

af's

INFECTED HEARTS



CHAPTER 23. STILL MOTHER

DAY 100

Matilda lunged at him. Adam fell back, bleeding, and caught her by the throat as she tried to bite him again.

"Hungry," she whispered.

"Ughhh... No, no. Mom!" He was too weak to move after his intense orgasm. Water poured into his eyes as her hands scratched at his arms, chest, and neck. He couldn't see Matilda's face.

He couldn't find the will to look at it.

Her boobs were all over his chest. Slowly, her body went limp as he tightened his grip around her neck. Then he pushed her away.

Too stunned to speak or think clearly, Adam tied her wrists and ankles and carried her to the bedroom. He pressed a cold towel to the bite and stared at Matilda for a very long time. She looked asleep. Normal.

This can't be happening, Mom. You can't do this to me, you can't become one of... them. Not now.



A few hours later, the doorbell rang. Adam moved to the door, and there he was, the man he'd been waiting for. Dr. Alzberg stood on the threshold.

"It's late, Adam. I hope you had a good reason for calling me. Is that... blood?"

"It's a very good reason." Adam stepped aside and led the doctor into the room with Matilda.

"Tell me, Doc. Do you see anything unusual?"



Alzberg looked over his glasses, first at Adam, then at Matilda, then back at Adam.

"Your mother's asleep? Why are we here?"

"She turned," Adam said heavily and revealed a bite mark on his shoulder. "I don't know how it happened, because there's no mark on her. I checked her a few times; she's clean, but..."

The doctor adjusted his glasses and then moved closer to Matilda. He checked her pulse, touched her forehead, and examined her skin, her hands, and her face.

"From what I can see, your mother is simply sleeping. When someone turns, their skin darkens to a red hue, and their temperature rises. But your mother... she's just asleep."

"Goddamn it, Doc! Are you blind?! She turned into a fucking monster! She said she was *hungry!*"

His voice dropped to a whisper.

"She... she's one of them now. Oh God, Mom."

Adam took a place beside the bound Matilda, right near her feet. He stared at the floor for a very long time, silent.

How can this be happening? How did I fail to protect her? I didn't save Suzie, and now I couldn't save Mom either. Fucking pathetic.

"Adam." Alzberg removed his glasses and placed a hand on Adam's shoulder. "Infected turn into monsters within the two hours after the bite. If that's true, it will happen to you too."

Adam looked up at Alzberg.

"We'll run tests. We'll monitor both of you closely. I won't tell B.R.I.G.H.T. They don't need to know. I'll analyze your mother's blood, figure out what's happening. If this is a unique case, maybe... maybe I'll try to get a vaccine."

"It exists?"

"It's complicated."

Alzberg shrank back when Matilda started moving and opened her eyes. But she did nothing else. Absolutely nothing. She was looking at the ceiling. Her pale pink, beautiful face was still. Completely still. Her eyes looked lost.

"Mom?"

She twitched when Adam touched her bare leg, then one of her toes, and went still again.

"That's interesting." Alzberg looked at her "She's inactive."

He took a syringe and drew a blood sample from her, then another from Adam.



It was one of the worst nights and days of Adam's life. It dragged on, endlessly slow.

Alzberg left. Matilda fell asleep again.

She was just lying there, bound, in a strange black dress he had found. The red fluffy hair hugged her cheeks. She was clean, her lips trembling with each breath, her breasts rising and falling.

His right hand suddenly shook uncontrollably, forcing him to clamp it down. Pain pulsed through the shoulder.

“Feel the hunger.” The unknown voice slithered, serpentine and close. Adam looked around the empty room. What the hell was that?

He sat with his gun across his lap, watching for any twitch, any sign that might mean he was turning too.

But all he saw was her. Adam stared at the curves of her body for a long time, at the rise of her boobs, her hips.



He didn't look away. His mind was elsewhere. It was a warm summer afternoon by the lake near their old house. He remembered sitting on the grassy shore, his feet dangling just above the cool water. Matilda was there, laughing and throwing stones across the lake. She wore a gorgeous white dress and looked much slimmer than she did now, though her breasts still held their shape in the stunning neckline. There was no bra on her. He could totally see it, and it was fun to watch his mother's woman's body.

Matilda's skin was tanned, and tender, with a few tan lines under the dress. He could see a part of her

areola peeking out on the left breast. She did a big swipe with her arm while throwing a stone and it showed up.

He didn't understand it that day, but he just couldn't stop looking at her, gawking at his own mother.

"Mom, will you marry me when I grow up?"

Matilda had laughed and brushed a strand of hair behind his ear. "You silly boy," she said with a smile. "I'm already married to your father."

"But I love you more!"

"I know you do," she said, cupping his cheek. There was a smell of wildflowers clinging to her skin when she leaned in to kiss his forehead.

Adam reached out, brushing a stray lock of hair from Matilda's pale sleepy face, which had tiny wrinkles around her eyes.

"I'm going to find a way to save you. To save us, Mom."

The phone rang. Adam jerked, gun snapping up on instinct. He nearly fired.

"I have news, Adam," said Altzberg on the other end. "Meet me."

When Adam stepped outside, a deep mechanical hum came from Savannah's harbor. A lot of military ships stood there, loading crates and equipment. Adam saw a storm of birds filling the sky, hundreds, maybe thousands. They were rushing toward the sea as if fleeing from an approaching danger.

B.R.I.G.H.T. patrols were moving around. They were now faster, tighter formations, weapons ready.

What's going on?

Altzberg didn't look up as Adam entered the lab.

"Adam. Sit down."

He obeyed without a word. Pale, hollow-eyed from a sleepless night, and stressed.

"I hope you have good news, Doc."

"Maybe." Altzberg pushed a folder toward him and tapped his glasses against the page. "I've been going through the data all night. Your blood, your mother's. It's pretty unique, to put it simply. They have to see it."

"They?" Adam stared at the file but was too tired to understand the numbers.

“A vaccine research base. It is located in Canada, and we need them to examine your blood. I’ll get you two clearances on a ship that leaves in tomorrow.”

“That sounds like good news.”

“But...”



“There’s always a but.”

“It’s spreading fast. Too fast. I’ve been thinking all night about how to slow it down, and... there’s one thing that might help, but the risk is too great.”

Adam looked down at his trembling hand. The numbness in his fingertips had returned. The numbers on the file were now clearer, and he could see the meaning behind it.

“Ouroboros.”

Altzberg nodded and did a long pause before continuing. “There’s a good chance Ouroboros can slow the infection, but it’s not as ready as it should be. It hasn’t been tested on humans. We don’t know the short-term or long-term effects.”

“I will die anyway, Doc. Or turn,” Adam said. “But I’m not watching Mom slip away while I do nothing.”

Altzberg opened a secure tray. Inside were a dozen of silver ampoules. He picked them up with care. Then he handed over a sleek access card. “This is your pass on the ship.”

He held up the ampoules one by one. "You'll have to use them tonight. The moment B.R.I.G.H.T. scans you and sees the infection markers, they'll deny you boarding. This might slow the infection and hide it. Temporarily."

"Might."

Altzberg stepped back, rubbing the back of his neck as if trying to shrug off the weight of his own words. "I know it can be strange to think about, maybe even uncomfortable, that the first testers are you and your mother. But there's a small chance Ouroboros will do what we hoped, make your DNA more compatible, almost like... syncing you two on a deeper level. The whole offspring stuff. So, don't let it freak you out too much."



CHAPTER 24. THE RISK

DAY 101

Matilda lay still, sleeping like she had the best sleep of her life. The fact that she was bound didn't bother her at all.

He could hear his mother's raspy snoring. She used to get tired like this when she put all her energy into birthdays, his and Abraham's, or after staying up all night for Christmas.

"Rockin' Around the Christmas Tree" was playing on the radio. Wrapping paper lay scattered on the floor.

Matilda took his hands with a smile, her cheeks flushed from wine and laughter. "Come on, dance with me," she said, swaying to the music in a hot seducing way, left and right, and then placed Adam's hands on her wide hips. "Dance with me, just for a minute, Adam."

"I'm not sure about it... Ugh... You are drunk, Mom." He was maybe fifteen. Embarrassed. Barefoot on the hardwood floor. But when he looked up at her, smiling, tipsy, beautiful in her deep green tight dress, he couldn't say no.

“Just a little. So what? It’s Christmas! I want to dance with my handsome boy. You’ll break hearts someday,” she whispered. “But tonight, you’re mine.”

Her cleavage was right in front of his flushed face, drawing his eyes to it. Just a glimpse of the swell of her breasts, so alluring under the green dress. Full, freckled breasts, tasting like sweat and candy. Her chin was up, eyes closed. She was dancing, moving her head left and right and letting him look at her boobs as much as he wanted.



“Jesus, get a room you two,” Abraham snorted on a couch, half-drunk. “You lovebirds better keep it in check.”

Matilda didn’t answer. Her smile faltered, but she kept dancing. The smell of her sweat was tasty. Adam started to ruin the dancing, unsure. He tried to move away, but she pulled him back in.

Adam felt his face burn, but Matilda leaned in close and whispered, “Ignore him. He’s just bitter he doesn’t get to dance with me.”

Then she randomly pressed his face into her boobs. Matilda’s arms wrapped around Adam’s neck. His nose entered the gap between her boobies, tightly encased in the green dress. He rubbed his cheek against her supple skin and freckles, and for some reason, it brought him weird and ugly pleasure.

His hands were all over Mom's thighs, not daring to venture into dangerous territory. Though the thought of touching her ass was driving him crazy.

"Oh, Adam. You are so good at that, my baby." She pressed his head so hard into her tits. Right into the hot seducing flesh. He was about to suffocate, but he didn't complain. Her red locks draped across his face and tangled in his hair.

I'd like to touch her like that forever.

"Don't get any ideas, kid," Abraham added. "She's your mother, not a chick you're tryin' to score with. Keep your hands where they belong. You're my boy, but if you start sniffin' around your Mom like some puppy, I'll shut that down real quick."

"Oh my God. Go drink somewhere else, Abe," Matilda said. "You are such an ass."

"I'm not the problem here, dear. Don't let the boy fall in love with you."

Adam looked at the floor, heat flooding his face. The music still played in the background. They kept swaying, even as the record crackled and the last notes faded.

Bright lights of his Christmas memory disappeared. Matilda's bedroom was dark and blank. Mark made an "mhh" sound,



his fingers holding Adam's hand while he eagerly sucked on the baby bottle.

Maybe I did fall in love with you, Mom. I'm so sorry for that. Ouroboros might not just save you but also turn into a perfect partner. Make your body more attuned to mine, down to the finest strand of DNA

He was thinking about the worst thing possible.

What our possible child might look like?

He looked into Mark's baby eyes, at his little funny face. So tiny and so cute.



"A weird thing to think about, Adam," he said to himself.

Adam laid Mark in his crib and injected the serum from the ampoule into his own arm first. Then, gently, he took Matilda's hand and pressed the needle into her vein.

When it was done, Adam eased down beside her and rested his head on one of her breasts. His mother's tender nipple was under his cheek. It was softer and warmer than any pillow. Just her big juicy boob beneath his head.

He slowly fell asleep to the sound of Matilda's rapid heartbeat.

"Dance with me, Adam. Just for a minute."

When he closed his eyes, he could see her in the tight green dress. She was dancing with him, letting her boy enjoy her body and her neckline.

“Don’t leave me, Mom. Please.”

“Shhhh. My baby.” She hugged him and put his head right into her tits. Matilda’s hands were massaging his ears and his hair. “I’m not going anywhere, baby.”

He opened his sleep-deprived eyes.

“*Adam?*” Matilda whispered. The sound was so silky, so good to his ears.

“Hm?” He woke up and realized Matilda was looking at him. Just her normal stare and her normal gorgeous face.

“I need to use the bathroom! So, so much,” she said.

“Uhm. Okay.” Adam loosened the bonds, and Matilda slipped out of the room. He saw her big ass jiggle a bit in a loose dress.

For a few minutes, Adam was just sitting there, all sleepy, in complete shock.

Is it real? Is she okay? Is he dreaming?

No, she was really there. He walked to the bathroom. The toilet flushed. He glanced inside right as Matilda was fixing the dress, and for a heartbeat, he saw his mother’s pale thighs exposed, bare and juicy. Matilda splashed water onto her face in the sink.

“What am I even wearing? Where did you even find this ugly dress?” she asked, meeting his eyes in the mirror with a scowl.

“Uhm, it... was there. Among your stuff. How do you feel, Mom?”

She gripped the edge of the sink, water dripping from her face. “A little weird to be honest. Like I just woke up from a really long, heavy sleep. Do you know what I mean?”

“What is the last thing you remember?”

She looked down, too ashamed to meet his eyes.

“I remember attacking you. I remember everything. I tried to stop myself. I really did. But it was like something else took over. I could see it like I was in the passenger seat. I was so angry, so hungry. I'm *am* so much.”

“Hungry?”

“What do we have to eat?” She pushed Adam aside and went to the kitchen. He watched with a smile as she opened the fridge and devoured everything she could grab. Cold leftovers, fruit, pieces of meat.

Her dress had fallen off her shoulder on one side. Part of her back was naked. He could see her skin wrinkled, her shoulder blade moving.

Adam stepped closer and carefully yanked the dress off her other shoulder as well. It just fell and exposed her upper body.



Her back was completely bare all the way down to her belly, but Matilda didn't react in any way. She continued eating, too hungry to care.

Adam licked his lips and nuzzled against her wet back.

"Mmggh... Adam? I'm eatin' don't get inna way," she said.

"Don't talk with your mouth full, Mom. Didn't you teach me that?" He started kissing her back, moving her red hair aside. His lips touched one of her shoulders, then the other. Adam's hands were massaging Matilda's back and kissing it all. He was kissing it hard, with loud smacks, with love, missing the heat of her skin.

"Ughh... Mom. I missed you so much." His right hand found her boob. Adam gripped it all, enviously, the fleshy not-too-hard nipple pinched between his thumb and index finger. He squeezed the flesh like he was trying to squeeze milk out of his mother's hot juicy boob.

The lightning of pleasure hit his brain.



“Whuh’re you doin’, dear? Shtop it... mmhhmm,” she mumbled, her mouth still full.



He squeezed it again and again, like giving his mother a strange breast massage, while his nose buried itself in her mop of red hair. Adam started to lift the bottom of her dress to expose her pale wide thighs and naked ass. He almost did it when she pushed him away and pulled her dress back down and up.

The imprint of her boob was still on his palm.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing? Who gave you the right to touch me like that? I thought I was dying, and when I woke up you do that? Control yourself!”

She looked pissed, almost like that time in the shower when she pushed him out.

“I’m sorry, Mom. I just wanted to feel you again, to make sure it’s still you.”

“I’m still me... Ughh.” She gripped the sink and vomited with her hair falling forward. The stuff she’d eaten was back

outside.

"Ughh... Why do I still feel it? What happened while I was asleep?"

"You'd better sit down, Mom." He wanted to help her into the chair, but she watched his hands, afraid they might end up on her boobs again.

"We're both still infected, but there's a chance to get help, a vaccine. There's a ship leaving this morning that will take us to the vaccine base. Until then, I injected us with something I've been working on in the lab. It should keep us stable, at least for now."

Matilda wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, eyes watering. She looked at him, for real, like for the first time since she woke up.

"Ouroboros?" she asked.

Adam, clearly surprised, nodded.

"You said it would help us start a new family... whatever that means. In the shower, back there."

"It's a lot of things at once. But it saved us for now."

She thought for a long time, processing all the information.

"I'm sorry I touched you, Mom."

"It was nasty, but if it made you feel better... it's the least I could do. Still, you didn't have to be so bold about it. It was rude."



She reached up and cupped his face in her hands. She did a long sweet kiss on his cheek. A few times.



"I can't imagine what you went through, how scared you must have been for me. I'm so sorry, baby." She lavished kisses on his face, the edge of her dress fell off her shoulder again and Adam could see his mother's bare breast. It was naked almost all the way down to the purple hard sweet nipple.

"Adam," Matilda lifted his stare to meet her eyes. She put up the dress and covered her boob. "What happened in the shower was wrong. Do you understand that? From the very beginning, when we decided to do it together, to what happened afterward, when you lifted me up. It was a horrible mistake and it could've ended in such a nightmarish way that I don't even want to think."

"Yes, it was wrong, I know." He blushed, his chest pounding. "But your breasts, Mom... I just can't help it..."

"You like my breasts, I get it. But that doesn't give you the right to just grab me like that, especially when I'm eating. Women are like predators; you never want to disturb them during a meal."

Adam let out a quiet laugh. "I missed you so much, Mom."

Matilda smiled too but then noticed a huge bulge in his pants.

"So. Do I owe you for saving me with this vaccine plan and giving me Ouroboros, whatever it is?"

"Well, I guess yes."

Her hand rested on his bare knee. She moved it up and down, each time getting closer and closer to his groin under the shorts.

"I'm proud of you, Adam."

"Mmm-ahh, Mom... I..." He sank back into the chair and noticed the edge of her dress slipping off her shoulder again.

"I hope you didn't touch me or let your eyes wander over my body when I passed out," she whispered.

Her hand stopped dangerously close to his cock. She put her other hand under her head and watched his face. Her index finger touched one of his balls.

"No, I was too busy, but maybe... Ughh... Maybe I would like to see your pussy, Mom."

Her face changed in an instant, her hand jerked back as if she'd been stung by a bee.

You're an idiot, Adam!

"Gosh, Adam," she said after a long pause. "How can you say something like that? Right to my face. What is going on with you? No son should want to see that. My body, that part of me, gave you life. It's not something to be stared at like some filthy fantasy. It's sacred. It's mine. Not yours to lust after. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Mom."

"Oh God, I just remembered the shower again." She pulled the dress back up over her shoulder. "You touched it with your body, didn't you? And I touched you with my hand... I guess it's our both fault, but I don't want us to be turned into freaks. I just wanted... I just wanted you to feel good."



"I did feel good, Mom," he said. "I've never felt so good in a long time!"

"It was still wrong," Matilda replied. "That's not how a mother should make her son feel better."

Suddenly, a siren pierced the quiet night over Savannah. It started low, then rose, wailing louder and louder.

"What is that?" Matilda turned to the window.

Adam looked out just in time to see something explode at the far end of the city. A cloud of fire and smoke rose into the sky. Then came the rattle of gunfire. Lots of it. And beneath it all... the roar of a crowd.

Not people.

"The infected," Adam said.



CHAPTER 25. SAVANNAH ON FIRE

DAY 101

The city was falling apart. Adam threw a duffel over his shoulder. They dressed, bags gathered. His fingers wrapped around the pistol, checking that the safety was off.

Outside, the growling was getting louder. Matilda clutched Mark tighter.

"We stick to the back roads. If we're lucky, most of them will head toward the city center. I'll get us to the ship, Mom."

They slipped out the back door into the cold night. Screams, sirens, and gunfire engulfed the city. Smoke billowed, and parts of Savannah were ablaze. B.R.I.G.H.T. armored vehicles and soldiers moved through the streets.

Adam saw a few helicopters flying above them. In the distance, at the far end of the street, he spotted hordes of infected tossing a B.R.I.G.H.T. armored carrier like a toy and devouring the soldiers trapped inside.

“Don’t look.” Adam held Matilda’s hand and moved forward.

“I’m scared,” Matilda said and clutched Mark closer to her chest.



“I’m with you, Mom.”

They were cutting through yards and parking lots, sticking to places with as few people as possible.

A spotlight from a helicopter lit them up. Creatures started coming out from behind the houses and down the street. Adam did a shot. One, then another. One fell; it was a woman. The second kept crawling despite Adam’s clumsy shots to its chest and leg.

“We have to keep running.” He gripped her hand tighter.

Matilda glanced back for just a second. She saw a woman running with a child. A woman screamed and disappeared under a swarm of infected. Up ahead, buildings burned. Power lines sparked like loose lightning.

“They’re everywhere.”

They pushed on. Just as Adam rounded a corner, an infected lunged and sank its teeth into his calf. He stumbled, blood spurting, his gun dropping to the ground.

“Adam!” She eased Mark into the crook of her arm, holding him close. Matilda bent down, grabbed a metal pipe nearby, and swung hard at the creature’s head. The thing shrieked and let Adam go.

“Hold still,” she said, unzipping her jacket to tear a strip of fabric. Wrapping it around his wounded leg, she pressed down to slow the bleeding.

“You’re full of surprises, Mom.”



“I’m just tired of you saving me. Keep up, soldier. The ship’s waiting.”

They supported each other as they limped toward the dock. More shots were in the distance. Explosions. The sky flashed. Sirens wailed. They were getting closer to the harbor now.

“They might not like my bite. Let’s hope Ouroboros works,” he said.

Barbed wire, sandbags, a rusted chain-link gate. B.R.I.G.H.T. soldiers were standing between the living and whatever waited behind. Refugees crowded against the barricade, pleading, shoving, and waving papers.

Adam and Matilda approached. One of the soldiers raised a rifle, shouting something they couldn’t hear over the noise. Adam caught only one word - ‘bitten.’

Adam raised his hands. “I have clearance. I work in the lab. Here’s the pass.” The soldier’s face changed. He waved them forward, quickly shouting to another guard. “These two. They are ‘guinea pigs.’ Tell the captain.”

Guinea pigs?



There were a lot of ships. Ten, maybe twenty. Some had already moved out into the water; others were still docked, loading people on board.

As they got closer, someone threw a bag over Adam's head. A few men grabbed him and dragged forward.

"Mom?" What do you want? Stop it! I'm a scientist." Adam fought until a punch knocked the wind out of him. He heard a sound of waves. Metal steps clanged beneath them. They were heading up. Moments later, someone shoved him to his knees and ripped the sack off.

A few soldiers were standing around. One grabbed his arm and scanned it. A small screen lit up green.

"Clear," the soldier said.

"So you're the test subject Alzberg warned me about," said a man, higher-ranking.

"Where's Doc? He said I can be useful, he said there's a vaccine."

"Alzberg's not here. I assume he stayed in the city, so he's probably dead. Looks like you outlived him. Who would've thought? He gave you and the woman a twenty percent chance of survival. And here you are, alive, with a negative infection marker."

"He expected me to die?"

"Never trust the crazy scientists, boy." The soldier helped Adam to his feet. "Welcome aboard, Adam. I'm the captain of this ship. I was given instructions to take care of you in case you actually showed up. It's going to be a long ride. Make yourself at home."

They let him go, and only then did he realize he was already on the ship, surrounded by other survivors.



“Adam,” Matilda’s voice called out. She pushed through the crowd and threw her arms around him, holding on like she’d never let go. “They pulled you away,” she said, breathless. “Then they checked me. They shot a few people who were infected... I thought they got you too. I was so scared!”

“It’s okay, Mom. It’s okay. We are okay.”

Adam rested his head on her shoulder, watching the city burn in the distance. Helicopters flew through the night, and fires burned everywhere. He could still hear the screams, even this far.

When all the ships had moved far enough away, Adam saw a flash. A nuclear mushroom cloud rose over Savannah, and only then did the voices and screams finally fade.



CHAPTER 26. SHIP CHRISTMAS

DAY 103

Life aboard the ship was strict, almost military. Meals came at strict hours, breakfast, lunch, and dinner, always the same dull chime over the speakers. There was barely enough formula for Mark.

Matilda stood alone on the upper deck, bent over the railing. The sea stretched endlessly around the ship. The wind curled through her red hair, playing rough.



“Mom?” Adam stepped beside her.

She didn't turn to look at him right away.

“I just needed a moment.” Her voice was quiet. “My arm still aches from the morning injection.”

“You've been distant lately,” Adam said. “Since we left.”

She nodded, still staring into the sea.

“Too much happened too fast. The infection, CODA kidnapping me, and then Savannah.”

"I get it." He reached out and placed a hand on her back, rubbing slowly between her shoulders. She leaned into him without thinking, resting her head on his shoulder.

"Without you, Adam... I would've lost it. I would've jumped straight into these waters and let them take me."

"Don't say that."

A seagull screeched somewhere high above.

"When I woke up that morning, with your head on my chest... you said something. About being afraid to lose me. Also about dancing."

Adam smiled. "I was dreaming about that one Christmas. You were wearing that gorgeous green dress. We were dancing in the living room, just the two of us. It felt so real. It helped me not to get crazy."

"I remember." She smiled, then laughed as the memory played out. "Oh my God. Yeah. Your father was such an ass, rambling nonsense about us, and then passed out on the couch. But we danced anyway. I held you close, and you held me like a man. I think that was the time I first started noticing the way you looked at me. I told myself it was normal, just part of you becoming a man."

"You were too gorgeous not to look at. You looked beautiful in that dress. Absolutely stunning."

"Thank you, sweetheart."

She turned and ran her fingers through his hair like she used to, then kissed his cheek and held her lips there a moment longer than usual.

Adam's face flushed, turned so red, that Matilda couldn't hold her crystal laugh.



“Just don’t pass out because of the innocent kiss.”

“I’ll try, Mom.”

For a while, they just stood there. The ship hummed beneath them.

“Would you want to pretend it’s Christmas again?” Adam asked suddenly. “Just for tonight. Close the door to our cabin; forget the world for a little while? You, me and Mark. We didn’t have it for a long time.”

Matilda didn’t answer right away. Her hand was tracing idle circles on the cold railing.

“I’m not sure, Adam. I don’t know if I can... go back into that moment again.”

“Just to breathe, Mom. To remember something good. It helped me in that moment when I thought I lost everything. When I thought I’d lost you when you got infected. The memory of that Christmas helped me stay strong.”

“Well... I think there’s still a bottle or two of wine under the bed. I brought a few with me.”



A flimsy excuse for a table had been set in their cabin with a double bed. Adam kept turning the radio dial until he found it, the same station from the first day. The one that played Christmas music.

Mark waved his hands excitedly when the static on the radio finally gave way to music.

“Are you happy, yeah?” Adam rubbed the boy’s head as Matilda appeared from the bathroom. His jaw dropped. She was wearing the very same dress from his memory. She hadn’t changed at all since then. She looked just as stunning. The dress had a deep neckline, fitting her perfectly. Her legs were bare up to the knees.

She stepped out, struck a little pose, and laughed at the silly look on Adam’s face.

“I found this dress in our bags. Who would have thought? You know what’s funny? You packed our stuff on that very first day. And for some reason, you took this dress. Maybe it was some kind of subconscious choice, but I’m thankful to you for that.”

She came closer and, leaning in, kissed him on the cheek. Adam saw her breasts dangling in the low neckline.

What a view.



She sat down and poured them each a small glass of wine. The glasses were chipped, but tonight, they felt like a luxury. Their cabin's tiny window framed the dark ocean outside. Voices of other people could be heard beyond the walls.

"You look stunning, Mom." He took a sip.

"Thank you," she replied, brushing a loose strand of hair behind her ear before draining her glass. Christmas music continued to fill the cabin.

"Come here." Matilda took Mark onto her lap. His head rested against her tits, and Adam watched with envy, sipping his wine.

"We've become kinda like parents to him. You are Mom, and I am Dad," Adam said with

an awkward grin.

Matilda looked at Adam oddly. "I feel more like his sister."

"*Ahem*, yeah, sure," Adam cleared his throat and poured himself another glass of wine. "Does Mark make you think about having another child?"

"Well. We tried having another child, me and Abraham. I already told you that. I tried a lot when you left. And... I don't know. It makes me think bad thoughts. Maybe the problem was with me. Yes, I always wanted more kids. And I always thought I still could, but..." She glanced around

the cabin. “Looks like it’s not meant to be. All I have left is hoping for grandchildren. Or you, baby.” She started to squeeze Mark, and the boy laughed.



“I remember my promise about grandchildren, Mom.” Adam took a sip of wine. His eyes kept drifting to her neckline and gorgeous big boobs that were ready to pop out at any moment. They were literally the cutout from his dreams.

“Don’t make promises you can’t keep. Right now, I’d settle for you just staying alive.” She swirled the wine in her glass, watching him over the rim.

She caught his hungry eyes on her breasts, but then Adam looked away.

Matilda did a loud sigh, her fingers brushing the edge of her neckline like she had felt his stare.

The radio crackled in the corner of the cabin, then eased into the “*Rockin’ Around the Christmas Tree*.”

They both smiled.

“Do you want to dance?” Adam asked.

Matilda turned her head. She looked down at baby Mark and put him to bed. Then, slowly, she straightened and faced Adam.

She was wearing *that* green dress. They’d had a bit of wine. Just enough to have some fun. Matilda stepped closer, took his hands, and placed them gently on her hips.

“Like before,” she said with a half-smile.

They swayed together, slowly, clumsily, their feet out of sync. Her body moved under his hands with confidence, like she knew the rhythm even when he didn't. The cabin creaked around them. Outside, the sea whispered against the hull.



Matilda's laughter broke the silence when he nearly tripped and fell on her boobs face ahead. "Careful, mister."

"Sorry. Gosh, you're just as beautiful. Even more."

Matilda suddenly pressed him to her breasts, the moment he glared at it. He was taller this time than he had been that Christmas. But that didn't stop him from nuzzling against her deliciously juicy breasts, and her freckles.

"Mmmm...Mom." He touched her back, pulling her even closer to him. His face pressed into her tits, his face flushed, his ears ringing. Matilda rested her chin on the top of his head and bit her lip to hold back a moan. His breath was so warm against her breasts.

She threw off one strap, then the other.

Before Adam knew it, his face was on her nipple. He opened his eyes and saw that she had pulled down both of her straps. She was totally naked down to the bells. Her tits were right in his face and she was pressing him into her, so hard, rubbing Adam into her breasts.

"Akgghhhh... Mommy." He was sucking on her

breasts, her tits, every inch of them.

He tried to imagine that they were back on that night, only this time, Abraham was watching, unable to do anything. He could no longer interrupt them with his dumb pathetic comments.

All he can do is watch his son enjoying his mother's hot sexy body. She let him do it.

"Do you love Mommy so much that you kiss my bobbies that hard? Oooh...be gentle, honey. Do what you wanted to do that very Christmas. You can love my boobies all you want."

Adam moved his face, his cheeks over her tits. They were completely at his disposal, at the mercy of this moment and this song, and he made the most of it. He kissed them, and licked her nipples. Squeezing the flesh of her breasts with his face, and sometimes helping with his hands.

Matilda closed her eyes, her hands locked around his neck. Her voice broke into a moan.

"Ughhh... Adam. This is crazy. I'm a crazy, and I'm so drunk. Why am I doing this?"

"Your tits are the best, Mommy."

"Oh, yeah. It's... Ughh... I know how much you love my boobs. Kiss them, baby. As long as Mommy lets you. You're so handsome."

Adam was beyond happy. His bulge pressed against her thigh. His hands roamed over her breasts like a man possessed. No inch of her skin escaped his fevered kisses, nibbling, worshipping. His kisses were greedy and hungry. A bead of saliva dripped from her nipple, falling onto the floor.

When the music stopped, Matilda grabbed his head and pulled him up.

"Shhhhh. That's enough. You're such a bad hungry boy, Adam. I never could have imagined you would grow up like this. Nasty little boy who loves Mommy's boobs too much. You can do this to your Mommy. Okay? We should stop."



His face was twisted with lust and love. She leaned her forehead against his, her breath sweet from the wine.

"I owe you everything, my boy." Matilda closed her eyes, and suddenly Adam's lips crashed onto hers. She was caught off guard. Hanging onto his neck, she melted into the wine kiss.



Matilda was kissing the man standing before her. Passionately, responding to the same passion with which he kissed her. She tried to imagine her husband in front of her, but all she saw was him, only Adam. She kissed him, their tongues licking each other, exchanging the sweet saliva of wine.

"Mmmm... We're crazy for kissing like this." With a smack, she moved her head back.

"You're making me crazy, Mom." He cupped one hand over one of her breasts and with his other hand he grabbed her neck and pulled her back up to his lips.

He couldn't get enough of her, never enough. Her full, red, drunken lips were like the water of life to him.

"We shouldn't be kissing like this. I'm so drunk...I'm ready to do anything for you, Adam."

"Mmm... Mom... I want to... see... her. Your *pussy*."

"No, Adam." She tried to push him.

"I want you to show it to me; I want you to show me my birthplace."

"No!" She pushed him away. Abruptly, angrily. "What the hell is wrong with you?"

Matilda returned to her seat, poured herself another glass of wine, and drained it in seconds.

She tugged the straps of her top back over her shoulders.

Adam sat down too and poured himself some wine. He was still a little shaky after the wild dance they'd just had, and an uncomfortable hard-on throbbed in his pants.

She and Adam didn't speak much, while the radio kept playing in the background.

"Why are you so eager to see it? I don't understand. No son should ever see it, Adam. Even after everything we've done... I want you to feel good, to feel my love and gratitude, but what you're asking for is just too fucking much. Pardon my French. I wouldn't feel comfortable."

He stared at her with those big, pleading puppy eyes. "Didn't you say you'd do anything for me?"

"What are you talking about? It's different! I just let you kiss me and shower my breasts with kisses, Adam. "What other mother on this

rotten planet ever did anything like that? EVER? Never even Abe got that. But you... you're never satisfied. You keep pushing, pushing. You're never satisfied. You want more, more, more until I don't know who I am anymore."



"You are my Mother." Adam smiled, holding her small pale hand. They both took another sip of wine.

"I'm unshaven." She said, then checked that Mark was asleep, and looked into Adam's eyes. He gulped. "Okay? It's not worth showing. It's gotten really hairy since the first day... I haven't touched it once."

Adam realized that he totally missed it. When she was lying naked in the bathroom it never occurred to him to look at her. He missed everything. But, well, she was infected at that point, so why would he be interested,

"I want it even more now, Mom."

"What?" surprise flashed in Matilda's eyes. "You men... don't you like it when it's completely shaved down there? Abe loved me smoothly. He said it made me look younger." She flushed even more. "Gosh, I must be really drunk if I'm telling you this."

Adam stood up and moved closer to her. He knelt at her feet and stayed still. Matilda sighed, her hands touching the edge of the green dress. Her hands trembled as they brushed the edge of her green dress. Then, she spread her legs apart.

"Ugh... Oh my God," Adam whispered.

She wasn't wearing any panties, and Adam could see...

Her pussy. He could see the two halves, her cheeks, one fuller than the other, flushed the deep, warm pink of her nipples. Her pubic red hair was sticking up all over, tousled and untamed, framing her slick folds. Moisture glistened in patches.



It was like seeing a God. Like something he was never supposed to witness in this mortal life, and now his brain, his consciousness, was forever changed and altered. It deepened something within him, changed him. It felt primal.

Matilda reached out with one hand and covered his open mouth, chuckling.

“Careful, dear. A fly might fly in,” she said with awkward drunk giggle.

“It’s incredible, Mom. And the scent is...”

She rolled her eyes as she loosened her grip on the edge of her dress. The show suddenly stopped.



“Well, that’s enough, Adam. You’re pushing your luck, darling... Adam?”

He crawled closer and lifted the hem of her dress.

“Ughhhh. WHAT ARE YOU DOING? ADAM!” She grabbed the table and nearly knocked over a

bottle of wine on herself. Her legs clenched around him and her body shuddered as his tongue made contact with her pussy.

His tongue awkwardly rubbed her clit before entering right into the opening. Her pussy cheeks peeled apart, allowing him to pass inside. The smell was unparalleled. Her thighs clutched his head in a deadly grip.

“Adam... Akgghhhh... That's enough.”

Adam kept playing with it, using his tongue . His taste buds savored every sweet rough spot, every new flavor of his birthplace. Matilda cradled his head. Her thighs jiggled and Adam felt something wet and delicious on his tongue.

"Akgghhhhhh." She twitched for a couple more seconds before she collapsed completely in her chair. "Adam..." she whispered. "What have you done?"

"I just wanted to taste you. To feel my birthplace. So warm and smooth." Adam pulled his head back and wiped his mouth and tongue. Matilda's face was still a little flushed, her hair tousled.

"No one's ever done that to me."

"Well, I just did. That was my way of thanking you for saving me back in Savannah."

"What am I supposed to do with you now? One day, you're going to ruin me completely."

While she sat there thinking, Adam touched his hard-on. The sweet-and-sour taste of Matilda was still fresh on his tongue, along with the remnants of her breasts' flavor. This day was already unforgettable.

"Does it hurt?" Matilda looked at his hard-on and Adam nodded. She sighed and sat down next to him, then pulled off his shorts. His cock appeared in all its glory.

Matilda let out a gasp.

"I..." The words stuck in her throat. Her fingers gently brushed over his hot pink tip before circling his cock. She began to stroke up and down. "Don't wake Mark."

"Argh... Mom."

"There are no more rules now. If death can come at any moment, then let me give you something that feels alive. You've done everything for me, baby, you've worked so hard. Let me take care of you tonight."

Adam bit his lip. Her hand traveled up and down, pulling the skin tight. The air stuck in his chest and his head exploded with hot pleasure. His hand gently skimmed first one then the other strap off her dress. He tugged lightly and first one breast fell out of the neckline, followed by the other.

She wiggled them a bit, meeting his eyes with a smile.

"Ohhh, Mom..." He grabbed her breast, pinching the flesh and nipple. While Matilda continued to jack him off, her other hand played with his balls. She massaged one testicle and then the other, as if she was giving him a good wash. Like he was a baby again.

"You like my breasts so much. Bad boy. You touch me wrong, and you've seen your own mother's pussy. What kind of son you are?"

They were both getting red in the face. His hand kept rubbing her breast and nipple. He was on the verge of passing out every time.

"Do NOT pass out, Adam, or you'll miss the best part."

"You're drunk, Mom... Akgghhhhhhhh... Oh, yes."

"Yes, a little. So? It's Christmas."

She suddenly sat down on her knees and swallowed his cock. Completely, all the way down.



"AGHHHHHHH...Mom!?" He put his fingers in her red, long hair. Everything inside was burning, his balls pushed together, along with his buttocks. The bed legs shook, and Adam gripped the sheet so hard he nearly tore it.

Matilda began to thrust up and down, shooting out saliva. Her tongue was massaging his skin and head. "*Gulp, gulp.*"

"Akgghhhh...the best Mom in the world." He played with her hair.

I wonder if you are watching, Dad. Mom is doing the best blowjob of my life, and there's nothing you can do about it.

"Akggh, Akggh...Akggh..." He couldn't take much more of that paradise -kiss. His cock was trembling like crazy. Matilda made one last deep thrust, his cock entered her throat all the

way to the base and she made a sound like she was choking.

"MOMMY!!!!" Adam clutched the sheet even tighter. Matilda pulled her head away and his cock exploded like a volcano. She grabbed it and played with his testicles, catching each hot stream onto her breasts. Each stream of cum flew exactly



onto her tits, her nipples, her belly, her freckles and her hot body.

"That's it, baby. Give it all to Mommy. Mmmm." She watched his cock, every explosion. Adam's brain was melting like ice cream in the desert.

"*Mommy.*"

She smiled, catching the sweet word from his lips. She could see drops on her breasts, the white viscous liquid was everywhere, on her nipples and all over her breasts.

"So much of it. God. You gave me it all." She stroked his cheek. "I love you so much, sweetheart."

Matilda got up and left for the bathroom, closing the door behind her. Adam was staring into nowhere for a long time.

I need to fuck her so bad.