

af's

INFECTED HEARTS



CHAPTER 27. SLAP

DAY 103.

“That was... something.” Matilda came out of the bathroom. She wiped her mouth and stepped closer. Adam, sitting on the edge of the bed, took her hand and looked at her.

He stared at her as if she were the only woman on the planet. The only thing in their cabin. The fire in his eyes gave her goosebumps, and the wine began to fade from her mind.

“Thank you, Mom.”

“It’s okay, sweetie. I... ADAM?”

He took her thigh, her bare skin, and pulled Matilda toward him, kissing her leg. Matilda, arching her leg slightly forward, awkwardly shuddered with each of his greedy kisses. “What are you doing?”

“You are the most beautiful woman in the world, Mom. I have always... *smooch*... known that.”

“Adam. It’s the wine talking. Stop it.”

“I have always envied father, and the fact that he could love you...”



whenever he wanted. Your full hips, your face..."

"You're talking nonsense, Adam," Matilda said, and each of her kisses only made her angrier.

"I'm drunk, but I know what I want. I want you, Mom." He kissed her calf and lifted her dress. He moved his finger closer to her pussy and was already touching her ginger pubic hair when Matilda grabbed his ear. She yanked so hard that Adam thought she had torn it off.

He almost cried out, but remembered just in time about Mark, who was asleep.



"Adam Linard. I Am Your Mother."

"It hurts, ughh, Mom." He put his hand on her wrist, but she slapped it away.

"Do you think your words don't hurt me? I know the alcohol's messed with our heads, loosened us up..., but I'm your mother. And you have the nerve to say that to me? That you *want* me?"

"You gave me a blow job, Mom."

After that, she slapped him. Adam fell, his face flushing even more.

"And clearly, you didn't appreciate my kindness. I was such a fool. You're more like your father than you'll ever admit."

She spotted something small and golden among the things. She picked it up and walked out of the cabin. Adam was left sitting on the floor with a mark on his face. And the feeling that he was the biggest loser in the world.

Matilda stepped out onto the ship's evening deck, still wearing her green dress. Her heart clenched in her chest so hard it felt like it could stop and explode at any moment. Her lungs tensed and loosened, as if fighting against her own breath.

She glanced at the thing she picked up and nearly had a heart attack.

It was her wedding ring.

"I gave our boy a blow job, Abraham."

All those weeks and months. Their showers together, their dancing, all his attention. All of it had led to this now.

"I just did it to make him feel good. You were the first one to cheat on me. You cheated on me. Adam needed it... Stupid... Am I trying to justify myself?"

Images flashed through her mind: Adam's face. How happy he was when she showed him her boobs and when she held him close. He was a small boy again. Only now, he wanted more than just her attention; he wanted her body, her womanhood.



"Maybe because of the stress, he's drawn to me, to my breasts and my body. That's why. You didn't do anything wrong," Matilda whispered to herself, tucking a lock of hair behind her ear. She slid the ring off her palm, perhaps hoping that a strong gust of wind would carry it away.

"You're Matilda, right?"

She clenched the ring and turned toward the voice. It was a man dressed in B.R.I.G.H.T. uniform but without a mask. Matilda nodded, eyeing the man.

"Do I know you?" she asked.

"No. I'm Captain Pike, and I command this ship."

He stepped closer and stood nearby, looking out into the night sea alongside her.

"I read your file. You worked in a hospital, but you're a vet. Adam is your son.. I know your husband was murdered. I'm sorry."

"I don't need your pity, Captain. But thank you for taking us in. Now, excuse me..."

She was already about to turn and return to the cabin.

"The file Altzberg presented us was informing about CODA. They've always had a special interest in women, but I've never met anyone who survived an encounter with them."

He looked Matilda up and down again.

"Aren't they part of your godforsaken organization? Why do you all act like they're not one of you?" Matilda asked after a pause.

Pike adjusted his chest plate.

"B.R.I.G.H.T. was created by people dissatisfied with the system. We were all prepared for what happened. We knew what we were signing up for. '*Bright is the Future!*' That was the slogan. But no one ever knew where the heart of it was. Only CODA does. They answer to one group. The rest of us answer to someone else. You've met them. Do they even seem human to you?"

Matilda slowly looked the man in the eyes.

"I came down here to warn you. You are our test subjects who might help us create a vaccine, but you're also *infected*. Even though you're injecting yourselves with that disgusting stuff, Ouroboros, mother and son... if my men see even a hint or sign that you're losing control..."

"I understand," Matilda interrupted him with a nervous sigh, placing her hand on the cuff of Pike's arm, which was resting on the railing.

"Tell me, Captain, what is Ouroboros?"



Pike looked at her hand.

"I think Adam should be the one to tell you about it." Pike smiled kindly and gently moved her hand away. His hand traced a circle in the air. "Ouroboros. The serpent that eats its own tail. You can try to guess the meaning behind it."

He bowed before leaving. "Good night, Matilda."

Matilda snorted. She returned to the cabin, where Adam, completely drained, drunk, and exhausted after an intense evening, was sleeping beside Mark.

"My boys." She stroked Mark's tummy, then ran her fingers through Adam's hair. "A serpent that eats its on tail. What kind of riddle is that?"

Without changing her clothes, she lay down next to Adam. Matilda woke up a little later because someone was snuggling up to her. Adam's hands were on her softly rounded belly, and he was pressing his face into her shoulder and snuggling up to her with his whole body. He wasn't wearing any clothes, and the only thing between them was the fabric of Adam's light blanket.

"It was the best day ever, Mom. I love you," he whispered through his sweet dreams. His lips touched and caressed her ear, then kissed it.

Matilda smiled and kissed his cheek before continuing to sleep.

"I want to give you grandchildren, Mom," he whispered one last time.



CHAPTER 28. STOP ACTING LIKE THAT

DAY 107.

Time moved on. Life carried them forward, but neither of them ever spoke about that night again. Not the good, not the bad. Not the fight. Not the love.

Matilda, dressed in a sheer white nightgown, spent a long time brushing her red curls in the bathroom. She kept looking at the ring on her finger.

Just a little reminder.

A cramp pulsed in her lower belly. She reached for a pad.

Matilda hated this time of the month. Not because of the pain, she was used to that, but because it reminded her she was still capable of giving life. That her body still *expected* something it hadn't had in years. And after Abraham's passing she hated it even more.

She blinked as a soft singing reached her. She peeked out and saw Adam singing a lullaby to Mark. He rocked the child, holding him close to his body.

"I used to sing it to you." Matilda smiled at him, and he smiled back. "You would be a good father."

"Maybe I would." Adam studied her body in the nightgown with a slit before asking,

"I noticed you've been wearing the ring again. These past few days... Do you still think about Dad?"

"I do." She looked at the ring. "Abraham was insanely jealous. He used to get worked up over mailmen and plumbers just saying hello to me. If he'd found out about what we did... I don't even want to imagine how furious he'd be." She snorted.

"I mean, I showed you my... *thing*. Don't smile like that."

Adam blushed, but the smile didn't leave his face.



“You have a beautiful and delicious... *thing*, Mom.”

She punched his shoulder, then grabbed him by the ear again.

“Watch your mouth! Do you want me to slap you again? I can!”

“Sorry! And I’m sorry about what I said that evening. I just... lose control around you.”

“Yeah, you better be.” She shot him a stern look and let go of his ear.

He leaned in and kissed her cheek, then slowly moved down. Adam kissed her neck, stopping over the throb of her carotid artery and then moving to her collarbone. Matilda melted into the kisses for a few seconds before pushing him away.

“I don’t like it, sweetheart. Stop,” she said. “We were drunk. We let go, just for a night. You made me feel good... and I gave that back to you. But it doesn’t mean I want anything *more*. I *can’t* want anything. And you shouldn’t either. All I want is the vaccine.”

Adam glanced at one of the empty vials on the table, the ones they had taken that morning. He put Mark to bed and sat slowly on the edge of the bed, the mattress sinking under his weight.

Matilda sat beside him, stroking his back and hair. They both stared out the small window.

“I don’t like the way the captain looks at you.”

Matilda chuckled. “Is that jealousy I hear?”

You’re just like your father.”



She kept running her fingers along his back, the nape of his neck, his ears, and his shoulders. Her nails scratched lightly over his bare skin. He wasn't wearing a shirt.

"I'm not Dad, Mom. I'm better." He looked into her eyes. Matilda narrowed hers.

"Well, perhaps you are. In some ways, I won't deny it. And you're definitely more handsome than him, but.... Adam?"

He leaned over and kissed her ear. His hand subtly tugged at one strap of her nightgown. She did not stop him, so Adam removed the other strap. Her nightgown slipped down.

Her red, freckled breasts appeared before him. She clumsily pressed them together, touching both nipples. With fire in his eyes, Adam was devouring her breasts with his look.

Her boobs and nipples, framed by lush, combed red hair, were the most beautiful sight in the world.

"Whoa."

"Men," Matilda sighed. "This love is simply beyond explanation. Maybe Freud was right about something after all."

Her eyes swept over his muscular young body. Over his abs, his chest, the veins on his arms. For a moment, she simply *drank him in*, and allowed herself to enjoy the view, just as he was enjoying her. Noticing the bulge in his shorts.

"They're so incredibly beautiful," Adam whispered. Matilda turned to



look at the wall, as she startled by the things she felt while inspecting his torso.

“They’re old and ugly. It’s just the signals in your head telling you my breasts are beautiful. Your brain tells you to love your mother’s breasts. It’s all subconscious stuff I have to fight against, but instead, here I am, doing God knows what. Oh God. I’ve never been so easily persuaded. Ughhh. And then I get mad at you for wanting more and more.”

“You were always easy to persuade, Mom, and Dad often took advantage of that.” He couldn’t hide his giggling.

“What!?! That’s not true! Akghhh.” She cried out when he put his hand on her left boob and squeezed her nipple. “I expected you... ughh... to just look.”

“I can’t hold back.” He cupped her breasts in both hands and gently squeezed them. His fingers were kneading them like he was spreading a soothing balm over her skin.

“I remember in Savannah, you told me you needed these. It’s subconscious, so fine... but this? This is the limit. Nothing like what happened on Christmas evening will happen again. That’s it. Nothing more.”

She bit her lip; a light moan escaped her throat.

“And please, don’t pass out. You have a sick heart, *sweetheart*. Ughhh...”

“I love it when you call me sweetheart, Mom. Damn, your tits are so soft. Mmm...”



She shot him a warning look, heat rising to her cheeks. "The word 'tits' is too vulgar. Don't call them that. I'm your mother, not some... well, not just someone."

She closed one eye, then the other. While his hands greedily explored every curve, wrinkle, and dimple on her boobs. Her nipples hardened and kept slipping between his fingers and palms. His heart was pounding so hard.

His other hand moved lower, aiming between her legs, but Matilda slapped his hand away.

"Don't push it," she said, giving him a sharp look. "I'm letting you touch me, and I want something in return, sweetie."

He grinned. "You're so greedy. Whatever you want, Mom."

Adam gave her that look again. The look he'd been giving her for days. His eyes dropped on her thighs, her hips... her groin. A hungry, lustful look.

"I'm still your father's wife," she said, showing him the wedding ring on her finger.

"I know." His hands didn't stop for a second. He was roaming, like he had every right.

It made her feel uneasy.

Here she was showing him the wedding ring; meanwhile Adam just keep touching her like a hungry man. Like she was a stripper putting on a show.

"That's enough, Adam." Matilda pulled him away from her tits.

"Now look me in the eyes," Matilda said. Adam's cheeks flushed deep red, but he obeyed. "I let

you touch me, and now you're going to tell me what Ouroboros is."

Adam sighed. The erection in his shorts was uncomfortable. "You just can't let this go, can you?"

"Don't avoid the answer. I need to know what I've been injecting into myself all these days. What have you been working on in the lab?"

Adam stood up, and Matilda followed him.

"Adam, either you tell me, or you'll never see my... *tits* again."

Matilda prepared to lift her straps, but Adam reached out and touched her shoulders, stopping her. He rubbed them; her skin was so soft and smooth. Adam's fingers were moving around Matilda's naked shoulders, up and down. She stood before him in a nightgown, her breasts fully on display. He could touch them, squeeze them. His naked mother, with her beautiful eyes, looked at him, waiting for an answer.

She was breathtakingly



stunning.

And with Ouroboros I actually have a chance to make her pregnant?

“It rewrites the human genome, makes people *love* stronger... and makes them compatible for the vaccine.”

“That’s... it?”

Adam nodded.

“What the hell.” Matilda planted her hands on her hips. The thin fabric of her nightgown clung to her curves. “Why the *fuck* is it called Ouroboros then?”

“Mom, whoa.” He was taken aback.
“Language. Swearing doesn’t suit you. Makes you sound... dirty.”

“Oh, for Christ’s sake,” she said.
“Everyone talks about Ouroboros like it is some massive, filthy secret. Now I just feel like an idiot.”

He hugged her, pressing her nipples against his breasts. The sound of the ocean could be heard outside the window. The radio in the corner played music the entire time.

“I don’t like it when you get angry,” Adam whispered. They were standing there, hugging each other, practically naked, skin to skin. In the middle of the room, while the radio played in the corner.

“And I don’t like it when you act like *this*.” She said and pushed him away, breaking the connection between their bodies.



“Like what?”

“Like Abraham.” She went back into the bathroom and closed the door. Adam remained standing in the room, still hard.

At least she will stop asking about Ouroboros. I hope so.



CHAPTER 29. CONFESSION

DAY 115.

“The journey is taking longer than we hoped,” Pike said, looking out the window at the morning ocean. He was sitting at the table across from Matilda and Adam. “And that means bad news for the two of you.”

“In a way...?” Matilda asked, holding Mark in her arms.

“The ampoules,” Pike said, folding his hands on the table. “Is there a chance you might run out before the journey ends?”

“We still have enough,” Matilda replied. “Right, Adam?”

But Adam was elsewhere. He was thinking about his nightmare.

It was a dark place, damp. Deep underground. Full of water, spiders, and moss. The moisture clung to his skin. An old, ancient cave. Eyes stared at him from the darkness. Several eyes, and it sent chills down Adam’s spine.



"YOU ARE STILL ONE OF US," whispered a snake-like voice before Adam woke up in the middle of the night. He couldn't fall back asleep until morning.

"Adam?" Matilda shook his shoulder.

"Huh? Yeah. We have the ampoules, plenty of them," he said.

Pike looked at Adam, then at Matilda, and finally at Mark. The little boy, who was innocent and had no clue what was going on.

"I want to be on your side, I do, but I have a whole ship full of people. I don't need two infected passengers here. But I also don't want to lock you in a cabin and treat you like animals."



Two B.R.I.G.H.T. soldiers gripped their rifles tighter behind Matilda's and Adam's backs.

Pike continued. "If you have any kind of problem, you come to me. Is that clear? Try not to leave your cabin unless you absolutely have to."

Matilda and Adam nodded, and they were led out onto the deck.

Dressed in warm jackets, Matilda, shivering, held Mark a little closer to keep him warm. The farther the ship traveled north, the colder it got. Mark clapped his hands when he spotted whales in the water.

"Could the Ouroboros run out... and we just die?" Matilda asked Adam.

"First we'll turn, then we'll die," he said, looking down at the

water. "But we have enough, okay? Don't think about it, Mom."

Matilda looked sadly at the whales. Mark kept giggling, and the animals kept swimming, like the world hadn't gone crazy.



"I'll try," she said. Adam hugged her from behind and kissed her on the cheek.

"You're doing it again," Matilda said with a sour smile and a sigh. She glanced at a man and a woman, other passengers, who had just walked past them. "You're acting like Abraham again."

"No, I'm acting better, Mom." He tried to take her hand, but she didn't let him.

"Let's just go back. I need something warm to drink."

They returned to their cabin. It felt as cold as the Ice Age in there, and cold air kept seeping in through the window, no matter how hard they tried to close it.

"Where were you when we were talking with Captain? Nightmares again?" Matilda sat at the table, sipping hot tea, trying to warm up at least a little. She was still wearing her jacket and jeans.

"Sometimes. Sometimes I see Mira... or the others. Sometimes just eyes." Adam took a sip of his tea. "So many eyes in a cave. And this voice... Nevermind."

"I used to make you hot chocolate when you were little and couldn't sleep," she said with a smile. "Wish I had something to offer you now. Abraham always said a man should face his nightmares alone."

Can you believe?"

"Can you please stop mentioning Dad for just one second?" Adam slammed the tea cup on the table, splashing some of the liquid.

"Well, I spent a whole life with your father, sweetheart. I have things to say. I cheated, so I can't just stop thinking about him."

"Can you even call what we did cheating?"

"I call a blowjob cheating... I showed you my *pussy*. What do you call that? Ugh, what is that I'm sitting on?"

She reached into her back pocket, pulling out the thing that had been bothering her. A condom, one of the ones she'd stolen from the mall.

They both looked at it as if it were something from the distant past. Then, without a word, Matilda tossed it onto the bedside table.

"It was such a weird day. Didn't know you still have it."

"I still have a few packs in my bag." She finished her tea with a final long sip, noticing smile on Adam's face.

"You know, I just realized, Mom, that you were my first kiss."

"Adam..." she turned away, not wanting to listen.

"The first breasts I ever saw and touched. The first pussy."

"If your goal was to make me feel guilty, then congratulations!" She stood up. "You succeeded!"

Without another word, she walked off to the shower. Adam remained seated, staring in silence at the condom lying on the nightstand.





Matilda undressed and quickly stepped under the hot water. The warmth spread throughout her body. She tried not to think about anything. Finally, she could relax and forget about all the madness around her. The shower always saved her from her problems and allowed her to get rid of all her silly thoughts. Except for those moments when Adam invaded her personal space.

She traced her hand over her pubic hair. And in those seconds, Adam's body kept popping into her head. His hands, veins, muscles. His handsome face.

"He's your son, for God's sake," she whispered, pressing her forehead against the cold bathroom tiles. "What would Abraham say? What the hell are you doing with your lives, Matilda? Huh?"

The door opened. She turned around and saw Adam. He was standing there. The bathroom was so tiny, and he was so close that she could literally reach out and touch him.

He was holding her red panties. Catching her eyes, he demonstratively sniffed them.

Her voice stuck in her throat. She didn't try to cover herself, made no attempt to hide a single inch of her dripping body. She just couldn't believe the audacity of this young man. The lewd things he allowed himself to do in front of his mother.

Her mouth was half open, and she continued to watch as Adam sniffed her panties, especially the dirty part inside that had been in contact with her vagina.

"What are you doing?" she whispered, a bit louder than the sound of water.

"Losing my mind over you," he said, stepping closer. "I used to go crazy over your panties when I was younger. And you knew it all along, still you never said anything to me. I loved jerking off, remembering those panties and thinking about you. You were never just a temporary crush. You were always more."

He bit her panties. Unable to control his emotions. His pants couldn't hide his hard cock.

"Adam, Jesus. This is wrong." She backed up against the wall as he stepped forward.

"I'm tired of pretending I don't want you, Mom. You're so



beautiful, you deserve a man. Why we can't just do it, if there are no rules anymore..."

He got into the shower with her. The water didn't bother him at all. Adam, taller, hovered over his hot naked mother.

"That doesn't mean I'll let my son fuck me," Matilda whispered in his ear. "I'm your father's wife."

"Dad... The fool is dead, Mom."

"Go away, Adam." She closed her eyes. Her patience was running out. "Go away before I hurt you. I'll just forget what you've said. Everything. Go away!"

Adam took one last sniff and left. She closed the door and started crying. "What is happening to my boy?"



CHAPTER 30. INFECTED HEARTS

DAY 129.

He leaned against the bulkhead, wiping at his nose. His blood pressure rose too high. Drops of blood dripped from his nose, and Adam had to rush to the shared bathroom on the floor.

"What answer were you hoping for? You idiot. She's your mother. What were you thinking?"

As he stepped out, he nearly bumped into a soldier trying to come in.

"Excuse me," Adam said, brushing past him.

Pale, sweating, the soldier splashed water on his face, hands brushing over the sink.

"Gosh, I hate oceans." He didn't notice the dried smear of blood. It got on his hand. He scratched an itch just above his lip, and then rubbed his eye.

When Adam walked into the cabin 20 minutes later, Matilda was sitting on the bed crying. She was dressed in a robe, her hair wet. She forgot about the cold and was drinking wine straight from the bottle.

“Mom?”

“Adam? Dear, C'mere.” She beckoned him to her and took his hand when he sat down next to her. “I'm so tired. I'm so confused. Your father is dead, and he cheated on me... Did he ever love me? I don't even...*hiccup* know anymore. You're all I have. My whole world, and each time, every day we're on the brink of death. It's so horrible.”

She turned and kissed him on the lips. A gentle little drunken kiss. “You want your mother. You want me so much. I know you crave a woman, but I... I can't be that for you. “Her drunken voice turned to a whisper. “But I can't be your first woman. You don't understand what you're asking for, sweetheart.”

She kissed his lips again, stroking his cheeks with her fingertips.

Her tear-filled eyes looked at him. “Please don't ask me.”

“You should sleep, Mom. It's the wine talking.”

Adam brushed her hair, put the empty bottle on the floor, and lay her on the bed.

“Come to bed with me, sweetheart. You are so handsome. I want our bodies to warm each other.”



She watched him get ready for bed. Adam changed clothes and brushed his teeth. Even after all the wine, she didn't yawn or seem tired. He could see her heart pounding hard beneath the robe.

Her red, lush hair spread across the pillow, and her glowing, tearful eyes followed his every move. He put on his pajama shorts, turned off the light, and lay down next to his Mommy. "Can you hug me?" Matilda took off the robe, throwing it on the floor and covering them both with a blanket.

"Mom? Are you... Naked?"

"Does that bother you?" She wrapped her arms around Adam, pressing him against her bare breasts. Her legs wrapped around his legs, and her pubic hair touched his pajama pants at the knee.



"Let's go to sleep now." She smiled when his hard-on bumped against her thigh. They pretended to try to fall asleep, but their eyes kept meeting in the semi-darkness. They could hear each other's heavy breathing and heartbeats. An hour passed, then another. They huddled closer together to keep warm. His cock was hard the whole time, pressing against her leg.

"Do you really want to *fuck your mother?*" she broke the silence. "Do you want to penetrate the place where you were conceived? Where you were born? That's horrible, baby."

Adam gulped. He couldn't hear his own words under the ears ringing. His heart was ready to burst out. "I... still want it, Mom.

You are so gorgeous."

Matilda smiled. "Then let's try. No one would care anyway."

She took her legs off him and spread them apart. Adam took a deep breath to keep from getting too lightheaded. He inhaled and exhaled to control his blood pressure.

Matilda was lying under the blanket, completely naked, with her legs spread apart. She was lying with her arms raised.



Adam grabbed a condom and awkwardly put it on.

"Make me feel good, please, with your big thing. Be gentle with your Mommy."

Adam, almost bursting with excitement, maneuvered between her legs. He didn't know she could look even more gorgeous, but in this position, lying with her legs open and waiting for him to fuck her, she looked like a real red-haired goddess.

"Are you ready, Mom?" whispered Adam.

"Don't make me ask twice. Fuck your mother."

Adam hovered over her and slowly, agonizingly slowly, he moved forward. First his tip entered, and then he pushed further and further.

"Aghhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.. Moom."

His hand grabbed her breast so hard she let out a squeak. He was balls deep inside his Mommy.

Adam gasped for breath, the air suddenly gone from his lungs. His brain simply wasn't ready for these sensations and emotions.

"Don't pass out. Akghhh," she whispered. He couldn't believe he was inside her pussy. Inside the place where he was born. The little boy who used to sniff his mother's panties was now squealing with joy inside.

Adam started thrusting and swaying his hips. Back and forth, in waves. Her warm, boozy breath enveloped his face with every thrust and moan.

"Fuck your Mommy's pussy, sweetheart."



naughty boy."

"Ughhhh. Mom... I can't believe it, I just can't.... Oh my God! Fuck Dad."

"Fuck him. Yeah. Fuck his cheating soul. Make me warm, baby. I'm so cold."

Even through the condom, the pleasure was like nothing else. Adam was fucking her, and with each thrust he got more and more into it, more confident and aggressive. He forgot that the world around them was ending.

Her hairy pussy was Heaven.

"Ughhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh... Moom... Oh my... God." His body trembled with every thrust. She was thrown forward a little after each deep thrust of his hips. He pushed in as deep as he could, leaving only his balls outside.

"I want to kiss you so much, ughhhh..."

"Kiss me then, baby. Kiss your Mom while you keep humping me. Ughhhh...Such a

He kissed her mesmerizing hot mouth. She imparted her taste of wine. Her saliva was sweet and juicy, flavorful. It tasted like his mother's kisses, which lingered on his cheeks after every goodnight kiss. After every happy birthday wish. And after every 'I'm proud of you, my baby.'

Their tongues licked each other.

"You kiss so well... Akgh... akgh... baby. Harder, please. Right there, yes. Right there. Oh my God!!!!!"

"Ughh... Mom! I can't believe I'm fucking my own mother," he whispered. His body jerking like crazy. "I wanted to fuck you so bad on that first night... and I didn't care about Dad. You are my woman now."

She whimpered, her eyes looking somewhere above him. Moans rose from her lungs.

Was she... cumming? She tried to maintain eye contact, but her gaze drifted. Was it from the wine, or from pleasure? Perhaps both.

He cupped her breast with his whole hand, then bit down on it, leaving one nipple in his mouth and sucking on it. His balls slapped against her ass.

"Just don't stop... and don't pass out. Akgh... That feels so good. Do you love me?"

"I love you, Mom. I love you so much. Mmm, you're so tight... Akgh..."

They kissed one more time, again and again. Greedy hot passionate animal kisses. They were sweating, their bodies hot.

"You are so stunning, Mom. Ughhhhh... I can't hold back any longer... Akgh... I want children... Mom. I want to give you grandchildren..."

Her hands were massaging his neck and back. His hungry thrusts were getting rough, deep. Matilda's hairy pussy was sucking him in.



“Mmmm... You are so intense, and so romantic.” She was smiling, her hands now roaming over his strong arms. “So much better than your father.”

“Ughhh... Fuck... Are you... for real?”

“Language...dear. Ughhh... This is so wrong. My baby is pounding me... Aghhhhh.. Ughh... Ughhhhhh. Fuck your mother’s cunt. I don’t care!”

He fucked her harder, making his Mom’s boobs jiggle, slamming inside. Adam claimed his mother.

“I was never fucked like that... never... Mmmm...” She bit her lip to hold back her moans. “I told you... to be gentler...”

“Thank you for taking my virginity, Mom... I can’t... control myself... Ugh...”

The look on her face changed as he reminded her. She was his first one. She was taking her baby’s virginity.

“What am I doing? Oh God... Ughh...” Matilda felt like she’s drowning, while still being rammed by own son. Her mind wanted to resurface, to breathe again, but she couldn’t. She was too deep.

“Best... pussy ever. It’s so good, it’s so good. Mother’s pussy. I needed it so much!”

She was looking at her handsome face, filled with pleasure. His eyes were constantly on her face and lips. There was something desperate in the way he looked at her, like he was trying to memorize her. And own his mother.



She slipped and stopped resisting the storm of his Oedipal longing. She let him have her. Let him use her.

Just a son.

Just a mother.

And a perfect fuck. milf with long red hair, ship cabin, big naked breasts, hard nipples, condom, "I can't control it... Oh my God. Oh my God... Look at me, Mom. Look at me. Ughhhhhhhhhhhhh..."

Her gorgeous eyes met his look. She opened her mouth, full of wine breath.

So stunning.

He kissed her one last time, thrust as deep as her could and spurted a stream of hot semen into the end of the condom. His brain erupted with flashes of bright emotions and sensations, the air in his lungs ran low, and his brain turned into melted ice cream.

"Akkhhhhhh. Take... My... Kids!" His balls bumping against her ass were filling and filling the condom. He wasn't thinking about that, he was thinking about how he was filling her for real, his mother. The woman he had loved all his life. His sweet, kind mother.

She could feel the throbbing of his penis inside. The penis she created. "That's... too... much... Mmmm... Kids? Aghhh... You are so... good... Adam."

They kissed again a few times, like a husband and wife. Their first night together. They deserved it.

I did it after all. I fucked her.

"I love you, Mommy."



She looked away. “We did... This horrible thing. I let you fuck me. Oh my God... I sounded so dirty, and bad.”

“Gosh, the way you were talking... Ughh... I’m about to pass out, ughh. My heart beats so hard.”

“Shhh, baby. Don’t pass out.” She looked at him concerned, her face framed by her hair. “You are still... inside me?”

He nodded.

“I feel the heat of your... *stuff*. In the condom. It’s so full. Gosh, what have we done?”

Adam was savoring being inside her. He kissed her to keep her mind elsewhere. They were kissing, warming each other, breathing and enjoying the aftermath of the amazing night.

“My ovulation made me do it,” she thought. “That’s why it happened.”

