

af's

INFECTED HEARTS



CHAPTER 19. B.R.I.G.H.T. CODA

DAY 97

And then came the stomp of boots. They entered not like guests, but like wolves stepping into a den they already claimed.

Adam caught the foul stench just before the metallic drag of chains. One of them was infected. Held on a leash like some diseased hound, jerking and twitching, kept barely at bay. Three people entered.

They were dressed in B.R.I.G.H.T. uniforms. Black militarized suits and a mask covering their heads. Adam briefly noticed the word 'CODA' near the B.R.I.G.H.T. patch.

One of them, a huge man with full-on mask and armor, forced Adam face down.

"Who... What do you want?"

With his face to the floor, Adam saw the man who was holding the infected on a leash bring it closer to Mark's crib. The creature stretched and tried to reach the baby. And Suzie didn't react at all.

The third one among them, a woman, took off her mask and ran a hand through her dark short hair.

"Your friend Suzie owes us payment for the pills and booze. So we're taking it in flesh."

The woman's voice felt like a cold breath on the back of his neck. Adam shuddered. He looked at her as she sat down and tossed something from their dinner table into her mouth. Her face was deathly pale, and her eyes had a red-and-blue tint.

What the Hell?

"Where's my Mom?"

"Your mother is our slave now. So is Suzie. Women are highly valued on the market, especially hot ones. Like your Mom."

The woman stood up and walked over to Mark's crib, pulling out a knife. Her black braids hung over the baby.

"Don't touch the boy. Don't you dare..."

Adam tried to jerk free, but the brute had him pinned too tightly to the floor.

It felt like a nightmare.

"Suzie, what are you doing? They're going to kill Mark!"

But Suzie stood frozen. She looked at him with her usual empty, angry stare. Was there joy in her eyes? Revenge.

"Why would a slave need a child?" Mira asked with a smirk.

The psycho holding the infected one burst into laughter, showing a yellow mouth. A terrifying, insane laugh. He wasn't wearing a mask, just black goggles.

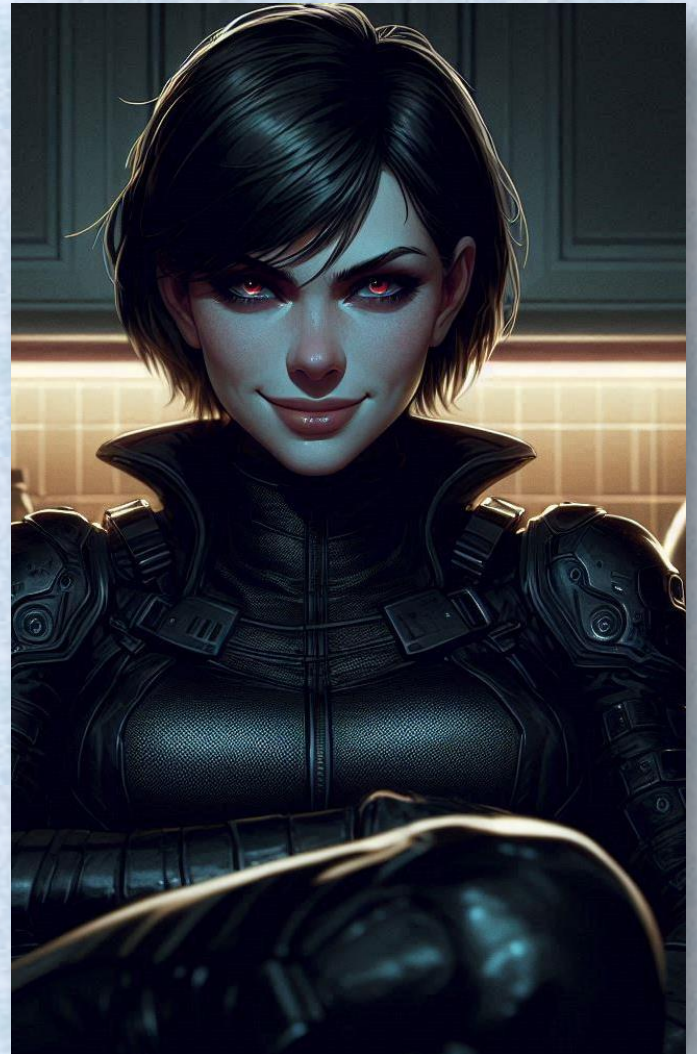
"Let me set Bunny on 'im, Mira. Let me, let me!" he cackled. The infected one, named Bunny, twitched and reached for Mark. Its saliva leaked onto Mark's pajamas.

"What is wrong with you?" Adam tried to move. "What the hell is wrong with you people?"

"There's no reason to bring up Hell," Mira said. "There are always buyers for children, but even thieves should have some honor."

She grabbed Suzie by the arm and led her to the exit.

"Do you prefer a quick death or a painful one, Adam?" Mira asked.



"I'll kill you," Adam growled. "I'll kill you all."

"Painful it is."

At her command, the big guy let go of Adam just as the psycho released Bunny. The infected charged at the crib, but Adam kicked it over just in time. Fueled by adrenaline, he tore off one of its wooden legs and slammed it into the creature. It collapsed but kept crawling, still trying to reach Mark.

The baby screamed. The room was empty. Only Mark, Adam, and Bunny remained. Adam heard a car pulling away outside.

Adam couldn't be faster, and he wasn't stronger. One bite, one twitch, and Bunny would reach Mark. But the creature stopped. It stared at the crying baby, and Adam could swear that Bunny shed something like a tear, that something in his eyes awakened a sense of self.



The yellow-toothed "owner" was standing under the streetlamp, metal chains in his hands. He was looking at where Mira had disappeared with their two new hot slaves.

"The ginger's not half bad. Might have to give her a go once Bunny's finished up," he said aloud. "What's takin' him so bloody long? It's been ten minutes. When's that soddin' baby gonna shut up?"

He turned his back to the doors, and a shot hit his shoulder right through it. He fell, screaming.

"Ughhh... What the bloody Hell!?"

The door opened, now with a hole in it. Adam stepped out, Bunny's blood splattered across his face, the P365 in his hand.

Adam fired twice more. The man's legs jerked as both shots hit.

"There's no reason to bring up *Hell*." He aimed the barrel straight at him. "Where did they go?"

The man before Adam, skin cold as snow, winced from the pain. Bright brown blood, far too vivid for a human, poured on the road. The blood under the streetlamp light shimmered with the same iridescence as that old mall poster.



Bright is the Future.

"Who the hell are you people..." Adam tucked the gun away and dragged the freak inside the house, then slammed the door shut.



CHAPTER 20. AN UNEXPECTED UNION

DAY 98

Adam was standing in front of the store shelves in his neighborhood. His hands were shaking as he held a bottle of milk. Mark was asleep against his chest, tucked inside a special suit that connected them together.

The city went on living, and no one cared. Maybe someone had heard the gunshots from his house, but it wasn't their business. No police, no law enforcement. Just B.R.I.G.H.T. above everything, and B.R.I.G.H.T. behind those who enslaved his mother. No one could be trusted.

A few minutes later, he rang a bell on the door of a house. A place he had sworn, just months ago, to avoid at all costs, because inside lived the only person Adam never wanted to see again.

Ever.

He rang the bell one more time.

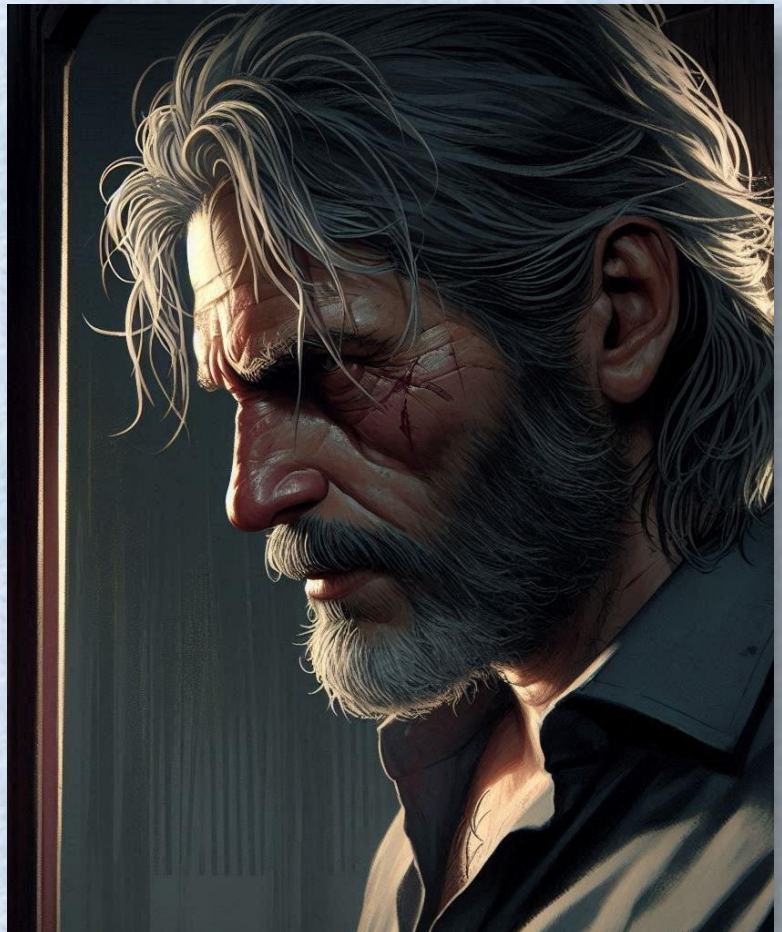
"I have a baby in my arms, I'm unarmed, and I want to talk."

The door opened, and the first thing Adam saw was the barrel of a Desert Eagle.

"Took some guts to show up here." Bob, his messy gray hair falling into his eyes, looked at the sleeping Mark and then raised the barrel a bit. Now he was pointing it directly at Adam's face.

"Does his mommy know you brought her little boy as a human shield?" Bob nodded at Mark.

"His mother was kidnapped, and I wouldn't have come otherwise. I hate you for Carlo's death, you hate



me because of the mall, for killing Jamie and... and... uhmmm..."

"Mike," Bob said hoarsely, pressing the Desert Eagle's barrel into Adam's shoulder.

"B.R.I.G.H.T. kidnapped my mother. Do you know something about B.R.I.G.H.T. COD..."

Mark yawned and opened his sleepy eyes. Bob stared at the baby. The gun was right above the child's head.

"Can we pause so I can feed him?" Adam asked. He was holding a bottle of milk in his hand. "I have no idea how to take care of babies..."

"Give it to me," Bob snatched the bottle. He holstered the Desert Eagle, muttering something about how civilization was officially doomed if *this* guy was showing up with a baby.

He inspected the bottle like it was a rifle.

"This is warm... too warm. You're trying to scramble his insides?" Bob said, stomping off into the kitchen. Adam followed.

Bob opened the fridge, tested the milk against his wrist, and then gave Adam a side-eye. "Did you even test it? Or were you just planning to pour it straight from the bottle and pray?"



"I thought babies liked warm milk..."

"Warm, not 'thermonuclear tea kettle.'"

Bob grabbed a dish towel and made a nest on the dusty kitchen table. "Lay him down. Not like that. Jesus. You hold a gun better than that poor baby."

Adam, ears red, did as he was told. Mark blinked at Bob, let out a little hiccup, and promptly sneezed into the old man's face.

Bob didn't flinch. He wiped his cheek with the same towel. "Congratulations. He likes me."

He adjusted the bottle, tilted it just right, and fed Mark like he'd done it a thousand times. Mark greedily latched on.

"There," Bob said. "See? You hold the bottle at an angle. Let him breathe. He's not a vacuum cleaner."

Adam didn't know what to say. It was too weird.

"You've done this before," he finally said.

Bob didn't look up. "One nephew, two godkids, one weekend with food poisoning and a screaming infant. This ain't my first rodeo."

Adam sat down, slumped over the table.

"You are not my guest here," Bob grunted. "I would've blown your head off already if it weren't for that baby. I'm just not letting a kid starve because his babysitter's a moron."

The inside of Bob's house was a complete mess. Dust, old takeout containers, books stacked on chairs, an entire corner overtaken by some half-assembled engine. This was the home of a man who never found a place in the new world.



"You know anything about B.R.I.G.H.T. CODA?"

Bob froze mid-step. He turned, scanning Adam from head to toe. Then he picked up an old photo from a dusty shelf and stared at it for a long time. Adam noticed there was a woman he didn't know.

"I do," Bob said. "CODA's not just another branch of B.R.I.G.H.T. They're higher up the food chain. You don't get into CODA because you're good. You get in because you're twisted enough to be useful. The kind of people they recruit... well, they are weirdos. But forget that. If you ever see one with that patch? You'd better run. And if you're lucky, I'll be the one who takes you out first."

Adam rubbed his eyes. "I shot one the last night. A couple of bullets to the shoulder and legs. He's bleeding out in my living room. Refuses to talk. Annoying prick, and his accent is so..."

"You what!?" Bob stepped forward so fast that the floor creaked. "You left a CODA operative unattended? You idiot!"

Adam shrugged. "I mean... he was leaking blood like a slashed jug of paint. How bad could he be?"

Bob grabbed Adam by the shirt. "They are *undying!*"



CHAPTER 21. BUREAU, BEARER OR A BEAM?

DAY 99

The blindfold was ripped off Matilda's face. Light hit her eyes for the first time since someone threw a sack over her head back in Savannah. She had fought, kicking and struggling, but the people around her were too strong. She didn't know how long she'd been in the back of a vehicle before they dragged her out and made her walk for what felt like miles.

Matilda looked around. This wasn't Savannah. Or rather, it was, but not the part controlled by B.R.I.G.H.T. This was the part overrun by looters and the infected. They were hiding out in some kind of tall office building, near massive shattered windows. Tenth or eleventh floor, probably. The view outside was bleak, a world in ruins.

She turned her eyes to the woman in front of her. Cold, blue-red stare. Pale skin. Dark hair. Black military armor.

"Who... are you?" Matilda whispered. Her hands were tied.

The woman pointed to her B.R.I.G.H.T. patch. "What? Not obvious?"

Suzie sat in silence, staring out the window like someone who had accepted her fate. Next to her stood a large man in a mask and armor.

"Suzie...?"

"Nah, nah, nah. Slaves don't get to chat," said Mira, wagging her finger. "First time's a warning. Next time, I cut that pretty tongue out." She dropped down onto the floor and began eating something from her bag.

"What... what did you do to my son?" Matilda's fists clenched and she let her messy hair fall over her face to hide the tears. She always saw herself as strong, but not now. Not in this moment.

"Probably eaten by Bunny," the woman said, tossing food into her mouth.

"What?" Matilda gasped.

"Killed by infected," the brute spoke for the first time. "It's not funny. Don't play with this poor woman."

"Don't ruin the show, Forge. I'm bored," Mira said, finishing her meal. "You'd better worry about yourself, sweetheart. We just got a nice order for one redhead and one blonde slave."

"*Slave...*" Matilda whispered. She tried to hide the pain, bury it under hatred. "Why... How does B.R.I.G.H.T. allow this?"



Mira barely held back a smile. Forge grunted something under his breath.

"You know what B.R.I.G.H.T. stands for? Bureau of Radical Influence and Genetic Harmonization Technologies. Though our founder, *Adrien Kael*, called it Bearer of Revelation: Initiator of God's Hidden Truth. He was a scientist, though he was too obsessed with mysticism and the Bible."



"Mira," Forge growled. "Don't tell too much to the slave."

"What good is this information to her anyway? Huh?" Mira smirked. As sunlight hit her face, Matilda noticed the veins beneath Mira's skin glowed with an unnatural light.

"Are you even human?" Matilda asked.

"I was," Mira said calmly. "Just like you. Before the Beam changed me."

"MIRA!" Forge clenched his leather gloves into fists.

"Okay, okay. She would've figured it out herself. I mean, do I not look like a damn vampire? The world's changing, Matilda. Don't cry too much over your baby son. Maybe you'll get a couple of new ones... in chains."

"No, no!" Matilda jerked against her restraints, but her arms were tied too tightly. "Adam will find me. My son will save me..."

"Oh? Really? How adorable. You put so much faith in your son. Did you trust your husband that blindly too? He failed you, right? Abraham? What a silly name. Don't give me that surprised look. *You* gave us all the intel when you thought our Bureau would help you recover his remains."

Mira leaned in, her face now level with Matilda's.

"His cold corpse is probably still out there... unless the dogs or worms have already chewed it down to the bone. *Phee-hee-hee.*"

Matilda jerked forward and sank her teeth straight into Mira's cheek. Her skin felt just as cold as it looked. Mira let out a sharp cry, then yanked herself back hard, on purpose, ripping a chunk of flesh from her own face despite the pain.

Matilda fell backward, her mouth smeared with pink blood.

A piece of Mira's cheek was missing, exposing part of her teeth. But she was smiling. Pink-red blood, streaked with hints of green and blue, leaked from her mouth.

Forge and Suzie watched the grotesque scene. The bleeding from Mira's face stopped. The wound turned pale and blended with the skin. The blood vanished, but the hole remained.

"Do you feel better now? Are you infected, or still human, Matilda? I can't tell, because why the fuck are you biting people, slut?"

Mira suddenly grabbed Matilda by the throat.

"Want to hear something funny about your little son? You think he's some brilliant genius? Working on a vaccine? He was working so hard on Project Ouroboros, because he had big plans for you, sweet redhead. He was working on a project that would let him use you as his breeding cow. Can you even imagine that? You and your own son, bound together in his perfect infected paradise."

Matilda clearly didn't take any of her words seriously. Though maybe she should've.



Footsteps echoed from the stairwell. Both Forge and Mira turned toward the sound. A man stood in the corridor, dressed in rags, deathly pale, just like Mira and Forge.

It was Bunny's former owner.

"Bug?" Mira asked. "What took you so long? Where's your damn armor? And Bunny?"

"Ughh... Bollocks. The little git blew his brains out. And nicked my kit! Bloody wanker. What'd he even need it for?"

"Were you followed?" Mira asked.

"Eh... hard to say. I might have screamed 'Oi, I'm over here!' while leggin' it through a swarm of biters... so, yeah. Maybe. Who's to say, really?"

Bug limped toward them, and Forge guided both him and Mira to a quieter corner of the spacious office, where their small camp was set up.

Matilda spat out a chunk of Mira's meat, then crawled closer to Suzie.

"Sue? What happened to Adam and Mark? Did they... did they hurt them? Please, tell me."



"Carlo was right," Suzie said instead of answering. "The baby wasn't his. He had every right to be angry at me. I was angry at him too, even though I should've been angry at myself for not being a faithful wife... And now he's dead."

"SUZIE! Pull yourself together! I need to know about Adam! Please, I need to know."



"Adam is dead," Suzie said and looked straight into Matilda's eyes. "Good for him. He deserved it. And Mark... I don't need him without Carlo."

Matilda was breathing heavily; it felt as if her breath had stopped and her chest and lungs had ceased to function. She pictured Adam's body, killed just like Abraham. Brutally and without remorse.

Then there was a sound...

A sound behind the elevator wall. Crying. A child's cry.

"Mark...?" Suzie whispered.

The three CODA agents heard it as well. It really was a baby crying. And then a voice followed:

"For fuck's sake! Didn't I tell you to turn off that damn nanny cam?"

Bob blasted his Desert Eagle through the wall, sending the big guy, Forge, crashing to the floor. He was wearing a black, stolen CODA uniform. Adam came in right behind him and aimed at

Mira. She was using Bug as a human shield before lunging at Matilda and grabbing her.

"One more shot and she dies! Want to see your mommy's blood on the floor?" She was holding a knife near Matilda's neck.

"Don't. You. Dare..."

Matilda didn't move. She was speechless. Just a moment ago, she thought Adam was dead. Yet here he was, standing in front of her.

"You won't be able to kill me anyway," Mira said. "The Beam made me immortal. I just hate the pain when being shot."

The Beam?

"Here is what we'll do, cutie. I'll leave with your Mommy because I know how much you love her, in the wrong way. I can hear your heartbeat, and I could hear it back at the house."

Adam gulped.

"Such a bad boy. Thinking about own Mother in the wrong way. You can have your cow. I'll take Suzie, and I'll sell her anyway, because she owes us. She betrayed you, didn't she? So what..."

A shot got her. Bob reloaded his Eagle and stepped closer.

"This bitch has a long tongue. I told you to shoot, not talk, boy."

Adam hid the gun and untied Matilda. She hugged him the second she was free, tightly, gently, and tiredly.

"I was so worried about you, Mom."



"I was so scared you were hurt, baby. It's okay... It's okay. You saved me... again. Mommy's here." She buried her face in his shoulder, as if it were Abraham, but no. It was Adam. Abraham wouldn't have been able to save her.

Bug groaned from the floor, clutching his side as blood leaked through his rags.

"Bloody hell... not again. Someone fetch me a cuppa and a new spleen. Feels like I got shagged sideways by a rhinoceros... and not in a good way."

He looked up at Bob, blinking through the pain.

"Mate, please. Don't shoot me in the face. I'm beggin' you."

Bob just raised the Desert Eagle and pulled the trigger.

"Why is this man with you?" Matilda whispered, getting up. "Didn't he..."

"Long story, Mom. He hates these people more than he hates us."

"Who are they? These... people?"

"I don't know."

Bob grabbed Bug's body and threw it out the window, then did the same with Mira's and Forge's.

"Maybe gravity will do the trick. Haven't tried that on these unkillable sons of bitches yet," Bob said, walking over to Suzie as he reloaded his gun.

"Hey, hey. What are you doing? She's coming with us." Adam stepped forward.

"Didn't she betray you? Isn't she the reason you're here?"

"She's still part of our family. She has a son."

"A part... Of a family?" Suzie woke up from a trance. "My baby..."

"Family's a fancy word for people who get you killed." Bob pointed his Desert Eagle to her head.



"I gave a promise to her husband. Leave her!"

"Ohhh... A promise. That changes everything, right?"

He didn't object when Adam helped Suzie up.

"You know, you remind me of my late nephew. The same naivety." Bob said, and suddenly punched Adam in the guts.



"Adam!"

"Don't move, lady." He pointed the Eagle at Matilda. "You should stop being a fucking pussy, Adam, start killing the ones who screw you over. Take care of your mother. Not people like this pretty little traitor."

Bob grabbed Suzie and then pointed the Eagle at her jaw. "We are not friends, remember? One more step, and this pretty little traitor gets her head blown off. She's my slave now. I'll use her to deal with the other CODAs. Go home, Adam. You saved your Mommy, right? It's done."

With a final glance, almost like regret, he disappeared down the stairs with Suzie in tow.

From outside, the wind howled through broken glass, carrying the distant moan of the infected.

"We should go, Adam." Matilda tried to help him. "We wouldn't have been able to help her, dear. She doesn't want to be saved."

Matilda wrapped her arms around him, pressing her breasts close to him. He felt his mommy's warmth and actually felt better. "Okay, Mom."



CHAPTER 22. A FAMILY?

DAY 100

As they were heading back, the B.R.I.G.H.T. convoy caught up with them. Adam was lucky, since he worked at the Savannah Research Center, he wasn't punished for crossing the camp's boundaries. Surprisingly, it felt like no one knew what had happened with CODA. Dr. Altzberg confirmed that Adam and his mother were important members of 'society', and they were allowed to return home.

Their life, in a strange way, went on. Only now, there were three of them.

They were having dinner the next day. A weird dinner that tried to be normal. Adam and Matilda sat across from each other, one chair empty, while Mark sat in his highchair, slowly picking at his food. Matilda helped him eat.

"So what now?" Adam asked like he was talking to himself.

"Now we keep living, on our own. With Mark," Matilda said with zero hesitation. "He has no one else."

Adam looked at the little boy, whose expression shifted from joy to sadness. Sometimes Mark would glance around as if searching for his mother, but she wasn't there. So he was sad.

"I know, Mom. We are his family now." Adam placed a hand under his head. "The day you were taken... I thought I would lose my mind. I thought I'd never see you again. And when she held that knife to your throat..."



"Shhhh, hey." Matilda moved her chair closer and pressed his head against her breasts. It was hot inside, so she had a T-shirt with a deep neckline. "It's all right, sweetie. That woman said... terrible things, and I was so worried about you. We are both okay now, we are safe and fine. I'm here, baby, with you. Always."

He wrapped his arms around her waist and pressed his face even tighter to his mother's boobs. He could feel how warm her breasts were.

She suddenly remembered *Project Ouroboros*, and what Mira had told her. Maybe she should ask Adam about it?

"I thought you were dead, sweetheart." She pressed her face to the top of his head. "I thought it was the end, that

you... and I... I was so scared." There was an uncomfortable lump in her throat. She paused, and then went on. "I don't want anything to tear us apart. And when I'm with you, it's easier. I think about Abraham less and less. You're my little boy and my little protector..."

She wanted so badly to comfort him, to make him forget the rest of the world, to wrap him up like she used to when he was a child and show him that his mother was here and always would be. She wanted him to feel safe again, completely and deeply.

She wanted to drown him in that feeling of safety.

"You want to see my... breasts?" said Matilda. "I remember what we were discussing that day in my bedroom, so I just thought... Uhhh..."

Adam took his head away to meet her eyes and nodded.

"I love your body, and your boobs, Mom."

She placed a hand over his mouth.

"Shh. Don't make this more awkward than it already is. You've earned a reward for saving your Mommy twice, sweetheart."

She picked Mark up and gently laid him down in his crib, then returned to the kitchen.

"Just promise you won't pass out again, alright?"

Adam nodded, and could barely keep it together as Matilda threw off her T-shirt.



Her tits, her boobs... Here they were again. His mother's tits appeared in front of him. The mammaries of his mother, his favorite woman. Her nipples hardened immediately. She bit her lip, looking at Adam's rapturous stare. His cheeks flushed, as did his ears. Matilda sat back, her breasts swinging left and right like a pendulum.



“Mmm... Mo... Ughhh..” Adam mewled like an animal.

“Did you say something?” She brushed a lock of hair away from her face and looked at him. His mind was too fuzzy to string letters together into words, let alone sentences. Her tits were big, beautiful, with freckles and veins that ran through her skin.

“They...” He couldn't believe how much the view of her breasts was affecting him. How much he wanted them. Matilda looked down at her chest, at her bulging nipples, at the droplets of sweat that were on the goosebumps of her skin. She only noticed the non-idealities, all the stretch marks. But Adam saw things differently. “They're perfect, Mom.”

Matilda noticed that Adam wanted to raise his arm and reach out, but held back.

“You...you can touch them if you want. They belong to you. I

want my baby to feel good, at least for tonight, to make you feel better.” She moved even closer, right beside him and guided his hands to her breasts herself, palms directly on her nipples.

Adam was afraid of making the wrong move and ruining what was happening. Is she really doing this? Is she really letting herself be touched?

His hands ended up on her hot skin. He could feel the hard nipples in his palm. Adam's lips twitched, and he squeezed her breasts. First one, then the other. Matilda swallowed nerve-wrackingly. The sensation was...unexpected.

Adam didn't take his eyes off her breasts. Her freckled red skin. Kneading those two globes felt too good. They were his own mother's breasts. What could be softer than this? He squeezed the left breast again, feeling all the flesh, all the pulsing blood inside, the muscles. Then the right one.

He clutched her right nipple so hard in his hand and fingers that Matilda had to intervene.

“Hush, akgghhh... calm down, sweetheart, please” She pulled his right hand away from her boob, but his left continued to squeeze her right breast the whole time she was talking. “It's not like I'm some cow to pinch and squeeze me hard there, honey. I know some women like that, but I... don't get it. Mmm... You have such a... sweet face, Adam. Oh... God, what's going on?” She cocked her head, then lowered it.



“Would you stop touching me for a second while I’m talking? Jeez.” She looked down at her right juicy boob, which Adam hadn’t left touching for a second. He was squeezing it, every part of it, and he didn’t care that his palm couldn’t quite wrap around her silky firm breasts.



began to suckle.

Her hand stopped controlling his right hand and he continued to hold her left tit.

“I could never imagine letting you do something like that.”

“And that you would offer it yourself,” whispered Adam. His hot fingers continued to explore every inch of the breasts that had once nurtured him.

“Yes, that too. Haha.” A slight smile played across her face. She was as red as Adam. “Akgghhhhh...the world has changed so much and gone crazy. Do you really...like my breasts so much? I can’t believe it. Abraham has never...played with them like this...”

Adam brought her breast to his lips and nipped the nipple like a hungry child. Matilda’s breath caught and she grabbed the back of the chair and the table to keep from falling. Adam’s heart was beating furiously and he

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.... Adam... My baby boy.” She could feel every gulp, every twitch of his neck muscles, and his tongue that nibbled on his mommy's nipple. “Bad... boy.”

It took her back in time, back to the days when Adam fit in her hand. So small, and he'd so ridiculously wrapped his tiny fingers around her boob to reach her nipple. And now he was her savior.

Matilda felt like a proper and devoted mother, because in that moment she knew that Adam felt safe, that he felt good. And that she was taking care of her baby boy. Abraham and the past world, a 100 days ago, would have judged them for what they were doing.

She has seen death too many times in the last few days to think about some silly rules and norms of society. She should only think of her baby, and give him what he wants. And right now, he wants her tits.

“Mmmm...*Smooch*...” Adam lapped, she sucked in her nipple, areola, and more. A large chunk of her breast went into his mouth, starting at the nipple.

“Hungry...baby.” Matilda grinned, her mouth open, her eyes looking like she was drunk. She had no control over her thoughts or movements. “What are we doing... what are we doing... And we're not even drunk.”



His brain was exploding with bursts of euphoria. He took his mouth away from her nipple, his cock poking out of his baggy shorts.



“Marry me, Mom.”

Matilda stared at him wide-eyed and then laughed out loud for the whole kitchen. She laughed so gleefully, and her breasts kept wanting to escape his grasp because of the heaving of her breasts and the shifting of her breath and the way her whole upper body moved because of the laughter.

“There was a time before when you wanted to marry me so badly, sweetheart. My little protector. You were always so sweet, and always so eager to protect me and marry me so I could be your one and only. Your wife. And that's what those...flirtations eventually turned into.”

She looked at her nipple covered in his saliva. Adam's left hand continued to squeeze her boob.

“Is that something bad, Mom?” Adam kissed her nipple.

“It's... It's not a good thing exactly either, love. All that matters to me is that you're happy. You've earned it. And who's going to judge us now?”

She put her hands on his shoulders and pushed him a little away. “I think your shorts are about to rip. We had our fun. I need to go wash myself, before we wake Mark up with our groans and the noises you make when you suck my nipple.”

“I like the way you say that...”

Matilda continued. "And your blood pressure...I don't know how you handle it in other situations, but you get a bad vibe when you're around me and we're doing something like this."

"Thank you for letting me." He looked so innocent and so sincere in his gratitude.

"I'm glad you're happy. We can..."

He reached up to kiss her on the lips, but she turned her head away. "Don't, Adam. Please don't...overreact. Let's just keep things within bounds, okay? I don't want to be pissed and say bad things about you again... like last time." She hurriedly stood up. "I need to take a shower. I'm so wet.... I mean sweaty! I'm so sweaty. Khm..."

She picked up her T-shirt and Adam asked.

"Can I join you?"

Matilda frowned. "What-what?"

"I want to...shower with you again. Why not? You and me, together, under the water."

"Adam... Please, I don't want to be furious." She roughly pulled her T-shirt over her breasts to hide the nipples. "We had such a good time just now, but you're trying to piss me off with your nonsense again."

She sighed. "I want you to feel good, but I don't want to do anything too wrong. You love my breasts, I realize that



you do because you're my son and you have an affinity for them. I've got it now, and I'm not mad. Okay? But a shower?"

"I'm not asking for anything bad, Mom. I saved you, can't I just have a shower with you? With my mother?"

She stared at him for a long time. It was so hot, sweaty, she was wearing only pants, and the T-shirt in her hands was supposed to cover her boobs, which Adam had already seen. It was all so stupid.



"Fine." She tossed the T-shirt on the floor, took Adam's hand and led the way.

Adam couldn't believe what was happening. They went into the bathroom and she closed the door behind her. They were alone. Matilda pulled off his shirt, his underpants, and literally ripped off his underwear. He was fully buzzed, with his boner sticking straight out in her direction.

His cock was so beautiful; she stared at it for a long time, sitting on her knees. At his pink head, at his balls, and especially at the size and width of his cock. All the past times she had completely missed out on appreciating how beautiful the cock she had created was. She'd grabbed it a couple days ago in bed, and remembered how big it felt, but to look at it like that? It was enormous.

"Mom?"

"I'm sorry...I...I...You really deserve a prize for saving Mommy. But I'll still be in a towel, if you don't mind."

Matilda stood up, turned around and slipped the towel over her hips and pulled her pants off. She took Adam's hand and led him into the shower stall.

"You won't kick me out and beat me this time?"

"No, honey, I won't kick you out." Matilda smiled. Although her nipple that Adam had sucked on hurt a little, so she wanted to be angry, but she tried not to think about the bad stuff. "I got really angry then and disappointed."

She began to soap up his body. Adam watched her tits jiggle up and down, left and right. Her right nipple was darker than her left one, a consequence of his sucking.

"You've always been such a sweet and quiet lovely boy, you loved science at school like me, interested in biology, loved animals, but now that it's all screwed up with the crazy world, every time I showered you did something stupid. No man has ever done what you did then. No one molests me. Do you understand? Not even you."

"I'm sorry." His cock twitched, ejecting drops of fluid. He hoped Matilda didn't notice it.

"Let Mommy take care of you, darling. I love you so much. Please think of something nice so your heart doesn't jump out of your chest."

She turned him around and pressed her breasts and nipples to his back. Adam was afraid his legs would give out at any moment. It was like a dream. Her *thanks* for saving her were worth

it, worth every effort. His brain was exploding with pleasure.

She began to soap his chest, and move lower, and lower, and lower.

“You're not going to lie to your Mommy, are you, Adam?” she whispered against his ear, and after a brief pause, she stroked his cock.

She began to soap it up, pulling the skin with her gentle hand, up, down. “What is Project Ouroboros?”



“Ughhhh... Mom.” Adam twitched a couple times in a burst of ecstasy. Her hand was jerking him off, and he couldn't quite hear what she was asking.

“Ouroboros...? Akggh... No, Mom... You shouldn't.”

“Tell me.” She kept thrusting harder, more vigorously.

“It's a project...mmm...Oh yeah...About us...”

“About us?” Matilda listened too closely to his words. The warm water was wetting them both, she snuggled tighter. Her hand worked his cock harder and harder.

“About you and me, Mom... You and I can...”

“Can what, Adam?” His cock shook, she must have overdone it.

“Oh... Mom...” He turned, her towel flying off her, and lifted her into his arms.

“ADAM!”



"It's us being able to... have a new family together." He pushed her against the wall, wrapping



his arms around her legs. His hips bucked toward her. He braced himself with his whole body, his cock pressed against something smooth, nice, with some hair. The skin was tender, innocent. It resembled cheeks.

Mom's pussy.

"Don't, Adam! Ughhhhhh."

His movements were awkward, goofy. He moved forward clumsily and slowly...penetrated his birthplace. First with the tip, and then further and further in. He entered his mother, though not fully, only halfway, just beyond the tip, but it was still blissful. He returned back inside his home.

"STOP IT, ADAM!!! Agh!!! I'm your mother!!!" She shoved him away with all the strength she had.

And at that moment a jolt of electricity ran through his body, his cock sliding out and spurting streams of white fluid into the entrance of her vagina, onto her pubic hair. He kissed her neck, pressing against her like a magnet. Her red hair was all over his and her face.

"Pervert," she whispered. His balls continued to clench and spurt his seed onto her groin, onto her pubic hair. "I raised a pervert... My son is a p... I feel... so weird."

Adam took a long time to come to his senses. His body wouldn't obey; his breath was coming in short gasps.

“Mom... Ughhh... What the...” Pain shot through his body. It was as if several small knives stabbed into his shoulder. Matilda bit him, painfully, to the blood. “Akgghhhh...Mom!”

She didn't know it at the time, but when she sank her teeth into Mira, she bit the infected flesh. The virus spread through her bloodstream.

“Mom!?”

She was infected.