

Surviving the After

By Rawly Rawls © 2023

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

Chapter 1

"I've done it." Malcolm paused from pulling weeds and glanced at his neighbor, Greg. His only neighbor.

"Done what?" Greg inspected a leaf on the nearest corn stalk, frowning.

"I saw boobs, just like we talked about." Malcolm wiped the sweat off his brow and went back to pulling weeds.

"That's a tall tale. The only women around here are your sister and mother. And I know they didn't show you any titties." Greg continued to frown at his leaf. He rubbed his fingers along some black growth. *Might be fungus.* He didn't want to worry the lad about their crops, so he didn't bring it up. "Back in the **Before**, there was this thing called the internet. You're too young to remember."

"I'm eighteen, Greg. I remember the internet." Malcolm hoped Greg would continue. He loved to hear about the **Before**, and the man was twenty years older than him. He'd been an adult when the Moment had happened.

"Well, you were a kid then. So, you don't know that one of the best things about the internet was that a man could see all the titties he wanted. He could spend all day looking, and there was still more to see. I reckon that I ... me ... little old Greg Henning ... saw more titties in my lifetime than all my ancestors put together. One of the worst things about the Moment really: I haven't seen a titty in years." He turned his attention away from the leaf and looked at the teenager weeding the cornfield. "Did you find an old magazine or something? Whose titties did you see?"

Malcolm was in awe. *So many boobs ...* the Moment had truly been terrible. He no longer felt like talking about it, so he weeded in silence.

“Well, whose titties?” Greg took off his hat and fanned his face. It wasn’t yet eight in the morning, and it was already sweltering.

“My mom. She was bathing in the tub and forgot to close the door. It’s stupid.” Malcolm put his back into pulling out a tough thistle.

Greg whistled. “I know she’s your mother, but she does have some damn fine titties. Of course, I’ve never seen her without her clothes on. But I reckon your father is a lucky man. Consider yourself lucky, too. Of course, during the **Before** we never ...” He put his hat back on and shielded his eyes, looking toward Malcolm’s farmhouse. Or, at least, the house that Malcolm and his family had taken for their own. “Speak of the devil. Your mother is running this way with ...” He squinted. “She’s got a pack on, and she’s carrying your father’s shotgun.”

“What?” Malcolm stood and turned toward his house. He could just faintly hear her voice, but the wind was blowing the wrong way. He couldn’t hear what she was shouting to them. He cupped his hands by his mouth and shouted, “What’s wrong?”

“Maybe she heard you telling me about her titties, and she’s out for revenge.” Greg’s laugh died quickly.

“Mom?” Malcolm could see his mother better now. She entered the cornfield, running directly toward them. She was not a tall woman, and the young stalks were just below her shoulders. A crack rang out over their farm. It echoed in the distance. “Was that thunder?” He turned to look at Greg. The older man would know what to do. “Should we run to her or stay here?”

“I don’t reckon it’s thunder.” Greg scanned the clear sky. “I think we should stay –”

When Greg’s head exploded, Malcolm screamed. The man was calmly talking one minute, and blood and bits of skull were flying by Malcolm the next. The headless Greg slumped and dropped onto a pile of weeds. The crack of the shot echoed across the farm. Malcolm stared at what was left of his friend. He had been the last neighbor. Flashbacks to the violence of the early **After** paralyzed Malcolm. He had been young, but he remembered how brutal it had been. How hard they had to fight for survival. His mother’s voice was finally close enough to hear.

“Get down ... Mal ... they’re in the house ... get down,” Abigail screamed.

Malcolm didn’t do as his mother asked. Instead, he turned and ran toward her. The sooner they were together, the sooner she would find cover. He knew she wouldn’t stop running until she reached him. Another crack sounded, but neither of them fell. When mother and son came together, she tackled him into the corn, her small, curvaceous

body on top of his tall, muscular one. Her boobs pressed against his chest, heavy and full. He was so scared he didn't give her massive breasts a second thought. Sweat dripped from her nose onto his face. Her eyes were wide with terror. Malcolm didn't know what to do. "Dad ... Betsy ...?"

"When the men ... arrived ... your father ... took a go-bag ... and ran for your sister," Abigail panted. "She was ... down by the river ... doing laundry. I got the other ... go-bag ... and ran to you. Is ... Greg ...?"

"His head exploded, Mom." Malcolm tried to figure out how they would reunite with his father and sister. The river was on the other side of the farm.

"That's ... terrible. He was a good ... man. Come on." She crawled off him and stood, stooped so that her head wasn't above the corn. "Keep your head low ... never let it get higher ... than the corn."

Malcolm stood. "Let me take the pack." When she removed it from her shoulders, he slung it onto his back. It was difficult to wear while stooping. His hunting rifle was strapped to the side. "We can shoot back."

"No, there's too many ... of them." Abigail was starting to catch her breath. "We'll go north. Hopefully, your father and Betsy can get to the meeting place." Like anyone sane in the **After**, the Jones family had a contingency in case they happened upon raiders ... or worse. "Come on, let's move. And stay low." She held the shotgun tightly to her chest as they fled.

Malcolm followed close behind her.

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They waited two days, but no one met them at the old, rural post office. "It's time to leave, sweetie. Your father and sister aren't coming."

"We have to go back for them." Malcolm blinked back tears.

Abigail wiped her eyes with the back of her hand. "We can't go back. The raiders might be looking for us. And we can't stay here. We have to move on." She pulled her son to his feet and lifted herself on her tippytoes to kiss his cheek. The kiss was salty with sweat and tears. "I'm sure they're okay. We'll find them ... eventually."

Malcolm didn't argue. She'd lived through the Moment. She'd guided them safely through the **After** to this point. She knew what was best.

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Weeks later, Abigail rested in an abandoned bed. The house they were in was still nice. The windows were intact, and it looked mostly unspoiled. Raiders hadn't been through there, nor was there any sign of **Them**. She looked around the bedroom. There was a smiling family portrait on the wall. She idly wondered if any of them had survived. Suddenly, she heard soft grunting. She sat up, pulse pounding and muscles taught. *What is that?* Barefoot, she climbed out of bed and picked up the shotgun. Silently, she crossed the room, opened her door, and slipped into the hall. She couldn't hear the sound out here. Malcolm was in the next room, so she went to check on him. She quietly pushed open the door. The family that had lived here had kept their hinges well-oiled. She put a hand to her mouth when she found the source of the noise.

"Ugh ... ugh ... uuuugghhhhh ..." Malcolm lay naked on the bed, staring at a poster of a woman in a bathing suit. He guessed this had been a boy's room. The walls were covered with scantily clad women and sports cars. The one right above the bed had captured his attention. He pumped his dick as he took in her curvaceous beauty. He thought about his mom's wide areolae and thick nipples. Greg had said that all women's "titties" were different. But this model's breasts looked similar in shape and size to his mother's. He imagined her with the same pale skin, meandering blue veins, and wide areolae. He wished the bathing suit wasn't in the way. "Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ..." He was so caught up in the model's beauty that he didn't see his mom staring from the doorway.

Abigail knew that he touched himself. There was more privacy in their farmhouse than with the thin walls in this home, apparently, but still, at the farmhouse she'd found his crusty socks in the laundry, and she'd known he wasn't always reading when he shut the door to his room for hours. But seeing such a private, lascivious act was quite different than intellectually knowing her son masturbated. The poor thing was horny, too. They were both at the peaks of their sexual maturity, and neither had any outlet. She hadn't seen her husband since they'd fled the farmhouse weeks ago. And before that, they'd had a very active sex life. Silently, she closed the door, went back to her room, and locked herself in. She quickly stripped into just her bra and lay on the bed, listening to her son's insistent grunts through the thin wall. She reached down and found that her vagina was already wet.

Mother and son worked themselves to several orgasms each. Malcolm's sole focus was on the bathing suit model. Abigail's was on her son's love sounds. It wasn't right to listen to him like that, but she was *very* horny, and he'd never know. She might have even thought about what his penis looked like. He'd need two hands to grip the thing. She was proud to have made a tool that stood so proud. *It might even be bigger than his*

father's. Of course, she'd never tell him she'd witnessed his private act. There was so much about mothers that sons would never know.

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A clear stream ran through the backyard of their new, temporary home. Water was a must for any camp. Malcolm spent the morning hauling jugs back to the house. He was used to grueling manual labor. He had spent the last seven years on a farm. When the hauling was done, he drank some of the water and rested in the living room. "Mom?" He called into the house.

"Yes, sweetie?" Abigail came into the living room, wiping blood from her hands. Her apron was a crimson mess. She was in the middle of butchering some rabbits she'd caught that morning.

"I got enough water for both of us to have a bath." He smiled at her. As the days passed, some of the horror at losing half his family and Greg faded. A little. His smiles had become more frequent. "I'll go first if you don't mind."

"Sure, Mal. Sounds good. I'll finish salting the rabbits and come in after you." She watched him go to the bathroom. As she finished up with the rabbits, she couldn't stop thinking about his hard, young body. Would it be so bad to take one more look? He was the only man in her life now, and she wasn't going to get any other good visuals for her nightly masturbation. She took off the apron and cleaned up as best she could, cursing her growing horniness.

Malcolm was scrubbing his chest when his mother barged into the bathroom. He turned toward her in shock. "Mom! What are you doing?" He didn't think to cover himself up.

"Oh ... sorry ... Mal." She took in an eyeful of his long, dangling penis. *It isn't just long when it's hard.* Her eyes roved up his well-muscled stomach and chest. *God, he's beautiful.* "I ... um ... forgot you were in here." Quickly, she closed the door and put her back to it. He was gorgeous. She had made a magnificent man. She closed her eyes. And now she could picture him whenever she wanted. *So ... impossibly ... horny.* She missed her husband for many reasons, but their lovemaking was certainly near the top of the list. She moved away from the bathroom and waited for her own bath. She would apologize to Malcolm again for interrupting him. He would never know what sorts of torrid thoughts stormed through his mother's mind.

Chapter 2

“There’s so much wildlife.” Malcolm paused to let a herd of deer trot across the overgrown road. Vines hung down over the street, the traffic lines were faded, and young trees struggled up through cracks in the asphalt.

“**They** don’t eat deer. It was a surprising fact that **They** didn’t eat anything but us.” Abigail rested her shoulder on her son’s side, catching her breath. She watched the beautiful creatures pass. Their basement was full of salted meat, so they hadn’t even bothered to bring the hunting rifle on this trip. Just the shotgun that was in a holster on her back. “That’s how we know **They** were the collapse that was predicted.”

“Rich fuckers could have stopped it. Instead, they left.” Malcolm spat on the cracked asphalt, spooking the deer.

“Language, Mal.” Abigail sighed. She wanted to change the topic. “Quite a haul we got today.” She patted the pack on his back, full of decade-old Twinkies.

Malcolm smiled and started walking again. “You think they’re still good?”

“I don’t think Twinkies ever expire.” Abigail laughed softly. She looked around wearily as they turned a corner, just a few blocks from their new home. “We’ll feast like kings and queens tonight.” Since the deer had scampered off, an unusual stillness had taken hold of the neighborhood. They passed abandoned houses on either side. There were suddenly no animals about.

“Mom, it’s too quiet.” Malcolm stopped his mother with a hand on her shoulder and pulled her shotgun free. He held it loosely in his hands. “Raiders?”

“No, it’s one of **Them**. I can feel it. We have to hide, hurry,” Abigail hissed. She pulled a bottle filled with Febreze, opened the top, and threw it down the road. Then, she ran to the nearest house, plowing her way through the high weeds in the front yard. She hopped into the dilapidated structure through a broken window and made room for her son next to her. When he was safely inside, she peered out the window.

It was almost five minutes before the monster moved into view. It ambled slowly on its feet and two of its four arms. It swung its dinosaurian goat head side to side, sniffing the air loudly.

“There are other people near here,” Malcolm whispered. Since **They** could only eat humans, Their numbers had diminished with the world population. These days one only found **Them** where there was a source of food.

“Ssh.” Abigail didn’t know if her son recognized the danger they were in. He was a tween the last time they saw one of **Them**, almost seven years ago. Malcolm was used to

regular wildlife ... non-apocalyptic wildlife. Thankfully, he heeded her warning and said nothing more.

The monstrosity moved slowly down the street. It had clearly lost their scent in the explosion of Febreze they'd left behind. When it ventured closer to them, she pulled herself silently away from the window and dragged her son with her. She cuddled up next to him and listened with wide eyes. She trembled, but Malcolm didn't seem to be afraid. She'd have a talk with him about that later. He should be very afraid.

Malcolm held his mother tightly. She was obviously scared to death. But **They** weren't as scary as he remembered **Them**. The monster outside seemed smaller than when he'd last glimpsed one. And it seemed ... like a shotgun blast to the skull should finish it off. But he would listen to his mother. He didn't feel like moving anyway, her boobs were pressed against him, and he was cataloging exactly how they felt for future fap sessions.

After a long while, they checked the street. It was empty. Carefully, they went out the back door and found a deer trail. It was slower going, but they got home just before dark.

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Weeks passed. Using seeds from their go-bag, they tended a small garden in the backyard. They hunted. They cleaned. They talked. They foraged. They thought about each other's bodies.

Every night, Abigail would roll a nipple, rub her button, and listen to her son's rough grunts of pleasure from the next room. Masturbation was no substitute for the real thing. She longed to feel her husband's body. To feel his penis inside her. But that was not to be. Frustration built, and eventually she came to a decision.

"Malcolm, can you come here a moment?" Abigail called to him after their daily baths. She'd gone first, and now she was seated on the edge of her bed wearing only her bra and panties. They were practical underwear, her husband wouldn't have found them sexy, but she guessed that an eighteen-year-old would.

"What's up, Mom?" Malcolm walked into her room wearing a towel around his waist. His long hair was lank and wet. When he saw her cleavage, his eyes went wide, and he stopped dead in his tracks. "What's ... up ... Mom?" He repeated slowly, gazing raptly at her tits.

"I've got something to get off my chest. Please don't respond until I'm done. This is ..."
Abigail gulped. She could see his penis rising under his towel. "This is difficult to say."

“Okay.” Malcolm nodded, still staring at her cleavage. He thought about his friend and neighbor. Greg had seen more titties on the internet than all his ancestors combined. Or so he’d claimed. Malcolm would settle for a full viewing of the ones right in front of him. He’d caught a glimpse of her in the bath a long time ago. He’d forgo all the other boobs in the world if he could see them again. “I’m listening.” But that wasn’t really true. His higher-functioning mind was shutting down. The reptile brain was taking over.

“I don’t know when we’ll see your father and sister again. It may be a while yet.” She didn’t want to worry him. “They’re okay. I’m sure of it.”

“I know.” Malcolm finally made eye contact and found her reassuring smile. In doing so, he realized that he’d been overtly staring at her tits for minutes on end. He vowed not to do that again.

“So ... your father is a wonderful husband in a lot of ways. One of those ways is intimacy. I have needs, and he took care of those needs. Do you understand?” She raised an eyebrow and stood up.

“Mom! I don’t want to hear about your needs.” His gaze was fixed on her cleavage again.

“It’s natural, Mal. You have needs, too.” She took a couple steps toward the darkening window. She looked over at his well-muscled chest. *My son is gorgeous. Would I be trying this if he wasn’t so beautiful?* Abigail cleared her throat. “I know you have needs because the wall between our bedrooms is thin. I can hear you at night.” She walked over to the window, grabbed a match, and closed the blackout curtains. It was pitch black in the room.

A million thoughts went through Malcolm’s mind at once. He stood in the dark with a massive erection tenting his towel. Had his mother just said that she can hear him fapping every night? His cheeks heated with embarrassment. Why hadn’t she said anything sooner? A spark of light filled the room as his mother lit a match. He watched her move about the room, lighting candles. The low-flickering light danced tantalizingly on her pale curves. When the candles were lit, she turned to him and placed her hands on her hips. His attention went back to her cleavage.

“We only have each other right now. So ...” Abigail took a deep breath and let it out slowly. “I propose that we help each other with our needs.” When he started to speak, she held up a finger. “Just a moment. Let me finish. I know you don’t have any experience with girls. It’s been just me and your sister for a long time. I’ll teach you what you need to know. Your father and I have had a very ... spicy marriage. So, I think I probably know a lot.” She reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. “Speaking of your father, you can’t tell him or Betsy about this. He has always been a bit possessive. It’s sweet, but in this case, it would be a problem. He wouldn’t understand.”

Malcolm raised a hand. He was about to protest that he didn't want her to cheat on his father.

"Yes?" Abigail removed her bra and tossed it onto the bed. She pushed out her chest proudly, letting her son get a full view.

"Never mind. What do you need me to do?" His cock was so hard it hurt. Her breasts hung on her chest in the most alluring way. He could just make out the meandering blue veins under her pale skin. Her large nipples and wide areolae seemed to be begging for a hungry mouth.

"I'll teach you all you need to know ... later." Abigail wiggled her panties down her legs. She knew how to move seductively, and there was joy in bringing out the desire in her son's face. "Right now, I desperately need to release some pressure. All I need from you is for you to lie on your back on the bed, take off your towel, and tell me before you're ready to cum. Can you do that?"

"Yes, ma'am." Malcolm gave her a quick salute. He removed his towel and leapt onto the bed. He rolled onto his back, his dick standing tall.

"Yes ... yes ... this was the right decision. You have a magnificent penis, Mal." Wasting no time, she straddled her son, took hold of his cock, and placed her hips above his. "You can't cum in me. Remember, you have to tell me before it happens." She could see his eyes were on her swaying boobs as she got into position, but she was confident he'd heard her. "I'm going to go slow at first, it's been a while, and you're really big."

"Really?" Malcolm suddenly had the stupidest, widest grin on his face. And he couldn't wipe it away. He was about to have sex with a beautiful, loving woman. Yes, it was his mother, but beggars couldn't be choosers. Not in the **After**. When she settled her hips down on him, and he felt her warm, wet tightness around his cock, his grin disappeared. The level of pleasure he was feeling was serious business. Her pussy was better than his hand. Much, much better. "Wow ... Mom ... sex is amazing."

"We haven't ... uuuggghhhh ... even started ... yet." Abigail let go of his penis and slid slowly down his great length. She placed her hands on his burly chest and gritted her teeth. "Oooooohhhhhhhhhh ... gosh ... that's the deepest I've ever ... ugh ... had a man." She shut her eyes tightly. "And ... uuuggghhhh ... that's deeper ... than I ever ... eeeeeiiiiiiii." She threw her head back and shrieked. The orgasm had caught her unexpectedly. He'd hit a place inside her she hadn't known about before. And it ... was ... marvelous! Soon, she was undulating her hips on her son at warp speed. Her husband preferred when she bounced on him, but she could tell from her son's expression that he had no complaints. She'd never seen him look so blissful before. His glassy eyes were still on her tits as they bounced about wildly in front of him.

“Mom ... I never thought ...” Malcolm wanted to grab her, to squeeze her, to dig his fingers into her supple flesh. But he didn’t know if that was right or not, so he gripped the blanket instead. *I’ll know what’s right eventually. She said she would teach me!* He watched her eyes roll back, and her body tremble its way through several orgasms.

Abigail was impressed with his staying power. She hadn’t expected him to last more than a couple minutes. But they’d been going so long she’d lost track of time. She was a sweaty, quivering mess on top of him. She decided to reward him by giving him her husband’s favorite position. She turned herself around and rode him backward with high rhythmic bounces. She rode him so hard that they lifted off the mattress at the apex of each stroke. “Oooohhhhhh ... Mal ... I needed this so ... badly.” She looked over her shoulder. He had that dumb face men get when they’re about to cum. “Are you ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... close?”

“Gonna ... cum ... Mom!” Malcolm was happy she’d reminded him, because otherwise he might have shot everything he had deep in her pussy.

How odd it was to be called “Mom” during sex. She found that it sent an unexpected thrill down her spine. “Good boy ... good boy ... I’ll finish you.” She had no sooner dismounted him then he began erupting. She lay next to him, grabbed his penis, and helped finish him with her hands. His hot, sticky stuff landed mostly on his chest and belly. *That smell! How I missed that smell!* His cum had a scent that was even more wonderfully pungent than his father’s. And he made so much! There was a small lake of sperm on his belly by the time they were done. When it was over, she leaned her head on his hip and drank in the moment. She was completely satisfied. She gave him a while to catch his breath, then she sat up. “Time for your second bath of the day, Mal.”

“Yeah, okay, Mom.” He climbed off the bed, picked up his towel, and tried not to drip cum everywhere. “I ... um ...” He looked at her naked form sitting on the bed. She was perfect. “Do I ... um ... did we really ...?” He was afraid it was all too good to be true.

“Just enjoy the moment, Mal. I’ll teach you more later.” She shooed him with her hands. “Now go get cleaned off.” She watched the tight muscles of his butt roll as he left the bedroom. When he was gone, she flopped onto her back and stretched out her arms. “Goodness, I needed that.” She smiled broadly as she soaked in the post-coital bliss.

Chapter 3

“Goodnight, Mal.” Abigail stopped outside her son’s room. She had just taken her nightly bath and brushed her teeth. She stood naked, leaning on his doorframe. There was a single candle glowing next to his bed. He smiled at her in the low light, clearly checking out her boobs and the triangle of blond hair between her legs. “How do you feel about everything?” She thrust her hip to the side and posed for him. “Is it weird seeing your mother naked?”

“Yeah, it’s weird.” Malcolm nodded.

Abigail stopped posing and frowned.

“Sorry. I didn’t mean it’s weird. It’s one of the best things that ever happened to me.” His hand sought out his dick under the covers. “It felt so good when we did it. It was ... I don’t know ... better than anything else.”

“Yes, sex is amazing.” Abigail smiled with relief. He was eighteen. Of course he wasn’t overthinking things. “But we have to be disciplined.”

“When can we do it again?” Malcolm grinned ear to ear.

“That’s what I’m talking about. We need to exercise some restraint. I’ve been here before. Sex feels so good, especially when you find someone compatible, that it can swallow up your life.” She put her hand on the knob of the door. “I’ll give you your first proper lesson tomorrow. But I think we should limit ourselves to no more than two hours a day. Okay?”

“Uh ...” Malcolm stopped touching himself. “Does that include masturbation?”

“No, sweetie.” Abigail giggled. “Tug it all you want in your private time.” She pulled the door closed.

“Wait, Mom?”

Abigail paused and peeked through the crack in the door. “Yes?”

“Are we compatible?”

“Hmmmmmmm.” Abigail gave him a mock-serious expression like she was considering it. “We’ll just have to see.” She winked and closed the door.

Malcolm smiled broadly. He had the best mother in the world. For all he knew, he had the only mother in the world, but still. He fapped to his heart’s content before blowing out the candle for the night.

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The next morning, Malcolm entered the kitchen to find his mother already preparing breakfast. "Salted venison and carrots. Yum. Let me help you."

"Good morning, Mal." Abigail smiled at her handsome son. In the morning's bright light, she had a hard time believing they'd really had sex the night before.

They finished preparing the meal and ate together in the dining room. They made small talk and joked. Everything seemed so normal, until Malcolm got up to clear the dishes. "So, can we do that lesson now?"

She watched him clear the table without being asked. A thought occurred to Abigail; her son was good with chores, but he could be better. "I'll start the lesson after you've done the dishes, hauled today's water into the house, checked the traps, and weeded the cucumbers."

"Oh ... Mom ... I thought ..." Malcolm paused as he picked up her empty plate, a deep frown settling on his face. "I thought we could ... I mean ... I really want to do it now."

"I do too, sweetie. This is part of the discipline I was telling you about. We have to live our lives. We can't get swallowed up by ..." Abigail raised an eyebrow.

"Sex." Malcolm completed the sentence for his mother. "Okay, I'll be done before ten." He raced into the kitchen.

"That would be record time," she called after him. She kicked her feet up on the table and sighed. "I could get used to this," she whispered. "All I'm missing is a cup of coffee." She listened to her son make quick work of the dishes. His eagerness was a real turn-on. By the time she stood to get on with her own chores, her panties were a sopping mess.

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"It's only nine thirty-seven." Abigail was busy mending some trousers. She looked up at her son's wide grin. Then her eyes went down to his crotch. "Did you store one of those cucumbers in your pants?"

"That's my dick, Mom. I'm really excited." He was bare-chested and sweaty from moving through his chores at record speed.

Abigail laughed and put down her sewing needle. "Did you rush through your chores, or did you do them right?"

“I want to learn to do *you* right, Mom.” Mal bounced on his toes he was so excited.

“Oh, I see you’ll need lessons on flirting, too.” She stood and smiled up at him, breathing in his musky, manly aroma. “For real though, were you sloppy, or did you do things the way I taught you?”

“Yes, Mom, everything’s shipshape. I wouldn’t let you down.” He took her hand and practically dragged her upstairs. “Now it’s time for my lesson.”

“Okay, okay. I can see that you’re champing at the bit.” She smiled as she followed him into his bedroom. “In here this time?”

“If we make a mess, I don’t want you to have to clean up your room after. I don’t mind cleaning my room.” He dropped her hand and began taking off his pants.

“That’s very thoughtful.” Abigail stood with her hands on her hips watching him undress. When he was naked, she made a show of looking him up and down. “What a remarkable young man you are. I wish you could have come into your manhood in the **Before**. You would have made the women you dated very happy.”

“Where do we start?” Malcolm sat on the bed. He was suddenly nervous. Why hadn’t she undressed?

“Well, I can see romance is a lost cause for now. Normally, that’s where I’d start.” Abigail shrugged and pulled off her top. “We’ll loop back to that later.” She reached behind her and unclasped her bra. When it fell to the floor, she was well aware of his attention on her tits. “How about kissing? I suppose you haven’t ever kissed anyone.” She turned around and slowly lowered her trousers, wiggling her butt seductively. Not that he needed any teasing, but it was something she’d always done to get her husband revved up.

“I mean, I’ve kissed you and Betsy.” Malcolm shrugged.

“I’m talking about on the lips. With tongue. You know what I mean.” She tossed her trousers away and walked over to him dressed only in her panties and socks. She sat sideways on his lap, letting his dick press against her hip. She circled her arms around his shoulders and neck. “You’ll want to be gentle and playful with your tongue. It’s probably best to follow my lead at first. Let me do most of the work. When you think you’re getting the hang of it, you can be more assertive. Like dancing, understand?” She smiled at him, their eyes inches apart. His sweet breath filled her nostrils.

“Yeah, I understand.” Malcolm wanted to put it inside her again. Kissing seemed like a delay. And they only had two hours. But if she thought it was important, he supposed it was. His mother’s face became softer, and her gaze went distant. Her lips parted and she leaned toward him. Her soft lips pressed against his, and she gently bit his bottom lip. He liked it. Her mouth opened and her tongue delicately moved along his teeth, and

then sought out his tongue. He put his arms around her, his hands massaging her wonderful, strong back. After a few minutes, he decided that this wasn't just a delay. He really liked kissing.

They made out for more than twenty minutes before Abigail broke their lips apart. "Wow ... okay. You're learning fast." She laughed. "Don't look so cocky. You still have a long way to go." She climbed off his lap and crawled to the middle of the bed. "There's lots more foreplay to learn. I mean ... a ton. But I think we're both ready for the main event, right?" She turned over on her back and pulled off her panties, tossing them to her son. "Smell those."

Malcolm caught the panties, pressed them to his nose, and inhaled. "Wow ... I never smelled anything like that before. I love it."

"Good answer." Abigail spread her legs for him. "That's my scent. The scent of a woman's excitement. When I'm wet, it means I'm ready to have sex." She beckoned him over. "Just like your erection means you're ready to have sex."

"But I get hard all the time." He climbed between her legs and let the head of his cock rest on her pubic hair.

Abigail giggled. "You're a teenager, you're ready for sex all the time." She reached down between them and grasped his cock. "Okay, I did all the work last time. Now you're going to learn to move those hips." She smiled up at him. "Don't look so nervous. It's a natural thing. You'll pick it up in no time." She placed his cockhead at her entrance. "Just ... take it easy at first. I'm still getting used to your size."

Malcolm pushed forward. He sighed with satisfaction as her tight warmth enveloped his cock. "It's so much ... better than my hands ... Mom." He tried to slide in slowly. He could see her grimacing.

"Nice and easy ... uuuggghhhh ... nice and ... uuuuggggghhhhhh." Abigail arched her back and grabbed his sheet with her fists on either side of her hips. "What the heck ... just go for it ... Mal."

"Go ... for it?" Malcolm pressed himself the rest of the way inside his mother. He pulled back tentatively, and pushed in again. He watched her grit her teeth as her breasts rocked on either side of her chest.

"Plow me ... sweetie. Show me ... how much you want it." Biting her bottom lip, Abigail nodded encouragement. "I don't care if it ... uuuggghhhh ... hurts a little." She opened her legs wider and reached her toes toward the ceiling. Her hands went behind her knees for support.

“I really do want ... ah ... ah ... ah ... want it ... Mom.” He pumped her with his dick, trying to find a nice, even rhythm. She was so wet, he could hear her pussy squelching with each thrust. The noise drove him wild.

“I know you do ... sweetie. Now ... give it to ... Mommy.” It was such a dirty thing to say. Abigail had done lots of roleplay with her husband, but nothing so taboo. Now ... she was doing it for real. What a strange world the **After** was. “Ugghhhh ... uuuuuggghhhh ... uuggghhhh ... yes ... drive my butt ... into the mattress ... like that ... uuuggghhhh ... make Mommy ... proud.”

“Um ... can I ... touch your tits?” Malcolm really wanted to feel the weight of them as they rocked with each impact. When she smiled and nodded, he placed his hands on her boobs and watched his fingers practically disappear into her flesh. “Wow ... they’re amazing ... Mom.” Their positioning now settled, he let his hips do the work. His body seemed to have a better idea of what it was doing than he did. They didn’t talk as he smashed into his mother over and over. After a few minutes, her face twisted even more, and her eyes rolled back. It was a truly mesmerizing sight. He squeezed her tits and thrust his hips harder.

“You’re going to ... uuggghhh ... make Mommy ... you’re ... uuuuuuggghhhh ... going to ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” Abigail tossed her head side to side as her son plowed her to a towering orgasm.

The house shuddered and trembled around them. Candles and long-forgotten knick-knacks fell off shelves and clattered on the floor. Malcolm continued humping his mother with abandon.

When Abigail’s orgasm subsided, her mind cleared enough to hear the distant roar and rattling windows. “Stop ... stop ... Mal ...” She pushed him off.

“What is ... it?” Panting, Malcolm dismounted his mother and sat next to her on the bed.

“The house doesn’t shake for a great orgasm. Something’s wrong.” Abigail leapt from the bed and started checking windows. She ran out of the room, her breasts bouncing side to side.

“Sorry ... Mom ... I was too caught up ...” With his cock still hard, he followed his mother. He found her peering out of the window in the upstairs study that overlooked the backyard.

“What ... in the heck ... is that?” Abigail wasn’t looking down at their crops. She was gazing into the sky. She pointed as her son joined her at the window.

“Um ...” Malcolm ran a hand through his hair and stared in disbelief. “It looks like a man ... flying on some kind of disk.” And that’s what it was. The man had a flowing cape

billowing behind him as he held the railing of his disk like he was on the prow of a ship.
“What is it?”

“I have no idea, sweetie. No idea at all.” Her body was still buzzing from her orgasm, but a cold feeling slithered down her spine. The **After** had been bad enough. **They** had been bad enough. She had a feeling that things were going to get even worse.

Chapter 4

The man on the flying disk moved east and was gone before Abigail and Malcolm could gather their supplies and follow. They agreed that an investigation was warranted. If the house shook again, they were to immediately meet by the back door where they'd leave packs and weapons at the ready. Whatever the disc-man was, he was new. They needed to understand what his appearance meant.

In the meantime, they continued with their routine. Malcolm did his chores in record time each and every day. He learned about eating pussy, which took some getting used to. He was eighteen, but had spent his teenage years without any women to date. He hadn't exchanged any bodily fluids until recently. So, they spent two two-hour lessons teaching him the finer details of his mother's pussy.

He found that kissing was easier after he'd grown comfortable burying his face in a vagina. Mother and son had several long, heavy make-out sessions. Abigail told him he was learning well.

For several days, they were good about confining their physically intimate time to two hours each day. But it grew difficult to contain themselves. The first time they broke their rule, Abigail was in the kitchen chopping cucumbers.

"Wow ... Mom ... your ass looks amazing in those pants." Malcolm leaned against the doorway. He was exhausted. He'd spent a ton of energy on sprinting through his morning chores, they'd had their lesson, and now he was nearly finished with his afternoon chores. "I mean ... I love your ass, Mom. I ... love everything about you."

"Your love knows no bounds, sweetie." Abigail chuckled to herself. She was wearing unflattering but practical pants, as she usually did. "But I doubt my butt looks good in these. I think you're just a horny teenager."

"I mean, yeah, I am. But that doesn't make your ass any less fantastic." He walked up behind her, dropped to a knee, and grabbed her ass cheeks. He kneaded them while she continued to chop.

"We've already had our two hours today." She blushed deeply. Her marriage had given her a fulfilling sex life, but she hadn't been desired like this since before Malcolm and Betsy were born. She put down the knife and looked over her shoulder at him. The love and concentration on his face melted her heart. "Okay, that's enough. I can teach you about my butt during tomorrow's lesson." When he pulled down her pants, she bit her bottom lip. "Mal ... we have to keep this contained." When he pulled down her panties, her belly did cartwheels. "I mean it, Mal." She tried to put a stern tone in her voice, but failed. She didn't mean it.

“We didn’t have sex today, Mom. I went down on you the whole lesson.” Malcolm dropped his own pants and underwear. “Maybe we can make a new rule. That when we don’t have sex during the lesson, we can have sex later.”

“Um ... well ... I don’t ... um ... okay. I’ll agree to the new rule.” She grabbed the edge of the counter. “Standing up from behind is a lot like the doggy I showed you yesterday. Do you think you can get it in by ... oooooohhhhhhhhhh ... yourself?” He’d answered her question by sinking his dick into her.

“Does it hurt? Do I ... need to go slow?” Malcolm grabbed her hips and held himself buried all the way inside her.

“I’ve ... adjusted to you ... since our first ... couple times ... sweetie.” Abigail pushed back on him, making little circles with her hips. “It ... doesn’t hurt ... anymore. It feels ... like perfection. You can plow ... Mommy. Yesssssss ... oh ... yesssssss ... oooooohhhhhhhh ... Mal ... like that ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii.” She tossed her head back and forth as her son pounded into her from behind. She was glad he’d invented the new rule.

The next day, she intentionally avoided intercourse during their lesson. She spent the whole two hours teaching him about her breasts. That night, they humped like rabbits for another two hours before bed.

During this time, Abigail was so busy showing her son what to do, and he was so eager to learn that she hadn’t even given him a blowjob yet. He showered her with attention, lust, and affection. And she soaked it up.

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“Hey, Mom.” Malcolm passed his mother as she was pickling some cucumbers in the kitchen. “I swept the front room, now I’m heading out back to weed. Can I see your tits?” He stopped in the doorway and smiled at her.

“Yes, sweetie.” Abigail wiped her hands with a rag, lifted her shirt, and pulled her bra down. This had started as a joke a few days before, but now every time they saw each other, her son would ask to see her tits. She happily complied unless her hands were otherwise busy. The ecstatic look on his face *every damn time* was beyond flattering.

“Amazing.” He nodded and stared. “I’m going to work on that stuff you showed me with your nipples later.” He stared some more. “I swear, I’ll never get tired of your tits. Greg said he’d seen thousands of boobs on the internet. But all I need is yours.”

“You’ll grow tired of them eventually.” Her cheeks turned crimson in response to the compliments.

“Never. I would rather –” Malcolm looked around. The house was suddenly shaking.

Their smiles vanished. Abigail pulled up her bra, lowered her shirt, and ran to the back door. Her son was on her heels. They slung on their packs, picked up their firearms, and ran outside.

“Do you see it?” Malcolm shaded his eyes.

“Over there.” She pointed. “He’s heading east again. Come on.” She tightened her pack and set off at a brisk jog. The strange disc was visible through the trees. It wasn’t moving fast, so she hoped they’d be able to follow. As they drew closer, she realized the disc wasn’t moving. She could just make out the man with his billowing cape looking down at something on the ground.

“Maybe he found some long-lost tech and he’s hunting **Them**?” Sweat trickled down Malcolm’s face and soaked into his shirt. Both mother and son kept up a good pace. They were used to pushing themselves physically.

“We didn’t have tech like that disc in the **Before**. This is something else.” She shuddered. That cold tingling down her spine returned. Whatever this was, it wasn’t good.

They jogged for almost an hour, having to wind through suburban streets and cut through the overgrowth. Eventually, they drew close enough that they switched from speed to stealth, and walked cautiously through the trees.

“Listen, Mom.” Malcolm held up his left hand, his rifle resting comfortably in his right.

“Voices.” She sank lower. Crouching, they moved closer and peered out from some bushes. They looked out on a development that was probably built right before **It** happened. Even now, it looked well maintained. Then she saw the people. Two streets over, there was a crowd being herded into a circle by ... Abigail squinted. *Are those machines?* She hadn’t seen a working machine in years.

“Are those cute, metal things ... robots?” Malcolm whispered.

“Yes.” Abigail was trying to wrap her head around what was happening. It was all so strange.

“You are all lucky enough to volunteer for humanity’s next great leap.” The man on the disc flew lower, his voice amplified. He spoke to the assembled crowd. Some were bleeding. Some were crying. There were children among them. “Through your labor, we will gather the resources needed to retake Earth. Congratulations on being chosen.” The man, his cape billowing, saluted the people below him. The people, getting shoved and corralled by the robots, did not salute back. “I, Rick Ravish, promise you a better world.”

With that, his disc turned around and sped into the sky. A loud boom sounded, the earth shook, and it was gone.

“Those dark rectangles on the roofs are solar panels. They provide electricity.” Abigail pointed for her son to see. “I think these people were all living here together. And fucking Rick Ravish is kidnapping them.”

“Do you know him?” Malcolm was stunned. Nothing in the last decade had prepared him for a moment like this. This was almost as unbelievable as getting to freely hump his mother.

“Yes. He’s one of the billionaires that left Earth before **It** happened.” Abigail shuddered. “This is worse than I thought. Come on, we need to go before someone spots us.”

To their left, movement caught their eye. Two people were running through high grass not far away from where Abigail and Malcolm hid. A skinny woman with brown skin and brown hair held the hand of a pale lanky man. They were both bloody, and their clothes were torn.

“Look, Mom. The robot’s going to help them.” Malcolm pointed to the cute robot speeding after them.

“Shit.” Her son hadn’t fully grasped the situation yet. “We have to help them. Shoot the robot.”

“What?” He looked at his mother, confusion creasing his forehead.

“I have a shotgun. You have the rifle. Shoot that cute little thing before it catches them.” She scanned the escape route behind them. She didn’t see any people or robots. “Hit it in its adorable face.”

“Okay.” If his mother wanted it done. He’d do it. Malcolm put the rifle to his shoulder, aimed, and pulled the trigger. The bullet caught the metal thing right in its face, and it hit the dirt. It didn’t get up. All the herded people and herding robots turned and looked at where the shot had come from.

“Now run.” Abigail saw that the young couple they’d just saved had veered toward them. *Well, it can’t be helped.* She sprinted with her son away from the development, praying the robots wouldn’t give chase. The couple followed them, looking winded. Abigail didn’t slow. They ran for more than a mile, checking behind them frequently. When they were sure they weren’t followed, she stopped to catch her breath. Her son stood next to her, a worried look on his face.

Abigail’s heartbeat slowed as she waited for the couple they’d saved to catch up. Both of them seemed young, maybe in their twenties, but they could barely keep running. She

didn't know if it was injuries, or if they'd somehow gotten through the **After** in not very good shape. Finally, they staggered up to Abigail and Malcolm.

"Thank ... thank ... you ... I'm ... Taylor." Taylor put his hands on his knees and wheezed.

"I'm ... Sania." Sania tried to smile, but the cramps in her sides hurt too much. "You ... saved ... our lives."

"You're welcome," Abigail said. "We're going west. Pick another direction and go that way. Good luck."

"Mom." Malcolm grabbed his mother's arm. "We can't leave them."

"It's not safe, Mal." She glared at him.

"No ... please." Sania leaned against the moldering wall of a home. She worked hard to catch her breath. "We've lived in our community ... for years. We ... don't know how to make it ... out there ... alone." She waved her hand expansively. "Each person an ... expert ... on a few things ... and the community ... together ... survives."

"Is that your motto?" Abigail looked her up and down as Sania nodded an affirmative. She was very pretty, but skinny. She looked at Taylor. He was also emaciated. It seemed to Abigail that whoever was in charge of food in their community hadn't been an expert. "Solar panels are great. Electricity is great. That's why raiders look for solar homes to hit. That's like basic knowledge for the **After**. How did you survive all these years?"

"Each person ... an expert on ... a few things ... and –" Taylor started.

"That's enough." Abigail looked her son in the eyes. He nodded. She squeezed his hand. "This will be dangerous. And ... we won't be able to continue your lessons." She saw his face fall at that, but bravely he nodded again.

"They need our help, Mom." Malcolm smiled at the newcomers. He saw that they were holding hands again. His mind spun. He hadn't met anyone new in a long, long time. "Come with us. We'll help you. At least for a little while."

"Oh ... thank you ... thank you so much." Sania had tears of gratitude in her eyes.

Taylor looked resigned.

"We need to get moving. They might still come after us. And we saw one of **Them** not that long ago." Abigail waved them on. Together they all headed for home at a quick march.

Chapter 5

“So, you never saw the billionaire or his robots before?” Abigail stood with her shoulder resting on the doorway, her arms folded over her chest. She still wore the clothes from their expedition that had turned into a rescue. Her son sat at the table staring at Sania with obvious passion. She was the first woman they’d seen in years who wasn’t in the family. Abigail understood why he ogled her, but it was poor manners. *Goodness, he doesn’t know anything about relating to strangers!*

“We ... never saw him before ... or his bots.” Taylor shook his head as he tore through salted venison. He was ravenous and couldn’t believe how well this family was stocked. He glanced at Malcolm, put down his knife and fork, and wiped his hands. “I’m really grateful for your hospitality, but please don’t stare at my girlfriend. It’s rude.”

“Shh ... Taylor ... the boy can stare ... if he likes.” Sania chewed her food and smiled at Malcolm before cutting some more meat. “This is delicious. Did you catch this?” She went back to her meal, shoveling lettuce into her mouth along with the venison.

“Mom and I caught that deer. Do you like it?” Malcolm beamed with pride.

“Mmmmmmm ... I haven’t eaten ... anything this good ... in ages.” Sania nudged Taylor’s elbow.

“Yeah, it’s good.” Taylor nodded and went back to his meal.

“So, he came out of nowhere and rounded you up?” Abigail wanted to learn more about what Rick Ravish was up to. Knowing the man, it had to be evil of one kind or another.

“We didn’t get ... rounded up ... we ...” Sania finished chewing, swallowed, and took a long gulp from her water glass. “That’s amazing water!”

“I haul it in from a stream out back.” Malcolm clasped his hands behind his head, still beaming. “We have a filter.”

“What happened?” Abigail pressed.

Sania gave Malcolm a wink and turned her attention to his mother. “We were hit by one of those monsters a few weeks back. It ate our head of security. I thought what happened today was another one of them, so we were trying to sneak away when a robot told us to stop. We didn’t get rounded up with the others. We ran. You know the rest.”

“You saw one of **Them** a few weeks back?” Abigail shook her head. The thing certainly had eaten more than just the head of security. **They** never stopped with one. It was a wonder that their little town had survived the **After** this long. She didn’t get much more

info out of them. Sania and Taylor were in charge of folding laundry in their strange society and hadn't cultivated any other useful skills. Their town had electricity and washing machines, so they hadn't even learned to wash clothes properly. Abigail let them finish eating, and then herded them out the front door. "Good luck to the both of you. Forget our house. If we see you coming back, we'll likely shoot you."

Sania and Taylor stood with their mouths hanging wide open. Their eyes were wide. After a moment, they hugged each other in fear.

"Um ... Mrs. Jones. I thought we'd stay with you for a while." Sania tried to remain calm. "We'll starve to death by ourselves."

"Doubtful. Something else will probably eat you first. We saw one of **Them** not that long ago. So, keep your eyes open, I guess. I'm sorry we can't help you more."

"Mom!" Malcolm pulled his mother into the house. "One second, don't leave," he said to the strangers. He closed the door.

"I feel like they're deciding if we should be executed." Sania gave the door a blank stare.

"At least they're not shooting us on the spot." Taylor tried to get his bearings. "Maybe it's for the best if we leave. We can learn to survive on our own. How hard can it be?"

Sania was glaring at her boyfriend when the door opened back up. Abigail looked angry, and her son was smiling. Sania decided that was probably good news.

"My son and I don't want you to die, or lead whatever's about to eat you back here, so you can stay," Abigail said.

Sania gave a whoop of joy.

Taylor looked relieved, but his eyes darted to Malcolm.

"Of course, you can't stay in our house. That wouldn't be safe. But you can stay in the house next to us. We'll show you how to fix it up so it's safe." Malcolm took Sania's hand without asking, like he'd do with his sister, and dragged her toward the house on the left. "We'll take good care of you and make sure you learn how to survive. Mom and I can't believe you made it on your own."

Taylor followed them with a frown on his face. "Each person an expert on a few things, and the community together survives," he said under his breath.

~~

Sunset was almost upon them, so Malcolm and Abigail had to hustle to make their neighbors safe enough in their new house. Blackout curtains went up. Candles were moved in. A small cache of food was stored in the cool basement. Several windows were boarded up. Eventually, just as the clouds turned orange above them, mother and son bid Sania and Taylor goodnight with instructions not to leave their house at night under any circumstances.

~~

“Tits, Mom.” Malcolm was in the kitchen helping prepare their dinner. They worked by candlelight and stood a few feet apart.

“Why don’t you ask Sania?” Abigail blurted out before she knew what she was saying.

“What?” Malcolm put down the knife and turned toward her with a puzzled expression.

“Nothing, nothing.” Abigail wiped off her hands, turned, lifted her shirt, and pulled down her bra. She gave him a half-hearted smile. Then, she lowered her shirt and sighed. “I’m sorry. I’m just worried that having them next door puts us in danger.”

“Thanks for your boobs, Mom.” Malcolm smiled. He hadn’t fully registered his mother’s mood. He was eighteen, and seeing her tits quashed most of the higher functions in his brain. He turned back to chopping. “I know it puts us in danger. But it’s better we have a little more danger than send them off to die. They’re nice. And helpless.”

“You have a good heart, Mal.” Abigail finished putting together a pickled vegetable plate and began setting the table. “They may try to steal from us. Or hurt us. It happens.”

“It’s possible. But we can take care of ourselves. Anyway, that’s why we’re not letting them stay in the house with us.” He finished chopping and patted his mother’s butt as she passed by. “Well, that’s not the only reason. I guess we’ll have to move my lessons to nighttime, now?”

“Good, so you understand that your lessons have to be a secret.” Abigail paused, holding two clean plates. She studied his muscular frame, barely concealed by his clothing. “In the **Before**, moms weren’t supposed to teach their sons about sex. At least, not like this. Sania and Taylor might freak out if they knew.”

“I won’t tell them.” He grabbed utensils and passed her on the way to the dining room. He gave her a quick kiss on the cheek as he went by. “I know what we’re doing isn’t what we’re supposed to be doing. I’m really grateful, Mom.”

“You’re welcome.” Abigail blushed. She was doing it to satisfy her own desires as much as anything else, but that didn’t need to be said out loud.

“Should we bathe before or after our lesson?” He gently squeezed her boob as he passed her on his way back to the kitchen.

“After.” Abigail put down their plates and sat at her place. “I like the way you smell after a hard day’s work. And today was hard.”

~~

“It’s crazy ... Mom ... Sania looks so different ... than you and Betsy.” Malcolm stared at his mother’s wide ass. Ripples surged through it with each impact, dying out at the curve of her lower back. He had her on all fours on his bed. Both of his hands were on her hips.

“You mean ... ugh ... ugh ... she has ... dark ... skin?” Abigail could feel another orgasm ramping up. They hadn’t started that long ago, and she’d already ripped through three climaxes. When he was behind her, he hit a sweet spot deep in her pussy.

“She’s ... so ... thin ...” Malcolm said.

“Uuugghhhh ... do you ... like ... thin women?” She looked over her shoulder at him. He was a sex god. The muscles in his chest, abdomen, and arms flexed with each undulating hump of his hips. She wanted more time. More lessons. At least until they reunited with the other half of their family. Thankfully, Sania had a boyfriend. That would hopefully put a damper on her son’s obvious longing.

“I like ... your curves ... Mom ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... I like the way your ... body ... shakes.” Malcolm wasn’t lying. His mother’s body drove him wild. “I just wonder ... what other bodies ... look like.”

“Oooohhhhhhhh ... I wish we had porn now ... so I could show you.” She imagined him sitting at a computer desk masturbating furiously while watching porn. That would have been his life but for **It**. Abigail’s eyes rolled back, her head dropped, and she bit her lip to keep from screaming out her orgasm.

~~

“It’s so strange to make love somewhere other than home.” Sania rode her boyfriend gently. They were in their new bed and had just started to christen their new house with their loving intimacy.

“Yeah ... ugh ... you feel ... good.” Taylor twisted his face comically and clutched the blankets.

“Wait, are you going to cum already?” Sania slowed her hips.

“Yeah ... uuugghhhhhh ... do you mind?”

“Sure, Taylor. I’ll finish you.” She dismounted and took his whole penis into her mouth. She bobbed her head, feeling him tremble under her. She swallowed as she always did. When he was done, she sat next to him, wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, and studied his frail, shuddering body.

“Was that ... good for you ... babe?” Taylor winked at her.

“The best.” Sania nodded and smiled, thinking about what her teenage neighbor was probably up to. The poor guy was stuck with his mother in the middle of nowhere. He must masturbate all the time.

~~

“Ohhhhh ... the lesson’s over ... Mal.” Abigail rode her son hard, her feet planted on the mattress.

“Uh ... uh ... uh ... keep going ... Mom.” Malcom grinned up at her ecstatic face. “I’ll stay ... after class.”

“Oh ... oh ... oh ... I don’t think ... I could stop ... if I wanted to.” She slammed her hips down on him and rotated her butt. “Cumming ... cumming ... again ... I’m ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Her mind was far enough gone that she didn’t suppress her cries of pleasure. Their house did have good insulation, so her screams barely made it outside. When her orgasm passed, she looked down at her son. He wasn’t smiling anymore. His mouth was twisted into a snarl, and his eyes burned with intensity. “Are you ... going to cum ... sweetie?” She bounced on his dick again.

“Yeah ... Mom,” he said through gritted teeth.

“Cover me.” She pulled off him and sat on her butt between his legs. She pumped him with both hands. It occurred to her that she hadn’t even taught him anything with that night’s lesson. They’d just done what he already knew. That was fine. Hopefully, they’d have many more lessons ahead of them. “Go ahead ... cum for me ... cover my tits in

cum ... yes ... that's it." She angled his penis toward her so he'd shoot right on her trembling breasts.

"Okay ... Mom ..." Malcolm wasn't thinking about Sania's skinny body at all when he erupted. He stared at his mother's huge boobs, feeling utter gratitude along with the ecstasy of his release. Just as she'd asked, he sprayed her tits. But of course, he also got her face and belly. Not to mention his own legs. It was a good thing they'd waited to bathe until afterward. Because when they were done, they were both sweaty, cum-covered messes.

Chapter 6

It was difficult not to look at his daughter as she bathed under a waterfall. Despite **Them** and the **After**, Betsy was a healthy, vivacious twenty-one-year-old woman. Jacob frowned, but he didn't look away. He stared at her perky breasts, slender body, and wide hips. "Wash up, honey. We should be on the move soon. We have to make camp before dark." They had been hunting for his wife and son for a long time, but Jacob knew it would be like finding a needle in a haystack. Their whole plan had been to meet at the safehouse, but they hadn't gotten there in time. Now they searched from town to town.

"Sure, Dad. I just gotta clean down there." Betsy said cheerily. She waved at him from the falling water. She didn't miss the hunger in her father's eyes.

"Okay." Jacob turned his hips away from her, so she wouldn't see the erection in his pants. But he didn't stop watching when she put the bar of soap between her legs and lathered up her pussy and ass. *It would be wrong. I'm her father. I would never. It's not like Abigail is boning our son wherever they are.* "We'll set up two tents tonight."

"Sounds good, Dad. You snore." Betsy laughed.

Jacob was more concerned with the sounds he'd make while he masturbated thinking about his daughter. Betsy was the only woman currently in his life. She was the only woman on planet Earth for all he knew. No, his wife was out there. And she was taking care of their son. He could feel it in his bones.

~~

"Wow ... Mom ... you take such good ... ugggghhhhhh ... care of me." Malcolm watched his mother's mouth bob on his cockhead.

"Mmmmmpppphhhhhh." Abigail murmured and slurped. She had woken up that morning determined not to let her son's eyes wander toward their new neighbor. Abigail hadn't ever initiated with him first thing in the morning, but she figured what better way to cool his infatuation with Sania than to unload him early? They were both naked in his bed. She was on her hands and knees between his legs.

"I can see ... your boobs dangling ... down ... and your face looks so ... pretty with your lips stretched out ... like that ... ooohhhhhhhh ... Mom ... you're the best ... I'm going to ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh." He gripped the sheets and exploded in her mouth. She looked possessed as she gulped down his seed. The moment was pure bliss.

When his orgasm trembled itself to an end, Abigail lifted her lips off his cock. “What a wonderful breakfast.” She smiled at him, cum running down her chin where it had escaped her suction.

“Wow ... Mom ... wow.” Malcolm tried to catch his breath. “That was amazing ... we’ve never had a lesson ... that early in the day. What were you teaching me?”

“Hmmmmmm ...” She rubbed her chin in thought, smearing his cum. “I was teaching you that sometimes it’s nice to be woken up to sex. It is, right?”

“So, we get to have sex now, too?” His hard cock lurched.

“No, by sex I meant oral sex.” She got out of bed, watching his eyes follow her bouncing boobs. *How could I be worried about Sania? It’s obvious how much he longs for me.* She glanced at the blackout curtains. A small amount of daylight peeked around the gaps. “They’re probably up already. They could come over anytime. We can’t have them finding us mated together like sex-crazed rabbits.”

“But we are sex-crazed rabbits.” The soft masculine tones of his laugh echoed around the room.

“That’s for us to know, and no one else to find out.” She pointed a playful finger at him. Abigail wasn’t worried. Her son understood.

“Right, okay.” Malcolm nodded and kicked his feet over the side of the bed. His dick would deflate soon enough. Then he’d get dressed. “If you don’t want them to know, don’t forget to wash your face. You’ve got cum on your chin.”

“Don’t worry, Mal. I’m well aware.” She blew him a kiss and headed to the bathroom.

~~

Malcolm and Abigail ate breakfast and started on their morning chores. They waited and waited for their new neighbors to come over. By mid-morning, Sania and Taylor hadn’t arrived.

“I don’t like it.” Malcolm found his mother out in the garden weeding around some seedlings with her ass up in the air. He stopped only for a moment to admire her. “Do you think something’s wrong? They don’t have a perimeter alarm yet. Someone could have slipped into their house and –”

“I’m sure they’re fine. Maybe they don’t want to leave the house without us.” Abigail stood and wiped her hands on a rag she had tucked into her pants. “Let’s go check on them.”

~~

The house was locked when the Joneses arrived. Abigail had brought her picks. She'd learned a thing or two about locks since her innocent times in the **Before**. It took a couple minutes to open the back door and they quietly entered the house. They both wore pistols on their belts: much better for close quarters than a rifle or even their shotgun. Abigail nodded to her son and drew her firearm. It was quiet. Nothing from last night was disturbed. It was almost like their neighbors had never risen that morning.

Malcolm pulled his pistol. He pointed toward the living room and then toward the kitchen. Without so much as a floorboard creak, they split up and searched the first floor.

When they met back up, Abigail arched her eyebrows.

Malcolm shrugged.

They went upstairs, Abigail in the lead. Even in that tense moment, part of Malcolm's brain devoted itself to appreciating the way her round bottom rolled as she ascended the stairway.

They found their new neighbors in their bed. Both Taylor and Sania were naked and sprawled without any covers. Sania was on her belly. Taylor on his back.

"They haven't been murdered." Abigail put her pistol in its holster. She glanced at her son, who was staring at Sania's brown butt. "I suppose they're used to sleeping in."

"What a strange place they must have lived in." Malcolm caught his mother's glare, looked away from Sania, and glanced at Taylor's emaciated body. Even the poor guy's penis looked underfed. Malcolm holstered his pistol. "What do we do?"

"Wake them up." Abigail cupped her hands around her mouth. "We don't sleep in during the apocalypse," she yelled.

Taylor shot up into a sitting position, blinking at the Joneses repeatedly.

Sania stretched for a long moment and looked over her shoulder. She smiled when she saw her saviors. "Good morning, Mal. Are you here to give us breakfast in bed?" She noticed that his eyes were fixed on her ass. *Poor guy must be so backed up. He's probably never seen a naked woman before.*

"There will be no breakfast in bed." Abigail crossed her arms and shook her head.

“Sorry, Mrs. Jones.” Taylor became aware that the burly teenager was staring at his naked girlfriend. He pulled a sheet over both he and Sania. “We’re getting up.”

“Be at our house in five if you want breakfast.” Abigail turned and left the room. “Come along, Mal. Show’s over.”

Malcolm quickly followed his mother out of the house.

~~

Sania and Taylor made it to breakfast. Afterward, they were shown what daily chores looked like. Sania went with Abigail, and Taylor went with Malcolm.

Down by the stream, Malcolm instructed Taylor how to fill the jugs without getting sediment in them. They were both shirtless, barefoot, and had their pants rolled up. Once filled, they headed back toward Taylor’s house. Malcolm stopped and looked back. “What are you doing? You have to carry both jugs back to the house.”

“I’ll come back for the other one.” Taylor grimaced as he struggled to lift one jug with both hands. “No one ... could carry ... two at once. They’re too ... heavy.” He took a few steps up the trail and dropped the jug, panting.

“We’re going to have to get you in shape, Taylor.” Malcolm walked over and gave him a good-natured pat on the shoulder. He picked up one jug, then the other one, smiled at Taylor, and carried them toward the house. “We’ll need to find some smaller jugs for you.”

“But ... okay ...” With slumped shoulders, Taylor followed the boy back to his house.

In her new backyard, Sania was helping Abigail clear weeds so they could plant a garden. When she saw shirtless Malcolm stride by carrying two enormous jugs of water her mouth dropped and she stared. The sun glistened off his skin as his muscles rippled with effort. When she saw Taylor, she managed to close her mouth and compose herself. “Why aren’t you carrying any water?”

“Apparently, I need smaller jugs.” Taylor shrugged and followed Malcolm into the house.

Sania continued to stare at the house, leaning on her hoe. She was sweaty, exhausted, and her injuries from the day before stung. But the dominant feeling in her body was a warm tingling in her pussy and belly.

“He’s only eighteen,” Abigail said. “And you have a boyfriend.”

“What?” Sania turned to Abigail, suddenly aware of the short woman’s imposing presence. “I was only ... um ... admiring Mal’s hair.” It was the first thing that came into her mind. Once the words were out, she cringed. It was such an odd thing to say.

“You’re one of the only women he’s met since **It** happened.” Abigail pressed her lips tightly together as she studied Sania’s face. “I see the way he looks at you. And the way you look at him isn’t a mystery to anyone. But you need to keep it in your pants. I’m not going to have you break Mal’s heart. Or Taylor’s. There’s only four of us in the world as of right now, and I don’t want things to get messy. You can be friends with my son and nothing more. Am I clear?”

“Yes, ma’am.” Sania nodded, her eyes wide. She hadn’t meant to rile up mama bear. She knew how dangerous they could be around their cubs. “Just friends. I have a boyfriend.”

~~

The four new neighbors worked throughout the day. Sania and Taylor stumbled back to their house at nightfall, both more than exhausted. They washed, brushed teeth, and got into bed. They lay in silence side by side in the dark for several minutes.

“Did you get along with Malcolm today?” Sania said. “He seems really nice.”

“I don’t want to talk about him.” Taylor rolled away from Sania and closed his eyes.

“Okay.” Sania smiled. “I just think ... he’s strong ... and helpful ... and friendly.” Sania closed her eyes. *And that body!* She smiled and listened to her boyfriend fall asleep.

~~

“There now, how do you like your new haircut?” Abigail put the scissors down and held the mirror up so that Malcolm could see her work.

“I look like a movie star from magazines.” Malcolm laughed with satisfaction. “How do you like it, Mom?”

“I think you look very handsome.” She kissed his cheek. “Let’s get you in the tub, I’ll clean you off.”

He was already naked, so he stepped directly into the bath. He watched his clothed mother dip a sponge into the bucket and braced himself. It was going to be cold. It

always was. He stood still while she bathed him. He could feel her hands lingering on his abs, pectorals, and his back muscles. “You haven’t bathed me in a long time.”

“We’re full service at this barbershop.” Abigail had saved his penis for last. It was already rigid when her hands lathered it with soap. “You’re so beautiful, Mal. I’m glad we started the lessons.” She finished the bath and dried him with a towel.

“Me too, Mom.”

“What if we ...” She took hold of his cockhead and pulled him out of the tub and into the hall. “What if we had two lessons a day from now on? One in the morning, and one at night. You’d learn twice as fast.”

“Sure, what do you want to teach me tonight?” Malcolm was so eager he hopped from foot to foot as they entered her bedroom.

“I’d like to look at my handsome magazine movie star.” She let go of his dick and undressed quickly. “How about we try scissors? I always enjoyed it, but your father felt it was too demanding. I bet you’ll love it.” Naked, she flopped onto the bed and spread her legs.

“Sounds great!” Malcolm joined her. She had to guide him carefully for a couple minutes, but he got the concept quickly enough. Soon, they were scissoring away on the bed and Abigail was wailing with pleasure.

In the next house over, Sania lay awake despite her fatigue. Taylor snored next to her, but she ignored him. With one hand she rolled a nipple, with the other she fingered herself. Her thoughts were focused on the way her teenage neighbor’s muscles rippled while he carried those impossibly heavy jugs.

Some fifty miles away, Betsy lay in her tent, rubbing her button with little circles. She had enjoyed watching her father bathe in the waterfall that morning. And she had seen how he had watched her with hunger. She didn’t know exactly what any of it meant, but it set her pussy smoldering to think about. She was grateful for her own tent that night to let off some of the pressure that had built inside her.

In his tent, Jacob masturbated and thought of his daughter. The only thing keeping him from entering his daughter’s tent was the thought of his loving wife. She was out there somewhere, waiting for him and protecting their son. They would reunite someday, and when that happened, he would be able to look her in the eye. He would stay faithful. In the meantime, it didn’t hurt anyone if he rubbed one out.

Chapter 7

Weeks passed.

Taylor and Sania grew more accustomed to their grueling lifestyle. They stopped sleeping in. They worked hard. They were exhausted at the end of every day. They also learned to do everything Abigail said. Taylor frowned whenever he saw the woman. She was a through-and-through dictator, and she daily asked the impossible of her new neighbors.

He hated to admit it, but if Abigail was the bad cop, Malcolm was the good cop. The teenager was always jovial and friendly. He stared way too much at Sania for Taylor's taste, but what was Taylor supposed to do about it? They depended on the Joneses totally.

"I now understand why everything used to be made with nails ... before electric screwdrivers. Screws suck with one of these." Taylor's arms cramped. He tossed his manual screwdriver to the ground and sat next to the wood panels he and Sania were installing over some ground-floor windows. "And I have a blister."

"It's all in the wrist." Sania kept working, twisting in each screw with precision. She looked over and winked at him. "Abigail says that hammering is too loud, and screws are more secure." She paused and smiled. "Malcolm says he can screw ten of these a minute."

"I'd like to show him what he can screw," Taylor mumbled.

"What?" Sania looked over at her boyfriend and wiped sweat from her brow. The sun glistened off her brown skin.

"Nothing. I'm going to go down to the stream to wash my hands. This blister hurts." Taylor got up and left.

"You're going to leave me all by myself? What if one of those creatures comes by?" Sania called after him.

"Screw it." Taylor waved a hand dismissively and walked past their new crops in the backyard. He made his way down to the stream and crouched by it. He stared at his distorted reflection in the water. "Things weren't great back home. But at least ..." He looked up. There were voices coming through the trees. He watched as the Joneses came into view farther upstream. The last thing he wanted was for them to find him taking a break, so he stayed quiet and crouched lower behind some bushes.

"But, Mom, we never had our lesson this morning. You said two a day, every day." Malcolm carried two empty jugs. He set them down on the stream bank.

“We can’t hump constantly, Mal. Some days I have work to do in the morning.” Abigail carried her rifle. She sat on a stump and rested it against a nearby branch.

What did she just say? Taylor’s mind went fuzzy. He must have misheard her.

“Tits, Mom.” Malcolm, who was shirtless and barefoot, pointed a finger at her and pretended to shoot.

“Not outside the house again. They might see.” Abigail looked back toward Taylor and Sania’s house. “Or hear.”

“They won’t hear you showing me your tits. Unless I scream or something.” Malcolm smiled sweetly.

This is what having a stroke must feel like. Taylor understood the words, but his mind wouldn’t process them. *Are they ... talking about tits? Abigail’s ... tits?* It was inconceivable.

“Fine.” Abigail lifted her shirt and lowered her bra. She shook her shoulders back and forth, making her tits dance. “Happy?”

“Yes.” Malcolm lowered his pants and underwear. He hung them on a nearby branch. His dick engorged with blood before their eyes. “But not satisfied.”

Taylor was thunderstruck. His eyes bugged out of his head, and his pulse pounded in his ears. *Is this really happening?* He grasped a nearby rock to keep from falling over. *Mother and son are showing each other their junk and ... Malcolm’s penis is huge.* His gaze bounced between Abigail’s massive mammaries, and Malcolm’s giant dick. He thought about running for it, but couldn’t get his legs to move.

“Not outside the house.” Abigail’s tone was exasperated, but she stared at her son’s cock as he slowly stroked it. She licked her lips. “Okay, fine, but you have to be quick. And we must be quiet.” With her shirt and bra still bunched on either side of her breasts, she stood, lowered her pants and panties, and turned around. “I said hurry, honey.” She placed her hands on the stump and wiggled her ass at him.

“Right.” Malcolm hustled behind his mother and entered her in one smooth stroke. He gripped her hips and found a rhythm.

Oh, my God ... oh, my God ... oh, my God ... Taylor stared with bugged-out eyes at Abigail’s face. The woman’s eyes were rolling, and her eyelids fluttered. Her mouth made a perfect circle. A low, animalistic whine escaped her lips. Taylor could tell she loved it. She loved it like no woman had ever loved anything ... at least in Taylor’s experience.

“Damn ... Mal ... you always hit ... ughhhhhh ... uuuggghhhh ... that sweet spot ... when you’re behind me.” Abigail gritted her teeth to stop from crying out. “I’m going to ... cum ... already ... nnnnnnnngggggggggg.” She bit her lip and climaxed on her son.

How had this happened? As Taylor watched mother and son smash, and Abigail have another orgasm, an answer to his question presented itself. *He can make her go crazy with ecstasy.* Somehow, at eighteen and with hardly any women to practice with, Malcolm had figured out sex. *He had seduced his own mother. No woman is safe with him.* Taylor thought of Sania. As he watched, the Joneses grew louder, their smacking skin echoing around the stream bed. He pictured his girlfriend’s face overtaken by the same expressions Abigail was making. He imagined Sania whining out the same pleading sounds. To his deep shame, Taylor realized he was hard.

A thunderclap reverberated from the sky above them. With a wet plop, mother and son parted. They hastily put their clothes on.

“Not a cloud ... in the sky.” Abigail tried to compose herself. It wasn’t easy being wrenched out of such joy halfway through.

“It’s that billionaire.” Malcolm almost fell over as he hopped with one pantleg on. His erection bouncing wildly.

“Rick ... fucking ... Ravish.” Abigail frowned. “We need to make sure he’s not around here. Go to the lookout and see if you can spot him. I’ll check on our neighbors.” She picked up the rifle and ran off.

Malcolm ran in the other direction.

Taylor sat by the stream, too stunned to move. His mind whirled, trying to process everything that he’d thought, heard, and seen. After several minutes, he picked himself up and headed back to his girlfriend. He was still uncomfortably hard. They were living next to an animal that had lured his own mother into depraved sex.

When Taylor returned to the work site, Abigail was already there.

“You can’t waltz off into the woods and take a break, Taylor. What if one of **Them** had come for your girlfriend? Also, you’re way behind on this job. You need to be done before dark.” Abigail stood with her rifle slung over her shoulder and her hands on her hips.

“I’m sorry.” Taylor hung his head. But he wasn’t thinking about one of the **Them** creatures the Joneses were always talking about. He was thinking about what if **Malcolm** had come for his girlfriend. To his dismay, he couldn’t get the thought out of his head.

~~

At dinner that night, the four of them sat around the Jones's table. Taylor said nothing, his mind reeling. Sania chatted happily. Abigail was too busy thinking about Rick Ravish to notice a shift in table dynamics.

"You didn't see any sign of him?" Abigail pushed her green beans around her plate.

"Nothing. Not even a contrail." Malcolm shrugged. "I guess he wasn't that close."

"Maybe we should go back to our home and see if he went there? Our old home, I mean." Sania raised her eyebrows hopefully. "I have friends back there, and ..." Her words faded when she saw Abigail shaking her head.

"We talked about this," Malcolm said gently. "It's too dangerous. We don't know anything about those robots or what Ravish is up to."

"But we could learn –" Sania started.

"That's enough about that." Abigail pressed her lips into a thin line.

Sania looked to her boyfriend for support, but he was staring off into the distance. He'd been distracted all afternoon. She gave up on the topic, and they switched to talking about tomorrow's chores.

~~

"You're so excited tonight! Usually, you're lights out when your head hits the pillow." Sania lay on her back, her boyfriend happily bouncing between her legs. "Your penis feels great!" She hoped he'd last long enough for her to have an orgasm.

"Uggghhh ... you like ... Malcolm ... right?" He stared down into her soft, pretty eyes.

"Ummmm ... yes, why?" Her brow furrowed in confusion.

"Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." His hips went out of sync. Even hearing her say she liked him was too much. He pulled out of her and came on the sheets. When he was done, he rolled onto his back next to her and held her hand. "That was ... great ... babe."

"Yes, it was lovely, Taylor." Sania turned her head on the pillow, frowning at him. "Why did you bring up Malcolm during sex?"

“I was ... just wondering ... if you’d want to kiss him or anything. He’s got all those muscles. And he’s nice.” Panic gripped his chest. Was he really going down this road? He had to. The thought of Sania making those ecstatic faces was burning up his brain.

“What?” Sania sat up and pulled her hand away from him. “Why would you ...? I don’t ...?” She shook her head. “You’re my boyfriend. And he’s a teenager. Why would you ...?”

“I’ve seen the way you two look at each other.” Taylor was suddenly self-conscious. He placed a pillow over his soft dick.

“It’s flattering that he likes me. It doesn’t mean I want to kiss him. Or think about him ... that way.” Sania’s cheeks flushed. She thought of her neighbor that way every time she masturbated. But she would never tell Taylor that.

“I just thought ... you might like to try kissing someone else. Just once. We’ve been together a long time.” Taylor shrugged.

“You ... you ...” Sania got up out of bed. She was too incensed to cover herself. She pointed a finger at him. “You want to kiss Abigail? Is that what this is about? Do you like her big boobs and take-charge attitude? I’m not enough for you?”

“No!” Taylor waved his hands. “I was only thinking about you. Plus, Abigail would never ...”

“Darn right. She’d put your head on a spike if you even mentioned it to her.” Sania put her hands on her hips, a mirror of Abigail’s familiar body language. “She’s waiting for her husband.”

Taylor bit back his reply.

“This is really ... uncomfortable.” Sania turned to go. “I’m sleeping on the couch tonight. I’ll try to forget this talk ever happened.” She fled their bedroom and slammed the door. She went and got the spare bedding and made up the couch for herself by candlelight.

When Sania slipped under the covers, she listened to hear if Taylor would come to apologize. When she heard nothing, she blew out the candle. Immediately, her hand slipped between her legs. She thought of kissing Malcolm, of being encircled in his strong arms. She would never do such a thing. But it was lovely to think about.

As quietly as she could, Sania massaged her clit and gave herself the orgasm that Taylor had failed to accomplish. At the height of pleasure, her mind fixed solely on her strong, friendly neighbor, Malcolm Jones.

Chapter 8

“They have us pinned down.” Betsy rolled on the ground, propped her rifle on a rock, and fired from a prone position.

“Hold them off for a few seconds. I’ll pop out on the other side.” Jacob hated himself for doing it, but he checked out his daughter’s ass before turning and hustling low behind a collapsing brick fence. He leaned out over a pile of bricks and carefully opened fire with his rifle. He could see two exposed from that angle. A woman and a man. He dropped the woman with a well-placed bullet. Maybe *now* Betsy was the last woman on Earth. He corrected his wayward thoughts as he fired on the man and missed. Abigail was still out there. There were more women in this godforsaken world. Several muzzle flashes opened up in different spots among the trees. He heard bullets whistle past as he ducked out of the way behind the bricks.

“There’s a lot of them, Dad.” Betsy crawled toward her father behind the wall.

“This is looking bad.” He couldn’t help but glance at his daughter’s cleavage, prominently on display. He was clearly going crazy without his wife. Bullets bit into nearby bricks and ricocheted. “I’m going to cover for you while you run for the riverbed over there. I’ll hold them off.”

“I’m not leaving you.” Betsy shook her head, sending little droplets of sweat flying.

“We don’t have time to ...” Jacob looked up when he heard the sonic boom. “Hide.” He dropped closer to the ground, next to his daughter, peering at their attackers through a crack in the bricks. Some of the raiders were starting to cross the barren rocky field toward where the Joneses were hiding. “Quiet,” Jacob pressed his finger to his lips. “That boom was close. We’re about to find out what’s been making that sound,” he whispered. Small metal creatures flooded out from behind the raiders, tasing the humans with visible electrical current in their arms.

“What are those?” Betsy watched the raiders turn their guns on the machines. Despite the dangerous lightning they possessed, she thought the little creatures looked cute. She frowned when one of them dropped from a raider bullet. And a few seconds later, another did as well.

“Lay down your arms.” A man hovered over the clearing, riding a floating disk. His amplified voice echoed around them. He had his hands on his hips, with his cape flapping majestically behind him. “I am Rick Ravish, and any further damage you do to my property will be added to your freedom-indenture.” He shook his head morosely when the raiders turned their guns on him. Although they unloaded on Ravish, no bullets came near his craft.

“Jesus ... this is bad. Whatever we do, we can’t let Ravish and his robots find us.” Jacob huddled closer to his daughter, covering her for her protection. If his hand just so happened to rest on her ass, so be it.

“Those are robots?” Betsy stared at the efficient little machines through the crack. All the raiders were down now, and the robots were lifting them onto floating carts. “Did they kill the raiders?”

“No, sweetie. I think they’re turning them into slaves.” Jacob innocently squeezed her butt for emphasis. He didn’t know where in the world his wife was, but he prayed she wasn’t doing anything as sinful as her husband. He prayed she was safe. It looked like the **After** had just gotten more complicated.

~~

“Mmmppphhhhhhhhh.” Abigail bobbed her blond head on her son’s long penis. He stood naked before her in their living room. Her hands were cupping his ass cheeks, holding him firmly in place.

“Mom ... you always look so pretty ... with my cock ... in your mouth.” Malcolm helped guide her blowjob with a hand clutching her hair.

In the house next door, the neighboring couple wasn’t getting along as well.

“Oh ... my God!” Sania tugged at her own hair in exasperation. “Just forget about it, I’m not going to kiss him. I don’t want to kiss him. And it would ... ruin things between you and me.”

“Just one kiss. I know you’re curious. I just want you to get it out of your system.” Taylor had spent the night masturbating, thinking about his girlfriend with that mother-humping teenager next door. He had to figure out how to make it happen.

Sania and Taylor continued with their argument until it was time to start chores.

Back in the Jones’s house, Malcolm watched his mother gulp down her second breakfast. He kissed her on the forehead, and left her while she was still on her knees, with his cum running down her chin. If he hustled through his chores, they might have time for three lessons that day.

~~

A week passed.

“Mom?” Malcolm watched his mother’s shapely ass tremble as she rode him in reverse. They were on his bed, and he had already cum once that night. His mother’s third orgasm had just passed, so her hips were moving slow and steady as she ramped back up.

“What ... uummmmmmm ... is it ... Mal?” Abigail looked over her shoulder at her son’s strong chest and handsome face. She had given him such a nice haircut, but it was almost time to give him a trim. She smiled, not aware that she still had her son’s sperm on her forehead and hair.

“You haven’t really ... uuugghhhh ... taught me ... anything during our lessons ... in a while.” He slapped her butt like she’d taught him.

“Oh!” She let out a delighted gasp. “That’s because ... you’ve learned ... so quickly. You could ... give your father ... a run for his money ... these days.” Her smile faded when she realized what she’d said. Her poor husband was out there somewhere, and she was shredding their marital vows with their son. She turned her face forward, put her hands on his knees, and bounced on Malcolm harder. “Forget ... ugh ... ugh ... what I just ... said ... Mal.”

“Sure ... Mom.” He thought about slapping her rump again, but somehow it didn’t seem right. She’d said something that had clearly upset her. Although, he wasn’t sure why. It seemed like a big compliment that he was almost as good at fucking as his awesome dad. They humped in silence for the rest of the evening. He came on her ass when the time finally arrived, and she left for a quick, cold bath shortly thereafter.

~~

“Okay ... let’s just say, for the sake of argument, that I agreed to kiss him. What about his mom? She’s really fierce and protective of Mal.” Sania was on her belly in the bed she shared with her boyfriend. Several days ago, they had started sleeping together again, both in the colloquial and literal senses. She hadn’t yet wiped off Taylor’s cooling cum from her ass and lower back.

“You have no idea about Abigail.” Taylor chuckled. He was on his back, his soft dick happy and satisfied. His hands were behind his head while he thought about what he’d seen down by the stream that one fateful day.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Sania turned her head and smiled at him.

“You know ... she’s really tough. I’m scared of her.” He suspected that if he told Sania that Malcolm was boinking his own mother that his whole kissing plan would derail. It was beyond hot that their eighteen-year-old neighbor had somehow tamed his terrifying mother, but Sania might not see it that way. “So, anyway. What about Abigail? She doesn’t have to know. We can talk to Mal when she’s not around.”

“And you’ll be there the whole time? When we ask him and when ... I do it?” Sania sat up on her knees and looked down at him, her eyes searching his. “This is your idea. You can’t bail on me.”

“I wouldn’t miss it.” Taylor nodded.

~~

Abigail found her neighbors tending their garden the next day. She smiled at the size of their cucumbers. They would have lots of pickles soon. “Howdy. Mal is going hunting. I’m staying here to watch over things. Who wants to go with him?”

Both Sania and Taylor jumped when they heard Abigail. They hadn’t noticed her approach. Taylor raised his hand. “I’ll go, Mrs. Jones.” He gave Sania a meaningful look.

Sania’s cheeks flushed. Was it really going to happen? *Today?* Would she kiss another man? She raised her hand. “I’ll go, too. Three sets of hands are good for hauling meat.”

“Sure.” Abigail shrugged. “Get your hunting things. Remember your training. You’re leaving in fifteen minutes.” She didn’t love the three of them going together, but she understood that Sania and Taylor were practically inseparable. At any rate, she trusted them with firearms now. Their new neighbors had put on a little muscle and endured lots of learning. She wasn’t worried so long as they didn’t run into one of **Them**.

~~

“Anyway ... Greg said that he’d seen more boobies than all of his ancestors combined. Can you believe it?” Malcolm laughed as he deftly stepped around the remains of a car on the overgrown street.

“So ... many boobies.” Sania’s chuckle was thin. She looked over at her boyfriend with a tight smile that said *Are you sure you want me to kiss this guy?*

Taylor guffawed. “We had computers at the ... um ... our old place. Right up until I left, there were files with thousands of ... um ... breasts.” Taylor’s laughter died when he caught sight of Sania’s face. “But I never looked at them.”

“So, Mal, tell us a little bit –” Sania was cut off by a sharp hiss from Malcolm.

“Shh. Something’s wrong. All the animals have gone quiet.” Malcolm turned his backpack toward Sania. “Grab the Febreze and hand it to me.”

Sania unhooked the can and gave it to him. Her fingers were trembling. She looked at Taylor and saw that he’d gone whiter than usual. “Guns out?” She said. Her voice trembled, too.

“No. Mom says we’re not supposed to shoot one of **Them**. It just makes **Them** angry.” Malcolm depressed the button on the can and tossed it down the road. “Come on, out of the street.” He snatched Sania’s hand and pulled her toward an abandoned house. Sania reached for Taylor, caught his hand, and together the three of them formed a chain with her in the middle. They didn’t have time to get into the house before Malcolm caught sight of the strange, prehistoric-looking creature. “Quick, down here.” He pulled them to their bellies behind an old fence overgrown with wisteria. “Quiet, now.”

They lay, listening to the heavy footsteps of the beast.

“I don’t –” Taylor had hardly got the words out before he felt Malcolm’s elbow in his ribs. “Oooofffff.”

Malcolm turned his head to him and shook it slowly. They waited a long time behind the wisteria. Eventually, the birds began singing again, and Malcolm sat up. “That was close.” He glared at Taylor. “I think we need to have another training session about **Them**. Someone has forgotten that silence ... mmmpppphhhhhhh.” Malcolm was shocked to find Sania’s lips pressed against his. When the kiss ended, he looked at her, bewildered. “What was that for?”

“You saved our lives. It was ... incredible.” Sania’s heart thundered in her ears. “Can I ... kiss you again?”

“What about Taylor?” Malcolm was still confused.

“I don’t think he wants to kiss you. Only me.” She leaned in and pressed their lips together again. This time, she let her tongue explore his mouth. It had been such a long time since she’d kissed someone new. She’d forgotten how exciting it was. Between the near-death experience and the kiss, her whole body was quivering. When his tongue began to play with hers, she thought she might explode.

Malcolm couldn’t believe his luck. The pretty girl next door was making out with him. And her silly boyfriend wasn’t stopping her. Just when he was really starting to get into

it, she pulled away. Malcolm caught his breath. “Yes ... well ... I’ll have to save your life again someday.” His cheeks turned crimson.

“I’d like that.” Sania felt the heat in her own cheeks. She nodded and slowly stood. “We still have some hunting to do.”

Taylor sat with his back against the wall, his eyes wide and his mouth hanging open. His dick had never been harder.

“Hunting indeed.” Malcolm stood and took Sania’s hand. They started walking toward the backyard of the abandoned house to take a different track than the monster. He looked back at where Taylor was still sitting. “Come along little buddy. Unless, you want to stay here.” He smiled when Taylor awkwardly got up, expecting maybe some sort of reprimand for making out with Sania. But none came.

Chapter 9

“Ohhhhh ... Taylor ... Taylor ... you’re so excited ... tonight.” Sania looked over her shoulder as her boyfriend plowed her from behind. He had a crazed expression on his face that she hadn’t seen before. “And you’re ... slamming into me ... so hard. And ... you feel so big! And ... you’re lasting ... so long!” They had been going at it for almost eight minutes.

“Aaaahhhhhh.” Taylor pulled out of her, spraying her butt and lower back with his seed. He finished himself off with his hand.

“Ooohhhhhh ... yeessssss.” Sania didn’t want to ruin his big moment, so she kept the disappointment out of her voice. *I shouldn’t have said anything about him lasting. I jinxed it.* She dropped her head to the sheets and wiggled her ass in the air to entice out his full load. He made such silly, high-pitched grunts that she had to put a hand over her mouth and stifle a giggle.

“Whoa ... that was ... crazy.” Taylor fell to the bed, completely spent. Now that post-nut clarity was setting in, he tried to push the image of his girlfriend kissing Malcolm out of his mind. It had helped him achieve a massive orgasm, but now the thought of the kiss made him uneasy. “I love you ... babe.”

“I love you, too.” Sania fell to her side and propped herself up on an elbow, looking at him. “You were really ... jazzed tonight.”

So much for post-nut clarity. The images of his girlfriend and neighbor wouldn’t leave him, and they were riling him up again. His cock didn’t grow soft like it normally did afterward. He pushed Sania onto her back, spread her legs, and lined up his cock.

“Twice in one night?” Sania held his hips to keep his dick away from her pussy. “You have to clean up your penis before putting it back inside me. There might be some leftover cum. We can’t have a baby, remember?”

“Yes ... I remember.” Taylor jumped off the bed and ran to the bathroom.

Sania waited for him on her back, legs still spread. She wondered if the cold water would kill his erection. She hoped it wouldn’t. It was fun to see him so happy. *I love being close to him.* The thought of being close to a man turned her mind to making out with Malcolm. His tongue, once over its initial surprise, had been so much more forceful than Taylor’s tongue. She shivered thinking about the way he had gripped her hip while they were necking. When Taylor came back into the room, her pussy was even wetter than before. She smiled seeing that the cold had not vanquished his boner.

Sania and Taylor made love for another ten minutes. He finished by cumming on her belly, a much smaller load than the first time.

Later, in the dark, she had to admit that Taylor's crazy idea had worked out. It had brought her and her boyfriend closer together, and given him the energy to go twice in one night. She smiled to herself and tried to get comfortable.

One house over, mother and son were not quite ready for sleep.

"Wow ... Mom." Malcolm was on his knees between his mother's wide-open legs. They were naked on his bed. He held his dick and shook it side to side. "I sprayed you ... from your belly ... to your tits ... to your face ... to your hair. You look so pretty ... covered in my cum."

"And that was your second load ... of the ... evening." Abigail cleaned the cum out of her eyes with her fingers and smiled at him. "Oh ... I know that look. You want to go a third time." She sat up and leaned forward. "You've still got cum on your cock. Remember the rules, no cum in my pussy. I'll clean you off." She took him into her mouth, swirling the head with her tongue. She then licked down the great length of his penis on all sides and sucked up some wayward sperm on his balls. "There now. All clean. You can put it inside. How do you want me, Mal?"

"On your belly with your legs together. Your ass looks so hot like that, Mom." Malcolm watched her butt jiggle as she got into position. "Yes, exactly like that."

"Remember to slap it how I showed you. Hard enough to leave a hand print, but not too hard. Ow! Yes ... ow! Yep, that's perfect." Abigail clutched the sheets as he entered her. "You're the perfect ... ooohhhhhhhh ... student ... Mal. You've learned ... your lessons ... well."

"You're ... a great teacher ... Mom." He slapped her ass one more time for good measure. He could already see the red handprint forming. He placed his hands on her lower back and drove his hips into her. "And I ... do try to follow the ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... rules."

"You do ... you do ... ooohhhhhhhh." She gritted her teeth. "You're very ... good ... and when you're ... behind me ... you hit that perfect spot ... so deep ... I ... I ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiii."

Malcolm waited for her to stop cumming before continuing his thought out loud. "But ... ah ... ah ... ah ... there is one rule ... I'd like to break." There were several rules that his hormones wanted to smash, but this was top of the list. "Can I ... cum inside ... sometime?"

"Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... uggghhhhhh," she said.

“When you’re safe ... of course,” he quickly added. He didn’t let up, slamming his hips into the round cushion of her ass. He figured she’d be more likely to say yes if he was hitting that special spot she liked so much.

“I don’t know ... eh ... eh ... eh ... Mal ... there’s never ... a truly ... safe day.” She scrunched her eyes tight, held onto the sheets for dear life, and tried to think. *Am I really considering this?* “You’d ... really ... like that?”

“If you’re ... ugh ... ugh ... teaching me ... about sex ... putting my sperm inside ... is an important part.” Malcolm could feel his climax approaching. “How else ... will I give you ... grandkids ... someday? You know ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... when I get married.”

That reminded Abigail that this special bond they’d created would end eventually. She would need to make the most of it while it lasted. “Yes ... yes ... yes ... you can ... but not tonight ... it’s not ... safe.”

“Thanks ... Mom!” Malcolm pulled out of her and jacked his cock. He covered the parts of her that weren’t already smothered in cum, her ass, back, and the part of her hair he’d missed before. She writhed her hips under him, rubbing his balls with her ass crack. He had the best mom ever.

In the neighbor’s house, Sania was spooning Taylor.

Taylor’s second post-nut clarity had long since faded. “Sania?”

“Mmmmmmm?” She said.

“Would you mind kissing Malcolm again? I don’t think you got it out of your system today.” He held his breath.

“Again? You wouldn’t be jealous?” Her eyes went wide in the dark. She really had thought it wouldn’t ever happen again.

“No.”

“Well, maybe.” She bit her lower lip as she thought. “I don’t think I have anything I need to get out of my system. If I did kiss him again, it would be for you.”

Taylor stayed silent for a while. She had boxed him into a corner. He would have to admit that he wanted her to. It was worth it to see them kiss again. “Yes ... I ... um ... liked seeing you two kiss. It was hot. But you have to promise you’ll only kiss him while I’m there.”

“The kiss is what got you so worked up tonight?” She reached her hand around his hip and found that he was erect. She pumped his cock for him. “Why do you like it so much? It seems sort of silly. He’s only eighteen ... and he certainly acts like a teenager. Although he did save our lives today.”

“Aaaahhhhhh ... I just like ... seeing you ... kissing. And he’s ... a nice guy ... I guess.” He was going to cum a third time that night. The thought of his sweet girlfriend in Malcolm’s arms again was sending him over the edge.

“He is ... a nice guy.” Sania smiled as she listened to Taylor’s grunts, and she finished him off into the sheets. She and Taylor had had the best sex of their lives all because she kissed a teenager. She figured she could do it again.

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The next day, Sania and Taylor worked through their chores quickly. They didn’t talk much, but it was clear that they were both giddy. By the time they were sufficiently ahead on their work for the day, it was the early afternoon. They toweled off their sweat and headed over to the Jones’s house to find Malcolm.

“Should we knock?” Sania said.

“We’re neighbors. We can just go right in.” Taylor opened the back door and slipped inside. It was dim and cool in the house compared to outside. The thrum of crickets died as they closed the door behind them. They moved into the kitchen. Taylor heard a rhythmic thumping coming from upstairs. His dick was so hard it hurt. His eighteen-year-old neighbor was taming his bitchy mother that very moment. As much as he longed to see it again, he didn’t want to scare off Sania from Malcolm. She couldn’t know what they were doing. He listened to that sweet thumping for another second, and then called out, “Hello! It’s Taylor and Sania. We need some help.” The thumping stopped immediately.

“What are they doing?” Sania looked at Taylor with raised eyebrows. The Joneses couldn’t possibly be doing what it sounded like they were doing.

“Probably hammering something. You know ... doing repairs.” Taylor was so excited he was buzzing. He tried to lean against the counter casually.

They waited in awkward silence.

When Abigail and Malcolm came downstairs, mother and son were sweaty and flushed.

“Sorry to bother you.” Sania couldn’t help but glance at Malcolm’s crotch. Could his penis really be that big? She could see the outline of an erection going off to the side under his pants. She was so flustered by it that she couldn’t get out the next words.

“We’re ... we’re ... we’re ...”

“We’re having trouble with our toilet. We’d like some help fixing it.” Taylor offered a nervous smile. “Please?”

Abigail sighed. “You can’t fix a toilet by yourselves?”

“We had a town plumber ... at our old home.” Sania pulled her eyes away from Malcolm. She made eye contact with Abigail. *Shit. Did she see me checking out her son?* “We folded the laundry. That’s what we’re good at.”

“That’s debatable.” Abigail grabbed a kitchen towel and scrubbed her hands. “I’ll come over.”

“Why don’t you rest, Mrs. Jones? Malcolm can show us how to fix it.” Taylor hadn’t expected Abigail to volunteer.

“Rest is for the **Before**.” Abigail sighed.

Malcolm smiled at Sania. His heart skipped a beat when she smiled back. “I got this, Mom. I’m all caught up on my chores anyway.”

“Okay, fine.” Abigail shrugged. “I have some sewing to do.” She walked out of the kitchen.

“Okay, show me what seems to be the problem.” Malcolm followed his neighbors out of the house. Taylor walked just ahead of him and Sania. Malcolm glanced over his shoulder back at his house. When he was confident his mother wasn’t looking, he gave Sania’s butt a friendly slap.

“Oh!” Sania’s eyes went wide.

“What is it?” Taylor turned back to her, concerned.

“Nothing. Just saw a dragonfly.” Sania smiled innocently. When her boyfriend turned away from them, she furrowed her brows at Malcolm and wagged a finger at him.

Malcolm smiled sweetly and mouthed “sorry.” His mother seemed to really like being slapped on the butt. After the kissing yesterday, he thought Sania would enjoy it, too. It seemed he still had much to learn about women. He followed his neighbors into their house to see about fixing their toilet.

Chapter 10

“So, confession time. There’s nothing wrong with the toilet.” Sania gave Malcolm a shy smile. She stood with her butt against the sink. Taylor stood out in the hall, looking in. She glanced at her boyfriend. He was biting his lip the way he did when he was nervous. She turned her attention back to the teenager. He looked calm and collected, like always. Malcolm gave her one of his confident smiles, and she melted. “We thought ... I mean ... if you’re interested, Mal, we would be interested in ... well ...”

“Kiss her again!” Taylor blurted.

Malcolm couldn’t remove the grin from his face. He thought when he and his mom had saved this couple, he was simply doing a good deed. And now the deed was paying him back. Sania was smart, fun, and pretty. And soon, she’d be his girlfriend. He wasn’t one hundred percent on that, seeing as how he hadn’t known that many women in his life, and she already had a boyfriend. But he had a good feeling. Malcolm realized the silence had carried for too long in the bathroom. “You both want me to kiss Sania? I’m not complaining, but are you sure?”

Sania and Taylor both nodded a quick affirmative.

“And ...” Malcolm pointed to Taylor out in the hall. “You’re going to watch again?”

“Yes ... please.” Taylor took a step into the bathroom.

Improbably, Malcolm’s grin grew even wider. “No, stay out in the hall.” Malcolm folded his arms and watched Sania’s boyfriend step back into the hall. “Mom always says to be polite. I like the way you asked. Can you ask me one more time? Make it really polite.” Malcolm sat on the toilet lid. His dick strained against his pants. It had never had a chance to shrink after he and his mother had their humping interrupted.

“Please, Malcolm, could you please kiss Sania again?” Taylor said.

Sania frowned at her boyfriend. Why was he being so obsequious? “Oh!” She was suddenly in Malcolm’s arms. He grabbed her, pulled her toward him, and sat her on his lap sideways.

“You have pretty eyes, Sania.” Malcolm circled his arms around her.

“Thank you ... Mal.” She lost herself looking into his eyes. Without thinking about it, their lips locked, and his forceful tongue was in her mouth again. She embraced his head, running her fingers through his hair. They made out for a long while. She wondered where he’d learned to kiss like that. She thought he hadn’t met any women other than his mother and sister. Then, her mind slowly shut down, and she didn’t

think about anything other than the hard body pressed against her, and the hand reaching under her shirt.

“Um ... excuse me ...” Taylor raised his hand out in the hall like he was trying to get attention in class.

Sania and Malcolm didn't notice Taylor. They continued to kiss, Malcolm's hand reaching Sania's boob. He pulled her bra cup out of the way and played with her nipple. Sania shivered and let out a muffled moan.

“Excuse me!” Taylor yelled.

Sania and Malcolm broke the kiss and looked at Taylor.

Malcolm's hand stayed on her boob, but he stopped pinching her nipple. Instead, he cupped and held her tit, squeezing gently. It was completely different than his mother's enormous breasts, but wonderful in its own modest, graceful way.

“We didn't say anything about groping. I know you're only eighteen, but you shouldn't just grab a woman like that.” Taylor stared at the hand under his girlfriend's shirt.

“But that's what I'm supposed to do when kissing. My ... um ... I've been taught what to do. I learned my lessons. The nipple is an erogenous zone.” Malcolm looked at Sania, their faces were inches apart. She gazed back at him with dazed eyes. “It *is* an erogenous zone, right?” Malcolm said. “And I'm supposed to make you feel good when we're kissing?”

Sania nodded slowly. “Yes, but ... we want Taylor to be comfortable.” With some regret, she reached under her shirt, took his hand in hers, and pulled it out. She placed his hand on his thigh next to an enormous bulge. *He's so big and hard for me!* She quickly pulled her hand away before she could accidentally touch it. “Better, Taylor?” She looked out to the hall.

Taylor nodded. He watched his girlfriend dive back into the make-out session. Taylor was so hard it was painful. He thought about masturbating while watching them, but that would be humiliating. He would have sex with Sania afterward. She would be his again, and it would be awesome.

Sania's tummy fluttered with butterflies. Her pussy was soaking. Time flew by. She took one of Malcolm's hands from her back and put it on her breast over her shirt. She shivered as he squeezed her boob. There was so much hunger in his touch. She didn't break the seal of her lips on Malcolm's. Her eyes stayed closed.

“Um ... excuse me?” Taylor said it once. But when he was ignored, he didn't repeat his protest. At least the hand was over her shirt, even if it was mauling her tit. Five minutes

later, Malcolm was pulling her shirt out of the way. Not just out of the way, but all the way off. He broke the kiss to get it over her head. Taylor stared and said nothing.

“I have to see them. I’ve only ever seen one other set in my life.” Malcolm lifted her arms and removed the shirt. He could hear her panting, but no one said anything else. He didn’t bother trying to unclasp her bra, even though his mother had shown him how. Instead, he pulled the straps off her shoulders and lowered it to her waist.

“Well ... what do you think?” Sania studied his awed face closely. She didn’t even think to look out into the hall. “I guess you like them.” She giggled. At first her shoulders were hunched. It was so odd to have a teenager feast his eyes on her. But she could see that her boobs brought him joy, and that relaxed her. Her shoulders pulled back, and she stuck out her chest. “Go on. It’s okay.”

“I don’t think ...” Taylor’s words slipped away as Malcolm tenderly kissed and licked Sania’s tits. The way Sania hissed and arched her back, it seemed she adored the attention. *It’s okay if they do this. But nothing more than this.*

“Yesssssssss ... suck on them. Wow ... how did you learn to ... ooohhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Sania reached down to the massive erection hiding in Malcolm’s pants and clutched it. It was ridiculously thick and heavy. Her fingers pressed into the hard flesh. “Mal ... Mal ... how did this happen? We weren’t supposed to ... ooohhhhhhhhh.” Sania shuddered.

Taylor stared with his eyes wide and mouth hanging open. “We should probably stop. Um ... hello ... Sania ... I think this is enough.” They weren’t listening to him, so he went quiet again.

“Ohhhh ... Mal ... Mal ... what are you doing ... to my nipple?” Sania was trembling all over. She hadn’t realized that someone could make her feel this way without touching her pussy.

“Mal? You still in here?” Abigail’s voice carried up from the first floor.

Sania shot off his lap. It felt like she’d been slapped in the face by Abigail’s intrusion. She crossed her arms over her chest. “Shit. Don’t tell your mom, Mal. She’ll kill us. And by us, I mean me,” she whispered.

“Yeah, okay.” Malcolm nodded. Taylor was already gone from the hall. Malcolm watched Sania’s alluring, delicate back disappear as she ran out of the bathroom toward her room. Malcolm took a deep breath. “Well, that was awesome.” He stood, tucked his dick under his waistband, and strode out of the bathroom. Maybe his mom would give him a quick lesson if he asked nicely. He really needed to blow off some steam. He headed downstairs to tell her the toilet was fixed.

In Sania and Taylor's room, Sania was on her knees, frantically releasing her boyfriend's penis. She was still topless, with her bra around her waist. "The way he touched me, Taylor. He knew exactly what he was doing."

"Like me?" Taylor's heart tried to beat its way out of his chest. He thought about what she looked like, so thin and frail next to Malcolm's big muscles.

"Ummm ... yeah. Like you." Sania took his dick into her mouth so she wouldn't have to lie anymore.

In their neighbor's house, Abigail was on her knees in the living room. "You really need this right now?" She pumped her son's cock with both hands, looking up into his face. He seemed flushed and excited.

"I finished most of my chores." Malcolm nodded eagerly.

"Being near Sania has gotten you all riled up, hasn't it?" She licked his precum off the head. She gave the dome of his penis little kisses. "It's a good thing ... she's living with her boyfriend. Having a young woman ... around here ... might be trouble ... otherwise," she said between pecks. "We have to ... focus on survival ... Mal. Whenever ... she gets you riled up ... come to me ... and I'll give you ... an extra lesson. I'll ... take the edge off ... and help you keep your focus ... understood?" With that, she sucked his mighty cock into her mouth and bobbed her head.

"Sure, Mom. I'll come to you." Malcolm wanted to tell her about what had happened in Sania's bathroom, both to unload his mind, and because he was excited to share. But the neighbors were right. His mom wouldn't be happy about it. And he'd promised them he wouldn't tell. Nothing to be done about it, he supposed. He let the worry slip out of his mind, and he enjoyed the blowjob while thinking about Sania's wonderfully fragile, slim body.

Back in the other house, Taylor watched his girlfriend please him with her lips. The same lips that had been smooching a teenager minutes ago. That thought sent him over the edge. "Aaaaaahhhhhhhhh!" He let out a high-pitched yell and climaxed onto his girlfriend's tongue.

Sania stored his cum in her mouth. When his orgasm was done, she raced to the bathroom and spit it out in the sink. She looked over at the toilet lid. She couldn't believe she'd let Malcolm fondle her like that. She shivered and faced her reflection in the mirror. "Who are you, Sania?" She didn't answer herself. Instead, she pulled up her bra and put it back in place. She then washed her face with cold water, picked up her shirt, and went back to her room. She found Taylor standing where she'd left him with his soft penis out in the open. "You finished fast today. Maybe we'll have energy for some more sexy time before bed?" She pulled on her shirt.

“Yes ... I ... um ...” His mind was preoccupied. He didn’t think to offer Sania an orgasm in return for the blowjob. Instead, he shook his head and pulled up his pants. “Yes, some more sexy time.” He nodded and walked past her. “I’m going to go do some work.”

“Our chores are mostly done. I think I need to lie down.” Sania closed the door to her bedroom, locked it, and undressed.

“Good, that’s good.” Taylor was already racing down the stairs. He knew they’d left Malcolm with blue balls, and he was sure the teenager would get his mother to relieve him. He just hoped they were doing it where he could spy on them.

Five minutes later, Taylor was outside the Jones’ living room, staring in through a crack in the curtains. Sure enough, his strident neighbor was on her knees, blowing her son. The young man had his hands in his mother’s hair, helping her with her tempo. His cock was huge, Taylor couldn’t understand how Abigail took him so deep down her throat. Taylor eased out his own cock and watched the titillation.

Back in Taylor and Sania’s bedroom, Sania lay naked on the sheet rubbing her clit in little circles with one hand and rolling her nipple with the other. Her back arched, lifting her butt off the mattress. She was going to cum again thinking about Malcolm’s tongue, hands, and that huge bulge in his pants. “I touched it! I ... uuuggghhhh ... touched it. I can’t ... uuuuggghhhh ... I ...” Her orgasm swept her away.

Outside the Jones’ house, Taylor was cumming, too. He released his seed into the weeds, still staring at mother and son through the window. *Why are they still going? Shouldn’t he be done by now?* He watched the blowjob with wide eyes. It went on and on. Another ten minutes passed. Eventually, Malcolm bellowed so loudly Taylor could hear him through the window. The teenager arched his back and finished in his mother’s mouth. To Taylor’s amazement, he watched the woman drink it all down.

“Who are these people?” Taylor whispered to himself. When her son was drained, he watched Abigail wipe her mouth with the back of her hand, stand, and ruffle her son’s hair. Taylor decided it was time to make himself scarce. He pulled up his pants and raced into the woods to rub another one out before returning to Sania. It was starting to get dark, but he really needed one more fap.

Chapter 11

Daylight faded, and so did Sania's hope that Taylor would return. She didn't know where he'd gone, but she knew he wouldn't leave her. That meant something terrible had happened. She hated to ask the Joneses for help. They might think she and Taylor were more trouble than they were worth. So, she waited and waited, her stomach twisting in knots. Eventually, with shaking hands, she went to her neighbor's house and knocked on the door.

Abigail opened the door, smiling. "Hello, Sania. What brings you ...?" Abigail's face fell. "What happened?" On instinct, she reached for the shotgun by the door and checked to make sure it was loaded. In the **After**, one developed a sense for incoming catastrophe. Sania was giving off those vibes in spades. "Mal!" Abigail called.

"It's Taylor ... he ... um ..." Sania hugged herself. She didn't know what she'd do if she never saw her boyfriend again. And to think, the last time she'd seen him, she hadn't even said goodbye because she was so eager to masturbate. Tears ran down her cheeks.

"Is he injured? Sick?" Abigail knew that tough love was the best love in the **After**. But there were always exceptions. "Tell me, sweetie. We'll help you."

Malcolm arrived and stood next to his mother. "What's wrong?"

"Taylor ... um ... went out several hours ago and hasn't come back." Sania looked around. The back garden was covered in silver moonlight. Would it give them enough illumination to find Taylor?

"Oh, shit. If somebody found him, they could be headed here now." Malcolm went to grab a pistol.

"Oh, that's good. Someone might bring him home?" Sania was suddenly hopeful.

"No, not good. If raiders found our location, they'd come here to kill us all. Or worse." Abigail yanked Sania into the house. "Lights," she called to her son.

"Already on it." Malcolm ran around the first floor extinguishing candles and making sure the curtains were tightly drawn.

"I don't understand, did someone find him? Is he going to be alright? I've been with him for years. I can't lose him." Sania was bawling now.

"We'll find him." Malcolm finished his duties and rushed over to Sania. He hugged her tightly, feeling her slim, graceful form melt into his arms. She shook with sobs. "It's okay, we'll find him."

“We might have found him if we’d known about this before dark. Damn, this is bad.” Abigail had given up on gentle love. It was back to the tough variety. “Anything goes wrong, you come to us immediately. You don’t wait hours.” Abigail shook her head, seething. “We’ll have to leave the house tonight. Maybe squat in one of the houses across the street. Keep an eye on this place. See if anyone shows up. If raiders have him, it’s not likely we could shoot it out with them. He’d be good as gone.”

Sania sobbed even louder.

“Jeez, Mom. She’s not like us. She doesn’t need to hear that now.” Malcolm leaned and whispered in Sania’s ear, “Don’t listen to her. We’ll save him. I promise you. And tomorrow, he can stand in the hall and watch me suck your titties. Just like old times, okay?”

Sania calmed down, pressing her head to Malcolm’s hard chest.

“What did you say to her?” Abigail cocked her head.

“Nothing.” Malcolm looked over at his mother, still protectively holding Sania. “We need to go after Taylor. It’s a full moon tonight. I can find him.”

“That’s not smart.” Abigail put the shotgun on the counter and folded her arms. “We should hole up across the street.”

“We can’t leave him out there, Mom. He’s defenseless.” Malcolm finally released the now quiet Sania. “It’s the right thing to do.”

“Your softness would have been wonderful in the **Before**, Mal. But now it worries me.” Abigail blew out a long breath. “Fine, we’ll set the traps here. Then we’ll go after him. If we’re lucky, he’s just lost a few blocks away. Load up for hunting, Mal. Let’s go find him.”

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Malcolm was in the lead, tracking through the forest. Fortunately, Taylor hadn’t been concealing his tracks. Malcolm had his rifle slung over his shoulder, crouching as he moved.

Sania walked after him, worrying her hands together. She’d managed not to start blubbering again.

Abigail took up the rear, her lips pressed into a grim line. Her shotgun was firmly in her hands.

A short whistle escaped Malcom's lips. He stopped in his tracks. Sania walked right into the back of him.

Abigail stopped behind them and whispered in Sania's ear, "The c-note whistle means to stop, remember?" Sania shrugged her shoulders by way of apology, but Abigail barely noticed. They were in a forested backyard, and there was the clear flicker of fire ahead. Abigail was sure Taylor didn't know how to start a fire, although he would be stupid enough to do something like that, drawing everyone's attention. Even Rick Ravish might see him from above. "Shit," she whispered.

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"I count two raiders," Malcolm whispered. He was on his stomach in the woods, Sania beside him. His mother was out of sight, scouting around the house, making sure there weren't any more of them.

"Is Taylor hurt?" Sania squinted, but couldn't see very well. There was a fire in the house's backyard with people seated around it. She could see the back of a skinny man with brown hair that had to be her boyfriend. The reavers looked like they'd stepped out of a punk, horror movie. One was wearing a mask. The other looked like a woman, but she wasn't sure from this distance.

"I can't tell." Malcolm put down the binoculars and sighted his rifle. "I don't know if we can save him. Gunfire will alert any other raiders around here. And I don't think Mom and I can sneak up on them. But if there's only two, maybe ..."

"You have to save him!" Sania's voice was sibilant as she hushed her exclamation. "I'll do anything. If you save him, he can watch us do anything. Anything you want, Mal."

"I like your titties, Sania. But it's not about that. It's about Mom and I living long enough to find my sister and dad." Malcolm leveled the rifle at the one in the mask. Crickets filled the silence that followed their whispers.

Sania chewed on her lower lip. She'd save Taylor herself if she had to. Of course, she had no idea how.

Abigail materialized out of the darkness and got on her belly next to her son. "I couldn't find any more of them."

Malcolm nodded. "We could kill them now before they can tell any more raiders about us. I don't want to move."

“Good point,” Abigail whispered. “It’s only two, right?” She took the binoculars and gazed toward the fire. “Unlucky that he wandered away. Lucky he found such a small group. It might be possible.”

Sania dared to hope, but she didn’t say anything since the Joneses seemed to be leaning toward saving him. She listened to mother and son whisper back and forth, praying they would decide to act.

~~

Taylor stared at the crackling fire. He had to. Every time he looked at his captors, he became too afraid to breathe. He didn’t even bother struggling against his bonds. The evil people had him. There was nothing he could do. When he’d seen the fire and wandered toward it, he’d thought he was saved. He had been very wrong.

One of his captors fell sideways with a grunt. A moment later, a loud bang rang out from the forest. Taylor couldn’t help but look this time. His mouth would have hung open if he hadn’t had a gag on. The raider lay on the patio, a pool of blood spreading from his mask. The other raider dropped a split second later, accompanied by another shot. She was dead when she hit the ground.

The next thing Taylor knew, Abigail was in the firelight next to him, cutting his bindings. The surge of relief that hit him was so intense, Taylor almost fainted.

“Keep the gag on. I don’t want you screaming like a little girl. The gunshots were bad enough.” Abigail roughly pulled him to his feet and pushed him toward the woods. “Run!” Soon, they were jogging.

When Sania and Malcolm appeared out of the darkness and fell in next to him, Taylor wanted to shout for joy. But he couldn’t because of the gag. His girlfriend slipped her hand in his, and they ran together, one Jones in front of them and one behind.

~~

When they got home, Abigail started with questioning her runaway. They found out that Taylor hadn’t told the raiders anything. His captors were waiting to join up with a bigger group the next day, and Taylor had heard them saying “the boss” would question him. Satisfied that their homes were safe, she switched to chewing out both Taylor and Sania. That went well into the night.

Malcolm, who was often the good cop in such situations, said nothing. He stood with his arms folded, and his lips pressed into a thin line.

When Taylor and Sania were done receiving their upbraiding, they went back to their house and fell asleep in each other's arms.

~~

The next day, Malcolm got up early for his morning lesson. His mother was still angry, so she rode her son hard for more than a half hour before pulling off of him and finishing him with her hands. "Always ... so much ... Mal." She sat on his thighs, her hands still pumping the last of his cum out of him. Once he'd calmed down, she let go of his penis, panting. "I'm not sure ... I can talk to them today. They jeopardized ... everything. I'm still ... furious."

"Yeah ... I can see that." It was odd to see his mother with her brow furrowed with rage, while her tits and belly were covered in cum. At least she wasn't angry at him.

"You ... handle the neighbors ... today. Make sure they ... do their chores ... and stay put." Abigail shook her head.

"Got it." Malcolm saluted her.

"Good boy." Abigail patted his cheek and hopped off him.

~~

Malcolm readied himself for the day and checked in on the neighbors before starting his chores. He found them in the kitchen eating a breakfast of cured meat and cucumbers. "Morning, kids." He pointed a finger at Taylor before they could respond. "No more messing around. My mother will kill you if do anything like that again." Malcolm sat languidly in one of the kitchen chairs and helped himself to some cucumber from Taylor's plate.

"Yes, yes. I'm so sorry. It won't happen again, I promise. Thank you for saving me." Taylor nodded earnestly. "I owe you big time. How can I ever repay you?" It was odd groveling in front of an eighteen-year-old, but he supposed it wasn't all that different from normal.

Malcolm crunched on the cucumber and looked at Sania with his eyebrows raised.

“Oh ... um ... that.” Sania turned to her boyfriend and explained what she’d promised Malcolm.

Taylor turned pale. “Um ... I’m very grateful ... but ... um ... he can’t have *anything*. You belong to me.”

“I don’t belong to anyone, Taylor.” Sania frowned. “But ...” She looked back at Malcolm. “Taylor’s right. You don’t want to ... um ... have sex or anything? I mean ... you’re a teenager so ... but I don’t think I could do that.”

Malcolm shrugged. He could see that now was not the moment to push things with them. “No. Not if you don’t want to.” He shook his head. “I’ve got an idea to honor the deal. How about whenever I say ‘tits’, you flash me? I’ll make sure to do it when Mom isn’t around. Sound good?”

Taylor and Sania looked at each other. They were both so relieved he didn’t want more, that they eagerly agreed.

“Great.” Malcolm smiled. “Tits.”

Sania hesitated, looked at her boyfriend, and then raised her shirt and lowered her bra. “Like this?”

“Perfect. I missed out on the **Before**, so I have to see as much tit as I can. Which isn’t easy with so few friendly people around.” Malcolm winked at Sania. “Yours are exceptional.” He stood. “You can put them away now. Time for chores.” He waved and headed for the door.

Sania put her clothes back together and hustled her boyfriend out the door. They had lots to do, and she didn’t want to let down their neighbors again.

Chapter 12

“You’re really putting your back into it, Betsy.” Jacob leaned on his shovel and wiped sweat from his brow. His daughter didn’t stop working with her hoe. She was wearing a tight, sweat-soaked athletic top and baggy pants. He could see the well-defined muscles on her back roll and flex with her work. Her ponytail bobbed. She wasn’t doing anything sexy, but his penis hardened anyway. He turned his hips away from her in case she looked over.

“Thanks, Dad.” Betsy glanced over at him and caught him staring at her butt. She smiled. He had been doing that a lot lately. It was obvious he had one of his boners going something fierce, too. It was sweet how he thought he could hide it from her. She stuck out her butt more and went back to hoeing. “I’ve been thinking, Dad ... We’re settled in this house, at least for the winter. There’s no one around, and I know that’s the way we like it. It’s going to be a while before we find Mom and Mal. It’ll be just the two of us here.”

“I miss them, too.” Jacob nodded, eyes fixed on her young, firm rump. He missed everything about having his family whole. Especially at the moment, his wife’s insatiable sex drive.

“Given all that, when will I get to have a boyfriend? I need to learn about sex, Dad. I’m twenty-one. In the **Before**, I might have been married by now. I haven’t even kissed a boy. I’m dying to try. It’s a part of living, right? You always say you want me to have a full life.” She stopped hoeing, picked up her canteen, and took a long drink. She intentionally spilled water down her chin onto her shirt. She wasn’t wearing a bra, and she knew her father would like the view. Sure enough, when she put the canteen down, she saw that her dad’s eyes were glued to her chest. “You know, Dad, I’m so desperate, I’d even kiss you!” She giggled like it was a joke, but watched him closely for clues.

“I ... um ... I’m not feeling well. I’m going to go lie down in my room. Don’t disturb me for a while.” Jacob dropped his shovel and raced into the house.

“Well, that didn’t go well,” Betsy said to herself. She shook her head and continued to furrow their new backyard.

~~

“Hey there, Sania.” Malcolm walked by his neighbors as they were tending their cucumbers. He carried some heavy lumber over his shoulder. He was shirtless. His

neighbors' backyard wasn't technically on his lumber route, but ever since they'd retrieved Taylor several days ago, he had made an effort to see Sania as much as possible. When she looked up from her crouched position, he smiled. "Tits," he said.

"Hello, Mal. You look ... busy today." Sania raised her shirt. She wasn't wearing a bra. When she'd dressed that morning, she'd known she'd be showing Malcolm her breasts a bunch, and it was easier without a bra in the way. It wasn't like she had huge boobs, like Abigail's, which constantly needed the support.

"Looking good, girl." Malcolm winked at her and glanced at her boyfriend. "Hello, Taylor. You have a beautiful girlfriend." Malcolm walked off with the lumber.

"Thanks." Taylor looked over at Sania. She had a huge grin on her face as she watched Malcolm's backside until he rounded the corner of the house. Taylor took a deep breath. "You can put your shirt down now."

Sania turned her focus to her boyfriend. "You're blushing, Taylor. That's so cute." She lowered her shirt and stood. When he stood too, she could see the outline of his boner. "And you're hard! You like my breasts that much, huh?" She lifted her shirt again and walked toward him, carefully stepping over their growing produce. "Malcolm should be busy with that wood for at least fifteen minutes. That's plenty of time for me to take care of you."

"You're beautiful, Sania." Taylor didn't want to say it, but it wasn't just her boobs that had gotten him worked up. He was used to those. It was also the situation they found themselves in. "You want to do it right here? I'm not sure. What if he comes back early?" Taylor didn't stop her as she lowered his pants and briefs. The breeze felt a bit chilly on his balls, but he didn't mind. She took his mind off everything when her hands started pumping his dick. "Wow ... Sania ... that feels ... nice." He leaned up against her and let her do her thing.

"You've been so ... um ... excited to see me ever since we rescued you. It's so cute." She pumped him with one hand out in the open. "I feel like it's our honeymoon or something."

"You did rescue me. Mal ... um ... rescued me. He's been really great to us." Taylor was getting close. Talking about his girlfriend and Malcolm always set him off. "Do you ... want to kiss him again? Maybe ... um ... let him –"

"Whoa." Malcolm stopped on the edge of his neighbor's yard and stared at them. "Quickest way to have my mom chop off your dick is to leave it out in the open when you're supposed to be doing chores." He shook his head.

Sania stepped away from her boyfriend. "Sorry ... Mal ... he just needed ... um ..."

Taylor awkwardly pulled up his pants. "What about you, Mal? Do you ever need ... that? You're a teenager. I bet you'd love it if Sania helped you ... one time. With only your mom around, you probably haven't --"

"Taylor! You can't just offer me to another boy." Sania's pulse thudded in her ears. "I'm so sorry, Mal. I think maybe the sun is getting to him."

"No worries." Malcolm waved a hand dismissively. "But if you wanted to do what he's suggesting, I would be fine with it. I like you. And I think you're cute. And ... I do need it sometimes." He laughed. "Well, most of the time, really."

"Oh ... okay." Sania's insides melted under the full force of Malcolm's thousand-watt smile. "Maybe ... I'll do that for you sometime."

"Great." Malcolm gave her a thumbs-up and walked away. He stopped and turned back before disappearing down the trail to the creek. "No more messing around where Mom can catch you. She's already plenty pissed about you wandering off, Taylor. Keep your dick in your pants, got it?"

"Yes ... sir ... yes ... Mal ... sir." Taylor saluted him. Which was, he immediately decided, an idiotic thing to do. Especially because he was holding up his pants with his other hand.

"Great. Later, you two." Malcolm walked off to do more work.

"Holy shit. That was fucking weird." Taylor glanced at his girlfriend. She was still watching where Malcolm had vanished into the woods. She had the most dreamy expression on her face. "Wasn't that fucking weird, Sania?"

"Yeah, babe. It was really strange." Sania tried to compose herself, but failed. "I have to go lie down. Give me an hour or two of privacy, okay?" She raced into the house without waiting for a reply.

Taylor scratched his head, buttoned his pants, and went back to work in the garden. *Did my girlfriend just agree to give the motherfucking teenager next door a handjob?* The more he thought about it, the more it seemed like she had.

~~

"Mom ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... Mom ... Mom ..." Malcolm held his mother's hips. Her pants and panties were around her ankles, although her shirt was still in place. She was bent over with her elbows resting on the kitchen table.

“What’s ... gotten ... into you today ... Mal?” Abigail looked over her shoulder at her handsome son’s shirtless body. His muscles bulged and flexed with each thrust. The sight of them made her even more dizzy and overheated. “Are we ... oh ... oh ... oohhhhh ... even doing lessons ... anymore ... or am I ... just here for you ... when you get horny?”

“Both ... Mom ... we can do ... both.” This was a bold claim for Malcolm, but he was so wound up he didn’t even notice that he’d asked his mother to toss aside the flimsy excuse of their lessons.

“Oh ... oh ... oh ... the way you hit ... so deep ... from back there ... Mal.” She watched the passion on his face. He loved her. He adored her. What mother could say no to that? “Fine ... fine ... just as long ... as it doesn’t interfere ... with chores ... I’ll be here for you ... Mal. Just ... keep ... slamming me ... with your cock.” She dropped her head and stared blankly at the table. She was about to have a massive orgasm. She hoped she wouldn’t be loud enough for the neighbors to hear.

~~

Taylor was still by himself gardening when Malcolm stopped by in the evening. He looked up at the strapping teenager and immediately felt a rush of excitement and shame. “I thought I heard your mom screaming a while ago. Everything okay? I haven’t seen her since I got lost.”

“You haven’t seen her because she’s still pissed at you.” Malcolm shifted uncomfortably on his feet. Taylor had heard his mother climaxing. That wasn’t good. “She was screaming about you, actually.” Malcolm lied. “She’s still angry about how stupid you were to wander away and walk right up to those raiders.”

Taylor frowned. He knew he’d heard them having sex. Well, he couldn’t let on what he knew. “Oh, well, sorry about that.” He hung his head. “Are you busy now? Sania spent the afternoon resting, maybe now would be a good time for her to ... you know ... do what she said she’d do for you.”

“You want your girlfriend to give me a handjob?” Malcolm smiled, his discomfort forgotten. “Sure, I’ve got about an hour until I have to help Mom with dinner.” The crickets were just starting up for the evening. The sky was orange in the west.

“Okay, then.” Taylor stood and wiped his dirty hands on his pants. He tried to walk so that the teenager wouldn’t see the tent he was popping. “It’s no big deal, really. It’s just a way for us to say thank you for everything.” He led the way into the house. It was quiet and cool inside. When the door closed behind them, the cicadas and crickets faded

away. He went to the sink and washed his hands with a jug that Malcolm had carried up from the creek earlier. "Sania? We have company," Taylor called into the house. "Make yourself at home," Taylor said to Malcolm.

Malcolm grabbed some cucumbers off the counter, filled a glass of water, and sat at the kitchen table. "Sania is pretty. I'm glad you're not the jealous type, Taylor." He crunched a cucumber between his teeth and leaned comfortably in the chair. He chewed for a moment. "Are you worried at all that she'll fall for me?"

Taylor chuckled and rubbed the back of his neck. "You're eighteen, Mal. She's twenty-seven. She's just doing this to be nice to you."

"Oh, hello, Mal." Sania walked into the kitchen, her cheeks flushed. "What's Malcom doing here, babe?" She looked over at her boyfriend. She tried not to look at the teenager as he noisily munched on a cucumber. Her heart fluttered in her chest.

"Tits," Malcolm said.

Without thinking, Sania lifted her shirt. She had become habituated to this in the last few days.

"I'll never get tired of looking at those titties." Malcolm sighed and took another loud bite of cucumber.

"Mal is here to get that thing you promised him." Taylor drew the curtains. He couldn't bring himself to look at his girlfriend.

"Oh ... that." Sania's heart thundered. She went over to the sink, her shirt still above her boobs. She washed her hands slowly. "Are you really okay with this, Taylor?"

"Sure, Sania." Taylor tried not to sound too enthusiastic. "As long as I can be here to support you."

"We're going to do it in the kitchen? Right now?" Sania dried her hands on a towel.

"No time like the present." Malcolm pushed himself away from the table but stayed seated. "Let's get going. I have to be home for dinner soon."

"Okay." Sania squeaked. She walked over to him and lowered her knees to the floor.

"My first handjob. This will be fun." Malcolm smiled at her. It wasn't remotely close to his first. He couldn't count how many times his mother had pumped him with her hands. But it was his first, *other* than his mother. And that had to count for something.

Sania moved her hands toward his pants, hesitated, gathered her courage, and then lunged for his belt. She had thought she'd never see another penis other than Taylor's. They were going to get married someday. They would *still* get married. He supported

her in this. The only thing she'd been wrong about was the number of penises. She held her breath and unzipped him. It was time.

Chapter 13

“Are you joking?” Sania looked at the bulge pushing at Malcolm’s underwear. “You’re pranking me.” She had his pants down around his ankles, and her fingers were paused at the hem of his briefs. She had been just about to pull them down when her brain had registered the size of his lump. She laughed. “You stuffed a cucumber in there to mess with me, didn’t you?”

Malcolm’s easy laugh joined her nervous one in the kitchen. “What do you mean?”

Taylor stood motionless. He wasn’t chuckling. He had seen Malcolm with his mother. He knew that was no cucumber.

“I mean, nobody is *that* big.” Sania’s giggles died down.

“I think it’s normal. My mom ...” Malcolm caught himself. “My mom showed me a sex-ed book a while back. Mine looked pretty much like the ones in the book.”

“Maybe ...” Sania lowered his underwear and gasped. “Maybe ... it was like a joke book.” She put one hand above the base and one hand above the head. Keeping that distance between her hands, she turned to her boyfriend and showed him the length, her eyes wide. “Did you know about this?”

Taylor stiffly shook his head. “How would I know? It’s not like I saw him at the gym or something.”

“At the gym?” Malcolm cocked his head.

“Guys used to shower together after exercising.” Taylor watched his girlfriend turn her attention back to the penis, amazement on her face.

“Oh, the **Before** sounds interesting.” Malcolm shrugged. “I was too young to do that, I guess. Or I don’t remember.”

“So ... um ... Mal? I have to tell you, this is really impressive.” Her hands hovered around the shaft. She couldn’t bring herself to touch it. “I’ve seen a few dicks, and none of them were like this. He’s really big, right babe?” Sania didn’t move her gaze away from the penis while addressing her boyfriend.

“Right.” Taylor nodded.

“The veins are so bulgy. And the head ... it’s really purplish ... red. Is that because you’ve got so much blood in there?” She moved her face closer to inspect his penis, tilting to the right to see it with one eye. She tapped the head with her finger. “Oh ... oh ... look at that! Some stuff leaked out. Are you ... already cumming?” She glanced up at Malcolm’s smiling face.

“You are so cute.” Malcolm chuckled. *How do I talk about sex without referencing what I learned from Mom?* “I ... um ... read in that book that the clear stuff is precum. It comes out before sex.”

“But ... but ...” Sania watched the fluid dribble out of his penis, roll over the head, and make its way down the shaft. “But there’s too much of it.” She quickly glanced at her boyfriend, but he was stone-faced. His cheeks were rosy from blushing, but that was his only tell. She turned back to the penis. “I guess I should get to work. You have to get back to dinner soon. Since you’re eighteen, I’m guessing this won’t take long.” The mirth in her face disappeared, and she put on a mask of concentration.

“It really is nice of you to give me my first handjob.” Malcolm’s smile faded away as she grasped his shaft. His nerves tingled. He loved his mom deeply. But it was exciting to have a new, pretty woman handle his dick for the first time. “I’m sorry it’s so big. I hope that’s not a problem.”

“You’re sweet, Mal. It should be fine. I’ll figure it out.” She ran her fingertips along the length of it, feeling his veins. Her body was wracked by a sudden, embarrassing shiver. It was so severe it made her hair whip. “Sorry ... about that.” She took a deep breath. “It’s so different. It’s like it’ll be the first time for both of us.”

“Nnnnnngggggg.” Taylor bit his tongue and shuddered. He’d just cum in his pants. He was thankful that Sania and Malcolm were staring at each other and not watching him. Slowly, he sidestepped toward the door. He needed to change his pants.

Sania started pumping Malcolm. “Wow ... babe ... I can’t believe I can fit both hands at the same time.” She didn’t notice when Taylor didn’t respond. She didn’t even notice that he wasn’t in the room. “It makes my fingers seem small. I feel so ... feminine.”

“That’s good, right?” Malcolm calmly watched the handjob. “Could you take your shirt all the way off?”

“Yes ... yes ... of course ... Mal.” Sania quickly pulled off her shirt, tossed it away, and returned her hands to his penis. “Does this feel good?” She turned her gaze up to his face. *Oh, gosh, he’s so handsome! Look at those smoldering eyes. He loves it!*

“Yeah, Sania. This is really special. But also, dry. Could you ...?” He shrugged.

“Sorry! Yes, of course.” She leaned forward and spit copiously on the head of his penis and worked it with her hands. Soon, she was audibly squelching with each stroke.

“How’s that? Are you close?”

“It’s ... ugh ... great ... Sania. I’m not close.” Malcolm looked around the room. They were alone. *Why would Taylor leave his girlfriend alone with me?* “Maybe you could use ... ugh ... your mouth?” His mother seemed to love blowjobs. He hoped that was a universal trait.

“Sorry, Mal.” Sania shook her head and continued pumping him. “I don’t think so. We should stick to hands. Right, babe?” She licked her lips. “Babe?” She looked around the kitchen. *Did Taylor wander off again?! I can’t believe that man.* She looked back at the massive penis in her hands while chewing on her bottom lip. “Well, maybe just a few licks. That would be fine, right?”

“Yeah.” Malcolm watched her move her gorgeous, brown lips within range of his dick. Her shoulders were tense, and her expression tight. She pumped him lower on the shaft with both hands and darted out her tongue quickly. Her face softened, and her body relaxed as she added one lick after the next. After a few minutes, without any encouragement on his part, she took the head into her mouth. A few minutes more and she was bobbing her mouth on the tip of his dick.

Taylor took longer than he should have to change his pants. He also gave himself a quick wash and brushed his teeth. When he was fully freshened up, it had been almost fifteen minutes. He knew Malcolm had some staying power, so he hoped he hadn’t missed the end of the handjob. When he entered the kitchen, he stopped in his tracks. He had missed the end of the handjob ... because it had turned into a blowjob. The sounds of his girlfriend slurping and humming happily on teenage dick filled the kitchen. Taylor almost came in his fresh pants but thankfully managed to control himself.

Malcolm was slumped in his chair, one hand on the back of Sania’s bouncing head. He winked at Taylor when he saw him return. “I hope you don’t mind ... she ... ugh ... started licking it ... and this happened.”

“Mmmppphhh.” Sania realized Taylor was back. She pulled off the penis and looked back at her boyfriend. “I was ... just ... I was ... ummmmm ...”

Malcolm glanced at the clock. “Shit ... Mom is expecting me.” He stood, pulling up his underwear and pants. “I’m sorry to leave. Can we finish this later?”

Taylor stared at him.

Sania stared at him.

Malcolm smiled at both. “Raincheck it is.” He patted Sania’s head like she’d been a good puppy and raced out of their house.

Once back in his own house, Malcolm found his mother in the kitchen. He ran over to her and hugged her tightly. “I love you, Mom.”

“I love you too, sweetie.” Abigail hugged him back. “Everything okay? You haven’t greeted me like this in a while.”

“Remember when you said we didn’t have to wait for lessons?” He ended the hug and held her shoulders at arm’s length. “Well ...” He contemplated telling her about Sania, but he couldn’t see that ending well. “Well, I’m horny.”

“Were you a good boy today?” She turned around, lowered her pants and panties, and grabbed the counter. She looked over her shoulder at him. “Did you do all your chores and keep the neighbors in line?”

Malcolm dropped his pants and underwear. He was having a hard time keeping them up, it seemed. Maybe if things kept going well with Sania, he’d just walk around without anything on his lower half. Beaming at his mother, he slipped his dick into her pussy. Belatedly, he thought that maybe he should have washed his dick off first. He’d make sure to do that in the future after his new girlfriend blew him. “I ... took care of the neighbors ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... and did all ... my chores.” He slammed into his mother with powerful strokes, not bothering to take the time to ease her into it.

“Oooohhhhhh ... that’s good ... that’s good ... Mal ... ohhh ... oh ... oh ... I’ve raised ... the perfect ... son.” Abigail let her head fall forward. “The perfect ... ugh ... ugh ... horny ... ugh ... son.” She stared blankly at the counter as her son railed her from behind. As her first orgasm rounded the corner, she had only one thought: *I really did raise the perfect son.*

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Sania spit Taylor’s cum into the sink. She wiped her mouth and looked over at him, sitting in the same chair where Malcolm had been sitting. “Maybe we should call that the blowjob chair.” She smiled, turned, and spit a few more times. She then rinsed her mouth with water and spit again.

“Did you like ... doing that with Mal?” Taylor’s penis was exhausted. It was already softly sleeping in his lap. He didn’t bother to pull up his pants. He was too happy to move.

“I only did it because he saved you. He didn’t have to rescue you, you know. Abigail wanted to leave you there.” Sania walked over to her shirt and put it back on. “Why did you leave us alone today? I thought you were going to support me.”

“I ... um ... had to go to the bathroom.” Taylor gave her a sheepish grin.

“You had to go while I was doing that with Mal?” She gave him an exasperated sigh.

“You helped us men today, but no one took care of you.” Slowly, Taylor stood and got dressed. “Want me to get you off, babe?”

“No.” She shook her head quickly. She didn’t want him to find out that her pussy was a swamp. What would he think if he knew she’d been turned on? “I ... have to go to the bathroom myself. Start making dinner, and I’ll be back down in a little while.” Without waiting for a response, Sania ran upstairs.

While Taylor prepared dinner, his girlfriend was up in their bathroom, making herself cum in a frenzy. Her hand was a blur on her clit.

Next door, Malcolm came on his mother’s ass and back. Not satisfied, he shoved himself right back inside and went for his second.

“Wait ... wait ... you still have ... sperm ... uuuggghhhh.” Abigail lost her train of thought. Her wits didn’t return to her until after he’d cum on her back again. By then, it was too late. She was in such a euphoric state with her cheek on the cool counter, that she couldn’t bring herself to worry about it.

The evening meal was served late in both households. All four people had dreamy expressions on their faces as they munched on cucumbers and salted meat. They had all almost forgotten about **Them**, or Rick Ravish, or his robots. Their problems seemed a million miles away.

But the **After** didn’t stop being the **After** because you forgot about it. While you might not worry about the things that wanted to eat or enslave you. That didn’t make those existential threats any less pressing. Indeed, just as dinner was wrapping up, one of **Them** was ambling down their street, sniffing the air.