

af's

INFECTED HEARTS



CHAPTER 15. B.R.I.G.H.T.

DAY 96



"My husband's name is Abraham Linard. He died 96 days ago. I already gave you the address of our home, lady! If you won't let us out, at least take care of my deceased husband's remains!" Matilda gripped the chair she was sitting on.

"As I already told you, our *Search Bureau* is currently occupied and cannot assist you." A Bureau worker was sitting across from Matilda and Adam.

"I worked in your hospital for weeks. My son and I both have jobs, and still, you can't handle something this basic? Aren't you supposed to be useful? You're useless, do you hear me?! This whole organization is just nonsense."

"Ma'am, please calm down."

"I *am* calm!" Matilda snapped, grabbing her jacket and storming out. Adam followed behind.

They stepped outside. A sign reading *Search Bureau* hung above the entrance. Savannah was wet, and filthy, with armed soldier patrols on every step. Military vehicles rumbled past as Matilda and Adam hurried 'home.'

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"Are we really not working hard enough? Are we doing something wrong?"

"You always blame yourself first, Mom," Adam said, taking her cold hand. "But the problem isn't always us."

They stopped at a barbed wire fence. Matilda gulped and looked into his tired eyes for a long time. Hers looked just the same.

"It just keeps getting harder and harder. Sometimes, for days, even weeks, I forget that his body is still out there. And then, suddenly, I remember." She looked at her wedding ring. "I promised to stay with him until death... but I left him."

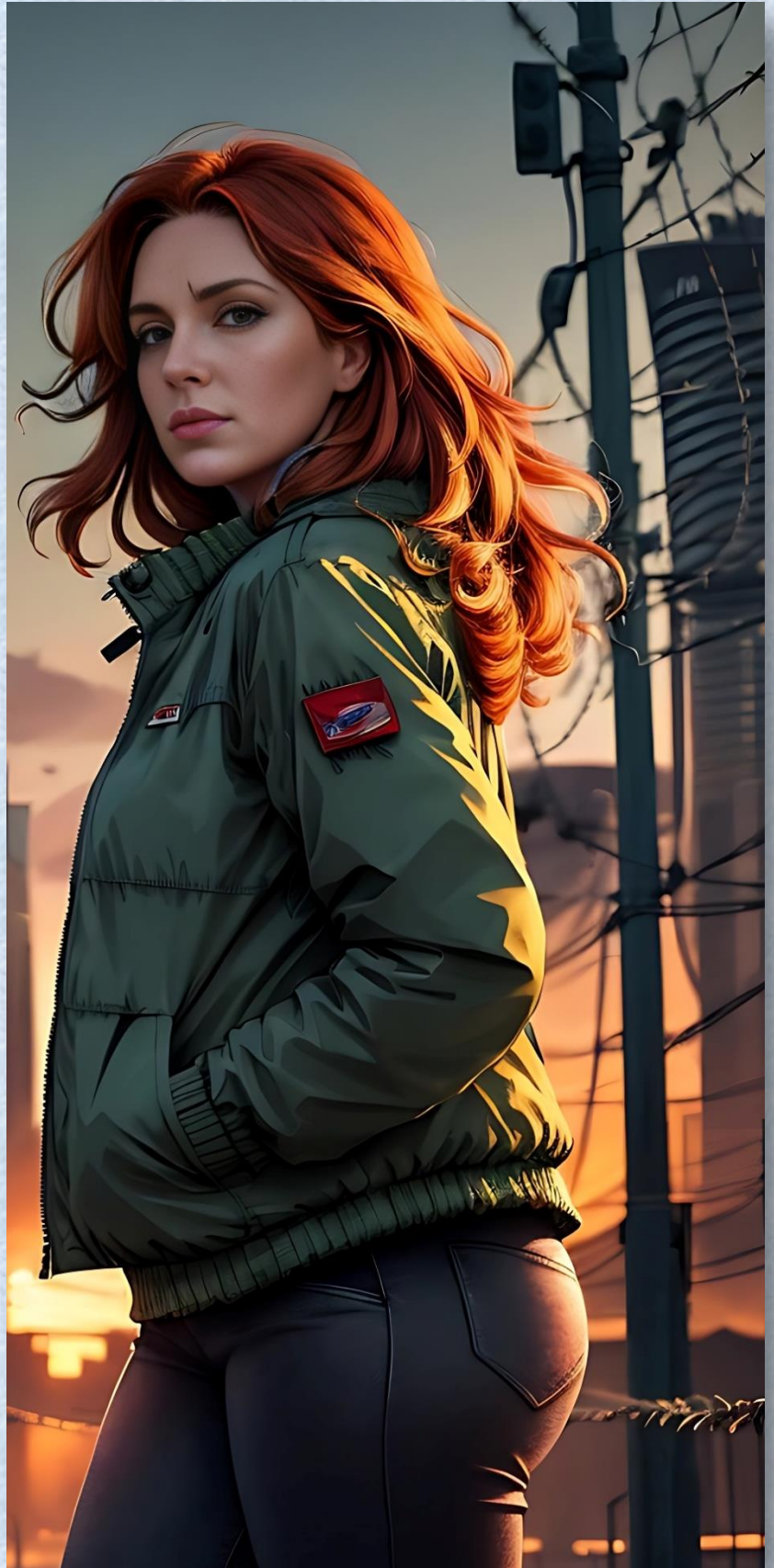
"No, Mom. We didn't leave him. We survived. Dad would've wanted that, for us to be safe and together."

Matilda let out a quiet giggle through the tiny tears. "Do you think he's watching us? Doesn't that bother you?"

"Why would I be bothered? Umm..."

Matilda raised an eyebrow. "You really think there's nothing to be bothered about? Hm? Not even a thing about what you did?"

Adam thought about all the improper moments that passed between them. If his dad *was* watching... what would he think? What if there *was* something after



death? How would he explain himself?

"It was a joke. Don't be so tense." She caressed his red cheek. "Well, at least we're kind of safe."

Matilda looked up at the clear blue sky, just as a passing armored vehicle splashed them from a puddle.

"What. The. HELL!!?" She looked at her muddy jacket and jeans.

"It's nothing, Mom."

"I'm sick of these little 'nothings'!"



Suzie sat by the fireplace in a rocking chair. It was dark. Her hand rested on the crib. Mark was asleep. The floor was littered with empty bottles of liquor, each with a hand-made label reading *B.R.I.G.H.T.*, and several bottles of Prozac.

Adam walked in, sighed, and, still covered in mud, began picking up the bottles.

"Didn't I ask you to stop leaving these everywhere? I asked politely. Where are you even getting all these bottles?"

Suzie's empty eyes stayed fixed on the fire. Her hands were scratched, with a few burn marks from cigarette butts.

He picked up the last of the bottles near her feet, kneeling, when suddenly, their eyes met.

Suzie looked right at him. The burning flames were reflecting in her empty eyes. Maybe she wanted to say something, but her eyes said far more than any words could.



"I'm going to take a shower, Adam." Matilda headed straight to the bathroom, peeling off her dirty clothes.

"Why don't you go and join your Mommy?" Suzie's voice was hoarse, dull, choking, as if she was crying all day.

A loud *click* followed right after. Matilda shut the door.

Suzie gave a bitter smile.

"You should just do what you want...The world won't care. No one does now. Have your fun with your Mommy while we are still alive." Suzie looked back at the hearth.

Adam stared at the collected bottles for some time before heading to the kitchen. An hour later, Matilda and Adam sat at the table, having dinner. Dusk was settling over Savannah. Suzie eventually fell asleep.

"You can't judge her," Matilda said, catching Adam's glance at Suzie. "We can't do anything

about what she thinks of us, or about what happened... that day. We couldn't save Carlo. The best we can do now is to take care of her and Mark."

Adam stayed silent. There was nothing to say.

"The hospital was a mess today," she said then. "So many broken people... but also so many pregnant women. It's crazy. Either they've lost their minds, or maybe it means the world's starting to feel normal again. How was your day at the lab? Still can't believe they took you in so fast."

"They don't have enough experts, so they're taking in students... well, ex-students."

"Don't say that. You're still a student," Matilda said, taking his hand. "Soon things will go back to normal, and you'll continue your studies."

"Do you even believe that yourself?"

Matilda nervously twirled her pasta on her fork.

"Maybe you met someone today? A new friend? Some girl? There are plenty of young women around here."



"No. No one. You keep asking, but there's no one. I don't need anyone when I have you, Mom."

She pulled her hand away.

"You know I didn't mean it like *that*."

"I know." She slowly buttoned up her shirt, as if just now realizing how much skin she was showing. "But I keep in mind what you did. I don't forget easily."

"I was drunk."

"You were. That's when the truth comes out. You came into my shower because you wanted to touch me. That wasn't the booze. That was you. You came to me in

the shower and started groping your own mother."

"Jesus, Mom... are you seriously going to hold that over me forever?"

"Depends. Are you going to keep giving me reasons to?"

"I'm sorry, alright? I thought we'd moved past it. But you are so gorgeous... It's... You're not just gorgeous - you're freaking hot. And yeah... I messed up. I did something stupid because I couldn't stop thinking about you "

Her breath caught for a second. "Don't you dare call your mother 'hot.'"

The silence stretched between the two. Adam picked up his food. Matilda tried to focus on her meal. The air was hot, even too hot. It was cold at one moment and suddenly it turned into a bakery. The fireplace was still flaming.

"You're not even gonna pretend to be ashamed?" She looked at Suzie sleeping in the chair, not quite meeting Adam's eyes.

"I just don't want to lie to you."

"You're crossing lines," she whispered.

"I'm not crossing anything, Mom." His hand brushed her arm, a feather-light touch. "I'm just calling it like it is. Dad never appreciated how hot you are. The things he said about your body were pure nonsense."

"My God, Adam. Can we drop this subject?" Matilda's voice turned to a whisper. "Why is it so hot?"

She unbuttoned her shirt. Only now did Adam notice that Matilda had no bra underneath. It wasn't the first time that happened. Since their arrival in Savannah - she



often didn't wear bras, and sometimes he could see her hard nipples showing through the clothes. His cock was vibrating in his pants right now.

The pinkish hue of her areolas peeked through the thin material. Round spots formed around her soft, a bit hard, nipples.

"Happy?" Matilda noticed his look and wiped her forehead.

"You don't want me talking about how good-looking you are, but you don't wear bras.."

"Because they don't have them! What the hell is wrong with you? I don't know why - but B.R.I.G.H.T. doesn't have any bras, not even tampons. I'm a woman, and it's so damn annoying without them."

Adam gulped. It was so awkward.

God. I just told my mom she's hot. And worse... implied she's teasing me on purpose.

"Since we started talking about it, there's something I'm curious about," Matilda finished with her food. The halves of her shirt clung to her sweaty skin, to the sides of her gorgeous pale freckled breasts that he could see.

"What was your end goal anyway?"

"My end goal?" It was so hard not to look at her cleavage. Adam watched her full pink lips.

"You kissed me, and you came into the shower. You did so



many things, I was just wondering, how did you think it would all end?" She stared into his eyes, searching for some hidden truth. "What did you expect would happen back in the shower? Besides me, obviously, kicking you out?"

Adam nervously leaned back in his chair, feeling the heat rise in him as well. He pulled his shirt off.

Matilda's eyes dragged slowly over him, over Adam's muscular chest, broad shoulders, and veins in his arms.



"Well?" Matilda raised an eyebrow.

"I don't know, Mom. I don't know, okay?"

"So you admit it. You acted recklessly, without thinking, without caring what came after. And you won't do anything like that again... will you?"

"Yes, I won't," Adam said after a brief pause.

Yes, I guess I will.

"I'm glad we've finally cleared that up... months later. I think I've been too easy with your upbringing, letting things slide. Better late than never. Now, I just want to move on... Okay? No more tension between us. No more misunderstandings."

She exhaled, as if she could finally take a deep

breath, and looked up at the ceiling. Meanwhile, Adam, unable to tear his eyes away, tried to devour the picture of her neckline, while she wasn't looking. The tip of his cock vibrated, his muscle memory recalling that time in the shower.

"Do you see this, Abraham? I don't know if you're watching, but we've figured out what happened. I hope you're not angry at us."

Fuck Dad.



CHAPTER 16. NAKED IN A HOT BEDROOM

DAY 96

"Mom?" Adam stood in the doorway wearing only his pajama shorts, clutching a pillow as he stepped into her bedroom.

"Adam?" Matilda instinctively pulled the blanket over herself. The room was stifling hot, yet all the windows were sealed. This were B.R.I.G.H.T.'s orders.

"Can I sleep with you tonight? My bed is so uncomfortable, and... I just want to be with you again. I feel safer that way."

"I don't think that's a good idea," Matilda said, rubbing her eyes.

"Why? I thought we already moved on. Haven't we?" He hesitated. "Sorry... I just thought it'd be okay to sleep next to you again."

"No, no. Of course, come here, baby." She pulled the blanket over her chest and beckoned him with both hands. Only the bare part of her body peeked out from under the blanket, and the way Matilda was calling him over sent Adam's imagination running wild.

He barely kept a hard-on in his pants and hurried toward her, nearly falling over on the way.

"Careful, Adam! Don't be so clumsy, and go to sleep." She turned on her side, facing the wall, and tried to sleep.

Adam buried himself under their shared bedspread and smelled the odor that reigned within. The smell reminded him of the smell of her insides on her red panties.



He looked at her back and saw the straps of the pink-transparent nightie.

Adam didn't move. He just lay there under the blanket, even though it was unbearably hot.

Time passed.

Matilda was breathing hard, and at some point, she slipped one strap off her shoulder... then the other. She was completely naked beneath the sexy nightie.

It was enough to drive him wild.

Fuck Dad. Really.

Adam waited a moment.

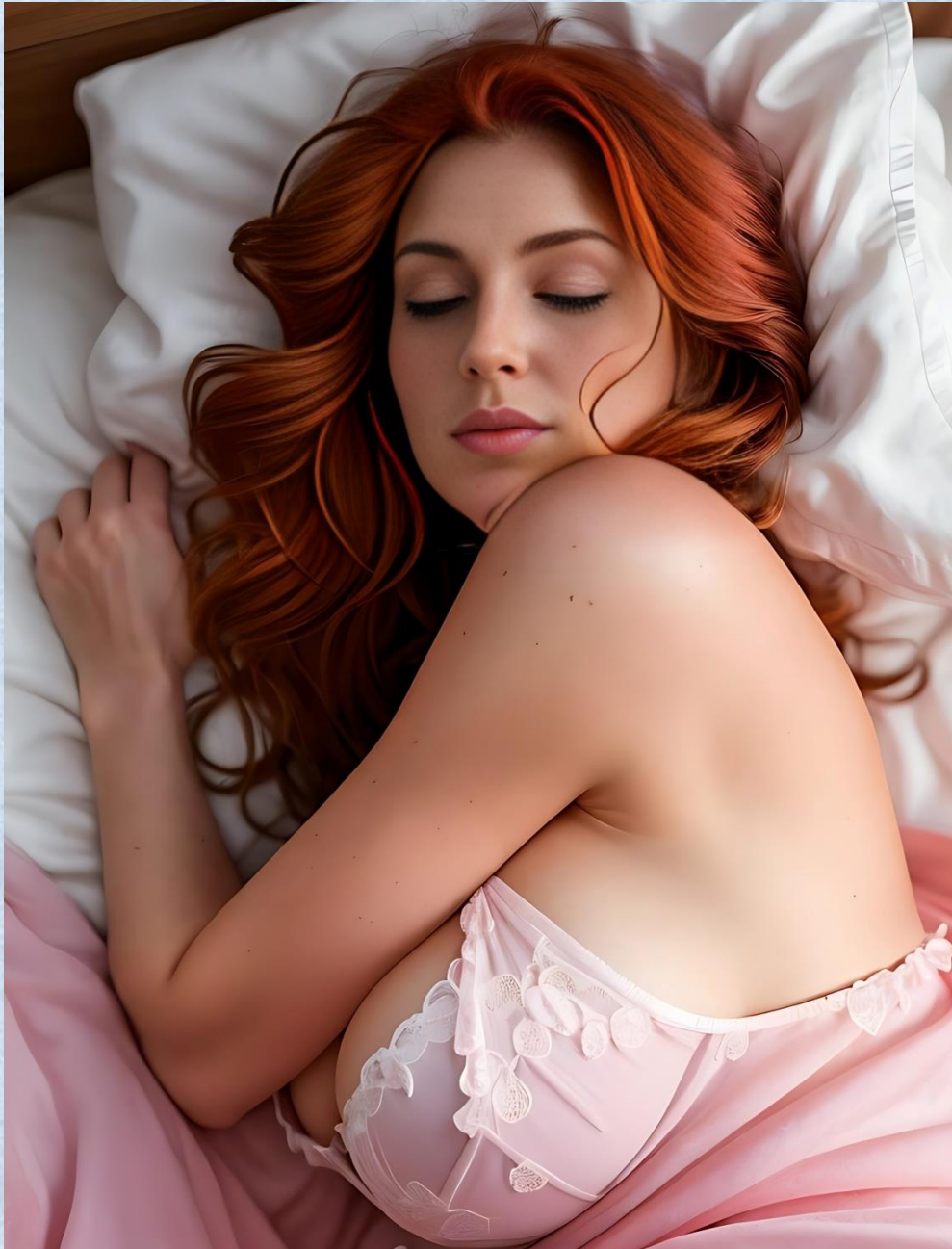
"It's so damn hot," he said, sounding as natural as possible, then slowly slid off his shorts. He tossed them to the floor, left with nothing but the skin he was born in.

He bit his lip, blood pounding in his temples.

I just want to touch her once.

Just once... like it's accidental. That's all.

He inched close with intent to touch her back with his tip. Closer, closer. Just one small tender touch.



Matilda let out a long, slow breath. Adam froze.

"I can feel your heartbeat even through the pillow. What's going on? You want your blood pressure shooting up again?"

She rolled onto her back, eyes on the ceiling.

"What are you doing, Adam? Are you... naked?"

"I'm just hot. Can't I be naked?"

"You can. Fine. I've seen you naked a hundred times. It's nothing new. Just... lie still until you cool off. And don't get too close to me."

The two of them stared into nothingness, lying awkwardly in silence.

"I don't like how our relationship suddenly turned into... this," she whispered and looked at his red face.

"Into what, Mom?"

"Into *that*. I mean, I'm afraid of having you with me on the same bed. I'm afraid of your naked body and... It was never like this before. And the things we talk about... We should be talking about the world, movies, normal things. I miss our birthday movie nights, the way we used to laugh together."

"Me too."

"But now we are talking about what? About you calling me *fucking* hot. Really?"

"Don't swear."

"Sorry." She whispered and sounded so ashamed of herself. "I hate swearing."

"I know."

"I'm glad we've worked things out... But just so you know, I get what you're trying to do with all that flattery. *Hot*. Right. Your father was right, though. I'm an old woman. You can't possibly be into my body... My breasts. You've only ever seen them in bad lighting or through steam. That's probably why you thought they looked good. They are saggy, old. So, let's just..."

Fuck you, Dad.

"No, your breasts are perfect, Mom. And I don't care what Dad said. If you really want to prove me wrong, maybe you should show them to me in a better light. That way, I can be sure your breasts are as terrible as you say... and then forget about them."

Her head slowly turned toward him. Disappointment was evident in her eyes.

"Adam..."



"You want me to stop thinking about you. Maybe that'll help. I'll just... look at your breasts, see they're old, and that's all there is to it. Then I'll forget about you."

She stared at him. Thoughts were spinning inside her mind.

"Fine."



incredible.

"Why do you smell so good, Mom?"

Adam felt dizzy.

"Just please don't pass out when you see them. God, what happens to men when they turn 18?" She shifted under the blanket and tried to reach Adam's naked chest.

However, her hand accidentally skimmed against his cock, which was still dangerously close to her body.

"Oh my... Gosh. What the... I... I'm sorry. You really should've stayed in your own room, Adam."

Adam was silent and looked into her eyes, at her freckles. He noticed how much she blushed after her hand ran across his cock. His tip jerked several times, and it felt like he released a few drops on the bed. Her velvety warm hand lay on his bare torso. It was

"Huh? I'm literally covered in sweat, sweetheart. Stop saying nonsense. Your heart is beating so fast, you need to focus on something ordinary, or you'll pass out again. I don't want your fluids all over the bedsheet. I mean your blood. Not just... fluids."

She moved her hand and her fingers touched Adam's penis again. But this time was... unique.

She purposefully circled his cock. Her fingers closed hard around his thing, clutching Adam. Her hand was silky as a cloud.

"Ughhh. Mom?" Adam groaned. Their eyes locked. Matilda blinked a few times, lips parting.

"You... you're really big. Just like I thought."

Matilda was holding it in her hand for a full 10 seconds. Adam was scared to death of making the wrong move, but when his cock twitched and he bit his lip, Matilda drew her hand back so fast, like she was struck by a bee.

"Sorry, I... Oh my gosh, what did I just do? You asked me one time if you had everything okay down there and I...I thought... I just wanted to be sure that..."

She almost whispered 'screw it', then Matilda turned on her side to face the wall and did not utter a single word more.

Adam thought only about one thing.

My mother was just holding my dick.



CHAPTER 17. THE OUROBOROS PROJECT

DAY 97

"Take a seat, Adam. You've done well. We're lucky to have you in our department. Have yourself a drink," said Dr. Altzberg, a thin man in his sixties. He pointed to a chair and handed Adam a small cup of something strong. He wore a lab coat and glasses.

Adam sat down. "No, thank you, Dr. Altzberg. I don't drink... Bad experience. I do stupid things when I drink."

He wanted to look out the window, but it was boarded up with wood and other junk. All he could hear was the faint noise of the "city" outside. If they were lucky, maybe five thousand people lived here now, including soldiers and military personnel everywhere.

"Suit yourself. Tea then." Altzberg downed the drink, raising his skinny arm, then scratched his graying stubble.



"I told my Mom we're working on a vaccine, but honestly, I have no idea what we're really doing, though we've come pretty far."

"Are you good at keeping secrets, Adam?" The doctor poured himself another drink. Altzberg stared into his glass for a long time before Adam nodded.

"You know BRIGHT isn't a government organization, right? But somehow, they got access to all of the government's data and research. Don't ask how, hell if I know. One of the Pentagon's old projects... it was built for a scenario exactly like this."

"An apocalypse?"

Altzberg smirked. "More like the extinction of humanity. Have you noticed how it sometimes gets hot in houses for no reason? There's a

shortage of condoms, bras, certain things. BRIGHT wants people to breed. You get it? What we're doing is making it so that anyone can reproduce with anyone."

"I'm not sure I follow, Doctor..."

"Listen carefully. You know our project is called the Ouroboros Project. It's based on government research, dealing with a delicate issue: in a global threat scenario, there could be very few humans left. People will naturally try to save their loved ones, and you might end up with a small survival group made up of women and men, but very few of them unrelated to one another. You get where I'm going with this?"

Altzberg lowered his glasses and looked at Adam.

"Not really... maybe."

"You're just not ready to hear what I'm trying to say. We have moral codes and all that, sure. But when humanity's on the brink of extinction - you survive however you can. Say you've got one man, and a bunch of women, but they're all his blood relatives. That's a problem, right? But if we remove all the issues connected to that... Incest."

"We're making a drug that normalizes breeding between blood relatives," Adam blurted out.

"Roughly speaking...yes," Altzberg replied, swallowing another sip and clicking his tongue. "The Ouroboros Project suppresses all genetic risks and disorders, and theoretically speeds up pregnancy. The documents I read literally say the goal is to reproduce fast, but speeding up pregnancy... even that's a bit much for me."

Adam picked up the empty glass and poured himself a drink too. Like a robot, he took a sip. "But what about the vaccine?"

"Other, more talented scientists are working on that, in another city, somewhere farther south. They don't tell me where, but sometimes we share information... We're still very far from finishing the Ouroboros Project, so don't get any... foolish ideas. And keep it secret, okay? I don't want any troubles with these BRIGHT freaks."



CHAPTER 18. OLD AND SAGGY

DAY 97

Adam rushed home. It was a long day, and now a meeting with Mom awaited him.

Did she forget about her promise? Will she show me her breasts? Please, God, let it happen.



He entered the house and found Matilda in the bedroom, brushing her hair. She was wearing some pants and a sweater.

"Where's Suzie, Mom?"

"Asleep in the next room. Come here," she said, beckoning him with a finger tipped in chipped red polish.

"Are we going to... um..."

"I remember what I promised yesterday." She kept brushing her beautiful red curls. "I hate focusing on my flaws, so we'll make it quick and forget about it."

His body fluttered, mirroring the deep rise and fall of her breath.

"This will be quick. Got it?" There was something bare in the way she was speaking. "It won't be good. I want you to feel disgusted. Okay? Try to... you know."



"To feel disgust?"

She awkwardly nodded. Matilda set the hairbrush aside, pulled off her sweater, leaving only the clingy T-shirt hugging her body. Then she sat, put the lamp closer and turned it on.

Even like this, wearing nothing but a T-shirt, he could see: her tits were bewitching. His mouth was flooded with a sweet-sour taste.

He sat down and pulled the blanket over his aching hard-on.

"You don't have to hide it, you know. It'll pass soon. Just don't move."

Adam put the blanket aside. A whole mountain was bulging in his loose, roomy pants.

Finally, Matilda grabbed the hem of her black T-shirt and slowly lifted it.

First, one breast came into view, then the other, just a moment later.

She tossed the shirt aside.

Right in front of Adam were two flawless curves: creamy-pink skin, soft and full, with dusky nipples and wide, warm areolas. Her nipples pointed straight at him, stiff with the cool air. In places, her skin was dusted with goosebumps. They were dangling in the most natural and raw way possible.

"Ughhh... Mom. Wow."

Matilda looked down, bracing herself on the bed with one hand. With the other, the one wearing her gold ring, she slid her temperate fingers forth from her neck, over her collarbone, and down to her right breast, straight to the nipple, gently stroking it. Once. Then again. Down, then up. As if buffing out her skin.

Adam's cheeks flushed deep red.

"Khm... Mom... They're... Ughhhh."

"Yes?" Matilda awkwardly pushed her hair back so that nothing could block this magnificent mesmerizing view.

The light hit her perfectly, illuminating every tiny detail of her breasts, every freckle, every vein, every curve and stretch of skin.

"See? Nothing special." Matilda touched her tummy, gently toying at the skin. "I'm not twenty anymore. There's nothing here to love."

"Your... your... breasts... they're... um..."

"Shhh, slower." She leaned in, watching his lips, trying to catch even a single word. Along with the way she moved, her tits jiggled and bounced together.



His thoughts were a mess.

"Perfect, Mom"

"Perfect?" Matilda said, half laughing, half in disbelief. "Can't you see all these wrinkles? Here, and here..."

She pointed somewhere above her left nipple. Her hand was all over the tits.

"They're not as firm and fit as they used to be. They've dropped a little. And here..." she guided his gaze lower, "it's... for some reason hard there."



She touched a spot on her breast and began squeezing the flesh. She grabbed her own boob, patting it, unhurriedly.



Mommy like *that*."

A sharp ache pulsed in Adam's groin.

"Ughh... Mom, stop it. Let me check," he said, reaching out and placing his hand exactly where she was been touching.

"Hey, young man... Did I let you touch me...ah..."

Her hand placed over his wrist, but she didn't pull Adam away. His fingers moved over her skin, exploring, kneading. From top to bottom. His hand cupped her breast, his fingers tightening around the nipple, feeling it harden beneath his touch.

Adam was on the edge of losing consciousness. His other hand was wrapping around her second breast, making slow, circular motions. Like a skilled masseuse, he worked his way over both her left and right big and warm tits.

So big, so warm, so silky, so amazing.

"Such a bad... bad naughty boy..." Matilda whispered, her eyes all over Adam's crazy red face. "You are not supposed to touch your

"I know. I'm your naughty little boy. Your little protector. Remember?"

"Mmm... Adam. Stop. I remember, but please... stop."

"You have the perfect breasts... Dad was a fool..." He was breathing so hard. His hands squeezed it so devouringly. His touch was hungry, full of lust for a woman. Adam was so hungry for his Mother.



"Adam... I said stop, baby." She put her hand on his chest. "Your heart's gonna jump out..."

"Mmm... Dad was talking nonsense about you. You're *flawless*. You always were, and always will be, Mom."

"Enough. That's it. We're doing it again..."

Matilda's words cut off as Adam kissed her. The kiss was deep, hungry.

His hands never stopped, still kneading her tits with worship, like he was rediscovering her all over again. They kissed again, but this time, neither of them was drunk.

Matilda parted her lips, letting his tongue slip inside. Their tongues danced, tangled in a burning rhythm. She didn't know what she was doing, what they were doing.

But they *were* kissing. And Adam's hands were on her, kneading the full, springy curves of her breasts, the same ones she'd spent years believing were ugly, old, forgotten.

However, in his touch, they felt sacred. Desired. Alive.

Could she have been wrong about her breasts?

She shouldn't have shown them to her 18-year-old son anyway.

It was reckless. Dangerous. And now the image of them was burning in his eyes and mind.

Adam pushed her down onto the bed, his body hovering over hers.

"Adam, stop. Please. Have some sense. What the hell are you doing?"

She turned her face away as he leaned in for another kiss. His sweet saliva was all over her

lips and chin. Matilda hands pressed against his strong body. His gaze dropped, mesmerized by the way her breasts rose and fell. They were lolling sideways in the most gorgeous way possible.

"God, I want this Ouroboros thing to work so badly. If it does... it'll be the best moment of my life."

"Ouro what?"

He stopped gawking at her tits and leaned for another juicy kiss, but she grabbed his throat to stop her son.



"No, no. Enough, baby."

Then he moved to her neck. Adam was kissing every muscle, every freckles on her neck and collarbones. She laughed and giggled like it wasn't serious. "Adam, please."

It was too far at this point. He was lying between her legs. Close, too close. And then something hard pressed right against Matilda's heat, startlingly real.

"Adam Linard. Move. Right. Now."

It was like a thunder.

Adam froze. His kind-hearted mother never sounded like this. She'd never spoken like that. Not to anyone. Not ever.

Without a word, he slid off his mother. She lay there on her back, arms thrown over her head. Her neck, lips, face, and collarbones were still burning from the heat of his kisses.

"That was your end goal. I see it now." Her massive tits were flushed with red. "You wanted *me*, didn't you? You knew exactly why you stepped into that shower. You crave all of me, this twisted, childish obsession, this ridiculous love. Crush. But why, Adam, why can't you just understand that I'm your mother? I can't give you what you're asking for, what you think you want. I'm the one who raised you, the woman who shaped you into who you are. I should be your safe place, not... this. I want to be a mother, a *normal* mother. I want to hold my grandchildren in my arms, spoil them like any grandmother would. I want to meet your future wife, and, huh, I want to hate her like every mother does, but you..."

"I want you to hold my children too, Mom..." Adam sounded ashamed. He sat on the edge of the bed and looked down.



"Then what the hell are you doing?" she whispered. "Fight your feelings. Control yourself. Stop tearing apart our relationship and bond. Sweetheart, please."

She got up and kissed his shoulder, her bare boobs pressing against his back through his T-shirt. Matilda drove her fingers along his neck, her lips grazing the nape and following down to his ear.

"I know it's wrong, but it was kinda fun, wasn't it? Maybe it helps me escape the madness going on outside, Mom."

Matilda rested her chin on his shoulder, the heat of her skin seeping into him as she paused, thinking.

"So, my body helps you escape the ugly reality?"

Adam gave a weak nod. Matilda's mind churned, restless with the thought.

"I can feel your heartbeat slowing... So, you don't think my breasts are... ugly?"

"No, Mom. Maybe it's something subconscious, but your breasts... they make my heart go so hard. I can't quite explain it, but you... they're heavenly flawless and... I love them."

"Maybe it's indeed something deeper, something subconscious. A son's connection to his mother's body, especially her breasts, runs incredibly deep. I always thought it was just a part of... well, those strange feelings. I'm sorry, I was so angry at you, baby."

She was still pressed against his back, her nipples grazing him, her hand snaking around his neck.

"You know what? I owe you for saving me, so I think... I'll think about what you said. About helping you forget the horror around us, but only if we don't cross any lines. And no... tongue kisses. That would definitely push every boundary."

Adam's heart was pounding like a drum, but he fought to keep his composure. "I swear. I won't cross any lines. I always remember you're my Mom, and when all of this is over... we'll have grandkids."



Matilda laughed; there was a weird taste in her mouth after Adam's saliva. "Not *we*, you, dummy. You will have kids and I'll have grandkids." Matilda kissed his cheek, then stood, slipping a T-shirt on that clung to her body. "I'm going to make us something to eat."

Then she left. Her hips moved like in a dance, mesmerizingly. Adam was left alone.

"Wow."

I just grabbed Mom's tits. I touched her, kissed her with my tongue, pushed her onto her back, and tried to, kind of, ride her. And she didn't end up hitting me in the face or anything like that. It was... almost normal. Peaceful. She almost agreed to show me her boobs anytime I'm sad.

Am I dreaming?



There was silence at the table. Suzie had joined them for dinner; it was hot, as always. Mark slept near the fireplace in his little bed, while Matilda stared down at her food. She wore a sweater, though Adam could tell she was burning up beneath it. The fear of revealing too much of her body to him still held her back.

Adam tried to act nonchalant, like the boob-thing between them didn't happen today.

Suzie rarely joined them for meals, and today there was something off about her. She kept glancing out the windows, barely touching her food.

Adam looked at Matilda. She subtly nodded toward Suzie with her eyes, as if hinting at something.

"Suzie. I'd like to say something." He set his fork down.

Suzie slowly turned to face him. For the first time, a chilling smile curled at her lips.

"I'm sorry about what happened to Carlo," Adam said.

"Your apology won't bring my husband back."

"He said he's sorry, Suzie," Matilda spoke. "We want to help you, but you can't mourn him forever. It's been so long. We should be together and help each other to survive."

"You want to help me, Matilda?" Suzie looked at her.

"Yes, dear."



"Then you can start by taking the trash out."

Matilda and Adam exchanged a glance.

"What?"

"I said take the trash out of the house. It's in the trash can."

"Do you think this is funny?" Adam said.

"No, Adam," Matilda stopped him. "It's nothing. Do you want me to do it? Fine. No problem, Suzie."

Matilda stood up, grabbed a bag from the trash can, and left the house.

"Want to know something?" Suzie said the second Matilda left. Her words full of dripping venom. "I begged Carlo to leave you two behind. Begged him to let you two just die. Just two random people, redhead vet and her charming son. No one would care. You'd be gone, and we'd be safe. Simple, right? But he... he couldn't let go. The fool got too *attached* to you two, and now look where we are. He's dead. *Because of you. Because of you two!*"

"Suz..."

She slid her chair closer and whispered:

"You won't see Matilda ever again."

"What?"



Suzie tilted her head toward the window. Outside, shadows moved, crawling. Then came the sounds: footfalls. Something metallic.

Something more.

"They're here."

"They? Khm... Who the hell is *they*, Suzie?"

The front door creaked open, slow. There was a creature standing in the doorway. The infected jerked and snarled, a chained collar embedded deep in its rotting flesh.