distract myself. Tell me,” she began, her tone light but curious, “how’s college treating you? Made any good friends? Or,” she paused, raising an eyebrow playfully, “maybe met a special girl?”

Adam’s smile faltered for a moment, and he looked down at the glass in his hands.

“No, Mom,” he said, tracing the rim of his glass with his finger. “I haven’t... I mean, I never really—” His voice trailed off, unsure how to finish the thought.

She reached out, placing a gentle hand on his arm. “Oh, Adam,” she said, her voice filled with warmth. “There’s no rush. You’re kind, smart, and genuine. When the time is right, it’ll happen. And until then, that’s perfectly okay.” She took another tasty sip. “Though, you know, I always hoped you’d find a nice girl in college, fall in love, and one day I’d have grandchildren to spoil. I wanted grandchildren so much.”

“I promise, Mom. One day, I’ll make sure you have those grandchildren.”

Her smile widened. “That’s all I need to hear,” she whispered. Adam tasted more wine, now it tasted like nectar of life and love. The wine no longer felt foreign, but comforting, a bridge between mother and son.



He couldn't shake the image of the shower scene and sadly reflected that such a beautiful woman would probably never have a new husband. So much potential would go nowhere. No man would be able to have her.

He became too distracted by glancing at the neckline, her freckles and boobs. One breast seemed a little higher than the other. He wanted so badly to see it all, all of it, along with the hard nipples. The wine hit him hard, and suddenly he blurted out something foolish.

"You know, it's funny when I think about it, but I kinda had a crush on you when I was a kid. Around eleven or twelve, I think... Well,

you know how it is."

Matilda's expression shifted in surprise, as if silently asking, *Excuse me?*

"No, I —" His words stumbled over each other, a flush creeping up his neck. He instantly regretted bringing it up, regretted ever letting it slip out. "I was just... well, going through all those changes, hormones and all that, you know? And you were so beautiful then—and you're still just as beautiful now. I shouldn't have said anything. I'm sorry."

She took another sip of wine and laughed softly, genuinely, her white teeth shining brightly, her cheeks flushed the same color as her hair. Her eyes sparkled with life, and her breasts moved beneath the robe in rhythm with her laughter and breathing.

"This is so silly and so funny," she said, still chuckling. "I can see the wine really did its job on you. But thank you for the compliment, I appreciate it, even though it's... not quite right."

She blushed when she noticed Adam lowering his head, his expression embarrassed.

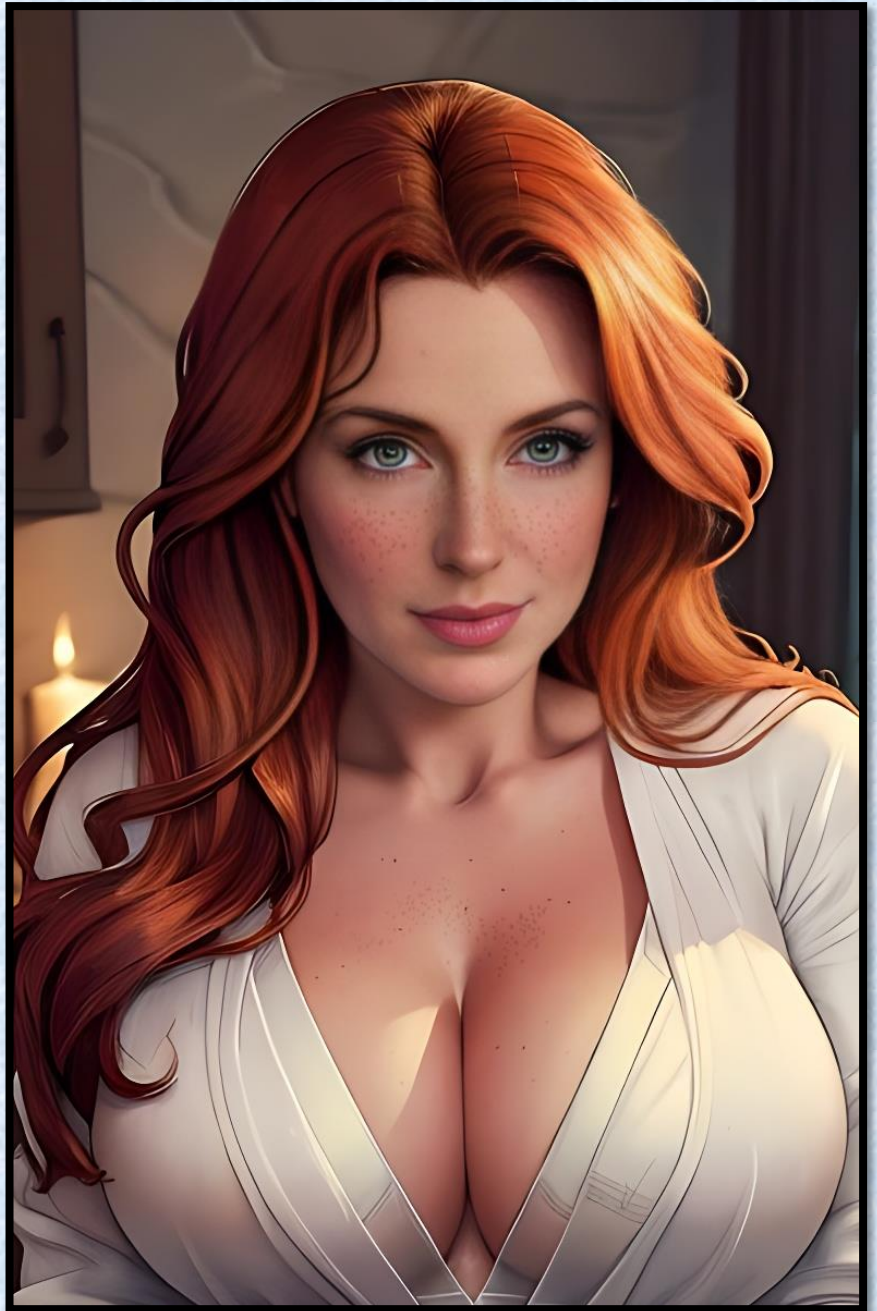
"You know, it's okay," she continued, her voice softer now. "You were just... thinking about my body, right? You didn't, um... go too far, did you?"

"No, of course not, Mom. I would never!" Of course, he was lying, but he couldn't bring himself to tell her that he had jerked off to her everyday when he was twelve, not right to her face. Not here, not now. And it was unlikely there would ever be a time.

"It's even kinda sweet that you liked me. I can't help but wonder how your father would have reacted to that. He'd likely just chuckle and say you're a lot like him, brushing it off with one of his usual jokes. Honestly, though, I think it's perfectly fine, darling."

"Just forget it, Mom. The wine definitely had something to do with it..."

"Throughout my extensive career as a veterinarian, I've seen and learned a lot. With animals, it often happens that offspring, sons, form certain attachments to their mothers, and sometimes these bonds lead to... well... mating behaviors."



"Oh, wow," Adam said. He hadn't expected how deeply this information would overwhelm him. To his surprise, he felt a flutter in his stomach, as if he'd just been told he was in love.

"Yeah, that's kinda weird and horrible, but it's simply a natural occurrence. That's how nature works, baby. However, with humans—brothers and sisters, fathers and daughters, mothers and sons—we are simply intelligent enough to understand that it's wrong and to comprehend the consequences of such actions. That's the only difference."

Adam scratched the back of his head, his brow furrowed. "So, is it really fine?"

"No, of course it's not!" she replied. "It is wrong, Adam! Just like how you barged into the shower while I was in there. That's beyond inappropriate. I'm just saying that I get it — I understand where it comes from, both with you and other men. The Oedipus and Electra complexes didn't just materialize out of nowhere. It's all part of the evolutionary process, a deeply ingrained part of human psychology."

Adam, shifting, said, "So maybe this love is normal somewhere else? In places where people are... different?"

Matilda took another sip of wine and quickly pulled her robe tighter, covering everything up to her neck. Her eyes never left Adam's face. "I think...\*hiccup\*... we should drop this topic. It makes me uncomfortable. Let's just listen to some music, alright?"

She turned on the radio that was on the table, but out of all the stations, only the one playing Christmas music worked. The same station over and over. They drank wine in silence, while "Last Christmas" played quietly in the background. He listened to the songs and watched Matilda's face as she sipped her wine, lost in thought.

Under different circumstances, this could have been the most romantic evening of his life. Those were the kinds of moments people fell in love, the kind of love that could make you lose yourself entirely. Yet, of all the women in the world, he found himself here with her. His own mother.

But she was a woman too. What she had said about animals, offspring mating with mothers. Damn, he couldn't stop thinking about it. There was something about it he couldn't explain...

He poured himself another glass of wine, letting the rich liquid warm him from the inside as Frank Sinatra's "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas" played on the radio.

"What are you thinking about?" Matilda's voice broke the silence. Her hair, now dry, curled softly around her face, giving her the appearance of a glamorous starlet from an old black-

and-white film. She looked almost surreal, too beautiful, too distant. But Adam couldn't look away.



*Why the hell is my Mom so hot?*

"I love this song. It used to play at our house every Christmas." Suddenly, Adam knew exactly what he needed to do. He stood up and reached out to her.

"What are you doing?" She raised an eyebrow, her eyes narrowing at him. From where he stood, he could see that she had crossed

her legs, and her robe had slipped, revealing her thick sexy white hips.

"You said you wanted to distract yourself." Without waiting for her response, he helped her to her feet. He placed her in position and gently pressed her head against his chest, moving in time with the music. Matilda didn't resist, instead surrendering to his movements. Her thick hair smelled of womanhood, sweetness, love. Of motherhood.

"Next year, all our troubles will be miles away," crooned Sinatra from the radio.

Her warm, small hand with chipped red nail polish rested on his shoulder, while the other held his hand. He could feel the softness of her curves pressing against him, her breasts like ripe watermelons, and the distance between them separated only by the thin fabric of her robe.

To his surprise and slight horror, the thought made him hard.

*Just face it, Adam. Fuck everything, just face it. You always had a crush on Mom. And now when she's single these feelings woke up again. Stronger than before.*

"I'll take care of you, Mom. I'll always be here for you, no matter what."

Adam's hand rested on her back, and he slowly slid it down her spine, feeling her folds, curves, and stopping just above the curve of her butt.

"I know, honey," she buried her head on his chest. "Let's take care of each other."

The music continued, and Adam tried not to brush against her with his erection.