

afs

# INFECTED HEARTS

Adam continued to spin his mother in a tender, loving dance. His hands pressed her by the waist against him, chest to chest. They moved in time with the music, Matilda smiling as she let his bold hands roam, pretending not to notice. She even let out a soft laugh when he couldn't resist and tried to sniff her freshly washed hair with a shampoo smell.

He kept glancing down at her neckline.

*I bet her boobs feel nice.* Adam couldn't describe the emotions swirling in his mind at that moment. One hand rested on her back, just above Matilda's ass, while the other held her small hand with its red-painted nails. The moment felt like a first kiss, a first touch with a woman—but this was something deeper, forbidden. The first closeness with his own mother. She exhaled wine-scented breath at him, gazing tenderly into his eyes. He smelled this intoxicating hot breath.

"Thank you for helping me escape the madness around us. I love you, darling," Matilda whispered gently.



They both smiled. The wine had hit too hard, Adam's pulse quickening and emotions swirled in his head, emboldening him to let his hand drift lower along her back. Slowly, fingers ventured downward, inching closer to the curve of Mom's big fruity ass.

But then, with surprising strength, Matilda's hand caught his, halting him mid-motion. She firmly moved it away. The dance was over.

"I think it's better if we stop here. I'm really tired, and I think we've gotten carried away. Thank you for the lovely dance," Matilda said, kissing him on the cheek and then placing her other hand gently on Adam's

chest to push him back. She turned away with a playful smile, her hips swaying as she returned to her seat at the table.

Adam stood there, his heart pounding and his ears burning.

"Thanks again for helping me take my mind off things, but I should get some sleep. Turn off the radio please."

They finished the remaining wine and brushed their teeth. He lay on the adjacent bunk bed, as he had every night before, watching as Matilda in her fresh new pink nightgown moved around the bedroom.

The nightgown perfectly accentuated her figure, her full breasts, and tempting thick hips. Her cheeks, warm and flushed from the wine, only made her more irresistible as she slipped under the blanket, trying to hide.

The light went out, but Adam kept staring at the back of her head. Emboldened by the wine, he dared to inch closer, his hand brushing against her nightgown as he tried to put his arm around her.

To his relief, she didn't resist and allowed him to hug her, pressing her back against his warm, bare chest. Matilda took his hand and intertwined their fingers; her hand was so cold. Could she be freezing? *I need to make her warm.*

His arms wrapped around her waist, pulling her close, their bodies fitting together perfectly.

"You know, after you left for college me and your dad tried for another child," she whispered. "The house felt so empty when you were gone, and I thought it was the perfect time to try again. But your father... he wasn't really interested. Maybe he did cheat on me, maybe he didn't. It doesn't matter anymore."

He pressed his face against Mom's head, squeezing her hand tighter. Under the blanket, their bodies melded, sharing warmth in the quiet darkness.

"Don't think about that. I don't think Dad would ever cheat on you," Adam said softly, exhaling quietly through his nose.

*Maybe it really would've been better if Dad cheated on her, but she doesn't need that thought now. God, what am I even thinking?*

Outside, it was silent—the kind of stillness only night could bring.

"What if it's just us left on Earth?" he whispered. "That'd be funny."

Matilda just let out a soft hum.

"I think we'd have fun together, you know, and we'd find something to do. I wouldn't mind being the last two people on the planet with you, Mom," Adam added.

"Stop..." she yawned. "saying nonsense, Adam. I know you're a little drunk, but control yourself."

Adam smirked. If it really were just the two of them, who knows? Maybe, as a man and a woman, things would happen. He definitely wouldn't last long without a woman.

She was probably thinking the same thing—that's what made him smile.

*Maybe it really is the wine talking.*



## CHAPTER 5. A COUPLE

### DAY 4

The next day, Adam went outside. He held a P365 in his hands and walked slowly past rows of broken, empty cars lining the street. His thoughts drifted back to his dream from the night before—it was about that first night, about what had happened in the house. He murdered three people.

*How am I supposed to live with this blood on my hands?*

"I was defending Mom."

The SUV was large, black, and surprisingly with closed doors. He frowned. "Strange... the doors were open yesterday."

Adam climbed inside and double-checked. There was gas. "I just need to pour it out. Or maybe me and Mom should just leave on this SUV?"

Out of the corner of his eye, Adam saw movement in the rearview mirror. It was a person; a man was walking briskly down the road toward him, almost breaking into a run.

Adam climbed out of the car and turned to face the approaching person. "Is this your car? I just need some gas."

Adam's hair stood up. Something was wrong. The person didn't stop and switched from a brisk walk to a run. His clothes were torn, his arms moved unnaturally, and his skin was dark and almost deadly black.

"Stop or I'll shoot!" Adam raised the gun, holding it with both hands. But the man didn't even think of stopping, something white like foam was around his mouth. He made some sort of noise and charged at Adam at full speed.

"I mean it!" Adam yelled, shutting his eyes as a gunshot suddenly rang out. But he hadn't pulled the trigger.

When Adam opened his eyes, the man was lying on the ground next to one of the cars. A brown liquid was flowing from his head. Adam's peripheral vision kicked in again—this time, a man was approaching from the side a house.

This one had a rifle aimed directly at him, smoke still rising from its barrel.

"Lower the gun," the man said in a rough voice. Slowly, Adam raised his hands in surrender.





"Please, don't shoot. We need help. My mom and I stopped at a house here on our way south. We ran out of gas. Please—don't shoot."

The man carefully examined Adam from head to toe, but did not lower the rifle. He had slicked-back black hair, a thick beard, and looked large, big, broad, larger than Adam's father. He was at least two heads taller than Adam.

"Carlo, lower the rifle. You're scaring poor guy."

Adam heard a woman's voice. A woman, about 30 years old with long blonde hair, appeared from the house. She held a newborn baby wrapped in a bundle close to her chest, protecting it from the noise of the gun.

"This is our car, kid. You're a looter," said Carlo, but he did lower the weapon a bit. "Throw me your gun. You clearly don't know how to handle it."

Adam was not in a position to argue. He lowered the gun and kicked it toward him with his foot.

"Now he's harmless," Carlo said as he picked up the gun. His wife stepped closer, about the same height as Adam.

"You killed... this man," Adam said, glancing at the dead body. The blood and fluids leaking from the man's brain were different from what Adam remembered seeing the day his father was murdered. Back then, he'd blown out the brain of one of the looters and still remembered the color and smell.

"He's no longer a man," Carlo said, reloading his hunting rifle. "We need to go, Suzie...!"

She made a bold step closer to Adam. "You said you're here with your mother? Are you from Jefferson? Just the two of you?"

Adam just awkwardly nodded. "We ran out of gas. I saw your car and thought maybe I could get some gasoline. Sorry."

"We can't leave them here," Suzie said to Carlo. He rolled his eyes.

"What kind of car do you have, kid?"

"Passat..."

"I see. You won't get far with that. Let's go, we'll find your Mom and give you a ride south. But listen, if you're lying to us, and we find a bunch of punks instead of your mom..."

"Carlo!" Suzie said.

"You heard me," Carlo replied, slinging his rifle over his shoulder.

Adam nodded and led them to the house.

"Mom?" Adam called as he entered. "Just please don't be afraid."

"Did you get the g...?" Matilda came out of the room only to meet a huge bearded man aiming a rifle at her face. "ADAM?"

"It's okay, Mom, look. I found more people. They are friends." Adam stood right behind Carlo, and Suzie stood behind Adam.

"Is there anyone else in the house?" Carlo asked, looking around.

Matilda shook her head, and Carlo's wife stepped out and hurried toward her.

"SUZIE!" Carlo lowered the rifle.

Suzie tightly hugged Matilda, letting her blonde locks fall around her. Matilda awkwardly returned the hug, glancing over her shoulder at Adam.



"Finally, we met some other survivors! These past three days have been a nightmare. We thought we wouldn't meet anyone," Sue said, releasing Matilda. "I'm Suzie, this is my husband Carlo, and our son, little Mark. He's only two weeks old. Say hello to Matilda and Adam, baby."

"You're too friendly with strangers," Carlo grumbled.

"My name is Matilda," Adam's mother said quietly.

"Well, we're not strangers anymore. See, Carlo? Stop grumbling," Suzie said and then looked back at Matilda. "Your son said you ran out of gas. We're heading south too; we'll give you a ride. We have a great car."

"Thank you, but do you know what's going on?" Matilda asked, nervously

fidgiting with her fingers. Adam hurried over to her under Carlo's watchful gaze.

"No. We got stuck in a massive traffic jam when the radio suddenly went silent. It was chaos, and..." She trailed off, her face tightening as if reliving a memory.

"It's not important," Carlo cut in firmly. "What matters is that we made it out alive. We came here to rest for the night. The madness with the sick seems confined to the north. We need to head south."

"The sick?" Matilda asked, her neck muscles tightening as she swallowed.

"Yes, the sick. Your boy saw one. Saw how I blew its brains out with my rifle."

"Carlo!" Suzie exclaimed.

"Pack your things. I'll bring the car around," Carlo said.



## CHAPTER 6. BUMPY ROAD

### DAY 4

Adam packed their things, grabbed the corkscrew, picked a dozen of the best wines from the cellar (random), and put them in a separate bag. Then, he stepped outside with Matilda to wait for the car.

"It's a shame to leave the car and the house, but we can always come back," Adam said.

Matilda, wearing a jacket and a tight sweater, nervously looked around.

"It seems we're not the only people left on Earth, right?" Matilda said, trying to force a smile.

"Yeah, unfortunately," Adam sighed.

"*Unfortunately?*" Matilda frowned in confusion, her brows furrowing, though her smile only grew warmer and more genuine.

"I meant *fortunately*, Mom. Fortunately, yeah. Sorry," he stammered, glancing at her breasts.

He couldn't help himself—his eyes drawn to the teasing soft curves. Her breasts were full, tender, smooth and bouncy. The way the sweater material hugged her, made his breath hitch. When their eyes met again – the smile disappeared from her face. There was an understanding smirk on her face and a hint of judgment in her eyes. And disappointment. So he quickly looked away.

Suzie and Carlo's car finally pulled up to the house.

"Not much space, our SUV is packed with our things. We'll throw your stuff in the back, but you'll have to squeeze in," Carlo said.

"I don't think you'll have any problem sitting on each other's lap," Suzie said with a grin. The car was cramped with luggage, and Carlo and Suzie were in the front.

The idea of his Mom sitting on top of him was thrilling. Adam sat in the back, and Matilda hesitantly climbed onto his lap.

"Ughhh, Mom." Adam felt her full weight, her hips, and her backside pressing against his legs. His arms surrounded her waist, and he rested his head against her back.



"Sorry if I'm pushing you too much. Maybe you'd be more comfortable sitting on me?" Matilda half-turned to him.

"No, Mom. I'm fine like this."

The car started moving, and their journey began. His mother's body trembled against him because of bumpy road, sending waves through his thighs and groin. Her delicate fingers rested on his knees. With every bump in the road, her full juicy ass, snug in tight jeans, bumped against his groin.

The friction between their bodies brought heat to his face as his hands slipped under her jacket to her sweater, gently resting on her sagging soft belly.

"So, what were you saying about the sick people?" Matilda asked calmly, trying to ignore how inappropriately her body was pressed against her son's. Unfortunately, she had no other choice.

"Carl thinks it's some kind of disease. Something like rabies," Suzie said while tending to Mark in her arms.

"Rabies? But how could so many people have it at once?" Matilda asked. She was feeling a bit uneasy, suddenly aware of something faintly pressing against her jeans from Adam's groin, just between her legs.

"It's definitely some kind of virus, a disease. Every sick I've come across kept saying they were hungry," Carlo said, his eyes focused on the road as he maneuvered around abandoned cars. It was a quiet, rural highway, sparsely populated.

The radio was playing Christmas music again. Silence filled the car until Suzie broke it with a seemingly innocent question.

"So, where's your husband?"

Neither Matilda nor Adam answered right away. Matilda lowered her head, and Adam spoke for her.

"He... passed away."

That was the end of the conversation. Adam enjoyed the touch of his hands on her body. The friction of her ass was rubbing his cock so nicely. Hot. He tried to move his hips to move his cock a little, but he was only making it worse. He was rubbing against her; his penis was almost at full erection and hardness, so he froze.

*I can't let her feel it. Think of something simple. Nature, cars, music... Ahh.* He tried, but his mind betrayed him, wandering back to last night's dance—the way his hands had slid down to

her ass. And now, here he was, touching that same ass through their jeans. The very same pale, soft, and massive ass he had glimpsed in the shower.

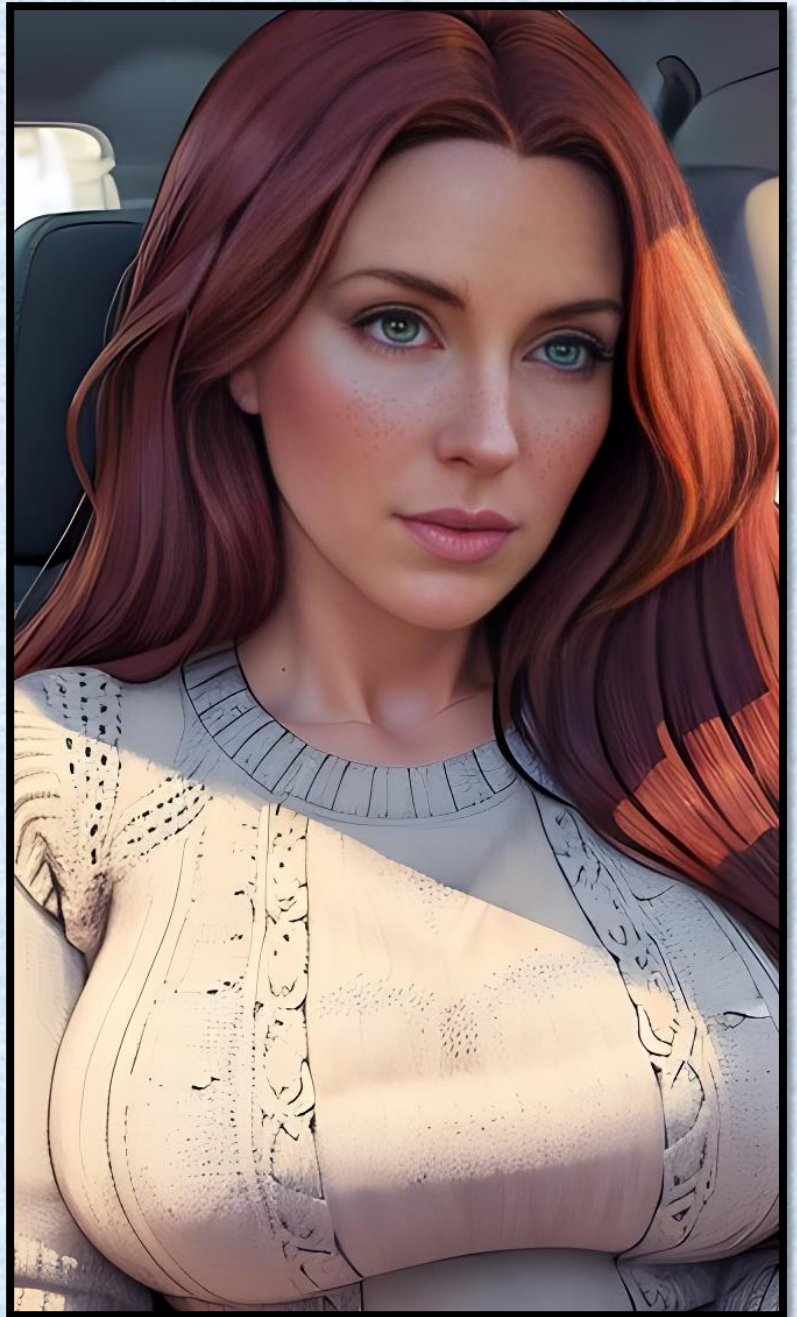
Matilda sighed, resting her head on her arm as she looked out the window. It was the kind of sigh you make when you're just so damn tired. You are tired of the world's bullshit.

*Idiot. She must have felt your boner.*

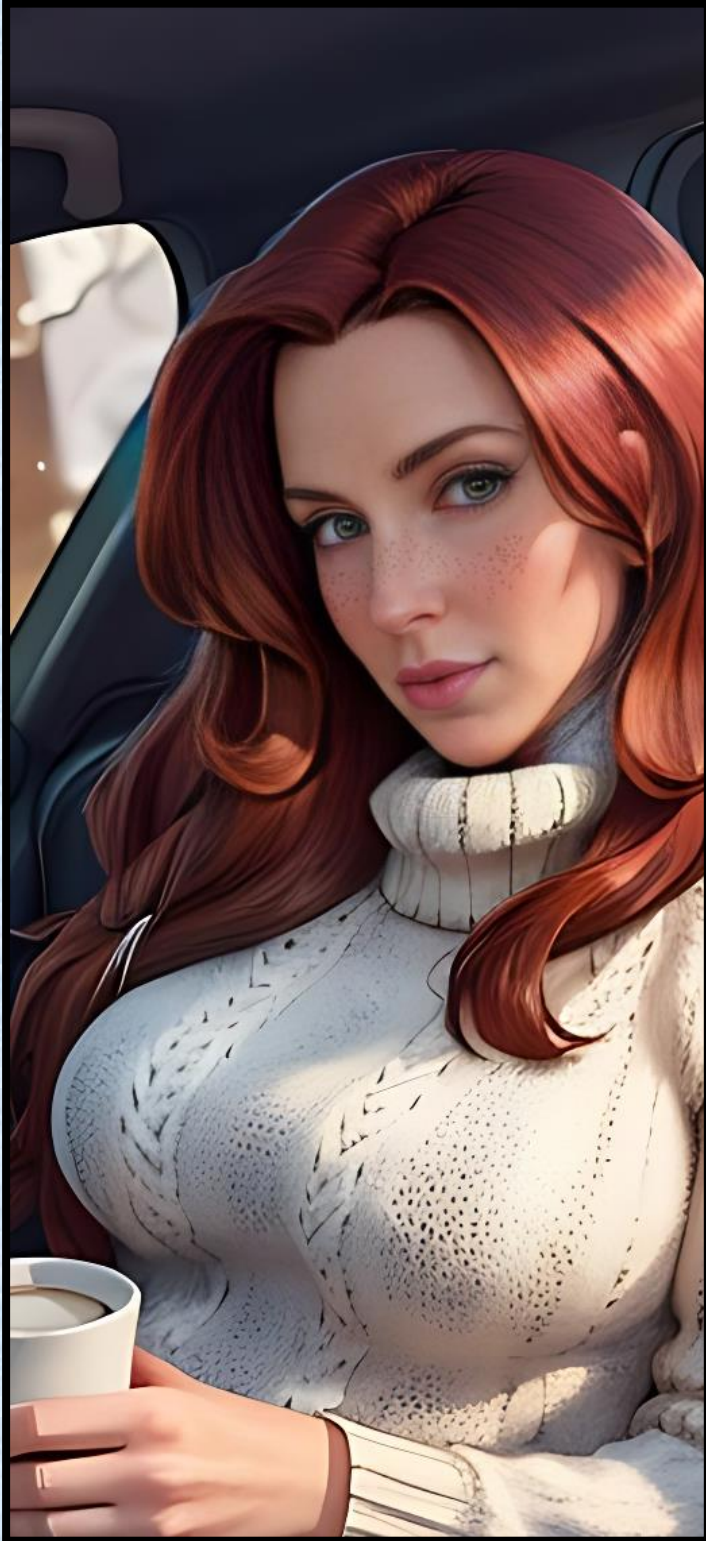
His swollen cock continued to rest against her ass, and Adam pretended to fall asleep. As a kid, he'd often pretended like this when his mom was close to catching him at night playing video games or watching porn.

*Maybe she won't get mad if she thinks it happened accidentally, beyond my control?*

"I have some hot chocolate," Suzie said, "it helps warm you up and distract from what's going on." She handed an almost-full paper cup of the steaming liquid to Matilda. Despite her uncomfortable position, Matilda took the cup and realized Adam was asleep. Or at least, he was pretending to be—and doing a very convincing job of it.



"This is very delicious chocolate. Adam loved this kind as a child; I used to bring it to him in bed," Matilda said, taking a sip.



Carl was focused on the road, so Suzie leaned in closer to Matilda and said,

"You have a wonderful son. Adam loves you very much—I can see it in him."

"Yes... He's a good boy. It's just... everything is so complicated. Last night, Adam and I had a nice evening together; he helped me take my mind off things. We had a little to drink, and he... it's so silly to think about... He told me that when he was younger, he had a crush on me, and I... You don't expect to hear something like that from your son." She sighed. "Sorry, I shouldn't have told you that."

"Wait, you mean... like a real crush? Like, he was in love?" Suzie smirked slyly and chuckled, taking another sip of the hot drink.

"Yeah, in love. It was strange to hear, not the best time, not the best place. I remembered how, as a kid, he would often lock himself in the bathroom when my underwear was in there. Sorry. I probably shouldn't be telling you this." Matilda rubbed her eyes and took another sip. She glanced again to make sure Adam was still asleep.

At that time his cock took off like a rocket and collided with the covering of his jeans.

Paint flooded his face.

Yes, when he was a kid, he really did lock himself in the bathroom and jerk off, covering his cock with his Mom's panties. Had she really known it all along?

Suzie smiled again, holding baby Mark with her other hand. "Men. They're all the same. Even the fact that you're their mother doesn't always stop their male curiosity. Their brains are down below, not in their heads."

"Imagine if your little boy grew up and told you he was in love with you. How would you feel?"

"Honestly, that would be sweet," Suzie said. "I think it's the best compliment a mother could get. It's fascinating, and it shows your Adam trusts you enough to share something like that. You have a wonderful son, Matilda. He loves you and cares deeply about you."

Matilda nervously fidgeted with the cup in her hands, feeling the bulge in her son's pants press against her tight jeans. She hoped it was just something in his pocket.

"Honestly," Sue said, "it's even a little intriguing—and so wrong it's almost funny. The idea that your own son could... love you that way. My mom hated her body when she turned 40, and I always feared I'd feel the same. But when you're over forty, and young men start noticing you—and one of them doesn't care about the boundaries of your family—I'd say it's quite a compliment."

"It's not about beauty. He doesn't love me because I'm beautiful—I know I'm old now. I'm frail, clumsy, with sagging breasts and a belly. My husband, Abraham, used to tell me I needed to take care of my body. He knew I was getting old and didn't look the same. Adam had a crush on me when he was around 11 or 12, but that was a long time ago, when I was younger and prettier. We talked about it yesterday over a glass of red wine. Château Margaux. His first one."

"Hmm..." Suzie smirked mischievously, taking a sip of her hot chocolate with a look that suggested Matilda had confessed something scandalous. "Château. You practically had a date—a romantic evening with your young handsome 18-year-old son. What could be better?"

"No, it wasn't romantic... We were just drinking wine, dancing, and..." Matilda trailed off awkwardly.

"Yeah, sounds *totally* unromantic," Suzie replied with a smirk, planting a kiss on Mark's head.

"He's my son, Suzie!" Matilda said seriously, her tone sharp. Suzie's teasing was starting to get on her nerves. "I don't mean to sound harsh, but I lived with Adam for 18 years. You've only known yours for a few weeks. I nursed Adam, bathed him, taught him to walk and talk, and massaged his tummy when he had colic. I punished him for bad behavior, took him to the movies every birthday, baked cakes, and sacrificed for him every single day. These feelings for me don't seem... intriguing or romantic. He's my baby." Matilda exhaled, handing over her empty cup. "He's my baby boy... I'm sorry, I was rude..."

"No, no. It's okay. You are right." Suzie nodded, taking the cup. "You're probably an amazing Mom. I'm sorry," she said softly. "I'm so scared of being a horrible mother to Mark. I want to be a good mom so so much."

Matilda couldn't find any words to respond. Carlo interrupted the conversation.

"Dear, sit up straight and fasten your seatbelt. You in the back, passengers, buckle up too."

The sky was growing darker as the car veered onto another road. A man was standing right in the middle of it.

Adam looked over Matilda's shoulder. The person was swaying, a little white foam coming from his mouth. He was twitching, his arms, head, and legs jerking, and suddenly he noticed the car.

Carl pressed the pedal, hitting the sick man at full speed. The impact sent his body crashing into the abandoned car on the side of the road. A loud sigh escaped Carl as the car, with the lifeless body sprawled across it, blared the alarm, its lights flashing in chaotic bursts. The shrill sound pierced the air, only to abruptly cut off. In Suzie's arms, Mark screamed in terror.

Carlo took a deep breath, reached behind his belt, and handed the gun back. "Adam."



Adam snatched the weapon over Matilda's shoulder just as the sound of shattering glass filled the air. One of the infected shattered it, trying to reach them. A hand reached through the broken window, grabbing Matilda, and without hesitation, Adam fired.

The car accelerated at full speed, avoiding any obstacles. The blood of the slain sick man splattered on Matilda and Adam. He looked out the window—they were swarming toward the alarm. Trembling, insane, wild, like dogs, the creatures who used to be men and women jumped, trying to reach the car, tumbling over one another. Dozens of them.

He fired at another one who had gotten too close to the car. The car continued to barrel forward, plowing through everything in its path like a tank. The sick ones trailed the car for what felt like an eternity, emerging from every shadow. They lunged, closing in with each passing moment, until Carl finally managed to shake them off, veering into the woods far beyond the city's edge.

"Calm... the baby," Carl said in a trembling voice.

Adam stared out the window, shards of glass scattered around him and Matilda. Tiny pieces cut his arm.

"M-Mom?" He put his hand on her shoulder, and she squeezed it. "It's okay, Mom."

He lowered the gun, guilt filling his eyes. He blamed himself for what happened—for making her feel scared, for letting her go through this fear.

"They roam and hunt, searching for food to satisfy their hunger. Human flesh," Carl said, his vacant eyes fixed on the woods ahead. "But when they find a person and tear them apart, they lose interest. They move on, looking for someone with a beating heart."

Adam didn't know where Carlo was taking them, but for some reason, he trusted him.



## CHAPTER 7. HOT SHOWER

### DAY 4

Matilda took a long time to recover. His mother didn't deserve this, didn't deserve everything that had fallen upon her – the death of Abraham, the attempted assault, and now this.

#### The end of the world.

"Where are we?" asked Adam when they entered a house that Carl had brought them to for the night.

"It belongs to a friend of mine. Help me."

They settled into the house, with Adam and Carlo blocking the door with a heavy closet. They sealed all the windows so that not even the smallest light could get in or out.

"There's not much water in the boiler – but you two might have enough if you two wash up together," Carl said and brought some warm clothes when they both went to the bathroom.

"How are you, Mom?" Adam asked.

"I'm fine... I... I'm feeling better now." She sat on the toilet lid, nervously fiddling with her fingers, the unpleasant smell of her clothes hanging in the air. "I'm not as weak and fragile as you think. You don't have to worry about me so much." She was still wearing the same clothes she had on when they entered the house: a worn leather jacket, a sweater, and jeans streaked with dried, brown blood.

"Let me help you." He took off her jacket and carefully began to remove her dirty blood-soaked sweater. His gaze met the pink bra holding back her two firm incredible freckled globes. He saw her a bit sagging tummy, the freckles on her shoulders, her pale pink skin.

"We'll have to shower together... Are you ready for that?" she whispered with tired voice.

Adam nodded and tried to keep a nonchalant expression. He slid her jeans off.

“Let’s finish with it and go to sleep. I’ll cover my hips with a towel, but as for the top... I won’t be wearing a bra.”

Adam nodded again, swallowing nervously. He stripped down to his underwear and awkwardly entered the shower stall following his mother. She was still wearing her bra and panties. She carefully circled her lower body with a towel, slipped her hand inside and sitting down pulled



out her panties in one motion. Red, a little wet. Stinky. She lifted them up and Adam caught that divine odor. The smell of his mother’s insides.

She tossed her briefs aside. “You can take your panties off. I think I’ve seen you naked and more than once.”

Adam tried with every fiber of his body and soul to keep his cock from straining and popping out. *She’d kill me if she saw a hard-on.*

He took hold of his briefs and in one move lowered and removed them. Matilda tried not to look, but Adam noticed her glance sliding over his cock a couple of times in its half-raised state. His penis was lightly detached from his testicles, ready to strain from any awkward action.

Matilda smiled and nearly burst out laughing. Her chest

quivered a few times.

“Why are you laughing?” Adam asked with a smile. He was glad she was happy after what happened. He liked her laughing face.

"Oh, nothing, sweetheart... It's just so silly that we're in the shower together."

She realized that it was his penis that was pressing into her ass in the car, not something fictitious that was in his pocket.

"You're making me feel awkward. Please don't laugh when I stand in front of you naked, Mom," Adam said, blushing.

"Sorry, honey," she said, brushing red strands of hair from her face. "You have no reason to be awkward about your body, trust me."

*Is she talking about my penis? Does she really like it?*

"Thank you, Mom... Ughh.. You...um...You don't have a reason too." His eyes slid down her bra and the full fleshy oval hidden behind the bra pads.

"Thank you. I guess..." She turned her back to him, revealing once again the pale pink expanse of her pale gorgeous sexy back. Her skin was dotted with freckles, slightly dry in places, with small folds and wrinkles. "Be a dear—undo my bra."

Adam's trembling hands reached for her bra, his fingers pressing against her cool back. As he fumbled with the clasp, Matilda, brushing her hair from her back to drape over her boobs, spoke softly. "I don't want you to feel uncomfortable around me. I'm your Mom, and this is just... my breasts. It is another part of my body."

He finally ripped off the latch on her bra. And Matilda, pulling off the straps, tentatively removed the bra and tossed it aside. She stood naked, facing the wall, with a towel around her thick thighs, where the forbidden fruit - her pussy - was hidden.

"I'm turning around," Matilda began to take a step to the side, positioning herself to face him.

*Think about nature, think about hot chocolate. She can't see your boner under any circumstances... You have to.....*

His jaw dropped. She was standing in front of him, her breasts firm, luscious, wrinkled, nipples that looked right at him. Her aureoles were so big, and so pink, covered with little dots. Two big soft juicy ovals, firm and succulent.

*Fuuuuuckkk, Mom.*

His cock instantly bounced in a second, shooting out and nearly hitting Matilda's leg. Space in the shower room was disastrously short. His pink head showed from beneath the skin.

"Close your mouth, or a fly might fly in. Let's get this over with quickly," Matilda whispered, trying not to look down as she turned on the water. Adam tried to pretend to wash along with her rather than devouring every part of her body with his stare. Her large, fleshy pink-purple nipples mesmerized him, and drew his full attention. The way her breasts bobbed with the sweep of her arms, the way she cupped herself while standing half sideways. It was enough to make a man go completely nuts. And he was no exception. He was dangerously close to touching his pink tip to her leg or her belly every time.

Looking at her breasts half sideways, he noticed blood. Remnants of blood on her shoulder and a little above her boobs. Matilda was too busy with other parts of her body. He soaped up his hand and reached for the spot where her breasts transitioned into two divine rounds.

"Adam!" in a half-loud whisper Matilda exclaimed, feeling his warm touch just below her collarbones.

"You have blood, Mom... Turn around." He turned her around to face him, and she awkwardly tried to hide her nipples, and most of her flesh as if she hadn't shown them to him before. Her hands with the shabby red manicure only hid part of her breasts, through the slits between her fingers he could still see the aureoles and some of her nipples pressed down.



“Let me nurse you like you used to nurse me when I was a baby. It's just your breasts. I remember.” He rubbed her skin, she was glowing from the water, the drops dripping down her neck ending up on her boobs, slipping between them.

She smiled, he rubbed her shoulders again, soaping, lathering, and running his fingers and washcloth over her freckled skin and down to her breasts. His hand traveled lower, lower, touching directly to her flesh. His hand rested on the edge not covered by her hand. He felt her

warmth, divine touch with her breasts.



Matilda raised an eyebrow at him. Standing with a full hard-on next to a naked mother, it seemed like it couldn't get any worse. But no, it could. His cock suddenly shot a white pod of pre-cum right onto her leg. And Adam was grateful that the water from the shower hid it.

“Men,” with a smile rolling her eyes Matilda whispered. Her wet red hair fell down her back and over part of her bosom. She was so gorgeous. “Thank you sweetie, but you're not old enough to touch my breasts anymore. I'll wash myself next.”

She removed his hand herself because Adam obviously wasn't going to do it of his own will and turned to the wall.

She was washing herself and his penis was pointed right at her ass, hidden behind the

towel. But he knew what her ass looked like. Adam knew every detail of her round pale ass.

*If I were as drunk now as I was yesterday-I might not have held back, or even...*

He was embarrassed, ashamed of his thoughts. *I would have done what?*

They finished washing themselves in silence and went out. Adam hid his boner behind a towel.

"I need to get some sleep," Matilda said as she got dressed. Adam watched with pity as she hid her breasts behind the new clothes Carl gave them.

They took one of the rooms and lay in bed, fresh and clean. Matilda kept tossing and turning, unable to fall asleep, until finally, she crawled closer, wrapping her arms around him. Her hand rested on his chest, and her cheek touched his shoulder.

"Thank you for saving me. Thank you for everything, Adam. I love you, honey." She brought her head closer and gently kissed his cheek. "Abraham would be proud of you for taking care of me."

He responded with similar embrace, warming them both in the cold house. He just wanted her to feel safe. Slowly, Matilda fell asleep.