

Serum 42 XXL

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Commissioned by Baz of the North

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Also, all characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.

Chapter 1

"It's called Serum 42." Violet Burton moved about her messy room with machine-like precision. Her tall slim figure showed no indecision or inefficiency. The white lab coat hugged her trim hips and her modest chest. She had borrowed the coat from the lab before they'd cut her funding and she'd been forced to move back in with her parents. An embarrassing development for a twenty-five-year-old with a PhD.

"Which one's Serum 42?" Jackson Burton slouched his scrawny frame against the wall, trying to stay out of his big sister's way. He looked up to her both figuratively and literally as she mixed two chemicals in a glass jar. The result of the concoction added a hiss of steam to the room and a pungent odor.

"The blue one." Violet glanced her eyes toward the table at the far end of her cramped space. Her brown ponytail swished behind her. She adjusted her thick glasses and looked back down at her work. "In the large beaker."

"Oh." Jackson nodded and pushed his lank brown hair out of his eyes. "What's it do?"

"This is the big one, Jackie. The one I've been chasing." Violet's pink lips curled into a tight smile. "It can make anyone smarter." Her nimble fingers picked up a small vial and poured a few clear drops into the steaming glass jar. "I've refined it some, but I'm still not sure about the side effects. The simulations are a little disturbing." She looked over at her eighteen-year-old brother and winked. "But I'll figure it out."

"I'm sure you will." The adoration in Jackson's smile seemed to fill the room.

"Attention, ragamuffins." Lucy Burton stepped just inside the door. She smoothed out her long blue dress and gave her children a bright smile. "Who wants snacks?"

"Busy, Mom." Violet didn't look up. She furrowed her brow in concentration as she splashed another drop into the jar.

“And you, sweetie?” Lucy turned her blue eyes on her son. He was such a meek little thing. He needed some nourishment or he might just float away one of these days. She brushed her blonde hair behind her ear and cocked her head. “Cheese and crackers?”

“Um ...” Jackson looked over at his beautiful mother. He wanted a snack, sure, but he could tell his mother’s sweetness rankled Violet. He knew it was hard for Violet to come back home. “No thanks, Mom.”

“Okey, dokey.” Lucy turned and her dress swirled around her. “Be careful in here my little cupcakes,” she said over her shoulder as she walked out and down the hall.

“We will, Mom,” Jackson called after her.

“Yeah, yeah.” Violet blew her mother a little raspberry and waved her hand at the empty doorway. “Hey, could you bring me Serum 42? I’ve got something I want to try.”

“Sure.” Jackson pushed off from the wall and picked up the beaker with the blue liquid. He walked toward his sister. His laser-focus on the beaker meant he didn’t even see the chair in his way. His foot caught the back leg and he went tumbling down. What a clumsy fool he thought as the world turned sideways. His dedication to his sister being what it was, he tried his best to protect the beaker by cradling it close to his body. That only made matters worse. When he hit the wood floor, the thing shattered in his hands, and covered him in serum. The last thing he remembered was a flash of blue.

Violet screamed a long, primal sound that echoed around the house.

Seconds later, Lucy burst into the room. “What happened?” She saw her son lying on the floor. “Oh, my gosh. Oh, my gosh. Jackie?” She rushed to his side. “He’s bleeding, help me Violet.” Lucy carefully turned Jackson over. He was unconscious, and his clothes were covered in blue liquid. “What is this stuff?”

“It’s nothing, Mom.” Violet had a strange look on her face. “Is he okay?”

“I don’t know.” Lucy brushed broken glass off his chest and carefully examined his hands. He had several shallow cuts on his palms. Lucy pressed her lips together. Not too bad. She looked him over and found no other cuts. “I think he’ll be fine.” She tore some fabric off her blue dress and wrapped up each hand. It had been a nice dress, but that didn’t matter to her at the moment. “Put pressure on his hands here, Violet. I’ll be right back.” Lucy got to her feet and raced out of the room.

Violet grabbed each of her brother’s palms and pressed firmly. All she could think about was mass distribution side effects. Maybe this batch of Serum 42 was different. She got out of the way when her mother returned and watched Lucy lovingly clean and bandage his hands with gauze.

“Why is he unconscious? Did he hit his head?” Lucy looked up at her daughter as she finished the first-aid.

“I don’t know.” But Violet thought she might know. Cell reorganization was rapid and taxing. If that indeed was happening to her poor little brother.

“Help me get him to his room.” Lucy put her hands under her son’s arms and Violet picked up his feet.

“Take him head first.” Violet held on tight. They were lucky Jackson was such a scrawny thing. She doubted they could carry a large man.

Swinging Jackson slightly back and forth, the women moved him out into the hall and then into his room. They laid him on his bed.

"We need to get these blue clothes off him." Lucy pulled off his sweater and shirt. He looked so frail. More so than usual. "Will this wash out?"

"I think so." Violet pulled off his socks and tossed them in a pile with his other clothes. She then unbuttoned his pants, but hesitated.

"Now's not the time for sibling squeamishness." Lucy stepped over next to her daughter and in one motion pulled off his pants and briefs.

Both women froze when they saw what was between his legs. His flaccid penis was huge. Bigger than either woman had ever seen. Quite a bit bigger.

"I knew ... he had a big one." Lucy stammered.

"Moommmmm." Violet couldn't stop staring. So, this batch had the same side effects with a slightly different wrinkle.

"I mean, I saw him getting out of the shower one day." Lucy scooted her boy into a comfortable position in bed and covered him with the blanket, removing that gargantuan penis from view. "You know, as a mother does."

"Whatever, Mom." Violet realized her heart was pounding in her chest. She tried a couple deep breaths. "What should I do now?"

"Why don't you go clean the mess in your room." Lucy looked up at her with a worried smile. "I'll stay with Jackson until he wakes up."

"Okay." Violet walked to the door and turned back before leaving. "I'm sorry, Mom."

"It's okay, cupcake." Lucy waved her daughter off. "He'll be fine."

Violet nodded and left. She didn't know if Jackson would be fine. Just in case he wasn't, she'd go right to work on a new formula to counteract Serum 42's side effects.

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Lucy sat next to Jackson's hip and sang a little song to comfort him as he slept. It was a sweet melody about a princess and a frog and a dragon and a bog. She sang and talked to him for most of the afternoon.

Until, finally, his eyelids fluttered and his brown eyes opened. "What ... happened?" Jackson felt woozy and weak. He lifted up his head and looked at his mom. A deep vertical line of worry etched itself into her forehead.

"You had an accident, sweetie." Lucy put her hand on his brow and gently pushed his head back to the pillow. "How are you feeling?"

"Woozy. And dizzy. And ..." His eyes dropped to the contour of Lucy's large boobs hiding under her dress. He tried not to stare. He couldn't place the other feeling that coursed through him.

"Okay, well you look a little pale." Lucy watched him closely and patted his chest. Was he checking out her breasts? What a little scamp. She'd never caught him doing that before. "What do you need, Jackie?"

Jackson almost blurted out that he needed a fap. That is what he needed. He'd have to ask her for some privacy. Then a realization dawned on him. "My hands." He held them up in front of his face. They were mummy hands. Useless.

"Yes, we had to patch you up a bit. You had some nasty cuts. Nothing too deep, thank goodness." Lucy tried a reassuring smile. A strand of blonde hair fell over her right eye and she pushed it away. "But you'll be without your hands for a week, at least." She saw the look of desperation in her son's eyes. "Don't worry. I'll help you with anything you need."

"I really need to fap." Jackson raised his head and looked down as the blanket tented over his stiffening dick. Something wasn't right. Something was out of proportion.

"What?" Lucy saw the rising blanket too and gasped.

"It means masturbate, Mom. I need to do that really bad." Jackson looked into his mom's peerless, blue eyes. "Sorry, to ask you. But ..."

"Jackson Christopher Burton ..." Lucy gasped again. It was becoming a habit. "Absolutely not."

Tears welled in Jackson's eyes as the pain mounted in his balls, a dull heat that kept escalating. He did not want to ask his sweet mother for this, but want and need had parted ways. "Please ... please, will you do it?"

"I can't believe you'd ask your mother for a thing like that." Lucy got up and rushed out of the room.

Jackson's tears flowed. He tried to get up, but he was too dizzy. He lay in bed helpless, frustrated, and in pain.

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An hour later, Lucy returned to her son's room. She found him still in bed, looking over at her with his head on the pillow. The tented blanket had not receded at all. "I'm very sorry I left the room so abruptly, Jackie. But you have to understand how surprising your request was." She smoothed out her dress and sat next to him on the bed.

"I know, Mom." Jackson tried so hard not to cry again. Eighteen-year-olds shouldn't be blubbering in front of their mothers. "But it hurts even more than before. I just really need to release it."

"I see that." Lucy looked at the outline of that huge pole under the blanket. "Are there any girls from school who could come over and help you?"

"No, Mom." Jackson's bottom lip quivered.

"God help me." Lucy stood up. "I'll be right back." She walked briskly out of the room.

Jackson watched her round butt wiggle under her dress until she was gone down the hall. He waited about thirty seconds and she walked back in. His eyes glued themselves to her breasts, bouncing under her dress and bra. When she sat down next to him again, he noticed she was holding a bath towel.

"I'll help you get through this, sweetie." Lucy looked into his eyes with solemnity. "But you have to promise not to think about me while I do it. That would be too much."

"Um ... well, you're the only woman here." Jackson's eyes wandered over to the computer screen on his desk. "Maybe if you put on some porn while you did it ...?"

"Gross, Jackie. Really?" She gave an exasperated sigh. "Of course you watch porn. I should have known, I guess." Lucy got up, turned on his computer, and let him walk her through starting up a video.

"Thanks, Mom." Jackson watched the monitor as a petite woman squatted on a giant cock and cried out in ecstasy. He liked this one. "Now I can focus on the porn. Do your thing."

"Okay." Lucy came back to the bed and sat down. She took a deep, shaky breath and reached for the blanket. She slowly pulled it down. Once freed, the penis stood straight up. A few white drops leaked from the head. "Two ... coke cans." Lucy stared with disbelief.

"What?" Jackson wasn't looking at the computer monitor. He carefully observed the look of awe on his mother's face. It was the most erotic thing he'd ever seen.

"It's like ... I don't know ... two coke cans stacked one on top of the other." She reached out and brushed her fingernails along the protruding veins. "You are quite something, Jackie."

"It really hurts, Mom. Can you get started?" He looked down and she was right. He'd had a big dick before the accident, but this thing had its own zip code. Jackson knew the culprit had to be Serum 42. Violet had said something about side effects. He looked at his body and saw that he'd lost what little muscle definition he'd had in his chest, arms, and legs. It seems the mass for his new dick had to come from somewhere. He put his head back on the pillow and looked at the ceiling. The squealing lady in the porn made for excellent background noise.

"Here we go." Lucy gripped the spongy flesh in both hands and pumped up and down slowly. She then stopped, removed her hands, daintily spit in them, and put them back on. She stroked faster. "That's better. Are you close?"

"No. You just started." Jackson still felt weak and dizzy, but now his body buzzed with pleasure.

"Right." Lucy's blue eyes had a far-off look. She gazed down at the tool in her hands. "Let's go a little faster." Her wedding ring twinkled as it slid back and forth. Lucy worked the penis and zoned everything else out. Her son's tawdry porn faded out of her hearing. The room disappeared. Even her son's injuries, dropped out of her mind. It was just her and the enormous thing in her hands. She loved it. "There's just so much of it," she whispered.

Twenty minutes passed, and finally Jackson snapped her out of her zone. "I'm gonna cum, Mom."

"Good." She reached beside her and brought up the towel just in time. "Go for it, sweetie, get it all out." She looked up from the towel and saw the joy and relief on her son's face. When he finished, she balled up the towel, stood, and turned off the humping people on his computer.

"You're the best mom ever. I love you so much." Jackson's voice faded as sleep came for him again. That one orgasm felt an order of magnitude better than any cum he'd had before. Truly incredible.

Lucy returned to the bed, bent at the waist, and gave him a kiss on the forehead. "I love you too, you ragamuffin. Get some rest." She straightened and turned for the door with the defiled towel under her arm. By the time she gently shut his bedroom door, the sound of Jackson's soft snores filled the room.

Chapter 2

Jackson lay in bed watching an action movie on his computer monitor. Frustration filled him. His fingers squirmed inside the bandages that wrapped each hand. His mom had given him a handjob just the day before, but it felt like it'd been weeks since he'd last cum. His balls ached, and his chemically enhanced dick bobbed slightly under the blanket with his pulse. He tried to focus on the movie.

"Hey, there." Violet swept into his room wearing yoga pants and a tank top. "How's my favorite brother?"

"I'm your only brother." Jackson turned his head and frowned at her. "And I don't feel so great."

"No?" Violet carried a large glass beaker in her hand. She walked over to the computer, grabbed the mouse, and paused the movie. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"My balls hurt." Jackson wasn't normally crass, especially with family. But he was very grumpy. He was thankful, however, for the invention of yoga pants. He eyed her trim butt as she bent over to move the mouse. It was almost like she wasn't wearing anything at all. Jackson then looked away. He wasn't supposed to look at his sister like that.

"I see." Violet moved her tall, slim figure across the room and sat down on the edge of the bed near Jackson's hip. "I was afraid of that. The mass distribution side effects."

"The what?" Jackson stared at her modest boobs hiding in her tank top. He just couldn't help himself.

"When did you become such a perv? Eyes up here." Violet pointed to her own brown eyes. "That's better. What I meant was that when you got Serum 42 in your bloodstream, you got a heavy dose. If we're lucky, your synapses will reamplify. But there are other cellular reorganizing properties to the current version of the serum."

"I don't understand." Jackson shook his head on the pillow.

"What I'm trying to say is, your junk went into hyperdrive when you got that blue stuff in the cuts on your hands." She placed the beaker on his nightstand. "I'm working on a formula to counteract Serum 42, but I need a sample from you to do the work."

"A sample of what?" Jackson had a hard tone to his voice.

"Where's my adoring little brother? Who are you and what have you done with him?" Violet tried to smile. Maybe irritability was a side effect of the serum? Violet made a mental note to follow up on that.

"Just tell me what you need, Violet." Jackson sighed in exasperation and his eyes fell down to her petite boobs again.

"Maybe I should come back later." Violet put her hands together on her lap and absentmindedly picked at one of her chipped fingernails.

"Whatever, just put my movie back on." Jackson tried not to think of the dull steady ache in his bloated balls.

"I need a sperm sample, okay?" Violet looked over at the elf princess poster above Jackson's bed. The elf was quite the zaftig lady in a flowing dress with a thin crown on her brow. A dragon curled up next to her and she had her hand on its large head. She's tamed the beast, Violet thought. "The next time you're ... um ... executing manual override, just save me some stuff."

"I won't be doing any manual override for a while." Jackson held up his bandaged hands. "Remember?"

"Oh, sorry. Of course." Violet looked at his poor hands and then at the pained expression on his face. "Oooohhhhhh. Is that why you're so grumpy? All backed up?"

"Sorta." Jackson shrugged and put his hands back down on the blanket.

"I'm so sorry." Violet blushed. "Chad gets cranky when it's been too long, too."

"Fine, can you turn the movie back on?"

"But I need the sample for the new counteractive serum." Violet's eyes crept down her brother's bed until they rested on the lump under the blankets. She had already seen what Serum 42 had done to him when he was soft. But what did that monster look like hard?

"Then you're going to have to do it." Jackson gave her a hopeful look.

"Wow. No way." Violet put a hand to her mouth. "Gross, Jackie. How could I ... You're my ... um ... and ... I'm your ... and I'm not cheating on Chad." Her cheeks went from rosy to a deep red.

"I won't tell your boyfriend."

"I ... I ..." Violet looked over her shoulder at the open bedroom door. She stood and walked across the room.

"Violet, don't go." Jackson watched her with concern. Her slender legs looked so inviting in those yoga pants. To his relief, instead of leaving, she closed the door and locked it. She then returned to his bed and sat down next to him.

"If you tell anyone about this, you are so dead." Violet took hold of the blanket and slowly lowered it down her brother's body. The massive head of his cock came into view and she gasped. Then the thick, veiny shaft appeared inch by inch. Finally, his tumescent balls were revealed. "Wow. My formula really did a number on you." She folded the blanket over his legs. "I've never seen anything like it." Her fingers trembled as she reached for her brother's dick. She wrapped her hands around the shaft. "It's so ... warm."

"God ... that feels so good."

"I'm only doing this for science," Violet whispered. "And to help you ... with the side effects." Her hands moved up and down the lengthened penis. "I'm so sorry this happened to you, Jackie." But a part of her wasn't sorry at all.

"Aahhhhh ... keep ... going." Jackson watched her boobs under the tank top bounce as she moved her arms.

"It's too dry. Isn't it?" Violet removed her hands and spit in them. She then put them back on his cock and pumped. "Better?"

"Yeeesssss."

They were silent for a long while, the only sounds in the room were Violet's slick hands on Jackson's dick and the faint squeak of his bed.

"Are you close?" Violet couldn't take her eyes off the dick. Her brother now wielded so much power between his legs.

"Almost ... there ..." Jackson shut his eyes tight. Nerves tingled all throughout his body.

"Okay." Violet removed her right hand and grabbed the beaker from the bedside table. She kept stroking with her left hand. She then held the beaker at an angle above Jackson's angry dickhead. She wasn't sure how she was going to collect the sample. Catch the stuff out of the air?

"I'm ... cummmmmiiiiinnnnngggg." Jackson's dam broke loose and the pure rapture of release flowed through him.

"Oh, my God." Violet wasn't sure what she was expecting, but it wasn't this. A geyser of cum erupted from Jackson's cock and sprayed high into the air. It landed in the beaker, on the blanket, on his bare stomach and chest, and on Violet's arms. It was so hot on her bare skin. There was so much of it. She doubted Chad had produced that much the whole time they'd been together. Eventually, her writhing brother calmed down and his penis fired its last spurt. She let go of his dick and looked at the beaker. She managed to catch ten milliliters. That was more than she was expecting. Way more. And she'd failed to catch most of it. She looked down at her brother. His frail torso was covered in cum, and his dick slowly deflated. "We need to get you cleaned up before Mom finds you like this."

"Thank you ... Violet." Jackson let out a long, shuddering breath. "I feel ... so much ... better."

"Well, that's good. I guess." Violet bit her bottom lip. The smell was familiar to her, but so much more pungent than any of the boys she'd been with. "I'll be right back." Violet stood and walked toward the door. She prayed her mother wasn't anywhere near at the moment. She set off to clean herself, get the beaker into refrigeration, and then return to Jackson to get him all cleaned up. A life in science certainly kept her busy.

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"How on Earth did you change your bedding, Jackie?" Lucy stepped into her son's room carrying a tray with a steaming bowl of soup. She closed the door behind her with her foot.

"Violet helped me out." Jackson looked away from the movie on his computer monitor and took in the sight of his lovely mother. She had a green headband in her blonde hair, and she wore a matching green dress. "Well, that's what I like to see in the Burton house. Sisters and brothers lending each other a hand." She walked into the room and set the tray down on the bedside table. She then went over to his computer and paused the movie.

“Um ... yeah.” Jackson didn’t really know what to say to that.

“How are you feeling?” Lucy walked back to Jackson and sat on the edge of the bed. “Any better?” She reached out with her left hand and smoothed Jackson’s brown hair off his forehead.

“Well, I sorta hurt down there.” Jackson nodded at his aching balls under the new blanket. His dick lurched a little as it filled with blood.

“Maybe some soup will make you feel better.” Lucy took a napkin off the tray and placed it under Jackson’s chin. She sprinkled some parmesan on the soup and stirred it with a spoon. While she worked, she sang a little song about wood elves finding a lost unicorn in a forgotten grotto.

“I’m eighteen, Mom. You don’t have to sing to me.” Jackson looked up at her loveliness from the pillow.

“Okay, mister grumpy.” Lucy stopped singing, took a spoonful of soup, and blew on it.

“Sorry, Mom.” Jackson tried not to stare at the wide curves Lucy’s boobs made under her dress. His sister had taken care of him a couple hours ago, but somehow he needed another release. And his need grew.

“That’s okay, you ragamuffin.” Lucy took the spoon and carefully brought it to his mouth. “Open up, sweetheart.” She fed him the spoonful and then dipped the spoon in the soup again. “Isn’t that good?”

“Yeah, it’s great. But —”

“Shh. Have some more. It’ll help you heal.” Lucy fed him another spoonful.

“It’s really good, Mom. But I’m not hungry.” Jackson’s dick continued to harden. It looked like a creature rising under his blanket. “I need you to do what you did yesterday.” Jackson nodded his head at his dick.

Lucy put the spoon down on the tray and turned her head to look at her son’s erection. “Jackie ... gosh ... I don’t know ... I can’t keep helping you with that.” But despite her words, she reached for the blanket and quickly uncovered the monster. “It’s like something from the carnival.”

“It’s not my fault. Violet said her serum did this to me. She put it in hyperdrive or something.” Jackson’s heartbeat increased as his mom lightly caressed the veins along his shaft with her soft fingertips.

“This is because of your sister’s experiment?” Lucy marveled out how hot the skin on his penis was to her touch.

“Yeah.” Jackson nodded, his head still on the pillow. “She’s trying to fix it, but ...” He shrugged.

Something inside Lucy snapped and the spell broke. “I can’t.” She pulled her hands away. “What would your father say if he knew you were asking me for such things.”

“Please?” Jackson’s lower lip trembled and tears welled in his eyes. “It’s not my fault. I need help.” He desperately needed another release. He mustered all his energy and slid out of bed. He stood looking down on his mom as she sat on the bed. “Please?”

“Well ...” Lucy looked up into his face. He looked so sad. “I suppose we don’t have any other choice. Do we?” She lowered herself to her knees on the floor in front of her son. She cupped her hands over her

mouth, delicately spit into them, and raised her hands to his mammoth tool. Lucy stroked with a steady rhythm. "Are you almost ready?"

Jackson's tears dried. "We just started. Jeez, Mom."

"Sorry, sweetheart." She couldn't take her eyes off Jackson's penis. The raw masculinity of it made her feel so feminine. "You and your father are a little different I guess."

"Yeah." Jackson tried not to snicker at the thought of his dad spewing the second his wife's hands were on him.

Lucy pumped her son with furious determination for a while, eager to bring him the release he needed. But none came. "Are you close yet?"

"Getting there."

"I'm a little tired over here." Her hands continued to work him, her thin arms shaking with the effort. "Maybe if I put another naughty movie on for you?"

"Sure, Mom." Jackson watched her get up and move over to the computer. He admired the flare from her waist out to her ample butt as she leaned over his desk. Apparently, she remembered where his porn folder was, because soon there was a movie on his monitor with a petite woman sucking on a giant cock.

"Is this a good one?" She looked back at him over her shoulder.

"It's great." Jackson loved that his sweet mom was now playing porn for him. What a world.

"Good." She returned to her spot on the floor in front of him and resumed the handjob.

"Um ... Mom ..." Jackson built up the courage to ask for what he wanted. "Could you do what the woman in the video is doing?"

Lucy looked over at the monitor and then back to her son. "Jackson Christopher Burton. Oral sex is dirty and no respectable woman would ever do that."

"But you must have done it sometime. Right?"

"Never." Lucy's hands continued their stroking even as she refused this new request.

"Not even with Dad?" Jackson thought most women probably gave blowjobs. This was a surprise.

"Never." Lucy shook her head and her eyes wandered back down to that massive snake in her hands.

"Please?" Now that he knew no other dick had touched those pretty pink lips, Jackson had to see his mom with his cock in her mouth. "Pretty, please?"

"I wouldn't even know how, Jackie." Lucy dropped her voice, already accepting the inevitable.

"Just look at the movie and copy that." Jackson's dick jumped a little in his mom's hands as he realized what she was about to do.

“Okay.” Lucy turned her head again and watched the young woman bob her head. It seemed she had little more than the head in her mouth. That didn’t seem too difficult. She turned back to Jackson and lowered her face down to that wide, round head. “Just know I wouldn’t be doing this unless I loved you more than anything.” She opened her mouth wide and with several starts and stops lowered her head until the penis brushed her lips. He was so warm.

“I know, Mom.” Jackson wished he could grab onto something. He was so excited. “I love you, too.” He watched her mouth envelope the head. It felt incredible.

“Mmmmmmmppppphhhhhh.” Lucy gargled a little as she accidentally took him too deep. Soon, her blonde hair bounced as her stretched lips pumped him. Her hands now lay idle on his shaft.

“That’s ... uh ... uh ... good.” Jackson grunted with pleasure. “Use your hands ... too.” His legs shook with the effort of standing, but he wanted to look down on his mother while she did this. He hoped he wasn’t overtaxing himself.

“Yyyyyyymmmmmm.” Lucy pumped up and down with her hands and bobbed her head. She lost herself in the raw power of the act. She could hear Jackson grunting and moaning. It was the dream of any mother to bring such joy to her son. Or so her foggy mind told her.

“Mom ... I’m about to ... oh ... Mom ...” Jackson pressed his hips forward and arched his back. For the second time that day, one of the magnificent Burton women coaxed much needed relief out of his balls. He shot jet after jet of cum.

“Nnnnnmmmmmm.” Lucy wanted to tell him no, but how could she deny him anything at the moment? Her cheeks expanded with cum, but she kept her mouth on him as the salty stuff erupted. When he finished, she pulled her mouth off him and spit the goopy mess into her hands. She looked up at the happiness etched on her boy’s face and it was beautiful. A mother’s job is a messy one, after all.

“You ...” Jackson worked to catch his breath. He watched Lucy with her chest heaving. A river of cum ran down her chin and leaked from her hands onto the floor below. She looked so perfectly twisted and beautiful that Jackson swore he’d remember that moment forever. “You ... spit it out?”

“Well, I wasn’t going to swallow it, sweetie.” Lucy looked around for somewhere to deposit the cum she held. She should have brought a towel with her. She took the lunch napkin off Jackson’s bed and wiped herself. “Now, do you feel better?”

“Way better. Thank you so much.”

“Good.” Lucy nodded to herself, cum still covering her chin. “Are you hungry?”

Jackson shook his head. He crawled back in bed and pulled the blanket up to his chin.

“Okay, I’m going to clean up and take your soup downstairs.” She stood and stared down at him. Her face looked a little shell-shocked. “You get some good rest, okay.” She stepped back to the computer, moved the mouse, and changed movies back to the one Jackson had been watching when she came in. She turned back to him. “I’ll be back to clean the mess on the floor in a few minutes.” As Lucy went to work, she wondered how her panties had gotten so wet.

Chapter 3

"How's my guinea pig this morning?" Violet knocked on Jackson's open bedroom door as she walked in. Her poor brother looked so frail in the cool morning light. Her serum had really done a number on him. Well, the mass and energy needed to create that gigantic dick had to come from somewhere.

"Oink oink." Jackson looked up at his big sister. She was always such a terrific role model. He'd always looked up to her. Recently, he'd also focused on how pretty she was with her playful, hazel eyes and enchanting smile.

"I don't think guinea pigs say oink." Violet flashed that smile. "Seriously, how do you feel?"

"Getting better." Jackson sighed. "But ... to be honest, my balls still hurt." He put the book he'd been reading in his lap and tried to sit up in bed. It wasn't easy to turn pages with bandaged hands, but he was making do.

"That's not surprising. The serum has you producing semen at an accelerated rate." She paused as she saw the alarm in Jackson's brown eyes. "Don't worry. I should be able to reverse everything." Violet walked across the bedroom and stood by the bed. Her white lab coat was rumpled and stained. In her left hand she held a beaker. A towel was neatly tucked under her right arm. "Those samples you gave me really helped my work, Jackie."

"That sounds like good news." Jackson nodded, relieved that he wouldn't have to live with a ravenous sex drive forever. "Will my ... dick go back to its normal size?"

"I think so." Violet gave him a nervous smile.

"Is there a 'but' coming?" Jackson's eyes fell to the beaker, and he thought he knew what she'd say next. He could feel the blood coursing to his dick as it swelled under the covers.

"Well ..." Violet could see the blanket move as her brother's monster hardened. A monster she had accidently created. "To make the counteractive serum, I'll need more samples." She placed the beaker and the towel on his bedside table.

"I still can't fap." Jackson held up his bandaged hands.

Butterflies fluttered in Violet's stomach. "You need my help again?"

"If you want those samples ..." Jackson pushed the covers off himself and his dick sprung out. His mom had said it was like two coke cans stacked on top each other. She was right. He moved his legs to the side and sat on the edge of the bed. "... I'll need your hands. Mine don't work." He nodded to the floor between his legs.

"You want me to get down there? On my knees?" Violet couldn't look away from her brother's boner. The cock looked like it was made for one thing. Destroyer of pussies. When all you have is a hammer, everything looks like a nail. What did women look like to Jackson now? "Getting down on my knees is something I'd only do with Chad." The thought of her boyfriend made Violet blush. But she lowered herself to her knees. What would Chad think if he knew what she was about to do?

"It'll be quicker this way, Vi." Jackson's balls pulsed with persistent, aching pain. He needed to empty them.

"I suppose." Violet took the towel from the table and placed it across his thighs to catch the cum her beaker wouldn't hold. She spit into her hands, reached up, and grasped the cock. Her hands looked so small as they pressed into the spongy flesh. "I'm doing this for science, right?" She gave a nervous laugh that quickly died away. Her hands moved up and down along the shaft.

"Aaaahhhhhh. Right." Jackson's dick surged with pleasure. Before the accident, nothing had ever felt so good. "Keep doing that."

"Sure." Violet's thin arms worked hard to bring her little brother off. Her gaze didn't budge from her task and her expression took a far-off look. Her jaw went slack, and her pupils dilated. After a while, she looked up into his face. It was clear Jackson was enjoying himself. "Should I get the beaker? Almost there?"

After his mom's blowjob yesterday, it didn't seem that a handjob was going to do it for him anymore. "Something's wrong. It's not working."

"More spit?" Violet was doing her best to not get turned on by her brother, but it wasn't working. She could feel her wetness between her legs.

"I need you to use your mouth."

"Wow." Violet's hands stopped, but didn't leave the cock. "That's asking too much, Jackie. I mean, you're my brother. And what about Chad? Maybe I can find a friend to come over and finish or something. Sheila's sort of a slut. I bet she'd do it if I begged."

"You need to finish it now." Jackson's voice carried a menace that surprised him and his beloved sister. "I need to cum." His eyes went fierce and his brow furrowed.

"I ..." Violet looked up at his face and couldn't believe the intensity she saw there. She kept her hands paused on his penis.

"Your mouth." Jackson gritted his teeth.

Without another word, Violet leaned forward, opened her mouth very wide, and sucked in his cockhead. Her hands resumed their work on his shaft. She made the most obscene noises as her head bobbed.

"Uuuuggghhhhhh." Her pussy flooded her panties.

Jackson's face eased and he sighed. "Thank you, Vi." He watched her sweet, pink lips contort around the bulbous head.

Ten minutes of the enthusiastic blowjob was all it took for Jackson to find his release. Jackson didn't warn her when his balls contracted.

"Mmmmmmmppppphhhh." Violet suddenly found her mouth full of hot, salty cum. She was used to swallowing for Chad, so without thinking about it, she started slurping it down. Spurt after spurt blasted into her mouth, and gulp after gulp she took the fluid down her throat. But no matter how fast she swallowed, there was just too much. Sperm leaked out of her mouth and down her chin. She'd completely forgotten about the beaker.

Eventually, Jackson's orgasm subsided. "Thank you ..." he panted. "... that was ... amazing."

Violet lifted her mouth off his cock. Her dazed eyes came back into focus. "Holy shit, Jackie." Coming to her senses, she reached to her right and grabbed the beaker. She wiped the cum off her chin and let it drip into the beaker. She did this several times until she'd collected enough, then she took a corner of the towel and wiped off her face. "Okay, okay, okay," she said. "Everything's fine. We got the sample." She still looked dazed as she balled up the saturated towel and headed for the door with her precious beaker.

"I feel much better now." Jackson watched her open the door and leave without so much as a goodbye. Oh well. He leaned back on the bed as his dick deflated.

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"You're healing nicely." Lucy wrapped the refreshed bandage around Jackson's left hand. "Another few days and we can take these off."

"That's good. Thanks, Mom." Jackson stood next to his bed as his mom finished tending to his wounded hands. He nodded down at the bulge in his pajama bottoms. "I think it's time for you to help me again."

"Okay. But once your bandages come off, you'll be doing this for yourself." Lucy bent down and pulled off his pajama bottoms. She still wasn't used to the sight of that magnificent penis.

"Yeah, of course."

"And I suppose you'll want to watch your porn again?" Lucy walked over to his computer and bent over the desk to grab the mouse.

"Yes." Jackson carefully watched the generous curve of her butt under her dress. He walked over and stood next to her, his dick swaying side to side as he moved. "But it would help if I could watch a bunch of different things."

"What do you mean?" Lucy looked at him over her shoulder.

"I think I can manage the mouse with this." He held up his bandaged hand. "I get bored with one video. I'd like to switch around." He sat down in his desk chair.

Lucy straightened and looked down at him. He still had his shirt on, but she could see how skinny he looked. More so than usual. She wanted to fatten him up. But first, she needed to take care of his more immediate needs. "Well, if you're watching in your chair, how can I help you with your thing?"

"You can get under the desk." Jackson rolled his chair back a little so she had room to crawl under.

"I'm your mother, Jackie. That seems ... inappropriate." She shook her head very slowly as she considered what it would be like to service him from under the desk. On the one hand, he'd get to really focus on the porn and he wouldn't be thinking about her at all while she relieved him. On the other

hand, releasing his balls while crouched under his desk just seemed outlandishly wicked. She couldn't picture any of the other mothers in the neighborhood doing such a thing.

"They really hurt mom." Jackson moved his dick with his hand so she could see his swollen balls.

Lucy's heart broke to see her sweet boy suffering as he was. "Fine, sweetie. This one time." She went to his closet and grabbed a towel from his dirty laundry. Fifteen minutes later, she found herself under his desk slobbering on his monster while the obscene sounds of women squealing in his porn filled the room. She'd meant to only use her hands, but it seemed she just couldn't help herself. After all, she just wanted him to be happy.

"That's good ... Mom." Jackson called down to her. He opened an amateur video where some stupid husband had given his wife to a very large man. Jackson loved how real the woman's cries of pleasure were. He wanted to make his mom scream like that, but he knew she'd never let him get that far. The thought sent him over the edge. "Almost ... there ... Mom."

"Mmmmmmmmmmm." Lucy reached down with her hands and gently massaged his mighty testicles. Was she looking forward to tasting his semen again? Goodness, she was. She heard Jackson grunt out his pleasure above her and the first spray of hot, salty liquid hit her tongue. Lucy moaned. She could actually feel his testicles contract with each spurt. As he filled her mouth, sperm leaked around her lips. When he finished, Lucy spit the load into the waiting towel. "There now, all better?" She wiped off her face, and used the towel to clean the cum that had pooled at the base of his penis.

Jackson let out a long sigh. "Waaaaay better. You're the best, Mom." He watched her crawl out from under the desk on all fours. Her wide, round ass rolled under her dress.

"I'm going to make you some lunch now." Lucy balled up the towel and looked down at her dress. She frowned as she spotted some semen that had fallen on her bust. "And I need to get cleaned up. I'll be back in a little bit." Lucy stood and looked at the monitor where the porn was still playing. Some poor middle-aged woman was getting destroyed from behind by a very large man. The woman looked beside herself with pleasure. Lucy quickly looked away. "And turn that dirty thing off, please."

"Sure, Mom." Jackson clumsily clicked the mouse with his bandaged hand and the video disappeared.

"Thank you, sweetie." Lucy turned and headed for the door. She had more motherly duties to attend.

~~

Later that evening, after her husband had gone to bed, Lucy stopped by Jackson's room. She softly knocked, stepped inside, and closed the door behind her. She found her son in bed watching a movie on his tablet. "Well don't you look cozy." She walked about halfway across the room and stood with her hands clasped.

"Hi, Mom." Jackson looked over at Lucy. Her flannel pajamas weren't exactly revealing, but they didn't do much to hide her curves. Blood pumped its way to his growing dick.

"Well, if there's nothing else you need, I'm going to turn in for the night." Lucy turned for door.

“Wait.” Jackson struggled to turn off the movie with his bandaged hand, but eventually succeeded. “There is something again. I’m already getting achy, and I think if I wait until morning I’ll be really hurting.”

Lucy turned back toward her son and cocked her head. “You mean down there?”

Jackson nodded.

“So soon?” Her eyes grew as she considered the libido living under her roof.

“I’m sorry, Mom. I can’t help it. It’s Violet’s formula.” Jackson tried to keep his eyes from wandering over Lucy’s body.

“Well, it’ll have to wait.” Lucy blushed as she caught him eyeing her boobs. “Your father’s home. I can’t help you like that while he’s home. That would be really ...” Her voice trailed off when she noticed the tent forming under Jackson’s covers. She took a deep breath. “I suppose you’ll want your porn again. We’ll have to mute it.” She realized neither of them was trying to make eye contact. She couldn’t keep her eyes off the outline of his penis as he continued to stare at her boobs. “And I’ll need to go get a towel.”

“I don’t want porn tonight.” Jackson removed the covers and let his dick spring free. It was almost completely hard already. “I’d be happy if I could just look at your boobs.” Of course, Lucy didn’t have a bra on for bedtime. Jackson loved the way her breasts hung under the cotton.

Lucy managed to pull her eyes away from the veiny mammoth, looking into Jackson’s normally innocent eyes. At that moment, all she found there was hunger. “You’re already looking at my boobs.”

“I mean without the top on.”

“Oh, Jackie.” Lucy shook her head, but her trembling hands went to the top button. “What am I going to do with you?” In silence, she unbuttoned her shirt and let it fall to the floor. She dropped her eyes as her son drank in the sight of her.

“Wow, Mom. You’re even more beautiful than I dreamed.” Jackson couldn’t believe his prim, shy mother was built like such a goddess. Her boobs hung down in two breathtaking tear drops. The meandering blue veins under her pale skin made her seem all the more vulnerable as she bared herself.

“Thank you, sweetie.” Lucy’s blush deepened. She bent over and pulled the covers past Jackson’s feet. She knew she was giving him a show. “Alright then, let’s get you taken care of.” She then climbed up on the bed and kneeled between his skinny legs. She daintily spit in her hands, and grabbed Jackson’s penis. Soon, her naked boobs shook as she pumped her arms up and down. “How’s this?”

“It’s good.” Jackson’s wide eyes took in every inch of Lucy. He didn’t want to forget anything.

“Really?” Lucy frowned. She could tell from his tone of voice that it wasn’t quite working for him. She knew her son well. “How about this?” She leaned forward and took him into her mouth. To make room for herself, she scooted her knees back so that her butt was up in the air. She was giving Jackson an even bigger eyeful, but at least she still had her pajama bottoms on.

“Oh, Mom.” Jackson looked past her bobbing blonde hair to the flare out from her waist to her hips and butt. He was sure he had the hottest mom in the whole town. Heck, probably the whole state. He

listened to her mouth pop and slurp as she worked him. His eyes when back and forth between her gently wobbling ass to her sweet, distorted face.

A little while later, Jackson was ready. "I'm gonna cum, Mom."

"Mmmmmmmpppphhhhh." Lucy bobbed her head faster. As the first spurt hit the roof of her mouth, she realized she hadn't brought a towel. She didn't want to make a mess with her husband home.

Until a few days ago, she had firmly believed she'd never perform fellatio. She'd certainly never even considered swallowing sperm. But here she was and there was nothing else to do. As she listened to Jackson's soft moans, she took her first big gulp. The cum went down easy. She liked it. Without hesitation, she devoured the rest of the salty stuff.

When his balls had emptied, Jackson stared down at his mother. Her mouth wasn't bulging like the last couple times she'd blown him. "Did you ... swallow it?"

"Yyyymmmmmmm." Lucy nodded, her mouth still suctioned on his penis, trying to drain the last bits of semen.

"Wow." Jackson put his head back on the pillow. His sister and his mother had both gobbled down his cum in the same day. That accident was the best thing that ever happened to him. "Thank you."

Lucy pulled her mouth off him and sat back on her knees. "You're welcome, sweetie." There were only a few drops of semen on the sheets. She'd swallowed most of it apparently. Her tummy felt so warm. "I'm going to go now. Need anything else?"

"No." Jackson pointed to her chin. "But you have some on your face."

"Oh." Lucy smiled sheepishly and put her hand to her chin. Her fingers came away covered in cum. "Goodness." She then put her fingers in her mouth and cleaned them off. "Better?"

"Yeah." Jackson couldn't believe what he'd just seen. Apparently, his mom loved to eat cum. "But you better wash your face before you see Dad."

"I will." Lucy stood and retrieved her pajama top. She put it back on facing away from Jackson. She then went to the door, opened it, and looked back over her shoulder. She smiled when she saw the look of pure bliss on Jackson's handsome face. "Sleep tight, sweetie."

"You too, Mom." Jackson watched her disappear. What an end to the best day of his young life.

Chapter 4

"How are you feeling this morning, you ragamuffin, you?" Lucy entered Jackson's room as the first rays of sunshine angled in through the window.

"My balls already hurt, Mom." Jackson looked up at her with plaintive eyes.

"Oh, I see." Lucy frowned.

Twenty minutes later she was sucking down copious amounts of sperm while porn played behind her on her son's computer.

Later that day, she entered Jackson's room and found him napping. She crossed the room quietly to check on him and couldn't help but notice the absurd tent formed by Jackson's hard member.

"Let me just take care of this for you, Jackie," Lucy whispered. She told herself it was solely for her eighteen-year-old son's health when she uncovered him and woke him up with a loving blowjob. But it was the first time she'd satisfied him without his asking for help. Even though she played porn on his computer again, she undressed down to her panties and let his eyes rove her body.

That night, Jackson watched porn at his monitor, while his mother took care of him under his desk. She moaned and cooed as he emptied his balls down her throat for the third time that day.

As the week continued, Lucy took care of her son's unnatural urges with her hands, breasts, and mouth several times each day. They did it with Violet home. They did it with Lucy's husband, Delmore, home. Jackson needed help with his accelerated sex organs, and Lucy gave it to him with a mother's love.

Something happened over the next few days that Lucy did not expect. She became more and more curious about Jackson's pornography. It was normal, after all, for a mother to develop an interest in her son's hobbies. She'd often catch herself watching it out of the corner of her eye while her head bobbed up and down on that enormous penis. She wondered what it would be like to masturbate while watching strangers copulate. She especially liked listening to the amateur videos. The women often sounded like they were out of their minds with pleasure.

And then on Friday, the moment Jackson had been dreading arrived. Lucy took Jackson into the bathroom across the hall to check on his wounded hands.

"Let's have a look, sweetie." Lucy unwrapped the bandage on Jackson's left hand and dropped the bandage in the trash. "Wow, it looks really good. Let's check the other side." She unwrapped his right hand and carefully examined the cuts. They had healed almost completely. "Congratulations, Jackie." She gave him a chaste hug. "No more bandages needed. You've got your hands back."

"Great." Jackson looked down at the floor.

"What's wrong, sweetie?" Lucy frowned at her boy. "You worried about school? You'll be back on Monday. You'll be caught up in no time."

"I'm not worried about school." Jackson scuffed his toes along the bathroom tile and looked up into his mother's clear, blue eyes. "Will you help me with my ... you know ... with that ... anymore? Now that I can use my own hands again."

"With your thing?" Lucy shook her head and tried to look stern. "We talked about this, Jackie. Once you can do it yourself, there's no need for me to help you." The truth was Lucy was more than a little conflicted about stopping. Would she ever give another blowjob? Would she maybe try with Delmore? Her lips curved down in a sour expression as she imagined sucking her husband's little penis.

"Please, Mom?" Jackson steeped his newly freed hands in prayer. "Just until Violet reverses the changes."

"No means no, mister." Lucy put her hands on her hips. "And I'd like a 'thank you' for everything I've done this week. A lot of mothers wouldn't have handled their son's thing, you know. No matter how desperate he was."

"Sorry, Mom." Jackson hung his head again. "Thank you."

"You're very welcome." Lucy stepped out into the hall. "Now if it needs taking care of, I'll give you some privacy. You can go to your room and watch all the pornography you want. I'll be downstairs folding laundry." Would she ever watch porn again? As she walked down the hallway, she thought she'd miss that special week she'd shared with Jackson. She took a deep breath. Oh, well. Mothers have to learn to let go.

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"No, it's true, I swear. The key was delocalization. Those electrons got busy, Claire." Violet talked on her phone while sitting in the kitchen early Saturday morning. A forgotten cup of coffee steamed on the table next to her.

Jackson ate toast and watched her. She hadn't asked for any more samples all week and he was a little disappointed. Now, he supposed, if she needed more samples, she'd have him do it himself.

"Yes, that's what I'm saying." Violet nodded vigorously, pressing her phone firmly on her ear. "They decoupled. But there's no way to reverse it yet." She frowned and listened for a little bit. "No blood. I used ... other samples."

Jackson's ears perked up. Was she about to tell the person on the phone that she had milked her brother's dick?

"You really won't believe me?" Violet looked over at her brother and rolled her eyes. "Well then, I'll send him over and you can examine him yourself." She nodded at Jackson like they'd just decided something together. "Fine, two-thirty. Bye Claire." Violet hung up.

"What?" Jackson raised his eyebrows.

"You have an appointment today at my friend's lab. She wants to check you out."

“Okay.” Jackson shrugged his shoulders. Maybe it’d be interesting. “You coming with?”

“Sorry, Jackie.” Violet shook her head and grabbed her coffee cup. “Chad and I have a date this afternoon.”

“Oh, cool.” Jackson tried to smile, but he was more than a little jealous of Violet’s stupid boyfriend.

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On a Saturday afternoon, Claire Ridland’s laboratory was mostly deserted. Only, Jack and Claire occupied the wide-open space filled with tables, computers, and all sorts of chemistry equipment. They sat on stools facing each other, Claire held a stethoscope up to Jackson’s meager chest.

“Seems normal.” She looked over at Jackson and gave him her professional smile. He was cute, in a meek, undernourished sort of way. She could tell Violet and he were siblings. They looked a lot alike. “So, what’s the morphological shift Violet was telling me about? She wasn’t super specific.”

“Morphowhat?” Jackson’s palms sweated as he pressed them into his thighs. Claire was a petite, raven-haired woman, with pretty, gray eyes and a beguiling smile.

“Body change. How’d your body change?” Claire put down the stethoscope and folded her hands in her lap, on top of her white coat.

“Well, I lost a lot of muscle after the accident. Like immediately.”

“Lost how?” Claire shrugged and reached for a needle and syringe. “Conservation of mass. It needs to go somewhere.”

Jackson eyed the needle with wide eyes. “What are you doing with that, Miss Ridland?”

“It’s Doctor Ridland, actually.” She gave him a reassuring smile. “I need to draw some blood.”

“Sorry, Doctor Ridland. I don’t like needles.”

“Really?” Claire sighed and put the needle down on the table. Was the little guy squeamish? “If not blood, what did Violet use for her sample? Did she swab your mouth? That might be her problem right there, I need something a little more potent than saliva if I’m going to run ribonucleic analysis.”

“She used a sperm sample.” Jackson eyed the needle on the table with obvious fear.

“She what now?” Claire raised her eyebrows in disbelief.

“Maybe I better show you.” Jackson stepped off the stool and unbuttoned his pants.

“Whoa, what are you doing?”

He looked up at her as he unzipped and dropped his pants. “You want to see what happened with your conservation of mass? You want to know what all the fuss is about? Here you go.” He pulled down his underwear, exposing his flaccid dick dangling between his legs. “I’m surprised Violet didn’t tell you.”

“Wait, so this was the result of the delocalization?” Claire leaned forward on her stool, eyes wide in fascination.

“I don’t know what you mean.” Jackson shrugged.

“I mean, your sister’s formula did this?”

Jackson nodded.

“Wow.” Claire stepped off the stool and dropped to one knee. She thought about putting on some rubber gloves, but she wasn’t going to touch it so she didn’t bother. “Violet Burton is going to be rich. I mean, if she can replicate the formula and create a counteractive solution.” Without thinking, Claire reached out with her right hand and gently squeezed the penis. It was so solid. “I assume one of the issues you’re having is an inability to form erections? It’s too big, right?”

“Nah, I’m having the opposite problem.” Jackson could feel his dick stir in the pretty doctor’s hand. He could see Claire’s pupils dilate in excitement as she watched the blood rush to this dick.

“Um, maybe I need a sperm sample, too.” She removed her hand and watched the penis harden with amazement. Every time she thought it had finished growing, it swelled a little more. “There’s a bathroom over there you can use. I’ll get you a beaker.” Instead of reaching for a beaker, Claire lowered herself onto both knees and looked at the now fully hard organ in front of her. She could see the clear precum oozing out of the head.

“That’s the thing.” Jackson felt his newfound aggression returning, just as it had with his sister. “I can’t cum without help. If you need a sperm sample. Come and get it.” He placed his hand on top of her head and gently pulled her toward his dick.

“I don’t ... I can’t ...” Panic flashed across Claire’s face. And then a look of disbelief. “Is this how Violet got her s—?” Claire was cut off as the salty flavor of precum played on her tongue. She let this rail-thin boy push his enormous dick into her mouth. Her hands moved awkwardly out by her sides, unsure of where to go. Her fingers wavered this way and that until they eventually settled on Jackson’s bony hips.

“Were you going to say ‘sample’?” Jackson moved her head back and forth in short little thrusts. He didn’t want to choke the poor woman, so he backed off when she started gagging and then didn’t push her quite that far on the next stroke. “Vi needed two samples so far. She took the first one by hand. The second time she used her mouth, just like you’re doing.”

“MMmmggggghhhhhh.” Claire moaned around the giant penis in her mouth. Why was it so hot to think about her friend giving Jackson a blowjob? Was it the size of his organ? Was it that they were brother and sister? Had Claire just discovered a new kink? Had she discovered several at once? Claire’s poor panties were soaked. This was not how she thought her day was going to go.

“My poor sister was so into sucking my dick that she almost forgot to collect the sample the second time. She had to take the cum off her face to collect it.”

“Gggggghhhhhhhh.” Claire’s fingers pressed into Jackson’s hips and her head moved without his help now. She was sure she was minutes away from taking a sample off her own face, just like her friend. What had Violet created in her lab?

Fifteen minutes later, Jackson was ready. "Here it ... aaaahhhh ... comes ... Doctor Ridland ... aaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh." He let loose.

Claire's cheeks bulged and quickly her mouth reached full capacity. She let the cum escape through her lips, run down her chin, and onto her white lab coat. She pumped her mouth on him until it was clear he'd finally finished. Then she quickly stood up, moved to the table, and spit the contents of her mouth into a waiting beaker. She put her hands on either side of the beaker and leaned over the table, letting the cum drip from her lips and chin down into the beaker and onto the tabletop. There was so much of it. A shiver ran down her body as she thought about what she'd just done.

"Wow, that was great. Best doctor's visit of my life." The background pain in his balls that had dogged him since the accident, only left when he came. It was a blissful hour or so until the ache slowly crept back.

"That was crazy." Claire didn't move from her position leaning over the table. "I'm not normally like this."

"Me either." Jackson laughed as he buttoned his pants. "I used to be a normal teenager. Now look." He waved his hand at the mess they'd created. "Look, I'm meeting some friends for some video games. It's the first time I've seen them in a week and I'm already late. So, sorry to run, but ..."

"Goodbye." Claire didn't look up at him. She'd have to get this all cleaned up before someone else wandered into the lab for a little Saturday afternoon work.

"Okay. See ya." Jackson walked toward the front door. "Let me know if you need another sample," he called over his shoulder.

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Violet had a lovely afternoon date with Chad. They went to the park for a picnic with a meal he'd cooked and some red wine. They then went to the movies and stopped afterward for a few drinks at a local bar. Violet invited him home and they crept up to her room like teenagers past curfew, trying not to disturb her parents. Chad was such a good guy, he didn't even seem to mind that she lived in her childhood bedroom which she'd turned mostly into a laboratory.

When they fell onto her bed laughing and undressing, the real disappointment started for Violet. Unfortunately for her boyfriend, Violet's mind kept comparing him to her brother. And it wasn't a favorable comparison. They made love. Afterward, Chad drifted off to sleep next to her, completely satisfied. Violet lay in bed for a long time, anything but satisfied. For the first time, she wondered if it wouldn't be so bad if she never figured out how to reverse the effects of Serum 42.

~~

Late that night, Delmore snored soundly in their bed, and Lucy snuck out into the hall. She couldn't sleep, so maybe a glass of water would do the trick.

The house was quiet as Lucy tiptoed down the hall. She was headed downstairs, but never made it past Jackson's room. She stopped and put her ear up against his door. The unmistakable sounds of porn filtered out to her. From the sound of it, he was listening to her favorite kind. Little electric shivers went through her. She knocked softly on the door.

A few seconds later, Jackson opened the door and looked out. "Hey, Mom. What's up?"

"I ... oh, gosh, sweetie. Look at your thing." Her eyes were pulled to Jackson's erection, which had a towel draped over it. That was not to say that he held a towel over it. Instead, a towel hung from it like his penis was a clothesline. Was that his idea of modesty?

"Yeah, I was kinda in the middle of something." Jackson looked down at his dick and then back up to his Mom. She looked beautiful in her long nightgown, with her nipples poking at the light fabric.

"I could hear what you were doing, sweetie." Lucy pulled her gaze up to Jackson's brown eyes. "I was thinking that ... even if I'm not going to help you ... um ... maybe I could watch some naughty videos with you. For old times' sake."

"Sure." Jackson stepped away from the door and let his mother in. He closed and locked it behind her. "Let me just get you a spot." He went and grabbed the spare chair and carried it over to his desk, his dick swinging back and forth under the towel as he moved. He put the chair next to his desk chair and sat back in his spot.

"Thank you, Jackie." With a few stops and starts, and much hesitation, she walked across the room and sat next to her son. She watched out of the corner of her eyes as he uncovered his penis. Goodness it was magnificent. "Um ... what are we watching tonight?"

"I've really been into married women lately." Jackson looked at his mom to see the blush on her cheeks darken. "So, this is one were a woman is meeting this large guy in a hotel and she's recording it for her husband."

"Her husband wanted this?"

"I guess so." Jackson hit play and the poor little woman started moving on screen, getting absolutely demolished in the missionary position. He stroked his dick again.

"Wow, it seems like she really likes it." It was all too much for Lucy. The poor woman on screen going crazy with pleasure. Her son massaging his massive tool so close to her. The smell of sperm that seemed to permanently linger in Jackson's room these days. Before she knew it, she had her right hand on Jackson's penis, stroking in a frenzy. And to her surprise, he had his hand under her nightgown, wiggling two fingers in her vagina. The both kept their eyes on the screen.

"Mom ... I'm gonna ... cum ..."

"Oooooohhhhhh ... me too ... Jackie." Lucy felt Jackson's penis lurch in her hands as it sprayed seed high into the air. That pushed her over the edge, and she trembled with her own orgasm. Goodness gracious,

her son was giving her an orgasm for the first time. The thought heightened her pleasure. She shut her eyes and moaned, she could feel her hand and arm getting covered in sperm.

When they'd both calmed down, she looked over at Jackson. He had such a sweet smile on his face. "Could you turn that off now?"

"Sure, Mom." He shut off the video.

"Maybe, just maybe, you could show me more videos sometime?" She withdrew her hand from his penis. With her clean left hand, she gently removed his hand from between her legs.

"Yeah." Jackson nodded enthusiastically. "Of course."

"Okay." Lucy stood. She was a little wobbly. "I'm going to go clean up. Can you clean the rest of this mess?"

"No problem."

"Great." Lucy moved on unsteady feet toward the door. "Goodnight, Jackie."

"Goodnight, Mom." Jackson watched her round figure disappear into the hall. What a day. He grabbed the towel and started cleaning.

Chapter 5

“How’s my favorite brother this fine morning?” Violet swung Jackson’s door open quickly and stepped inside. Was she hoping to catch him with his dick out? She wasn’t sure. That was a disturbing thought. She pulled at the sleeves of her white lab coat with trembling fingers. Being nervous around Jackson was very new to her.

“I’m your only brother, duffus.” Jackson looked over at his sister from his desk chair. He clicked on the mouse and paused his game. “Any luck with the counterwhatsit?” Despite the constant ache in his balls, he hoped she’d say no.

“Not yet.” Violet closed the door behind her and stepped into the room. “Oh, don’t look so sad, Jackie. We’ll figure this out.” She clasped her hands in front of her and fiddled with the beaker in her left hand. “So ... um ... about that. I need another sample.”

“Okay. Give it here.” Jackson held out his hand for the beaker and placed it on his desk when she handed it to him. “I’ll fap one out after I colonize the outer region in sector 13.”

“What?” Violet blinked her hazel eyes in confusion.

“In my space game, Vi.” Jackson looked back at his game. “Probably in an hour or so.” He un-paused the game and diverted resources into seed ships at the main space dock.

“Did you say fap?” When had her nerdy, eighteen-year-old brother gotten so cavalier about sex talk? He seemed so ... confident.

“Yeah. My hands are fine now. So, I’ll take care of it myself. You’re off the hook. See ya.” He didn’t look up from the computer screen.

“Um ... Jackie?” Violet rolled the toes on her left foot slowly on the floor. “Maybe ... maybe I should help you again.”

Jackson paused the game and slowly looked over at his big sister. “You want to help?”

“Yes.” Violet cleared her throat and looked away. She couldn’t meet her brother’s gaze. “I just ... I just think that ... scientifically ...” her eyes moved to his lap and the growing lump in his shorts. “... I should observe ... um ...”

“Well, screw sector 13 then.” A big smile spread on Jackson’s face. “Get over here.”

Violet stepped over to her brother and dropped to her knees.

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The tray in Lucy’s hand held three turkey sandwiches and a big glass of milk. She hummed as she climbed the stairs. Poor Jackson had been so hungry lately. Lucy hoped Violet reversed the serum soon.

Her dress swished as she reached the top of the stairs and turned down the hall. She stopped outside Jackson's room and put her ear up to the closed door. It sounded like he was watching porn again. She could hear a woman's voice mewling and grunting. That poor boy couldn't empty those weighty testicles enough.

Lucy put her hand on the doorknob, balanced the tray with her other hand, and paused. He wouldn't mind if she had a little peek. She wanted to see which video her son had picked. There were lots of surprising developments in the Burton household recently. One of them was Lucy's burgeoning interest in porn. She supposed she'd never had the opportunity before. She couldn't very well watch with her husband, Delmore.

The door swung slowly and quietly open. Lucy peeked into the room and almost dropped the tray when she saw what was going on in there. Her skinny son sat in his desk chair facing the far window with his shorts around his legs. His impossibly long penis exposed and in his big sister's right hand. Violet's left hand was stuffed between her legs, but her lab coat obscured what she was doing with that hand. The way Violet's mouth hung open, the grunting sounds she made, and the far-off look in her eyes let Lucy know exactly what her hidden left hand was up to.

When was the last time Lucy had taken a breath? She exhaled and then inhaled deeply. Her children didn't notice her as she stood there peeking in. They were busy. Violet masturbated herself and Jackson. Lucy's brain tried to wrap itself around this insane act. She quietly closed the door and leaned against the wall, breathing very hard. It wasn't just Lucy, it was Violet, too. What was happening in her once-quiet, suburban home?

Without thinking, Lucy walked quickly to her room. She put the tray of sandwiches on her dresser, closed and locked her door, and flopped onto the bed. Like lightning, her hand moved between her legs, pulled up her dress, and pulled her wet panties to the side. It was the most furious masturbation session the middle-aged wife had ever had.

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His sperm looked different. Violet blinked into her microscope. The difference was clear as day. The little guys swam faster than they should and they wiggled at a greater pace. Violet suddenly felt a little weak in the knees thinking about how much of her brother's cum she'd already swallowed. This stuff was inside her.

What did the changes in sperm mean? Violet had her suspicions. Increased fertility was likely for sure. What else?

"How's my eldest ragamuffin doing today?" Lucy entered Violet's room to find her daughter staring into a microscope. "I thought I'd bring you some lemonade to help with your work. Citrus is good for concentration." Lucy intended to keep the whole interaction chipper. Even after what she'd seen her children doing earlier that day.

"Hi, Mom." Violet looked up and blinked. "Thanks. You can set it over there."

"I didn't just come up here to deliver lemonade, sweetie." Lucy put down the lemonade next to some bubbling beakers. "I ... well ... I ..." Lucy clasped her hands in front of her dress and took a deep breath. "I accidentally saw you and Jackie today."

"Saw us what?" Violet's heart nearly stopped and she broke out in a cold sweat. She never should have initiated with her brother. He'd given her an out. But she'd just wanted to hold that penis one last time.

"This isn't easy for a mother to say, Violet." Lucy's steady, blue eyes watched Violet's hazel eyes dart about. "You were pleasuring him and yourself."

"Oh, shit." Violet leaned against the table. "I didn't mean to. Ever since the accident. I just ..."

"I've been having strange feelings around him, too." Lucy wasn't going to tell her daughter more than that. If that made her a hypocrite, so be it. "I think it's your serum."

"Well, yeah." Violet nodded. "His body has changed and he's more ... um ... assertive." Violet looked down at the floor. "Maybe he's also releasing some sort of scent, or something that attracts ..." Violet wanted to steer the conversation away from her. "We should test him on a control subject. If I watch him interact with a control, I can probably narrow down his physiological changes. That would help me find the counter serum."

"Control subject?"

"You know, Mom." Violet nodded. Thinking about science helped block out some of her discomfort. "Bring in a woman that wouldn't otherwise be interested in Jackie. We don't want him to actually seduce the woman, we just want her to spend a little time with him and then we ask her some questions about how she was feeling while she interacted with him. We'll need someone sure to shoot him down. Maybe one of your married friends?"

"I couldn't ask one of my friends to do something like that." Lucy frowned. This conversation wasn't going the way she thought it would.

"We won't tell her what the study is really about." Violet smiled, working out the details of the experiment in her head. "We'd say Jackie's working on some psychology project for school and then put them in a room together. We can set up a camera and watch the whole thing."

"Well, okay. I guess." Lucy's frown deepened. "Maybe you and Jackie shouldn't be alone together until we get this whole thing sorted."

"Yeah, sure, Mom." Violet grabbed a paper and pencil and started taking notes. "And maybe you shouldn't be alone with him either." Violet laughed. The ridiculousness of her straitlaced mother succumbing to her skinny brother tickled her.

"Well, I can't do that. Obviously." Lucy turned to go. "I'm his mother."

~~

“Hello, young man.” Rose Perkins walked into the teenager’s room. She had boys of her own so she knew what to expect. Jackson’s room was less messy than her boys’ rooms. And it had an unusual pungent, earthy smell. But otherwise it was the same, with posters of scantily clad women and fantasy stuff. She took a deep breath and relaxed. The scent seemed like it would be off-putting at first, but as it lingered in her nose, she grew to like it.

“Hey, Mrs. Perkins.” Jackson stood and stepped over to her. Should he shake her hand? He wasn’t sure so he stood awkwardly for a moment. He then stuck out his hand, and she clasped his. He squeezed firmly and shook. He held on for longer than normal, but her soft skin felt so nice. He let go. The physical contact gave Jackson some confidence. He’d never felt confident around beautiful women before the accident.

“So ...” Rose suddenly felt very flustered. Her cheeks grew hot and she brushed her black hair away from her shoulders. “Your mom tells me we’re here for a psychology experiment?” She busied her hands fiddling with her dress. She was taller than this eighteen-year-old boy, and she outweighed him. But for some reason, she felt intimidated.

“I guess so,” Jackson said. “I’m supposed to ask you some questions.”

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In Violet’s room, Violet and Lucy watched on the monitor. The camera had a wide angle, and they could see most of Jackson’s bedroom. Jackson and Rose stood talking.

“It all seems fine.” Lucy bent over to look closely.

“That handshake was weird, but otherwise, yeah.” Violet held a clipboard and made some notes. “Can you hear what they’re saying?” The voices sounded garbled. “I think I put the microphone too far away.”

“No.” Lucy shook her head. “But it looks like he’s going through the questions.”

Several minutes passed. Lucy watched Rose take a step back from her son and shake her head. “What’s she doing?”

“I think Jackie just asked her something off script and she said no.” Violet squinted at the monitor. She tried to read their lips. “Damn, I wish we had audio.” Her brother’s body language was so aggressive. He took a step toward Rose and the wife took another step back. They did this until her back went to the wall and he was only two steps in front of her.

“I don’t like this, Violet.” Lucy crossed her arms and tapped her foot with nervous energy. “We should put a stop to it.”

“Not yet.” Violet quickly scribbled notes. “The way they’re standing is outside the normative range for this sort of conversation. This is exactly what we wanted to see.”

“I can see it’s not normal. I ...” Lucy put her hand to her mouth as she watched her son drop to his knees and crawl under Rose’s dress. She could see the lump of his head move under her dress between her

legs and then fix itself in front of her vagina. "I ... I ... can't believe it." She stared with wide eyes as Rose threw her head back and put her hands on her dress, right on top of Jackson's head. They could just make out Rose's warbly moan.

"Mom?" Violet was unsure what to do. She looked over at her mother who breathed fast and looked red in the face.

"I don't ... understand." Lucy watched the woman she thought she knew writhing up against the wall while Jackson pleased her with his mouth. "She's married. I mean ... I mean ... Delmore and I were just at her twentieth anniversary party." Lucy witnessed her happily married friend shudder her way through an orgasm.

The Burton women couldn't take their eyes off the screen as Jackson reemerged from under Rose's dress. He looked up at her and said something. She looked down, nodded, and pulled her dress over her head. She wore sensible, boring underwear that Jackson quickly removed. Jackson then removed his own clothes and the teenager and the wife stood facing each other. Rose staring at Jackson's monstrous penis, and Jackson looking the pretty wife up and down.

"We really should put a stop to ..." Violet's eyes widened. "Oh no, what are they doing?" She watched her skinny brother, with his rigid dick swaying in front of him, guide Rose to the bed. Rose shook her head several times, but moved up onto the bed and let Jackson place her on her hands and knees. Her head dropped and her hair covered her face. "Is Jackson a virgin?"

"I thought so ... but ..." Lucy held her breath as her son climbed on the bed behind Rose and placed his penis at her entrance. He was obviously having a hard time finding her hole. "Oh, my." Lucy watched as Rose reached back with her left hand and guided him in. Lucy could see the woman's wedding ring sparkle on the monitor.

"How can she even take it?" Violet heard Rose's scream over the speakers and through the wall as Jackson entered her.

Lucy shook her head in awe. This was like one of those porn videos Jackson liked so much. But better. Way, way better. Her son grabbed Rose's hips and humped her with long, powerful strokes. If he was a virgin, he certainly was a fast learner. She couldn't see his face well on the screen, but he looked like his expression was a mix of wonder and determination. The small muscles in his chest and arms flexed as he pulled her back on his penis over and over again. Rose's wailing was quite audible through the video, and probably through the whole house. Jackson asked her a question and Rose looked back at him over her shoulder and shook her head.

"What should we do?" Violet didn't even look over at Lucy when she asked the question. She couldn't miss a second of watching her brother debauch poor Mrs. Perkins. Violet's panties were soaked.

"I don't know." Lucy shook her head very slowly. She rubbed her legs together. Her panties practically dripped as she viewed the improbable things happening in her son's room. She could tell Rose was working her way through another orgasm as the woman tossed her black hair back and forth. Lucy wondered if she was jealous of Rose. She decided she was.

A silence fell over the Burton women as they watched Jackson mate Rose for more than thirty minutes until he lost his rhythm and his mouth hung open.

“Wait. We shouldn’t let him cum in her.” Violet roused herself. “There’s something about his sperm.” She watched Jackson bellow and slam into Rose’s round ass with three final strokes and then hold himself balls deep, trembling. Rose screamed as she accepted his load. “Too late,” Violet whispered.

“We should have never done this experiment.” Lucy looked at her daughter with a furrowed brow. “Now that’s it’s over, we need to –”

“It’s not over.” Violet pointed at the screen. Jackson had flipped Rose onto her back and mounted her again. They could see her large breasts swaying with each violent thrust.

“Oh, my gosh.” Lucy wiped sweat from her forehead. This was all so crazy.

Violet and Lucy watched the teenager and wife copulate for more than another hour. When it was done, the women stayed in Violet’s room. They let Rose dress and leave the house without seeing them. That would give her some modicum of dignity. They hoped she didn’t realize there was a camera in the room.

After that, Lucy said a quick goodbye to her daughter and raced to the shower. She’d meant only to clean off the sweat and moisture between her legs, but she couldn’t resist rubbing herself to two major orgasms.

Alone in her room, Violet locked her door, stripped, and started the video over from the beginning. She furiously masturbated with one of her special toys while watching Rose Perkins fall to her brother all over again.

Chapter 6

A square of sunlight fell through the living room window right onto Lucy's cozy armchair. She tried to focus on the book in her lap, but her mind kept wandering to the porn on her son's computer. Lately, when he was at school, she'd often sneak in there and watch something naughty. She couldn't help herself. The way those women gave in to big, brutish men. Men who were not their husbands. The way those women sounded with a long penis in their belly. It was almost too much. Lucy realized there was but a thin veneer of propriety on her suburban life. And that cover was cracking.

Lucy put down the book and stood up. She could feel the anticipation building. She walked upstairs. This was the perfect time for such things. She had the house to herself. Lucy surprised herself when she walked right past Jackson's room and quietly entered Violet's. The thought occurred to her, that the video from the experiment was far better than any porn Jackson had on his computer. She could relive the moment when Rose stopped being a conventional wife and mother and started acting like an animal. And she could see Jackson in action again. Lucy had no idea how that eighteen-year-old boy learned to mate, but he'd put on a masterclass with Rose.

The room was full of bottles and bubbling beakers. Lucy wended her way to Violet's computer. The monitor showed Violet's desktop. That was good, she was pretty sure Violet had it set to require a password at start up. Lucy pulled her dress up to her waist and moved her panties down to her knees. She found the video quickly and started it up. There was Mrs. Rose Perkins, looking so innocent on the screen. The woman was completely unaware of what was about to happen to her. Lucy's hand moved to her pussy and she worked her clitoris. "Ooohhhhhhhh." This was the best porn in the world, Lucy was quite sure. She longed to feel what Rose had felt. Lucy worried that she might also give in to her animal self if Violet didn't find a cure soon.

After three magical orgasms, Lucy felt satisfied. She dressed, put the computer back the way she found it, and turned for the door. She spotted a beaker labeled Serum 42. That was the serum that changed Jackson. Before she knew what she was doing, Lucy snatched the beaker. If Violet couldn't turn Jackson back to normal, maybe Lucy could turn her husband into a stud like Jackson. It was morally ambiguous territory, but Lucy really didn't want to have sex with her son. That was all sorts of wrong. Having another stud in the house would let her redirect her libido.

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"Some wine, dear?" Lucy turned her back to her husband and dropped some Serum 42 in Delmore's wineglass. Her husband always enjoyed a glass of red right when he got home from work. She turned to her husband with a bright smile. *Please work*, she thought.

"Thank you, Lucy." Delmore put down his briefcase and took the wine. "Cheers." He raised his glass, swallowed, put the glass down, and frowned. "I think the wine is corked. It tastes ... Oh, I don't feel well." Delmore stumbled.

"I got you, studmuffin." Lucy, ready for this, swooped in and put his arm over her shoulders. She helped him upstairs. Their children were home, but both had their doors closed. Lucy helped her husband into their shared bedroom, closed the door, and put him on his back on their bed.

"I think I'm coming down with something." Delmore looked over at his wife with glassy eyes.

"It's okay, dear. I'll take care of you." Lucy pulled off his pants and underwear and stared at his average penis. It was about to be anything but average. She felt bad for drugging him, but this was better than sleeping with their son. She was sure Delmore would agree.

"Just ... tuck me into ... bed ... I'll feel ... better in the ... morning." Delmore shivered.

"Oh, no." As Lucy watched, his penis shrunk in size. The poor thing shriveled up right in front of her, until it was half its original size. Well, maybe this was the first stage and it would grow in a little while. "Here you go, Delmore." She pulled the covers up and tucked him in. "I'll be back to check on you in a little bit."

Lucy checked on her husband for several hours, but his little thingy never grew. Eventually, despairing she knocked on Violet's door, carrying the stolen vial of serum. Time to come clean.

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"You did what?" Violet stood in her doorway, wide-eyed and unbelieving.

"I gave your father some of the Serum 42, but it's not working." Lucy handed her the stolen vial and looked down at the hardwood floor. "I just thought ..." She didn't want to tell her daughter she drugged Delmore so that she wouldn't have sex with her son.

"Jesus, Mom." Violet grabbed an empty beaker and handed it to her mother. "Get me a sample right away, and I'll see what's going on."

"A sample?" Lucy took the beaker from her daughter.

"Dad's cum, Mom. I need his cum, and I'm not going to go get it."

"Oh." Lucy nodded and walked back down the hall.

~~

Lucy returned a few minutes later, knocked on Violet's door, and opened it. She held up the beaker.

"You got it already?" Violet looked up from the table where she was preparing for the sample. "That's all you could get?" Violet squinted at the beaker.

“That’s all there was.” Lucy’s face felt hot and flushed. She’d just masturbated her sleeping husband into the beaker. His poor little penis had fit so easily into her hand. And his semen was like a little stream next to Jackson’s mighty river.

“Okay, bring it over here.” Violet beckoned her to the table.

Lucy handed her daughter the beaker and watched her go to work. Violet brought out tools Lucy didn’t recognize, took samples, and then turned her attention to her computer. After a while, she looked up at her mother.

“Well, you gave Dad exactly the same stuff as Jackie got, but it seems to have had a lesser, opposite effect.” Violet shook her head. “Is he ... um ... is he smaller ... down there?”

Lucy gave Violet a sheepish nod.

“Why would you do something like that?” Violet sighed. “I mean never touch my stuff, okay?”

“Okay.” Tears welled in Lucy’s eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

“Mom?” Violet looked up to see her mother crying. She stood, walked over to her, and put her arms around her. “Shhhhh. It’s okay. Why did you do this?”

“I just want Jackie to get better.” Lucy cried into Violet’s shoulder.

“It’ll be alright.” Violet patted her mother’s back. “I’ll figure this out and we’ll get them both back to normal. Why don’t you go to bed, get some sleep, and I’ll keep working on this.” Violet maneuvered her mother to the door.

“Right.” Lucy’s tears dried. “Thank you, sweetie.”

“Goodnight, Mom.” Violet gently moved her mom out into the hall. She had work to do.

“Goodnight.” Violet’s door closed and Lucy walked down the hall. But she didn’t make it as far as her own room. She found herself stopped in front of Jackson’s door. His large thing would be raring to go tomorrow morning, and after the disaster with her husband, Lucy didn’t trust herself to help Jackson without letting him take it even farther than it had already gone. She opened his door, slipped in, and closed it behind her.

If she could relieve him in his sleep, then he might be less demanding tomorrow. His faint snores filled the room. A nightlight in the corner helped Lucy see where she needed to go. She kneeled down next to Jackson’s bed and slowly pulled the covers down his body. He slept nude, and his large thing lay fat, but soft, its head resting on his belly. She had just pulled the covers up over Delmore’s small penis, and now she’d uncovered Jackson’s big one while both men slept.

“I’m doing this so we don’t do anything crazy, Jackie,” Lucy whispered under her breath. She took his penis in her hands and gently worked it up and down. She could feel it push back at her fingers, gaining in size with each beat of Jackson’s heart. Soon, she moved her hands up and down his fully engorged thing while he continued to sleep. Lucy felt something inside her melt as she took control of Jackson’s monster. She thought about her poor husband back in their bed, sleeping off the effects of Serum 42. No one would ever be able to compete with her son.

"I have to ... try it." Lucy bit her bottom lip and stood up. She pulled up her dress and dropped her panties to the floor. She grabbed hold of Jackson's penis and mounted him. She had to lift her hips so high to give his manhood enough room to enter her. "Oooooooooohhhhhhhhhhh." The tip of the head spread her out like no man had. It hurt and it was sublime. "Gggghhhh, gghhh." Lucy lowered herself by a fraction of an inch, grunting and gritting her teeth. A cold sweat appeared on her forehead. Her vagina fought the invader, tightening down on Jackson's thing.

"Mom?" Jackson opened his eyes. Was this still a dream? Jackson looked up at Lucy's twisted face and thought not. His mother was in the middle of impaling herself on his dick. "What are you doing?"

"I was ... ugh ..." Lucy slid down an inch on his penis and new sensations shot through her body. It was like seeing color for the first time. "Oooohhhhhhhhh, ggggoooooosssssshhhhhhhhhhh." Her vagina loosened its grip a little. "I wanted ... to relieve you ... so I wouldn't be ... tempted ... uuuggggghhhhhhh ..." Another inch slid into her. "... to have sex with you."

"But ... this is sex." Jackson gripped the sheets, now fully awake. He looked up into her face as she slowly moved her hips closer to his. He'd never seen this side of his mother. Even with all their recent activities, he'd never thought she'd do something like this.

"I knooooooowwwwwww." Lucy hunched her shoulders several times and snorted through her nose. "What's happpeennninnngggg?"

"I think you're cumming, Mom." Jackson's eyes dropped down to his mother's boobs, shaking as they were under her bra and dress. His eyes dropped down between her legs, but he couldn't see himself entering her with the hem of her dress falling on her upper thighs.

"This is an ... ooorrnggggaaacccckkkkkkkkkk?" Lucy had meant to say orgasm, but she found that with three-quarters of her son's penis inside her, she no longer had control over her body. She'd never suspected that an orgasm could feel that good. As the rapture took over, she realized she'd do anything to have more of it. With her last cogent thought, she cursed her husband for having the opposite reaction to the serum.

"Wow, Mom." Jackson looked up at his sweet, blonde mother in awe. She was losing it. She didn't even look like herself as she trembled and shuddered. While she came, he finally bottomed out in her. "I tried to hold back with you, Mom. But that was stupid. We should have done this a long time ago." He grabbed her hips and flipped her onto her back. He watched Lucy's eyes flutter and roll.

"Oooohhhhh, Jaaaacckkkiiiiieeee." Lucy's mind came back to her and she found that she was on her back with her legs spread wide and her son pistoning inside her. She put her left hand on her mouth to keep quiet, she couldn't let Violet know what was happening. "Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ..." She let out an animalistic grunt with each thrust from Jackson's long pole. His thing was all the way inside her.

"Ssshhhhh." Jackson put his hand on top of hers on her mouth. He could feel her wedding ring pressing into his palm. "We ... have ... to ... be ... quiet." He punctuated each word by hitting something deep inside her with the head of his dick. His heavy balls flopped on her ass with each crushing smash. Jackson humped her like that for a long time. He grunted as quietly as possible, and he hoped his mom's muffled shrieks weren't too loud as she shuddered through orgasm after orgasm.

Eventually, Jackson got close. His hips moved erratically.

“Nnnnnnoooooopppphhhh iiinnnnppppphhhhhhhh.” Lucy looked up at her handsome son and she could see from his quivering lip and dreamy stare that he was near his release. She tried to tell him not to do it inside her, but their hands on her mouth distorted her words. What had Violet said about his sperm? He had some sort of super baby making equipment? That was the gist anyway. She tried to lift her hand, but Jackson’s hand was clamped down tight on hers. “Nnnnoooooopppphhhh iiinnnnssppppphhhh,” she said with more urgency.

“Oh, Mom. You’re ... so ... tight.” Jackson’s hips were now bucking all over. “Best ... mom ... ever.”

Lucy’s eyes went wide and then rolled back as the heat of Jackson’s seed filled her up.

“Nnnppppphhhhhh.” She couldn’t help it, her free hand reached behind him, cupped his little butt, and pulled him deeper into her. Her newest orgasm surpassed all the others.

“Aaaaaahhhhhhhh,” Jackson roared as he bred his mother, completely forgetting his earlier attempts at quiet.

The noise didn’t really matter. Delmore slept peacefully in his bed, his body recovering from its Serum 42 dose while his son brought his wife to new heights of ecstasy. And in the adjoining room, Violet watched the mating on her monitor. She’d never taken the camera out of her brother’s room. No one had asked, and she thought it might be scientifically useful to sneak some peeks of his enormous cock from time to time. But she hadn’t expected the show she got that night. When she’d heard thumping next door, she’d turned her camera on. Just in time to see her mother’s third orgasm.

Violet wore only her shirt, and her hand moved rapidly between her legs. She’d been having her own string of orgasms, too. She could tell Jackson had dumped a huge load inside their mother. She wondered if her mom was on birth control. If not, this could be bigger trouble than just the infidelity and, well, incest. Good, God, Violet was watching incest with her brother and mother. Her sweet, cheery, suburban mom had just taken the most verboten cum. “Aaarrrrgghhhhhh.” Violet came again.

On the monitor, Violet watched Lucy push Jackson off her. His long dick slipped out of her and stood straight up as he rolled onto his back. Lucy got herself out of bed and said something to Jackson. Jackson looked over at her and said something back. Then Lucy picked up her panties and headed for the door. Jackson sprung out of bed and caught her just as her hand reached the knob, his big cock bouncing back and forth as he ran. In a flash, her dress was up around her waist again, and he pushed her hips down to level her pussy with his cock. This was his new aggression on full display. He struggled to find her hole, but Violet supposed it was wet enough down there, and Lucy was stretched enough, that he didn’t need much help. It slipped in. “Jesus, Jackson. Look at you ... go.” Violet worked her way to another orgasm.

Violet could now hear her mother moaning through the wall. Poor Lucy pressed both hands against the door, her left hand still holding her panties. She absorbed shock after shock from the back. They were nearer the camera, and Violet watched them from a side angle. She couldn’t believe all that cock could keep disappearing and reappearing from inside her mother. What had Violet created?

Inside Jackson’s room, Lucy’s mind slipped in and out of coherence as tide after ecstatic tide swept through her. She was losing her mind. Lucy realized this is what losing one’s mind was like. “Don’t ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... do it ... in me ... again ... Jackie.” Despite her words, she pushed her butt back to meet his every thrust.

"It's okay ... Mom ... ah ... ah ... one more ... time ... won't hurt." Jackson's pale skin glistened with sweat, he was working very hard to nut in his mother again. "Here ... it ... comes ..." He pressed his fingers into her hips with a vice-like grip. His mother's operatic wailing was music to his ears. "Yeeeeesssssssss." Jackson unloaded in her again.

When they'd both calmed down, Lucy removed Jackson's hands from her upper-butt, and moved her hips slowly forward until he plopped out of her. With a splatter, a stream of hot teenage seed fell from her vagina down to the wood floor below. She couldn't clean that now. She didn't think she should let Jackson get started on round three. "I have to go ... get cleaned up." Still panting, she opened the door, slipped out, and closed it behind her. She'd made her escape. She raced down the hall, leaving a trail of semen behind her. She took a very long shower that night.

Jackson, still recovering, watched her slip out of his room. He stumbled back to bed and fell on the sheets with a wide smile on his face. Seconds later, he dropped off to sleep.

Chapter 7

The car engine ticked audibly. Its percussive sound slowed and slowed as Violet's car cooled in the Burtons' driveway. Violet's hands still held the wheel, her knuckles white. She had just returned from seeing her friend, Claire Ridland. The shy biologist had confided in Violet that she had been having sex with Jackson for more than a week. Suspicious, Violet had then gone to see the subject of their experiment. Mrs. Rose Perkins was home cleaning when Violet stopped by. After much prodding, the wife admitted that she couldn't say no to Jackson's penis and she'd fallen into an affair.

What had Violet created? The serum had first corrupted her sweet brother. And now three innocent women had fallen before this monster Violet had made. Including her own mother. Violet got out of the car and slammed the door. Good God. Violet had seduced her own mother via her biology. And turned her poor father into a wimp. Well, maybe he'd already been a wimp. She walked to the front door, put in her key, and turned the handle. Violet herself had sinned because of the serum. Good girls weren't supposed to drink their brother's cum. Maybe she needed to think about the antiserum another way. Would micro-dosing work? Violet walked in the door and shut it behind her. Maybe, if Violet ... she paused when she heard Jackson's unmistakable coital grunting, and the high-pitched whines of a woman.

Had he brought a new woman home, or was she listening to Lucy give in again? Violet followed the sounds of slapping skin and found Lucy and Jackson on the living room floor. Violet dropped her bag and stood there, watching them with her mouth hanging open. Jackson held Lucy's blonde hair in one hand, and he slapped at her ass with the other. They had tossed their clothes all around the living room. Lucy squealed with each long thrust. Her boobs swayed violently as they hung below her. Her back was arched and her skinny arms and shoulders flexed as she did her best to absorb the punishment. Neither of them noticed Violet.

It was one thing for Violet to watch her mom and brother fuck via camera, it was another to watch as she stood in the room. The smell of sweat and something else was undeniably basic and made Violet's knees tremble. Violet flared her nostrils. It was a tangy scent. She guessed she was smelling her mother's excitement. Violet's own pussy gushed. "Um ... I'm home," Violet finally said.

Lucy looked over at her daughter and her eyes tried to focus. She shrieked louder than before when her brain registered that Violet was watching them. "I ... I ... didn't mean ... to do ... this ... Violet." She looked over her shoulder. "You have ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... to stop ... Jackie."

"I can't ... ah ... gonna cum." Jackson pulled harder on his mom's hair, forcing her to look forward.

"You said ... ugh ... not inside ... this time." Lucy closed her eyes, her face a mask of ecstasy.

"Sorry ... Mom ... aaaaaahhhhhhh." Jackson roared out his orgasm.

Violet watched her mom tremble and Jackson's hips shake with arrhythmic shudders. Lucy was taking more of that enhanced semen inside her. What had Violet done? She turned and ran from the room, went upstairs, and slammed her door. She stood panting against the wall. After about five minutes she opened the door a crack and listened. She could hear them going at it again downstairs. Violet closed

her door and prayed they would finish before her father got home. She then stripped off her pants and panties and jumped onto her bed. She went to work on her pussy.

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In the evening, there was a soft knock on Violet's door. "Come in." Violet didn't look up from the formula she worked on. She heard the door open.

"I brought some cookies for my ragamuffin." Lucy stepped into the room with a tray of cookies and milk. She closed the door softly behind her. Her long dress swished around her knees as she walked over to the nearest empty space on a table. There were so much equipment cluttering the room. Violet had always loved science.

"I'm sorta busy, Mom." Violet still didn't look up.

"I must confess." Lucy's voice was quiet. She shifted her weight between her feet. Her body, especially her poor vagina, was so sore. And she knew from her previous experience with Jackson, she'd be even more sore tomorrow. "I'm not here just to bring cookies. I ... I wanted to talk to you about earlier."

"Yeah?" Violet looked up.

"It's not the first time that's happened. I keep telling myself that it won't happen again, but ..." Lucy stared off at the wall. "And, well, I saw you pleasuring him that one day. So, I know you know what it's like." A thought occurred to Lucy. "You two haven't ...?"

"We haven't had sex, Mom." Violet frowned. "But I'm in the minority. I found out today that he's been seeing a friend of mine, and Mrs. Perkins."

"Sex?" Lucy quivered thinking about her son conquering the neighborhood. If Rose let him back in her bed, was any woman safe?

"Yeah, Mom." Violet tried not to sound sarcastic. "It's not your fault. It's not any of your faults. It's not even Jackson's fault. It's my fault. I made the serum."

"Now, now, sweetie." Lucy walked over to her daughter, pulled her out of her chair and hugged her tight. "It's not your fault either."

"I think I'm close to a breakthrough." Violet's voice was muffled by her mom's large boobs.

"What's that?" Lucy held Violet at arm's length.

"I'm near to fixing this. I just have to gauge Jackson's reactions to a micro-dose of some proto-serum." Violet tried a reassuring smile.

"Is it safe?" Lucy didn't want any more accidents.

"Yeah, I'm just giving him a tiny, tiny amount. Just to see how his body reacts." Violet patted her mom on the shoulder. "Just try to avoid him for the next few days. We're almost there."

“That’s the best news I’ve heard in a long time.” Lucy beamed at her daughter. “Don’t let me take up any more of your time. Back to work, sweetie. I’ll leave the cookies.” Lucy turned and headed for the door.

“Bye, Mom.” Violet sat back down and pondered the new formula.

~~

“Just hold still.” Violet stuck the needle into Jackson’s arm and depressed the plunger.

“Ow.” Jackson felt a sting, and then warmth spread from the injection point. “That doesn’t feel so bad, actually.” He watched the needle withdraw and his sister put a little Band-Aid on the spot. He sat on the edge of Violet’s neatly made bed and rolled his sleeve back down.

“There.” Violet put the needle down next to her monitor and sat in her swivel chair, facing her brother. She unbuttoned her white coat and leaned back. “We just need to wait thirty minutes, and then I can test you again.”

“You sure you don’t need another sperm sample, because my balls sorta hurt again?” Jackson raised his eyebrows hopefully.

“Don’t be gross.” Violet’s face flushed as she thought about milking Jackson one last time. She could see his dick pressed against the leg of his pants. “This won’t be a problem soon. Here, read something.” She tossed a magazine at him and turned back to her monitor.

A little later, Violet blinked when she realized she’d been reading the same line over and over again. Why couldn’t she concentrate? She turned back to Jackson, who had somehow taken his dick out and stroked it while watching her. “What are you doing? Put that away.”

“Ever since you gave me that shot, I feel really strange, Vi.” Jackson stared at his sister’s pretty face. “Like before, but ... more.”

“You shouldn’t have had a palpable reaction. The dose was too small.” Violet stood, felt odd, and looked down at her pants. A dark blotch spread between her legs. Goodness, her pussy had soaked through her panties and her pants. The new dose was acting through him on her, too. “Okay, I need a sample.”

“I’m not close yet.” Jackson kept stroking himself with both hands.

“A blood sample. Not a sperm sample.” How had Jackson undressed and masturbated without her noticing? He was only a few feet away. She grabbed a clean needle and walked over to him. She paused when she got to the bed. She watched that veiny monster move in his hands. She tossed the needle behind her and it clanked off some beakers. “I really thought I could resist this time.” She fell to her knees and scooted between his legs. “But, I don’t think ...” Violet reached up, pushed his hands away, and squeezed the spongy flesh of her creation. “... I can. You’re just too ... mmmpppphhhhhhhh.” The rest was indecipherable slurping sounds as she put him in her mouth.

Jackson watched his pretty sister bob her head on him for a while. He could tell he needed more. "This isn't going to work." He pulled her off him and reached down and roughly undressed her. He pulled her up to her feet and took off everything but her bra. "I need to cum inside you, Vi."

"But, you're too ... um ... potent." Violet looked down at her brother with a dumbfounded expression. "This wasn't supposed to happen."

"Just think of it as me giving you one more sample." He pulled her onto his lap, and slid his bloated head along her slit.

"Okay." All Violet could think was that this wasn't supposed to happen.

"I want you to put it in." Jackson pulled her bra cups down so that her boobs flopped out. He admired her dark nipples.

"Um ... well ..." Violet reached under her, grabbed the cock, and worked it into her opening. "Oooooohhhhhhhhhh. Stretching ... mmmmmeeeeeee." She had a brief pang of guilt over her poor boyfriend. Sparks of pleasure raced through her body as she let go of Jackson's penis and wiggled her hips to help it slide further inside her. Chad's little guy didn't stand a chance against the pleasure Jackson's dick brought her.

"I knew you'd have the perfect pussy, Vi." He grabbed her hips and changed her wiggling motion to bouncing up and down. It took about a minute, but soon Violet took him all the way at the bottom of each thrust. He looked up to see the intelligence behind her eyes replaced by millions of years of base, animal instinct. The most ridiculous sounds escaped her mouth.

"Oooffff ... jjjjjrrrrr ... pppphhhh ... cuummmmmiiiiinnngggggg." Violet was not prepared for her first orgasm on Jackson's dick. She was a woman of science, but this was a religious experience.

"Yeah ... go, Vi." Jackson watched his sister cum with awe. Her eyes rolled so far back that he could barely see her irises. Drool ran down her chin. She scrunched her whole pretty face as tight as could be.

"Oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhh." When Violet's brain returned some higher functions to her, she found herself still bouncing on Jackson. Thank God their Mom and Dad were out. There was no hiding what was happening in her room. More ... she needed more.

"I wanna get behind you." Jackson pulled her off and tossed her on the bed. When she tried to get on her hands and knees, he pushed her to her stomach and put her legs together. "Mom has such a nice wide ass. I wanna compare you two."

"Don't ... say things like ... gggrrrrpppphhhh." When the penis slid back in her, Violet went back to her strange noises. She was used to doggystyle with Chad, but no one had ever taken her lying down like that. And certainly not with anything that compared to Jackson's massive cock. Violet came and came as her eighteen-year-old little brother slammed her from behind.

Time and space faded. At one point, Violet looked over at the clock on her desk. They had fucked for two and a half hours. Was that possible? Their mom was supposed to be home soon. "We ... need to ... stop ... soon." How many times had she let Jackson cum inside her? It was at least two. Three? She couldn't think clearly enough to remember if it was a safe time of the month. "We ... should ... stop ... oooooohhhhhhhhh." But Jackson kept pummeling his sister's pussy.

A little while later, the siblings were still going at it. Jackson had moved Violet back to doggy. He had his hands on her hips, with her head hanging down, her brown hair over her face.

“Oh, sweet Jesus.” Lucy stood in the doorway with her hand on her mouth.

Both of her progeny looked over at her, but they didn’t stop mating.

“I tried ... I ... gggrrzzzz ... tried ... uuuurrrrrppphhh ... Mom.” Violet’s distant eyes looked right through Lucy.

“Oh, heavens.” Lucy couldn’t let her daughter get pregnant. Violet had a bright career ahead of her. She weaved her way around the cluttered room and put her hands on Jackson. He was slick with sweat. “You have to stop, sweetie.” She pulled at his shoulders, but he held firmly to Violet’s hips and pistoned away. Lucy could see the pink inner lining of Violet’s vagina stretched out on the penis. “Really, you must ... mmmppphhh.” Lucy was shocked when her son took his right hand off his sister, grabbed his mom’s right boob, and pulled Lucy down until her face was level with his. He then kissed her deeply on the mouth.

A little while later, Violet sat in a daze on her bed with her legs spread wide. Her boobs rocked back and forth, as on the other side of the bed, Jackson plowed their now naked mom with her feet bouncing up in the air.

Cum flowed freely out of Violet’s widened pussy, below her brown bush, and pooled on her blanket. Violet’s hand slowly crept down to her broken vagina and she stroked her clit. She watched her little brother and mother fuck for a long time. Listening to the shrieks poor Lucy made as Jackson furrowed her depths.

All her attempts to reverse serum 42 had floated right out of Violet’s mind. As she worked herself to another orgasm, Violet hoped Jackson had another load in him after he dumped his cum in their mother. She was now hopelessly under Jackson’s spell.

“We don’t really understand the science here.” Violet sighed. She was sore and tired. Another test subject would be useful, but she didn’t want to turn another man into a monster or a wimp. Those were the only two outcomes so far. But Peter seemed determined. “If you really want to go forward, sign the waiver and we’ll give you a micro-dose. I’ve made it small enough that there shouldn’t be any ... changes.”

“Okay.” But Peter frowned at that. He was a big dude, but he wanted to be even bigger. He wanted to break Brie in half. Hopefully, he would eventually be able to convince Violet to give him a full dose. He didn’t know who the other test subjects were, but Claire had told Brie about the young man’s size and stamina. It sounded perfect. He signed the waiver and handed it back to her. “How are we going to do this?”

“Well, Brie, why don’t you wait downstairs? My mom can get you something to drink. There’s some magazines on the coffee table in the living room.” Violet frowned at the young woman. She was pretty, with a slender build and gorgeous red hair. “I want to observe Peter for about a half hour, and then he’s free to go home.” Violet had told Jackson to stay out with his friends that afternoon. She didn’t want whatever scent he emitted interfering with the test. That and she couldn’t trust him in the house with Brie, even with their mom home.

“Sure.” Brie smiled. She got up, straightened her dress, and wove her way through the clutter in Violet’s room. “Good luck, Pete.” She waved goodbye and closed the door behind her.

“Thanks, babe.” Peter called after her. He looked over at Violet. “What do you think? She’s pretty hot, right?”

“Um ...” Violet curled her lip.

“I mean, she doesn’t have tits like yours, but she’s super limber and loves me so much she’d do anything, if you know what I mean.” Peter smiled over at Violet as she readied the syringe.

“I’m sad to say that I totally know what you mean.” Violet sighed. She really hoped she’d gotten the dosing right this time. If he turned into a super-virile, super-cocked monster she’d never forgive herself. “Here goes.” She stuck the needle into his upper arm with an extra hard jab.

“Ouch.” Peter watched the needle dive in, the plunger depress, and then out.

“There, now we check your vitals against the baseline from earlier.” Violet roughly put a Band-Aid on the little puncture. She checked his pulse and breathing.

“I feel fine.” Peter smiled at Violet. “If you want to explore my body while this takes effect, you can totally touch whatever you want. You know, for science. Brie wouldn’t have to know.”

“No thanks. Why don’t you read something? I’ll check on you in a few minutes.” Violet turned back to her monitor. Behind her, Peter took out his phone and tapped at it, but Violet had the sense that he was really just checking her out. God, she hoped she’d gotten the dose right.

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Humming to himself, Jackson walked in the front door and strolled into the kitchen. "Hi, Mom." He walked up to her and gave her a kiss on the cheek.

"Hello, Jackie." Lucy squirmed a little, rubbing her legs together as she washed dishes. Just the thought of her son was enough to make her wet these days, but his physical presence ... that was divine. "You're not supposed to be home yet. Remember, your sister has that volunteer today."

"Oh, right." Jackson smacked his mom's round butt through her dress. "Maybe you could distract me so I don't interfere with Violet's science."

"Shh." Lucy held her finger up to her lips. She turned off the faucet and dried her hands with a towel. "The young man who volunteered brought his girlfriend," Lucy whispered. "She's waiting for him in the living room. Please just go to your room and wait for this to be done. Maybe you could find some more naughty videos for us to watch together later?"

"That sounds nice." Jackson gave his mom a wide smile. "But I want to meet our guest."

"Wait." Lucy couldn't control her boy anymore, after all, he was eighteen and courting with Serum 42. She watched him saunter into the living room. Her shy, modest teenager was gone. Replaced by a confident young man. Lucy hurried to catch up. She couldn't let anything happen to Brie.

The doorbell rang. "Shoot." Lucy hesitated, but she needed to check the door.

Waiting outside was Margaret Evans. When Lucy opened the door, Margaret frowned. "Some dog pooped on my lawn again, Lucy." She pointed at her house on the other side of the street.

"I'm sorry that happened, Margaret, but I told you before, we don't have a dog." Lucy's smile turned saccharine.

"But you do have a clear view of my lawn. And you're here all day." Margaret went on and on.

Lucy tried her best to pacify her neighbor. By the time she finally got the door closed, it had been seven minutes. She rushed toward the living room. Hopefully, nothing untoward had happened with Brie and Jackson while she'd been occupied.

~~

"I'm feeling a little something." Peter's body buzzed as he watched Violet work at her computer. She was hot.

"What's it feel like?" Violet swiveled in her chair to look at her subject. He looked pale and clammy.

"It tingles." Peter was giddy. "I can feel something happening down there."

"Shit. I thought I got the dose right." Violet pushed her chair a little away from him. She should be checking his vitals, but she didn't want to be close to him. She thought about calling up Brie and her mother, but didn't think that best.

“Yes. Yeesssss. Just like Claire said. It’s growing.” Peter stood and quickly pulled down his pants and underwear.

“That’s not necessary.” But Violet did look. She was so used to her brother’s cock, that all others looked tiny to her now. Maybe Peter was slightly bigger than average, but it was hard to tell with him soft. And just like that, his dick inflated. “Oh, Jeez.” Violet had to admit, she would have once thought he had a pretty good cock. Erect, it was maybe seven inches long. “Is it bigger?”

“No.” Peter looked down at his dick, a maniacal smile on his face. “But I can feel it changing. The tingling is getting stronger.”

“I just don’t ...” Violet’s eyes widened. The penis before her was no longer seven inches, it shrank to six inches, five, four ... “My, God. I’m so sorry, Pete. I really thought I had the dosing right.”

“What the fuck.” Peter’s smile had long since faded. He looked down at a two-inch penis. It was still hard, but now a tiny, little thing. “I don’t feel so good.” Peter’s eyes rolled back in his head. He fell backward onto the bed, flopped there, and lay still.

“I was so sure this time.” Violet got up to check his vitals. He was breathing heavily, with an elevated heart rate. She decided to give him a minute, and then she’d wake him up.

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“Whose girlfriend were you again?” Jackson looked down at the redheaded woman lovingly sucking his cock.

“Pppptttttrrrrrrr.” Brie said around the bloated cockhead.

“I can’t understand her.” Jackson looked over at his mother who sat on the sofa with her legs spread.

“Who’s her boyfriend.”

“You’re hopeless, Jackie.” Lucy had her dress around her waist and her panties to the side. She rubbed furiously at her clit. “Her boyfriend’s name is Peter. And he’s right upstairs.” The thought of this woman unwinding with her boyfriend so close made Lucy rub all the harder. Goodness, what was she becoming? Well, an accessory to infidelity for starters.

“Peter, huh?” Jackson nodded and put his hand behind Brie’s head. “Does Peter make you feel like this, Brie?”

“Nnnpppphhhhhh.” Brie shook her head as much as she could without letting the fat penis fall from her lips.

“You want more of this feeling?” Jackson was getting very comfortable with opening women’s eyes to what was possible with him.

“Yyyyyymmmmmmm.” Brie nodded as much as she could, her green eyes looking up into his face while her nose flared to bring in oxygen. Vaguely aware that this young man’s mother was in the room with them, Brie sucked harder. She didn’t know what was happening, but she wanted more of it.

~~

“Wake up.” Violet had smelling salts on hand just in case something like this happened. She opened the salts under Peter’s nose and his eyes shot open.

“What happened?” Peter sat up. His pants had been pulled back up. “Is my ... did my ...?”

“Unfortunately, you had an adverse reaction to the micro-dose.” *And now you’ve got a micro-dick,* Violet said in her head. But she would never say that out loud. “The good news is that I’m working on a formula to reverse the effects. I’m very close.”

“You shrunk my dick?” Peter waited for familiar rage to boil to the surface. But it didn’t come. Instead, he crawled backward into the corner of the bed. “What will Brie think?”

“Well, you said yourself that she loved you enough to do anything. I’m sure she’ll love you just the same now.” Violet tried to give him a friendly smile, but she feared it was patronizing. She wondered if he’d freak out, but Peter seemed to be taking it well. “Why don’t you come out of that corner. Can you stand?” Violet offered her hand to him and pulled him up.

“I feel strange.” Peter stood.

“I suggest you go home and get some sleep.” Violet walked him to her door. “By morning you should feel better. With any luck, I’ll be able to return you to normal in a day or two. I just have to find the missing piece.” She opened the door and exchanged a glance with the glassy eyed Peter. The sounds of sex echoed up the stairway to them. They could hear male grunting, female squealing, and the steady slap of skin. Jackson must have come home. What had he done now?

“I’m sure it’s nothing.” Violet hoped they’d find some harmless explanation, although none came to her as she descended the stairs, Peter right behind her.

“How does it ... ugh ... ugh ... feel?” Jackson’s voice carried to the stairs.

“So ... ooohhhhhhhh ... full.” What was unmistakably Brie’s voice was clear as day.

Violet and Peter stopped in the entryway to the living room. Violet heard a thump and looked back. Peter had fallen to his butt on the floor.

Peter’s dazed eyes stared at his girlfriend getting plowed by a skinny teenager. She was naked, on all fours, in the middle of the room. The pale young man behind her was up on his feet, his legs spread wide, driving the biggest dick Peter had ever seen into Brie’s poor pussy again and again. The primal sounds that came out of Brie’s mouth had never been uttered by her when she’d had sex with Peter.

“This is not how I thought this day was going to go.” Violet thought maybe she should put a stop to Jackson’s latest conquest, but she couldn’t seem to get herself to intervene. Instead, she walked over to the armchair, pulled off her pants and panties, and sat with her legs spread. Soon, she brought herself to a climax watching this young woman betray her boyfriend. Brie didn’t even seem to be aware that he was watching. Violet looked over at her mother, who now had three fingers in her pussy on the sofa. Lucy’s tongue hung out of the corner of her mouth.

Eventually, Brie realized Peter sat watching her on the floor. She couldn’t even bring herself to look shocked. Too much pleasure swept through her. “I’m ... sorry ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... Pete. It’s ... just ... toooooo ... gooooooooood.” She came again on that giant dick.

“So ... tight ...” Jackson roared out his climax and flooded Brie’s pussy. He dug his fingers into her trim hips. Afterward, he flipped her over and worked his way to another orgasm. His mother, sister, and Peter all watched for the next hour as Jackson molded Brie into a new woman.

When Jackson was finally spent, Brie dressed and Peter helped her out to their car, cum dripping down her legs. The Burtons only had a few minutes until Delmore arrived home, so Violet and Lucy cleaned the living room as best they could while Jackson took a shower. As she cleaned, Violet swore there would be no more test subjects.

Chapter 9

“Oh, hello, Brie.” Lucy found the young woman holding a glass of water in the kitchen. In the weeks since Jackson had first mated her, the redhead had practically moved in. Not that Lucy minded too much, it eased some of the pressure off Jackson’s massive balls. Lucy and Violet now only had sex with Jackson maybe once a day. But her son took Brie over and over again.

“Hello, Mrs. Burton.” Brie took a long drink of water from the glass. She gulped it down and smiled at Lucy. “I get so dehydrated doing ... you know ... with Jackson.”

“Right.” Lucy watched the girl stand and walk over to the sink to refill her glass. Lucy’s gaze moved up her bare legs, over her short shorts, and up past Brie’s tank top. Was Lucy a little jealous of that tight, young body? Maybe a little. “Um ... how’s Peter doing?”

“Pete?” Brie turned off the sink and looked over at Lucy. She felt so lucky that Jackson wanted her when he could have his gorgeous, voluptuous mother whenever he wanted. “We broke up a while ago.” Brie chugged another glass of water, maintaining eye contact with Lucy the whole time. “Aaahhhhhh. I needed that.” Brie put down the glass.

“I’m sorry to hear about you and Pete.” Lucy frowned. Her family had broken up a perfectly nice couple. “I guess he was mad about you and Jackson?”

“No, actually.” Brie shook her head. “He was really understanding. Which was weird for Pete.” Her red eyebrows knitted in confusion. Then the look passed and she smiled brightly at Lucy again. “I just wanted to focus everything on Jackson. I mean, he’s the best, right? I mean, you know.”

“And you don’t mind dating someone who’s only eighteen?” Lucy caught Brie looking at her boobs and folded her arms over her chest. “You’re twenty-three, right?”

“You’re older than him, too.” Brie’s sweet, dimpled smile told Lucy she meant no harm. “I mean, you’d have to be since you’re his mother.” Brie walked past Lucy toward the stairs. “I better get back up there. Jackson will wonder what’s keeping me. Bye.”

“Yes, don’t want to keep him waiting.” Lucy watched her bubble butt bounce up the stairs. She took Brie’s glass and put it in the dishwasher. When had her life gone so sideways? She sighed. At least her husband had been working long hours at the office, and was always so chipper when he was home. Lucy didn’t know what she’d do if Delmore was complicating things.

~~

“Just wait here.” Brie left Jackson on the couch in her living room. “I just need to change.” She was a bit stinky. “When I get back, I’ll take you out wherever you want to go.” She kissed him on the nose and raced off to her room.

A few minutes later, Claire wandered into the living room. "Oh, hello, Jackie." She looked down at the floor and wiggled her toes in the carpet. "You're not here for me, are you?"

"No, Brie's changing." Jackson smiled. Not long ago he would have been beyond nervous to talk with a beautiful, older woman like Claire. Now she looked nervous to talk to him. He couldn't believe he was doing both roommates.

"Oh ... I see." Claire didn't know if she was relieved or frustrated that he didn't want her. "You know Pete was just here to pick up his things. Brie was supposed to meet him, but ... I guess she forgot."

"How's Pete doing?" Jackson did feel a little bad for Brie's ex-boyfriend.

"Well ... actually, he seems really happy. I think it's a side effect of your sister's serum." Claire looked into Jackson's brown eyes and lost herself. She breathed in deeply. She could hear Brie taking a shower.

"My dad's been like that, too." Jackson shrugged. "I guess having a tiny dick agrees with them."

"I guess." Claire walked over to Jackson and dropped to her knees in front of him. "Can I ... um ... keep you company while your girlfriend freshens up?" She watched his snake hardening in his pants. Every time she mated Jackson, Claire told herself she wouldn't do it again, but then she found herself drawn back, like a moth to a flame. She pulled down his pants and underwear and gasped as his dick swung into sight. It never ceased to amaze her. She tenderly brought his fat cockhead into her mouth.

"Sure, I guess." Jackson didn't think she much cared whether he thought it was a good idea. "Brie won't mind."

Brie finished putting on some makeup. She looked at herself in the mirror with her short skirt and tight shirt. She looked hot. She was sure Jackson would love it. When she found him out in the living room, her roommate was a naked, sweaty mess, riding him on the couch. Brie's pussy flooded. As much as she wanted Jackson all to herself, she loved watching him conquer other women. This wasn't the first time she'd seen Claire and Jackson mate. Without saying anything, Brie dropped her panties to the floor, spread her legs, and reached her hand under her skirt. She worked herself up to an orgasm, watching the rutting couple before her. Life was just one orgasm after another now. It was amazing to think she'd ever been satisfied with Peter.

~~

"Welcome home, sweetie." Lucy looked up from her dinner prep in the kitchen. Her son walked over and leaned on the refrigerator, oozing confidence. "Are you alone?"

"Yeah, Mom." Jackson cocked his head at her. She looked so lovely with her hair up, an apron over her dress, and busy chopping garlic. "Brie's at work."

"You've been seeing an awful lot of her." Lucy didn't look up from her knife work. "Maybe too much of a good thing?"

"Are you jealous, Mom?" Jackson smiled over at her, watching her cheeks redden.

"No, no." Lucy shook her head emphatically. "As your mother I'm happy that you've found someone to help relieve the pressure. Even without your ... um ... changes, I'd be happy you found such a smart, pretty girlfriend."

"As my mother?" Jackson walked up behind her and put his hands on her hips. He could hear her breathing quicken. "But you're not just my mom. Are you?" He ran his hands over the steep curve from her butt to the small of her back and then up her spine.

"I'm only your mother, Jackie." Lucy's body gave a sudden, involuntary shudder as his fingertips lightly tickled the back of her neck. She paused her chopping so she wouldn't accidentally cut off a finger.

"You're also my girlfriend, Mom." Jackson dropped his pants and underwear. He lifted up her dress, pushed her panties to the side, and entered her. She was more than ready for him.

"Oooooohhhhhhhh." Lucy was so wonderfully full. She put the knife down on the cutting board and grabbed the edge of the counter. She let her son find a good rhythm behind her. The smack of her butt on his hips filled the kitchen. "I'm just ... ah ... ah ... your ... mother."

"You're my ... girl ... too." Jackson practically melted in her pussy. She was so perfect. "You're mine ... Mom."

"Oh, yes. I'm ... I'm ... yours." Her eyes rolled back and her first orgasm shot through her. Jackson didn't slow down.

Thirty minutes later, Jackson hadn't let up. Lucy still clutched the counter and gave herself to him. Her phone rang on the counter next to her and she looked at the ID. "It's ... ugh ... your father, Jackie. He's supposed to be ... home soon. I need to ... pick it up."

"Sure, Mom." Jackson slowed his pace. "This good enough?"

"Thank you, sweetie." Lucy tried to control her breathing and answered the phone. "Hello, dear."

"I got a promotion today!" Delmore was almost as breathless as she was.

"Congratulations. That's wonderful ... uuuggggghhhhhh ... Delmore." Lucy nearly lost it again. Even though he was going slowly, Jackson hit the perfect spot deep inside her. She hoped Delmore was too excited to notice. "Tell me ... about it."

"Well, I've been putting in all those extra hours. And they've been happy with my management skills," Delmore gushed to his wife on the phone. "They say I've been more of a team player lately. So, they're moving me up with a big pay raise."

"Wonderful." Lucy could feel her son increase his pace. Jackson's fingers trembled on her hips. She could tell he was going to cum soon. She better get off the phone before Delmore heard Jackson roar out his satisfaction. "Will you be home on time ... tonight?"

"Sorry, dear. More long hours at the office." Delmore was so caught up in his news, he didn't even notice that his wife was panting and sounded strained. "You can eat dinner without me."

"Okay." Lucy nearly dropped the phone as Jackson hit that spot again. "Goodbye ... love you." She disconnected and put the phone back on the counter.

“Love you too, dear.” Delmore hadn’t realized she’d already hung up. He put down his phone with a big smile on his face and went back to work.

“I’m ... gonnna ... cum ... Mom.” Jackson slammed into Lucy from behind as hard as could.

“I ... know ...” squeaked Lucy. She was going to cum, too. Just as she’d predicted, Jackson let out a loud roar and emptied himself deep inside her. Lucy climaxed and took all his seed.

It was another hour until Lucy finally got back to making dinner.

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The next day, Lucy pushed her shopping cart down the aisle at the local grocery store. She hummed to herself, checking out the melons, when she heard a familiar voice. Over in the next aisle, she could hear her neighbor, Margaret, talking to someone. Lucy stepped closer so she could hear what her awful neighbor was up to.

“The Burtons have girls coming and going at all times these days,” Margaret said. “Lucy has no control over that boy, Jackson.”

“Oh, really?” The second voice was familiar to Lucy. Maybe her neighbor, Samantha, from down the street.

“Yes, really.” Margaret’s voice had an extra dose of judgement in it. “It’s practically a brothel over there.”

Lucy sucked in her breath and put her hand over her chest. What a terrible thing to say about a neighbor.

“I’m sure it’s not that bad,” Samantha said.

“I’ll tell you, it really is.” Margaret’s voice trailed away from Lucy as the women shopped. “Gavin and I are ready to start trying for a baby. I’ll never let my children run out of control like those Burton brats.”

“Well, I’m happy to hear you’re trying ...” Samantha said.

Lucy turned, left her shopping cart, and stalked out of the grocery store. She hadn’t been so insulted in a long time. Maybe she would have to teach Margaret a lesson.

~~

“I thought you didn’t want me to sleep with more women.” Jackson looked at his mom, his eyebrow arched in confusion.

"This is a special case, sweetie." Lucy gave him a kiss on the cheek. She was grateful he'd been listening to her about girls. The doorbell rang. She turned her head with a look of anticipation. "There she is. Get undressed. I'll be right back." Lucy ran off to get the front door.

"Okay," Jackson called after her. He slowly undressed, folding his clothes neatly and placing them on the living room floor. His hard dick pulsed thinking about the woman his mom was bringing to him. Margaret had never been nice to Jackson, but she was quite pretty with a full figure and flowing red hair. He couldn't help but stroke his dick as he waited. He heard his mother greet Margaret, and a minute later, the two women walked into the living room where Jackson waited.

"What on Earth?" Margaret placed her left hand on her mouth, her massive wedding ring in plain sight. "Lucy ... your filthy son is naked. And ... oh ... my ... God." Margaret caught sight of his terrible erection. The teenager had to be a mutant.

"If I run a brothel, Margaret ..." Lucy gave Margaret a light push on her back. "... you're nothing but a common floozy."

"What?" Margaret felt suddenly dizzy as she stepped toward Jackson. She couldn't take her eyes off that veiny shaft. Goodness, Jackson's grubby hands were tugging on it. "My ... parts ... feel ... strange." Her vagina flooded for some reason. She'd never remembered feeling so hot and bothered. Surely it couldn't be because of that ungainly thug of a man in front of her.

"Go with it, Margaret." Lucy sat down on the couch and lifted her dress. She relished what she was about to watch. Jackson would take this haughty woman down a peg.

"I can tell I'm going to have to go down on you." Jackson stepped toward her. "Don't worry, I like it."

"What?" Margaret's small mind couldn't comprehend what was happening. It wasn't until Jackson had maneuvered her onto the floor, spread her legs, and stuck his head under her dress that the gravity of the situation fully hit her. "Wait ... wait ... waiiiiiittttttttt." She felt her panties move to the side and his mouth clamp down on her vagina. No one had ever done that for her before.

"Dissssguuuuussssttttiinnnggg." But as disgusting as the act was, it felt better than anything she'd experienced in her married life.

"Mmmmmmm ... you taste ... sweet," Jackson said between licks.

"Oooooohhhh ... mmmyyyyyyyy." The boy really was an obscene degenerate. Margaret looked down at the lump moving under her dress. She meant to push him off, but instead she grabbed the back of his head through her dress and cried out. "YeEEEEESSSS." Now she understood why her lady friends talked so much about orgasms. They were magical.

Now that Jackson had completely pacified her, he got out from under her dress and undressed her. The whimpering woman didn't look at him or offer any resistance. He admired her naked body, somewhere between Violet's or Brie's young firmness, and Lucy's or Rose's round suppleness. He grabbed his dick, lined it up, and pushed the head inside her.

"Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Margaret let out an entirely new sound. Her eyes shot open and she looked down at the thing splitting her in two. Pleasure turned to pain as Jackson grabbed her ankles and shoved more into her. That pain was quickly followed by another bout of pleasure more intense than before. "What's ...

aaaaahhhhhhhh ... happening to me?" She tried to watch the monster sink into her, but her head was shaking too much for her to focus. She lost herself in rapture.

"You're having orgasms, Mrs. Evans." Jackson hit bottom, and then got himself into a good groove. "Get used to it." He plowed her for a long time. When ready, he roared out an orgasm inside her. After that, he had her ride him for a while, watching her pale breasts bounce. Then, he took her from behind like the bitch she was. He looked over at his mom and smiled. She had such a satisfied look on her face as she worked her own pussy.

"Good job, Jackie," Lucy said.

"Ooohhhh ... Jackson ... I'm ... yours ..." Margaret didn't know what she was saying. She just wanted more and more.

"I'm ... close ... Mrs. Evans." Jackson pulled her harder onto his dick, thinking about how hours ago this would have been abhorrent to the woman, and now she grunted and pleaded like a slut.

"Yes ... yes ... fill me ... give me ... your baby." Margaret didn't care anymore. She wanted all of him. She wanted a womb full of his hot, sticky stuff.

"Uuuuuuuuggggghhhhhhhhhhh." Jackson's hips fell out of rhythm and he unloaded another mess into her pussy. He reveled in her squeals of ecstasy. When he was done, he pulled out of her without ceremony and whacked his heavy dick against her right butt cheek. He then lay down on the floor to catch his breath.

"Gggggpppphhhh." Margaret couldn't form proper words. All she could think about was how full she was. She collapsed next to Jackson.

After a few minutes, Lucy got up and roughly put Margaret's dress back on her. "Time to go." Lucy pulled her to her feet, placed Margaret's bra, panties, and shoes in her arms, and pushed her to the door.

"What happened?" Margaret stopped at the front door and looked back at Lucy in a panic. She couldn't walk home with sperm running down her legs, holding her underwear.

"I expect you to be much more friendly in the future, Margaret." Lucy opened her front door and pushed the woman out onto the front step. "We wouldn't want the neighborhood thinking you were at a brothel." Lucy slammed the door.

Margaret looked around the street frantically. She clutched her underwear and shoes tightly, and ran as fast as her wobbly legs would take her home. Thank God, there was no one out on the street. She prayed her husband wasn't home from work yet.

Chapter 10

"I ... um ..." Claire looked around the coffee shop, anywhere but at her friend, Violet. She took a sip of coffee. She mustered her courage and looked into Violet's expectant, hazel eyes. "I missed my period," Claire said quickly.

"You're probably just off your rhythm a bit ..." Violet processed the information. "Wait ... you don't think ..." Violet had assumed Claire was using protection with Jackson. Or at least timing her cycle. That's what Violet had been doing with her brother.

"I was thinking, maybe a baby would help with understanding your serum?" Claire offered a faint smile to her friend. "With genomic tendencies in —"

"You're keeping the baby?" Violet's mouth dropped open. "What about your work in the lab? Who's going to be the father?"

"Don't be silly. Jackson is the father."

"I mean, who's going to raise your baby with you? Because Jackson is eighteen and, well, preoccupied with his ... dating life." Violet couldn't believe what she was hearing. "What about your work in the lab?"

"I want this baby." Claire put a hand on her still flat stomach protectively. "And actually, as I was about to say, if you really want to understand your serum, I think a baby is an excellent opportunity."

"You've lost your mind." Violet shook her head.

Claire leaned forward across the little table. "Think about it. Think about what Jackson's babies could mean for science. For humanity. I want to be a part of something special."

"This doesn't sound like you Claire." Violet reached out and put her hand on her friend's hand. "We're not vessels for science. Maybe we should image your brain and see —"

"I knew you wouldn't understand." Claire stood up. "I think babies are a good idea. Think about it." She frowned and walked toward the door of the coffee shop.

"Babies? Plural? You want me to have my brother's baby? You're really crazy," Violet called after Claire. Every eye in the small shop turned on Violet. She looked around and smiled nervously at the crowd. Violet packed up her things and headed for home.

~~

Normally, the early afternoon was time for Margaret's yoga class. She put on her yoga pants and yoga tank top with the built-in sports bra. She put her hair up and added a bit of waterproof makeup to her face. Looking in the mirror, Margaret felt ready for her class. She walked to the mudroom, picked up her keys, and stopped at the door to the garage. She paused there for a long while, her hand on the door handle. She then turned and dropped her keys in the dish.

Maybe that despicable Burton teenager would stop by after school? Did she want to be at home when he arrived? Surely not. But her knees trembled at the thought and butterflies filled her stomach. It had been three days since that depraved moment at the Burton house, and every afternoon Margaret had decided not to go to yoga class. She was behaving like a schoolgirl with a crush. A crush for a brutish, malformed miscreant. But, however terrifying the teenager's penis was, the thought of it had changed her daily routine. She looked over at the clock on the wall and saw that it was already too late. She wouldn't make the class in time. Margaret went into the kitchen and got herself a glass of water. Little ripples formed on the surface of the water as her hand trembled. She needed to get her mind off Jackson.

The doorbell rang and Margaret froze. The water just touched her lips. It was him. She knew it was. He'd stopped at her house after school. What was she supposed to do? She thought of her trusting husband working hard at work. She couldn't give herself over to that beast outside again. But she couldn't very well let him stand out there for all the neighbors to see. She lowered the glass from her mouth.

The walk through her house to the front door seemed to take an eternity. She was dimly aware that answering the door in her yoga clothes would give that feral youth's roving eyes much to look at. But she didn't even stop to put on a loose shirt. Her hand went to the doorknob and she opened the door. The teenager stood with taunting confidence on her doorstep, leering at her just as she had expected. "You are not welcome at my house, Jackson. After what you did to me, I should —"

"Let me in, Mrs. Evans," Jackson said loudly so that his voice echoed back off his house across the street.

She looked around the street, but it was empty. "I'll only let you in if you promise ..." Margaret's gaze dropped down to Jackson's shorts. She knew he could see her staring, but she couldn't pull her eyes away. Now she was the one with roving eyes. Or rather, they were fixed in the wrong place.

"Whatever you want. I promise." Jackson pushed past her into the front hall and closed the front door behind him. Margaret stood next to him with a slack-jawed expression. Usually she looked so haughty. Now she just looked stupid. "So, my mom wanted me to come over today and pick up where we left off over at my house."

"Your mother sent that thing to my house?" Margaret pointed at his shorts. "I thought she was a respectable woman. How could she?"

"You told her that she ran a brothel." Jackson lowered his shorts and underwear and stepped out of them. His rigid dick swung out into the open. It was quite ready for his neighbor. "You've always been mean to her. Not anymore, Mrs. Evans." Jackson pulled his t-shirt off and tossed it at one of the photographs on a side table. It landed on a framed photo of Margaret and her husband on vacation. Their unknowing, frozen smiles disappeared under the t-shirt.

"If I do this ... I'm no better than a ... rutting pig." But even as she said it, her trembling knees gave and she lowered herself to a kneeling position in front of the eighteen-year-old monster. She knew this was a position of servitude. She was serving the boy.

"You probably think I'm going to say 'oink, oink', or something, Mrs. Evans. But the Burtons are better than that." Jackson wondered at the way he talked to her. This was a woman he used to cross the street to avoid. Her tirades against his mother had frightened him. She had always seemed in a different

league than the Burtons. But now, she was in his league, and it turns out, she wasn't even a contender for the divisional title. "Give me a blowjob, please."

"Oh, God." Margaret's fingers shook as she reached out and held the veiny thing. Her wedding ring, worth more than Lucy Burton's stupid car, probably, now touched Lucy's son's vile cock. "If I do this, will you go home and never come back?" She looked up at him with pleading eyes.

"Well, sure. But then you'd have to come over to my house when I ask. Deal?" Jackson knew he was pushing her, but he didn't think she would break. She would just keep bending and bending until his dick was deep inside her. He could see the need in her eyes.

"No," Margaret whispered. And then she leaned forward and took him into her mouth. Her ears were filled with the sounds of a slut slurping in her front hall. Her cheeks burned with the knowledge that the slut was her. Maybe she should have been nicer to Lucy Burton. Maybe if she had been more neighborly, Lucy wouldn't have set her son on Margaret. Maybe Margaret wouldn't have turned into a cock hungry whore. But here she was, her head bobbing on teenage dick, and all she could think was the only thing better would be for Jackson to put out the fire between her legs.

"I ... ugh ... know what you're thinking ... Mrs. Evans." Jackson cupped the back of her head. He liked her with her hair up. It brought out her high, feminine cheekbones. Come to think of it, he enjoyed her whole outfit. How many times had he watched ladies in their yoga pants. Now he could have any of them. All of them. Goodness, the realization hit him as he built to his orgasm. He could have any woman. And he wanted them all. "I know ... what you're thinking. And I will put it in your pussy. But ... ugh ... first ... I want to cum all over your face."

"Mmmpppphhhhh?" Margaret didn't want that. Of all the degrading things he could do, that certainly had to be the worst. She felt him pulling on the back of her hair and his penis flopped out of her mouth. A long strand of saliva connected her lips to that bulging head. She sat passively and waited.

"Don't just sit there. Pump it, Mrs. Evans."

"You want me to ...?" Margaret's hands jacked up and down the long shaft. Slowly at first, but then faster and faster. The thing was slick with her spit and his precum. The only thing worse than offering up her face to his effluence was him making her participate in her own defilement. "If you're going to disgrace me like this, do it quickly." She worked him harder, her thin bare arms fatiguing with the effort.

"Right." Jackson looked down at her with a wide smile. He was going to have so much fun with his neighbor. "Here ... it ... cums ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh." His cum arced out over the space between his dick and her upturned face and splattered on her perfect skin.

"Oooooohhhhhhh." Margaret was surprised to find that on top of the expected disgust, she felt excited. Her eyes blinked and closed, and she spluttered a little as the stuff fell into her open mouth. The salty warmth covered her forehead, nose, cheeks, and chin. It then dribbled down her neck and her exposed upper chest. She knew that, at least for the moment, she was no longer her husband's woman. She would give this teenager whatever he wanted. He had marked her.

An hour later, she found herself naked on her hands and knees like the rutting pig she had feared she was. Her neighbor was behind her, slamming into her vagina from behind with force. She could hear the slap of his hips on her butt. She could feel his heavy balls bouncing off the backs of her thighs with each

lunge. They were in her bedroom walk-in closet, in front of the full-length mirror. Jackson had asked about a mirror, and this was the first place she'd thought of. Apparently, he'd wanted her to look at her own face as he dug out her deepest secrets. And that's what Margaret was doing. He held her bun in his hand, pulling her head upright. Margaret couldn't believe the woman looking back in the mirror was her. This woman had vile sperm on her face and hair. Her mouth formed a rictus of ecstasy, and her eyes seemed to swim in distant waters. Her heavy boobs flopped around under her. Maybe a pig wasn't the correct metaphor for what she'd become. Maybe she was a cow. Her voice came out of her in a steady whine, not unlike a high-pitched moo.

"Where ... ah ... ah ... ah ... do you want it?" Jackson felt so connected to this woman at the moment. How strange that a week ago, she was yelling at his mom about dog poop, and now he wanted to stay inside her forever. He hoped she'd ask for him to fill her up.

"Oooooooooooooooooo." Margaret tried to tell him to put it outside her. Anywhere outside her vagina would do. She'd even take it on her face again. But she couldn't get the words out.

"What's that ... ugh ... mean?"

"Oooooooooooooooooo." Margaret seemed to be in a constant state of orgasm. Was such a thing possible? Her fogged brain tried again to form words, but all the crazed woman in the mirror could do as Margaret watched was take the punishment the teenager doled out and whine.

"Gonna ... cum ..." Jackson let it out inside her. His pleasure all the more intense as her pussy clamped down on his dick, milking him over and over. He heard her scream as he filled her. No words, just a wild, lost call for togetherness.

When he'd recovered some, Jackson guided her out of her walk-in closet and onto the bed she shared with her husband. He placed her on her back and knelt between her legs. He admired her thick copper bush, and looked down at her splayed pussy lips. Her poor pussy gaped, and cum ran out of it in a steady stream. "You've got a new pussy now, Mrs. Evans." He stuck two fingers in her and felt how loose she'd become. He pumped her with his fingers for a few minutes, enjoying the mystified expression on her face and the squelching sounds her pussy made. He then climbed up on top of her, slid his dick back inside, and put his hands on her heavy boobs. He pushed himself up so he could watch all of her as he plowed away.

"Again?" Margaret was beside herself. The first time they'd done it, he had cum once inside her. But that wasn't enough for him this time. "Again? Again? Again? Again?" she chanted, until her words flowed together and everything else was unintelligible. Her poor headboard banged against the wall like it had never done with her husband. She was afraid they'd punch a hole in the drywall. To her horror, she lost herself in pleasure again, and when he readied himself for another ejaculation, she whined encouragement at him and held her feet high in the air to allow him the best possible access to her womb.

But Jackson didn't stop there. After his orgasm, he pulled her on top of him and had her ride him for a good long while.

Margaret's hips moved with a herky-jerky awkwardness at first, but then her body found its own hidden beat and soon she was smoothly bouncing on that great pole, her body moving in ways she hadn't

known it could. She whined her way right through his orgasm and then fell on the bed next to the young man, huffing and puffing. "You have to ... leave, Jackson." She turned her head and looked over at the skinny brute. "And you can't come back here." She rolled on her side away from him, her bed groaned under her. They must have broken her bed frame with their wild movements. She could feel his stuff sliding out her and drenching the sheets below. How would she explain her bed to her husband?

"Yeah, I'll go." Jackson felt great. He swung his legs off the side of the bed and stood up. "I won't come back. But you can come over to my house anytime, Mrs. Evans." He dressed slowly, all his muscles tingling with afterglow.

"Never." Margaret lay perfectly still until he'd gone. She didn't even say goodbye to Jackson. He was crazy if he thought she'd come calling like a common trollop.

~~

Humming to herself, Lucy walked down the upstairs hallway with a basket of fresh laundry. She stopped by the bathroom and looked in. "Messy one today, huh?" Inside, Lucy saw her daughter naked with her legs spread. Violet was toweling off her vagina. "That looks awkward, let me help."

"I don't need help, Mom." But Violet watched her sweet mother put down her basket in the hall, step into the bathroom, and take the towel from her. "This is so weird."

"He makes a mess all over me, too." Lucy carefully dabbed the towel and gently wiped Violet's pale thighs. She then moved the towel up over Violet's stomach and removed the sperm splattered there.

"Um ... Mom?"

"Yes, sweetie?" Lucy was engrossed in the cleaning. She didn't want her professional daughter going back to work in her room covered in messy stuff.

"Have you been using any sort of protection?" Violet couldn't stop thinking about her conversation with Claire. Would babies really be good for science? Did she want to find out?

"I tried, but your brother's so insistent." Lucy tsked at a spot of dried sperm on Violet's hip that didn't want to come off. "I've just been keeping track of my cycle," she lied. She couldn't tell Violet that she couldn't say no to Jackson on her dangerous days and he'd been filling her up regardless.

"Oh. But how safe is that, really?" Violet heard the doorbell.

"Well, that'll probably be for Jackson." Lucy finished her cleaning. She heard Jackson thump eagerly down the stairs.

"Hello, Mrs. Evans." Jackson's exuberant voice carried up from the front door.

"Well, that will keep your brother busy for a while." Lucy tried to listen, but Margaret must have been whispering because she couldn't hear the woman speak. "You're all clean." Lucy took the towel to put in

the dirty laundry, stepped back into the hall, and picked up her laundry basket. "I'm going to go fold laundry, what are you up to this afternoon?"

"Oh ..." Violet could hear the slap of skin echoing up from downstairs. They were already going at it. She grabbed fresh panties and pulled them on. "I'm going to do some genomic modeling."

"Sounds good." Lucy rolled her eyes. She didn't have the faintest idea what her daughter was talking about. "Have fun." Lucy hummed to herself and walked on down the hall toward her room. She could hear Margaret's constant, high-pitched whine pair with Jackson's grunts from downstairs as she folded laundry.

Chapter 11

"You're just about the most useless husband in the whole world." Lucy frowned at Delmore, knowing full well that even if she got him out of his clothes, he wasn't going to give her the satisfaction she now craved. "Don't I do it for you anymore?" She stuck out her hip and flaunted the sexy lingerie she'd bought to spice up her marriage. The lacy bra and panties didn't leave much to the imagination.

"You look great, dear." Delmore looked up from his coffee. "But I'm off to work in a minute. I have a lot of responsibility now, you know."

"I know." Lucy sighed.

"Anyway, it's odd doing it in the morning, isn't it?" Delmore put a lid on his coffee and picked up his briefcase. "We should do it at night, like normal couples."

"That's the problem, Delmore. We don't do it at all."

"Well, that'll change tonight." He walked to the garage door. "I'll be home late. Stay up for me and we can have some romantic time. And you shouldn't walk around the house in those clothes, dear. Think of how embarrassed you'd be if our son saw you. Good bye." With a curt nod, he opened the door and left before Lucy could tell him that their son was very much going to see her wearing the lingerie. And she wasn't going to be the least embarrassed. Lucy raced up to Jackson's room.

~~

"I ... ugh ... can't help myself." Lucy's fancy panties rested around her right ankle, but her lacy bra had survived her son's pawing and still covered her breasts. She rode Jackson with a gusto, her boobs bobbing inside the bra in unison. "So ... deep."

"Hey, Mom?" Jackson looked up into her pretty blue eyes and saw them regain some focus. She kept her hips bouncing, but looked down at him. He felt her nails dig into his chest. "Wanna hear something cool?" He smiled with the bliss of total abandon. Nothing could contain him now.

"What?" Lucy screwed up her face. What "cool" thing could he want to tell her in the middle of that ecstasy? She tried to remember what he'd been like before his accident with Violet's serum. What would he have told her then? Some new video game, maybe? Some fact about space? Of course, before the accident she wouldn't have been riding her son like she'd just started the Kentucky Derby. "What is it ... oooohhhhhh ... Jackie?"

"I think I ... uh ... uh ... uh ..." He lost his focus as his mom's pussy clamped down on his dick. He could feel how tight she sheathed his dick with every downstroke, practically popping over his wide, sensitive head. "... I ... knocked up Mrs. Evans."

"Oh ... God. Really?" The revelation heightened everything. Sparks flew before Lucy's eyes. "That ... stuck up ... woman ... pregnant? By you? Aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh." Her hips stopped. Soon, her whole body

writhed as the orgasm overtook her. When it was over, she looked down at Jackson's handsome face and smiled. "It was probably ... Mr. Evans ... that gave her ... the baby." Her hips rocked on his in a slow, undulating motion.

"I asked her that." Jackson's face was suddenly serious. "She said it couldn't have been his because she ... you know." His face went a bit red. How odd it was to feel embarrassed talking about someone else's sex life when at that moment he had his giant dick embedded in his mom's belly. But some social conditioning was strong, Jackson reckoned.

"They're not doing it anymore?" Lucy's grin turned lopsided as she tried to suppress it. She was a good woman, but she did enjoy Margaret Evans's steep descent. "She only does it with you now?" Lucy let out a small burst of laughter. She couldn't help herself.

"Yeah." Jackson nodded. He eyed her lacy bra and wondered if it would fit her when she was eight months pregnant. Probably not. "But it's not just Mrs. Evans." He reached up and hefted her boobs through her bra, carefully measuring the weight of each, enjoying their gravity. "It looks like I also knocked up Mrs. Perkins."

"No." Lucy felt little bolts of electricity course through her. He had successfully planted his seed in two married ladies.

"Yes." Jackson nodded earnestly. "And also, Claire and Brie."

"That's ... four babies. Oh, Jesus ... ahhggggg ... four." Lucy wasn't that surprised about Brie. The young woman practically lived in a pool of Jackson's semen since she'd become his girlfriend. But four women. All carrying new life planted by Jackson.

"What about you, Mom?" Jackson grabbed her wide hips and forced her to pick up the pace.

"You know, I've tried to be ... ugh ... careful." Lucy had tried to time the loads she took inside her, but really it had been luck as much as anything that her enhanced son hadn't knocked her up, too. "Don't worry, sweetie. I'm keeping track. Today is a bad day, so you'll have to do it outside."

"I'm not worried, Mom. I just don't want you left out." Jackson ground her down so that her button rubbed on his pelvis. His eyes fixed on her twisted face.

"You ... want ... me too ...?" She hadn't thought he'd want that. But how could she be surprised? His eighteen-year-old hormones had been allowed to wander far beyond normal bounds.

"Bounce on me. Work hard to make me put my cum inside you ... on a bad day." Jackson removed his hands from her hips and grabbed the sheet. He wanted her to do this on her own.

"Oh ... Jackie ... no ..." But her hips switched to a long bouncing motion, doing her best to coax out his orgasm. She was going to be just like his other women. Soon, they'd all have round bellies and swollen boobs. "I want it ... I want it ... I want it ..." she chanted between grunts.

"Aaahhhhhhhhh. Moooooommmmmmmmm." Jackson's aching balls were ready to do their dirty work. Hearing her ask for it was too much. "Take it ... take it ..." His chants overlapped Lucy's and then the white-hot release seized him. Shot after shot filled her to the brim.

“Yeeeeeeeeeeeeee.” Lucy knew that this was partly her fault. She was begging for her son’s baby because she had tried to slip her husband the serum. That failed experiment had cemented her bond with Jackson. And now she’d crossed her Rubicon. Before noon that day, she took two more loads deep inside her. As she made lunch, her panty liner sopping, the knife trembled in her fingers. Lucy was sure that she had just become the fifth woman to carry a baby for Jackson. She wondered who would be the sixth.

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It had been weeks since Violet had last inspected the original serum 42. She glanced up from the microscope to her closed door as she heard pounding somewhere in the house. She’d taken to locking her door to keep her brother and the temptation that went with him out of her lab, which doubled as her bedroom. It worked so long as she only left her room sparingly.

The microscope now sported a new filter, and Violet squinted at the formula through this new lens. She should have done this months ago. There was clearly a contaminant she’d never seen before. Very aggressive cells bounced around her field of vision. The little suckers were black as night, but for some red veining that seemed to pulse rhythmically. But Violet couldn’t be sure, the cells moved too fast. She made a recording and sent it to her computer.

At her monitor, she slowed the capture way down. The contamination was some sort of complex chemical compound reacting to her serum in an odd way. Violet’s eyes followed the slow motion as two compounds merged and separated. “Weird,” she breathed. But if she could find something that bonded to the compound, she could clean up her formula and then ... There was a knock at the door. Violet blinked. She could fix her brother and father. Their lives could go back to normal. There wasn’t any irreversible harm so far. Well, Violet tapped the table with her finger, her friend Claire was preggers. That was unfortunate. But Violet couldn’t see how the compound would affect the baby. It wasn’t radioactive or anything. She didn’t buy into Claire’s theory that a baby was the perfect way to study the serum.

Another knock at the door finally broke Violet from her reverie. “Yes?”

“I brought you some lunch, Vi.” Lucy balanced the lunch tray in one hand, resting it against the curve of her dress over her right boob. She tried the knob but it was locked. She waited a minute and then the door swung open. Her daughter greeted her with a wide smile. Lucy smiled back and walked into the room.

“I’ve got great news.” Violet checked the hall to make sure Jackson wasn’t around and then slammed the door and locked it again.

“Did you get a job offer?” Lucy didn’t want her eldest to move out, but she did want her career moving forward.

"No, it's about the serum. Thanks for lunch, Mom. You can put the tray there." Violet waved at the table and sat back down in her chair. She studied the monitor again. That little black compound slowly pulsed its red veins at her on the screen.

"Oh." Lucy looked for a spot to put down the sandwich and milk, not finding one, she carefully balanced the tray again and moved some beakers to the side. "Can you ... can you enhance your father like Jackson now?" This would solve their problem. She could let her son have his women and give herself back to her loving husband. There was still time to convince him that the baby was his, if they enhanced him soon.

"What?" Violet frowned and looked up her mother. "No, but I can turn him back to normal."

"Oh, well, that's ... something." Lucy put down the tray and straightened. She knew her husband's old penis wasn't going to be enough. Not nearly. That's why she'd slipped him the serum in the first place. A furrow formed on Lucy's forehead as she thought about it. But maybe she could have sex with him again and at least he wouldn't suspect about the baby. Her eyes went wide as a thought occurred to her. "What about your brother," she said very slowly as she looked at the dots moving about her daughter's monitor.

"That's what I'm saying. Everyone goes back to normal." Violet reached for her milk. "Except for Claire, but maybe I can convince her to terminate her –"

"No," Lucy said it with such force she surprised both of them. There was no way Lucy was going back to a world without at least one monstrous cock, even it belonged to Jackson. She bit her lip. No, that wasn't right. She was glad the serum had picked Jackson. He was perfect. And she wanted him to spread his seed far and wide. "I'm pregnant, too," she blurted out. "And I'm keeping it."

"You let Jackson ...?" Violet's mouth dropped. She put her milk back down on the desk.

"Not just me." Lucy held up her hand and ticked off women on her fingers. "Margaret, Brie, Claire, Rose, and Me."

"I ... I didn't know." Violet felt all warm and tingly thinking about all those women carrying her brother's babies. They were really her babies too, since her serum was responsible. Her pussy started to leak thinking about what she'd done. How was she going to fix this? "You ... want this?"

A smile returned to Lucy's face. "Yes. Don't you want a little brother or sister?"

Violet shook her head slowly. "I'm not sure ..."

"When was the last time you and Jackson ... you know?"

"I'm trying to keep my distance." Violet looked back at the screen. She had a sudden thought. She knew exactly how to bond that contaminant and get it out of the serum. It wouldn't take her more than a few hours.

"I see." Lucy's mind worked overtime. It would be a disaster if things went back to normal. But, if she could get Jackson and Violet together, maybe he could change her mind. "I have to go. I'll check in on you a little later." She turned and rushed out of the room.

Absentmindedly, Violet stood, walked across the room, and locked the door again. She didn't even need to gather supplies. She moved swiftly back to one of her tables and got to work.

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A few hours later, Violet was putting the final touches on the new formula when she was interrupted by another knock on the door. "Mom?"

"It's me." Lucy's sweet voice came through the door. "Can we talk?"

"Sure." Violet stirred her concoction and then let the beaker bubble above the burner. She crossed the room and opened the door. "Mom, I did it. I ..." Her triumphant smile faded as Lucy pushed into her room followed by a very naked Jackson. Violet's eyes fell to his massive, hard penis. She licked her lips. A stray thought floated into her mind. It would be such a shame to destroy a penis as glorious as the one before her. She set her jaw, but that's what she would have to do.

"Mom said you had something to tell me?" Jackson stood with his hands on his hips. The expression on his face was nonchalant, like waving his long wood in front of his family was totally normal. Well, it sort of was now for him, he mused.

"Yes. I have some very good news. I found a cure for you. I can reverse everything. It's in the beaker right here. Just a few more minutes and Mmmpppppphhhhhhh." Violet was cut off as her brother pressed his lips to hers. His tongue invaded her mouth. She tensed, held her hands in the air, and then all her muscles suddenly relaxed. She let her tongue explore his, very much aware of his dick pressing against her white lab coat, digging into her belly.

Brother and sister made out for a while, as the fluid bubbled behind them. Their mother looked on with interest. Lucy rubbed her legs together and adjusted her dress. It was becoming very hot in the room.

Eventually, Jackson pulled back and let Violet come up for air. He took in the vague expression on her face and watched her chest heave up and down. "What were you going to tell me, Vi?" He turned her around, lifted her lab coat and dropped her skirt and panties.

"I ... I ..." Violet's mind was a maelstrom of conflicting thoughts. She wiggled her tight butt back at him, barely aware of their audience. "Just ... put it in already. Oooooohhhhhhhhhh, mmmmyyyyyyyyyyy." The thing pushed past her defenses, both mental and physical. "I'd forgotten how ... uh ... uh ... uh ... big you feel ... inside." She pushed back at his already pumping dick. Her first orgasm was so very close. She clamped her hands down on the edge of the table and watched it dangerously rock back and forth.

"I want you to forget the cure, sweetie." Lucy leaned back against the wall, and her hand slipped under her dress. She vigorously worked her pussy as she watched the siblings mate. "There's no going back."

"No ... I need to fix ... oooooohhhhhhhhhh." Violet came again. With each successive orgasm, her determination to set things right slipped a little further away. A little while later, she found herself, naked, riding her brother on the floor of her room. She didn't even remember her clothes coming off. Her body bounced furiously, working so hard to cum again.

“Let it go, Vi.” Lucy watched them from behind. Her daughter’s small bubble butt looked so outmatched by the thick pole stretching out her vagina below. Lucy could see Violet’s froth all over Jackson’s thing. This was the right thing to do. Violet was enjoying herself. They were all enjoying themselves.

“I ... I ... don’t know.” Violet wondered how she had ever had a cogent thought in her life. Her mind was one big swirling cloud of lust and confusion.

“I don’t want to go back.” Jackson smiled up at her. “This is the only life ... I want to live. Ask me for my cum.”

“I ... I ...” Violet would have asked for his cum if she could get the words out. Instead, she shrieked as he grunted under her, heat filling her womb.

A little while later, Violet’s pussy was a squelching, gooey mess as she rode Jackson on her chair. She faced away from him, looking across the room at their mother. The perfected serum bubbled away on the table, only a foot away.

“Let’s do this forever, you ragamuffins.” Lucy was now on her butt on the floor, her back to the wall. Her hand still working her slit.

“Yes.” Violet’s eyes rolled in her head. She did want this forever. And why did those four other women get to carry Jackson’s babies but not her? That wasn’t fair. She could have it all. Have her brother whenever she wanted. All she had to do was forget the serum.

“Knock it over.” Jackson slapped Violet’s tight butt. “I don’t want to go back.”

“Okay.” For a fleeting second, Violet thought of her poor father. But he had lost. The battle was over. This was the way the world was ordered now, and Violet didn’t want that to change. As shockwaves of pleasure bounced through her nervous system, Violet leaned forward and casually knocked the serum off the burner. She never stopped bouncing on that big dick as she did it. She watched the beaker fall sideways, and the liquid slowly flow over the table, and then cascade over the edge to pool on the floor below. The beaker then rolled off the table and broke with a crash. “Just promise, we’ll never ... ugh ... stop. Even when I’m ... swollen with your baby.” Violet locked eyes with her mom from across the room and her whole body tensed in orgasm.

“I ... promise ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” Jackson let out another torrent inside her. He would fuck her all afternoon and night, until any thoughts of resurrecting her spilled formula were pounded right out of her mind.

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Also, all characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.