

THE
MOM
EXPERIMENT 2



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~~ All characters in this book are over 18. ~~

Chapter 1

Robin Winters sat on the edge of her bed staring at the text from Tom and wondering why she let it upset her. He wasn't coming home because he had to wait for test results on an ICU patient and by the time he received them it would be too late to make the two hour drive home.

On the surface it was plausible, and it was something they knew would happen when Tom accepted a job with Lifespan five years ago which would require him to be at Mass General in Boston every other week.

Tom's normal shifts were ten hours, but when you worked as the head of a trauma unit, you couldn't walk off the job when a patient was brought in. She recalled her own days as the resident psychiatric consultant at Kent when she first graduated and there were nights it was easier to crash in an empty room than come home.

But when you discovered your husband having an affair with a nurse three years ago any night spent away from home gave her reason to be suspicious. It was a sad fact that it happened in the medical field all the time.

TV shows based on hospitals and ER's weren't that exaggerated in their portrayals of the spicy things that happened between staff. It was a perfect storm of people who worked long hours away from their families in a high stress environment.

The job made it easy. The endless shifts and being on call were the excuse to not be home when you were supposed to be because there was no 'supposed to be' when emergencies occurred.

Always empty rooms to slip into and do more than sleep, and often times it was a case of an older established doctor sleeping with younger nurses, interns, even new doctors who were enamored not just with looks, but their position and prestige in the field.

Robin knew all this first hand, having herself fallen into this behavior, having a purely sexual relationship with a fellow intern during her residency, as well as a male nurse she dated out of work, but had more than a few hot encounters while on break during the night shift.

But she, and they, were young, single and not hurting anyone. The third time she became involved with someone at work was when she caught the eye of a trauma center surgeon who was twelve years older than her.

That surgeon was Tom.

Robin was working as a grief counsellor at night, speaking to and trying to help people whose loved ones had been rushed in due to a life threatening accident or situation cope with what was going on.

It wasn't an easy gig; patients died on the table or in ICU and she was constantly dealing with people in shock or hysterical from sudden loss. Elderly people who had just lost a 50 year life partner. People losing parents, siblings, even children.

Robin was there to help, but it was an emotionally draining and mostly thankless job she often performed on little to no sleep and at times had to go from one person to another, trying to shake off the previous person's despair and get ready for another round.

Tom was already a great surgeon whose star was on the rise and many, Robin included, saw him as a hero. Someone who saved people's lives, a person who held the power of life and death in his skilled hands and brilliant mind.

He was also single, and attractive which made his being single seem strange. Great money, career, looks, but unlike a lot of doctors, not arrogant. He had a warm smile, and where many surgeons lacked bedside manner he was compassionate with a good sense of humor.

He claimed he was married to the job and most women didn't understand the level of commitment needed. Robin, however, did, and their playful flirting led to coffee, then dinner, then her being dessert at his condo ten minutes from the hospital.

In the beginning Robin had seen it as a fling, especially when they shared several smoking hot moments in the hospital, sometimes sex in a hospital bed, or the lounge with the door locked, other times her pulling him into a room, dropping to her knees and blowing him to relieve his stress.

But the dates also continued and she found herself falling for him. She moved in with him after six months and they were married the following year. Zack was born two years later, and after taking a year off to be a stay at home mom, Robin returned to work, but at another hospital that had offered more money and room for growth than where Tom worked.

They had the fairy tale life. Both attractive, professional, great income, and a beautiful home in an affluent neighborhood. Robin's Lexus 500 LS Sport and Tom's Mercedes convertible in the driveway.

A son who was as beautiful as they were and in his second year at PC where he was studying criminal psychology and talking about going into law. They had it all, right down to the vacation home in Miami.

Their marriage was solid, their sex life great the first few years, but slowing down in more recent years. Robin accepted it as the twelve years between them showed more at 52 to her forty than it did when he was in his thirties and her early twenties.

Turned out it was due to his age, as in a midlife crises. A mutual friend who had recently transferred to Mass General as an internist overheard a nurse talking about how she was screwing a top surgeon and laughing about how she was going to steal him from his 'old lady wife' and sink her teeth, and cunt, into his money.

Some checking around and asking the gossip obsessed staff, their friend discovered it was Tom and after calling him out as being a cheating piece of work came to Robin. She confronted Tom who admitted to it easier than she would have imagined.

He gave her all the typical excuses, she was all about her career and Zack, and he was a distant third. As well as she did, Tom made much more and claimed he had to take the higher stress job and commute to give her the life she 'needed' and take care of Zack.

It was all bullshit, yes she worked long hours, but so did he, and she wasn't the one who had turned cold in bed. He refused to go to counseling with her but told her it wouldn't happen again.

For a few months he was more attentive, offered to take time off so they could visit her grandparents and other relatives in El Salvador, and tried to get intimate with her. But Robin was still heartbroken and betrayed and refused his advances, and the trip,

saying at the time they were roommates and that would last until she felt she could trust him again.

The last two years room mates were pretty much what they were and as more time went on and he stopped trying in both life, and bed, Robin became increasingly convinced he was fooling around on her again.

Yet she stayed in what was now a shell of a marriage. She knew she could move on. She didn't need his money, all she would ask for is for him to cover the bulk of Zack's remaining school and she would support her and her son with what she made which was more than enough.

Robin was an attractive woman who had a lot to offer. She could find someone else if she wanted. Or she could easily be Claire and just play whenever she wanted to. But she couldn't pull the trigger and deep down she knew why.

Shallow ego.

To divorce would be the end of the fairy tale. The perfect marriage and family now split apart like so many others. The world knowing Robin Winters, formerly Robin Dominguez, the daughter of a poor immigrant who married an American man who came from nothing and still had most of it but loved his wife and daughter and did everything he could to support them.

Her mom was the only person in her family to get to America and Robin was the American dream to them. Excelling at school, earning a degree, making good money while helping people, married to a surgeon and mother to an amazing son.

Robin was the family hero, the example given to the children, that they too could come to America and succeed. A divorce in the old school traditional family values of her people was seen as a disgrace, a failure of her as a woman.

It was out dated 1950's bullshit and she knew it. But they were all so proud of her, and she never wanted them not to be, especially her mother who lived in a nice condo a half hour away that she and Tom paid for.

Maybe when her mother passed she would leave. But her mother was only sixty five and blessed with good health. Then there was Zack who had no idea anything was amiss. The benefit to Tom's schedule being long and inconsistent was they weren't together much in front of Zack.

When they were, they were cordial, joked and Tom would kiss her hello and goodbye, and she let him. They attended charity dinners together and Tom's hospital functions, and when any of the girls came over and Tom was around he acted like nothing was amiss, laughing and joking with them and putting his arm around her with an affection that no longer existed.

All the things Jo, Amanda and Claire had gone though they'd all shared with the others, and Robin generally did, but she never spoke of her marital woes. Claire and Jo were divorced and both over infidelity and would understand what she was going through and be there for her as she had for them.

But they wouldn't understand how she let this go on for so long and in the end it came back to Robin's pride and not wanting to admit her husband had found something in other women that he felt she couldn't give him.

No, that was low self-esteem talking, Robin had plenty to give, especially in bed. She was a former model for fuck's sake and even at her current age could rock it in front of a camera as well as ever.

This cheating shit was the ego of a top surgeon catching up to him. That god complex so many of them had that they were better than everyone else and could do whatever, and in his case whoever, he wanted.

His ego led him to do this to her and hers had her accepting it as if the fact no one knew it was happening made it as if it weren't. In the meantime, she smiled like nothing was wrong and went about her life.

Like the good little girl her family thought she should be in this situation.

Because of her lack of will power to move on, but stubborn adherence to never sink to his level, Robin would honor her marriage even if it was only in name and wouldn't step out and get her own fun on the side.

At this point she doubted Tom would care, he was disturbingly content to live this way. But why not? The pretty wife he could show off when needed, and getting the girls on the side, having his cake and eating theirs too. While her dessert consisted of masturbation and fantasies of once again being with a man who desired her.

"What else is new?" she finally replied, then dropped the phone on the edge of the bed next to her.

The phone vibrated, signaling he'd replied but she didn't bother looking. Robin took a breath then wiped at her face and frowned at the sweat visible on the edge of her hand.

Robin slipped off the low heeled comfortable sandals she'd changed into when she and the girls went out to lunch and rising from the bed, walked over to her dresser to check her face in the mirror

She was flushed and a line of perspiration visible along her hairline. There was a light sheen of it on her cheeks as well. At any other time, she would have worried she was experiencing her first hot flash, but in this instance the cause was clear.

Her feeling as if she were overheating was a direct side effect of Joanne's 'baby boy bait' as Amanda had laughingly called it while giving her the injection. Had Robin not known what it consisted of she'd have been concerned but flushing and sweating were common side effects of Viagra. The fact Joanne had stacked it with Cialis further enhanced the effect.

Add the three caramel apple martinis she'd had over a two hour lunch with the girls and no wonder she was running hot. But then again she was hot, a hot mom hopped up on pheromones and ED treatments who was going to have to spend the night fending off the lusty advances of her son.

"Oh, Jo," Robin sighed, using today's drama and her 'research project' for the evening to take her attention away from her shitty marriage.

Now it wasn't just 'Oh, Jo', but the rest of them at this point. Despite getting angry at her before she left, Robin felt awful about having to shoot down one her best friends and fellow founding partner of their practice.

Jo's absence at lunch made it impossible not to talk about what happened and by the time coffee and dessert were served they'd made the decision to do what they, and Jo had always done since college, and that was to have their sister's back.

It was still a difficult decision, mostly based on the slim possibility the 'T-Virus' as Claire called it as a play on the Resident Evil video game except in this case T was for taboo, had a significant effect.

Eventually they came to agreement that it was a low probability and even if it did 'work' the worst that could happen is they might get weird looks from their sons, or maybe there would be some passing thought their kids would have but never confess too.

They'd brush it off as a messed up moment and move on. Robin's ending argument to use themselves as guinea pigs was regardless of the effect the injection had, it would be on their sons, or daughter in Amanda's case.

It wouldn't affect them and they would be on the watch for any strange behavior and make sure to deflect it, and if any of their kids came out and confessed they'd had an odd thought or feeling, they'd simply downplay it that it was just a passing thought or feeling, and things like that happen all the time.

A lie, but better than "Well, you see hon, aunt Jo's trying to get sons horny for their mom so she can stop other sons from being horny for their moms and we needed some guinea pigs, you understand, right?"

No one was surprised when they arrived back at the center to discover one of the vials missing and a used syringe in Jo's trash basket. All of them would have done the same thing if it were them, and they all knew it.

Taking the shot was the type of reckless crazy many in the medical field had indulged in to prove their research, and in the grand scheme of things, Jo's formula wasn't any type of health risk.

It was the second step that went from precedence and acceptable self-risk to the unethical risk of others. By Jo's theory just their body's reaction to the serum wouldn't be enough for proof of concept.

She felt there would need to be a catalyst needed to trigger a reaction in the subject. Subject, Jesus, this was her son she was going to involve in this, Robin thought with a twinge of the same doubt she'd had when Jo pitched her idea to them earlier.

Zack didn't have classes on Friday and worked as a barista at Starbucks from 8 until four and would be home in a half hour. With no idea how long the effect, if there was any, was going to last, Robin figured she'd have only a couple of hours to put it to the test.

By trying to sexually entice her son.

Chapter Two

Robin remained in front of the mirror wondering what she was supposed to do. Be overly affectionate? Deep throat a banana in front of him like a reject from a frat boy comedy? Maybe model lingerie for him. *“Hey honey, how’s my ass look in this thong? What about this bra? Mom’s got a pretty nice rack, don’t you think?”*

Those mocking thoughts brought back memories of her college days when her ass and exemplary breasts, coupled with her exotic features had led to her getting some work as a model, scraping up enough gigs to help cover books and expenses her scholarship didn’t.

Robin had landed work in respectable modeling; sales ads for retail stores where she posed in sundresses and cute shorts and tops. A couple of shoots for stylish business and evening wear.

But the money was in the more risqué work. Lingerie, ranging from baby doll style nighties where she was somewhat covered down to just thongs and panties where she was topless.

Some of the more tasteful shoots she had her back to the camera or was allowed a ‘hand bra’, but others, her breasts were bared to the camera. But those weren’t for fashion, they were for the adult industry.

Softcore ‘men’s magazines’ in which she’d start out in something sexy then stripped down to nothing. Her ass and tits were exposed, but they couldn’t show between her legs or ‘softcore’ would be hardcore and not legal in their market.

Damn she was hot, that thought inspired by increased wave of heat flowing through her entire body. She had no doubt the alcohol she’d consumed was enhancing the effects of the shot,

Had she planned on taking it she wouldn’t have had anything to drink, but hind sight was 20/20 and it was too late now. She needed to shed some clothing and try to cool down.

Robin reached back and unzipped her gray slacks, which were on the snug side, her untucked black blouse covering the way they hugged her ass at the office. She needed to work them down over her hips and turned the move into a sexy shimmy, working the slacks down while wiggling her hips and rear end.

In her mind she heard a deep booming voice she hadn’t thought of in years, Miles Hanlin, a photographer for a studio she’d done work for back when she was twenty.

“There you go, girl, show me the ass every guy wishes was his.”

Robin kicked her slacks away, and on a whim, did an impromptu spin, flipping up the back of her blouse to show off her...plain white panties. Granted they were French cut, but still kind of boring, and certainly not the sexy, or even playful, gift a man would expect upon unwrapping her.

Not that it mattered because it had been a long time since Tom had been interested in unwrapping her. Meanwhile Jo, who had no one, wore Victoria Secret under her otherwise unflattering clothing.

Jo frustrated her. Single, gorgeous and with a killer body she never showed off. She should be enjoying being single, meeting guys, having fun, and getting laid. Robin

would give anything to be in her place, to be able to get dressed up in hopes of getting dicked down.

Claire too, going out every week and fucking her boy of the week. Not that Robin wanted to be that wild...or did she? It had been so long that if she ever got up the nerve to walk away from her marriage she'd go full blown porn star on as many guys as she could, and with her looks there'd be no shortage of volunteers to give her what she needed.

Even Amanda had her envious. In a good marriage with a good looking husband who was still into her any chance he could be, and as an added bonus, they shared young women from time to time.

Robin thought of the video Amanda had sent her by mistake. She should have shut it off right away, but instead watched for a few minutes before forcing herself to shut it off.

Andre, who was hung like a bull, fucking a young girl who barely looked eighteen doggy style; the girl squealing as he pounded her with his huge dick. Those high pitched squeals going into Amanda's cunt as she gripped the girl's hair, holding her face between her thighs.

Claire was banging boys her son's age, and Amanda making homemade threesome porn and here she was jilling off to the point it barely did anything for her anymore. Goddamn Jo could be doing any or all of it, and just stayed home on the weekends hanging around with her son.

Maybe that's why she was obsessed with sons wanting their mothers. Jo was living the exact scenario she'd described in all of her GSA cases involved in her studies. Maybe Jo wanted Alex and was trying to create a mommy love potion.

Alex was a good looking kid with the body of a pro athlete. Maybe Jo was already fucking him and all this was to just prove to herself she wasn't sick and other women would do it to. Boring dud Jo spending the weekend sucking her boy's cock, and him fucking her senseless.

An image flashed through her mind of Jo riding Alex. Her eyes wide, mouth open, whipping her head back, that long curly red hair flying back and her tits bouncing until Alex grabbed them, fondling mommy's tits while she bucked wildly on him.

He'd be moaning and whimpering because Jo had been at him all night, fucking him, fluffing him hard again then taking him again and again, draining every....

"What the fuck?" Robin whispered shaking her head vigorously in a physical act to clear her mind.

Where had that come from? All the creepy mother son talk from earlier would be the answer, but to envision her longtime best friend with a boy Robin saw as her unofficial nephew?

Not just see it, but with a vividness that was uncanny down to seeing the sweat glistening on their bodies. Worse than the vision was her reaction. The heat throughout her body had not only increased but she was especially warm between her thighs.

And it was a wet heat.

"Shake it off," she told herself aloud to give the suggestion more power. "Too much mommy porn talk, three martinis, and injected with a damn sex cocktail." She sighed and added. "And no sex with anything but a toy in over two years."

She nodded at her own diagnosis. Two years of sexual frustration with everything else she'd just named was a perfect storm that could send her mind and body into a type of lust induced haze.

But her best friend banging her son?

Robin pushed it from her mind but planned to write it down later to document it as a side effect of the shot, she'd just leave it at "vivid sexual fantasies" and leave out about who and what.

She unbuttoned her blouse and let it fall open, exposing the white tank top she wore beneath it. The shirt was form fitting and didn't quite make it to her waist, showing off several inches of her stomach which was as flat and tight as it had been in her modeling and pre child birth days.

Although she'd bounced back quite well naturally, not long after Zack was born Robin had begun hitting the gym and had been going ever since, and these days working out more often and harder than ever.

Because she needed a release, and masturbation was no longer enough to ease her physical frustration let alone the emotional aspects of being trapped in a loveless and empty shell of a marriage.

Robin slipped the blouse off, letting it fall to the floor then tugged the scrunchie she'd from her hair which she'd pulled into a pony tail. She shook it out, enjoying the way her long raven black hair felt hitting her upper arms and backs of her shoulders.

She eyed her reflection in the mirror, thinking as she often had of late that she had nothing to be ashamed of. Her coffee and cream complexion, a product of her mother's Latino heritage mixed with her fair skinned Irish father was smooth and clear, devoid of wrinkles and lines.

Her piercing green eyes, courtesy of her father who had passed away of a sudden heart attack five years ago were an unusual feature in combination with her complexion to where many thought she wore contacts.

Robin's perfect cheek bones and sensually shaped lips and mouth were the finishing touches on a face that still displayed the exotic beauty that had earned her a place in front of the camera.

The neck down could still earn her that place now as much as it had back then, except she was sure men found it more impressive to look this way in her forties than back at twenty.

5'10" when barefoot, Robin had the long legs and slender build of a runway model with just enough curve to her hips and ass to give her a good shape despite being on the thinner side, and her legs were well shaped, her thighs still as tight as her ass and stomach.

The one feature that was out of place on her were her breasts. Described by Miles as "epic" they were truly awe inspiring back in her prime, and even now were still holding up damn well, with minimal sagging, and only slightly less firm.

Robin didn't feel it was arrogant to say she had anything a man would want in both her looks and her body. She was also a well-educated professional career woman who earned an impressive income, but still grounded and with a laid back fun personality.

Any man would be happy to have her...except as of the last three years her husband. No, enough of that, Robin chastised herself. The rest of the night was about playing her role as mommy seductress, but again, how?

She'd followed Jo's notes while she'd spoken to them and she'd read the part about all the mother's having an incident with their son that somehow fanned the forbidden flames of their desire.

Jo took it further, citing most mother's had some type of event happen between them and their son just due to living together that reminded them, on some level, that there mother was also a woman.

In her case it had been when Zack was in high school and still no girlfriend. After she discovered it was a matter of extreme shyness and at this point no experience with even kissing that had him afraid to approach anyone.

Robin had talked him into kissing her for practice, something she'd found out her aunt had once done with her cousin who had been in the same situation. She knew it wasn't exactly proper and embarrassing to Zack who used the word pathetic more than once.

But she wanted to help him, and explained it was a mother's job to help her son any way she could. Tom was a bit too much of a man's man who was beginning to worry his son's lack of a girlfriend could be a sign he was gay, something that Robin would have never cared about but her husband would have seen as a blow to his precious male ego.

If he got involved he'd just tell Zack to stop being a sissy and go find a girl, so it was up to her to do what she could. Zack caved and the first attempts so bad she had to agree a girl who knew how to kiss would make fun of him or just walk away. But the last couple of times he was better.

Better, and much bolder, kissing her harder and even sliding a hand up through her hair. Robin had let him do it, just as she'd let the kiss grow longer and more inappropriate in order to help him.

And because she enjoyed him touching her. The way his lips trembled against hers, the little sounds he made in this throat when he relaxed and began to enjoy it. His hand sliding through her hair, and his other on her shoulder, his fingers as shaky as his lips initially were.

Robin once again had to exert her will to turn from the path her mind was traveling down. This time it was even worse because it was her son she'd been thinking about. The kiss did not get that passionate...or had it?

Even if it did, she didn't enjoy it other than in the sense she was helping him, and the thought of him kissing her certainly wasn't why the heat between her legs was now joined by an alarming tingle.

She touched her nipples which were not just erect but aching as if she'd been aroused longer than she had been. No, she told herself, she had not been aroused thinking of kissing her son.

Not then and not now! Although she could admit to the fact it was the closest she'd had to any attention for a long time and probably did get more out of it than she should have, but not sexually, it was just nice to have some physical contact.

Zack felt like a loser because he had no experience with girls. Robin was 42 at the time, a beautiful woman, a married woman, who got a sad thrill out of her son touching her in a strictly, this is how you do it, sense.

A soft whimper startled her out of her thoughts, the sound caused by her fingers barely in contact with her nipples and through both the shirt and the bra.

Great, she was already sexually frustrated and now succumbing to the influence of drugs whose purpose was to increase sexual arousal. Robin's breathing grew heavier as she pinched her nipples through her clothes.

Her hands went behind her and under the tank top. She unclasped her bra and working the straps down her arms, pulled it out of the right side of her top. She held it up, staring at the plain white bra with a look of disgust.

She was an attractive woman in her prime, not a boring old lady. She should be wearing sexy playful things not this crap more suited to a goddamn nun in a convent. Robin flipped the bra away, and once again stared into the mirror.

The dark shadow of her caramel shaded areola shown through the thin white material and her large hard nipples poked through. Unleashed from the expensive and more functional than flattering bra, the size of her breasts was on full display.

Robin cupped them through the shirt, fondling them, her palms grazing her sensitive nipples. God, she was beyond horny at this point. Her clit throbbed and her neglected cunt ached with need.

She began to turn, planning to get out the vibe and trying to settle herself down before Zack got home. Hey, that was it, she could let him catch her jilling off, then ask him if he wanted to learn how to kiss her even more intimately.

A shudder went through her along with twinge of disgust that she would have that thought at all even if she were mocking Jo's experiment. Robin didn't like her current turn of mind, especially not where Zack was concerned.

She caught a glimpse of the view of herself from behind. She took in her ass in the tight panties and the toned backs of her long supple legs and thighs. Robin experienced another flashback to her days in front of the camera.

She'd done a shoot in this exact type of outfit except it had been black. Acting as what she really was at the time, a coed who was ready to climb into bed in her 'jammies'. The shoot was one of a small handful that had almost gotten her expelled. As close as they were, there were things she had never told Jo, Claire and Amanda.

She'd confided in Tom and often wished she hadn't now that she was no longer certain of their future. The story she'd told back then to explain why she'd been put on probation, was the East Coast magazine shoot had landed her in hot water.

But there were other shoots that nude layout had opened the door for. One of the photographers had offered her much higher paying work and she took him up on it. She told herself back then it was because she needed the money, but there was more to it than that.

The camera turned her on.

The lingerie shoots, the topless and eventually fully nude spreads had her wet on the set. The idea of men staring at her body, getting hard for her, jerking off to the thought of fucking her.

She loved the idea of older men lusting after her nubile young body, her long legs, tight ass and those amazing tits. Thinking about her being on her knees for them, their cock between her full lips, her emerald eyes, cat's eyes, Miles called them, staring up at them.

Taking her in every position, making the pretty young thing squeal, showing them how a man, not a college boy, took a woman. The session her current appearance

reminded her of had her so hot she'd owned the shoot in a way that led to offers for more, and even better paying, work.

Robin once again faced the mirror, her hands straying back to her breasts. She ran her hands over them, moaning as she grazed her brown nipples. She caressed her flat stomach, then opened her legs wider, sliding her palms over her inner thighs.

On the way back up, her right hand moved between her legs, stroking her throbbing cunt through her panties. Her body jerked as if she'd been shocked and she was amazed to feel her panties weren't just moist but soaked through.

Christ, she wasn't wet, she was gushing.

"That's it, girl," A male voice sounded in her mind, one she hadn't heard since college, but somehow perfectly recalled. *"Keep teasing, touch yourself the way everyone seeing this will want to touch you."*

She rubbed her clit, whimpering, then easing her hand over her mound and back to her stomach, slipped her hand into her panties. Her fingers glided through her warm well lubricated lips, probing her sweet spot, before easing just the tip of her finger inside.

"Fuck," she whispered, her eyes, wide and bright with desire, stared back at her from the mirror and she ran her tongue over her parted lips. As the voice of sins past spoke in her mind. *"Lick those lips, make them think about what you want in that pretty mouth,"*

"Now give me a little titty tease."

Robin lifted the bottom of her shirt, exposing the lower portion of her right breast, and released a naughty giggle, the kind more suited to the age she was recalling than to a woman in her forties.

She put her finger to her lips and ran her tongue over it before slowly sucking on it. Her finger probed deeper and her legs trembled. Her clit and nipples felt as if they were going to explode.

She swore she'd never been this aroused or needed to come so badly. Robin slid her finger back through her lips and sucked on her lower lip, groaning as she used her long French manicured nail to tease a slow circle around her clit.

Robin removed her hand from her panties, trying to get a grip on herself. Her heart pounded and her breathing now so heavy she had to do it through her mouth. As crazed as she was somewhere in the back of her mind, one trained to be calm cool and analytical, she knew this wasn't natural. It wasn't just her body reacting this way, but her mind felt as feverish as her red sweaty face looked.

But that thought was swept away by unbridled lust as she let her mind go back to the shoot that seemed so vivid in her mind it could have happened yesterday and not twenty four years ago.

Another brief thought surfaced, how was she recalling this so clearly? Why was she thinking about something she hadn't thought of, or wanted to, in years? Why was something she realized as she grew older she should be ashamed of, now exciting her?

Why ask why?

Not like her mind hadn't been trying to find new forms of inspiration over her years long stretch of masturbation being her sex life. Fully caught up in replaying her dirty little secret, Robin crossed her arms, gripped the bottom of her shirt and tugged it upwards.

She watched herself in the mirror as the shirt rose high enough to expose the curve of her lower breasts. She smiled as she imagined men watching her do it, licking their lips in anticipation of seeing her big beautiful...

“Hey Mom,” Zack’s voice sounded from the doorway. “I’m...whoa!”

Chapter Three

Robin quickly spun on her heel, putting her back to the door as she tugged the top back down.

“Don’t you knock?” The tone in her voice was more about her being embarrassed than being angry at her son.

“Um, the door was open, I was peeking in to tell you I was here.”

She’d left the bedroom door open? She always closed it behind her because she was rarely in the bedroom other than to change or sleep. But now that she thought back, maybe she hadn’t.

She’d gotten Tom’s text just as she’d been heading into the room, maybe it rattled her, making her forget about the door. Or, maybe she wanted her son to catch her partially undressed.

After all, wasn’t that tonight’s assignment? To show off her sexy mature body to her young son? Show him that although she was his mother, she was also a woman. One with needs.

“No,” she replied softly to another of those off thoughts that didn’t seem as if they were coming from her.

“Yeah, it was open,” Zack responded.

“You’re right,” she nodded, still with her back to him so he wouldn’t notice her braless breasts, the ones he’d been a second away from seeing. The ones she should be letting him see, the ones she bet he wanted to see, and most likely thought of when they were kissing.

But by keeping her back to him that meant he was getting a look at her ass in the panties. Assuming he was looking, which he shouldn’t be. Robin looked into the mirror and saw Zack in the doorway, but he’d turned to the side so he was facing the open door, and not looking at her.

The proper thing to do. So why did she feel a pang of disappointment that he wasn’t looking at her? She had a nice ass, why wasn’t he looking at it? Or her legs for that matter?

Because he wasn’t supposed to be. Fucking Jo had her thinking like she was in one of those absurd mother son porn videos. Robin put a hand to her temple which was pulsing in the same rhythm as her clit.

“Anyway,” Zack said. “I’m home!” he laughed. “I’m going to take a shower then hit the books for a while.”

Robin nodded, but then spoke up before he moved away.

“No, come on in, let’s talk.”

She’d taken the stupid shot to help Jo prove her theory, or more accurately, prove there was nothing to it. Right now, she was in her underwear, but it’s not like Zack hadn’t seen her in a two piece bathing suit in the past.

Course her suits weren’t flimsy white material that showed her nipples through it, but if she, and the others, were right, he wouldn’t be looking, and that would be the end of this madness.

A feeling of relief washed over her as that thought was rational and sounded more like herself and less like some reject from one of those incest movies Amanda had been talking about.

"You sure, I mean you're not really dressed." One point against Jo on that statement, Robin thought as she turned to face him.

"You've seen me in a bathing suit," she repeated her own logic to him. Let's get this over with quick, she thought because now that her mind had returned to normal she should be ashamed of herself for letting him see her like this.

"I guess," Zack stepped into the room, and she watched his eyes drop to her chest, then quickly turn his head so he wasn't directly looking at her. Reality two, Jo zero. "So, what's up?"

Not you and that's all that counts, she thought, but gave a deliberate shrug knowing it would make her braless tits jiggle, but his eyes remained fixed somewhere over her shoulder.

"What are you up to tonight?"

"Not much. Like I said I want to get a jump on a project I have due next week, and after that, I don't know," he gave an identical shrug. "Maybe try and finish The Last of Us."

"That's a new show, right?"

"Well yeah, but I'm playing the game they based it off of."

"Zack, its Friday night, why are you staying home playing stupid video games?"

She folded her arms across her chest which served to prop her heavy breasts up even more. She hoped to hell Jo was going to appreciate her doing this for her.

"It's a cool game, it has a great storyline, and..."

"We talked about this," she reminded him. "You're a good looking nineteen year old boy. Friday nights should be spent out with your friends, or even better a girlfriend. You're not meeting a nice girl hiding in your room."

"Yeah, I know," he sighed.

"You say that all the time and every week it's the same thing. You broke it off with Mindy, what, three months ago? Why aren't you seeing anyone, or trying to?"

"Because I just...I still have a hard time talking to girls. I told you that." He grunted. "Told Dad too because he's always asking why I'm not," he made a face. "Getting laid."

"Because that's all your dad and his frat buddies cared about. I don't want you to be that kind of kid, but there's a case to be made you should be enjoying yourself more."

"I didn't know I had a quota to fill," he muttered. "Why are you guys always riding me about this?"

"Because of what I just said. Funs not a bad thing, honey. You need to be out and around people, bonus fun for them being female." Robin explained. "We just want you to enjoy the years that looking back you'll see as some of the best of your life. Before graduation and work and real life, know what I mean?"

"I guess," he had that look on his face she'd come to learn meant he wanted to say something but wasn't sure if he should.

"What's on your mind?" she prodded. "I see something's there."

"Is dad coming home tonight?"

"Why?"

The same look, and she answered slowly to keep her voice even.

“No, he’s stuck there because of an emergency.”

“Happens a lot.”

“It’s the job, and we knew it would happen more working a state away. He’s too tired to drive sometimes.”

“Seems like he’s tired a lot lately.” Zack pointed out.

“Like I said, it’s the job.”

“You okay, mom?” he took a step closer, his eyes, the same shade of emerald as hers, narrowed. “Wow, you look hot.”

“I do?” Jo may have just gotten on the scoreboard.

“Yeah, you’re all sweaty. Feeling okay? I heard there’s something going around.”

“I feel okay, just running hot I guess.” She raised a finger to him. “No changing the subject, why don’t you find someone to hang out with tonight?”

“I thought the last topic was Dad not coming home.”

“I answered you twice, now drop it.” She spoke more harshly than she wanted to and felt bad when Zack looked away.

In the awkward silence that followed, Robin once again wondered why this kid had issues with young women. At 6’3” Zack was two inches taller than his father and had a pair of wide shoulders he hadn’t quite grown into yet.

He was in good shape from the gym and playing Soccer since he was ten but wasn’t the big jock type. Not big, but everything where it should be and stronger than he looked.

His hands were large enough to easily palm a basketball and he’d played two years in High School before hurting his knee and deciding not to go back to it because the injury cost him half that soccer season.

Still in his Starbuck’s outfit which consisted of a white button down shirt and black Dockers he looked damn good, his complexion, the same as hers, a nice contrast to the white of the shit.

The neck up, he looked more like Tom with rugged features and a strong jaw. He also had Tom’s dirty blonde hair which he combed up in a wave while keeping the sides trimmed shorter.

He was a good combination of the two of them, and as Claire always joked with parents as pretty as his there was no way Zack was going to be anything but gorgeous. Aside from her eyes, the one facial feature he’d inherited from her was his mouth.

Zack’s lips were fuller and more well defined than most men’s which is what always made her think he could model if he wanted to. The day she’d let him kiss her she’d remarked to him that there was no way anyone with lips like his could be a bad kisser.

And he’d proved that in the last attempt with her, their soft lips pressing more firmly together before parting, their mouths working over the others. She’d leaned into him, her breasts pressing against his chest, and that’s why she wanted him to see them now, to remember how badly he’d wanted to touch them then.

Robin had playfully flicked her tongue across his upper lip, and a small sound of surprised pleasure escaped him.

No, she hadn’t used her tongue. Yet she could see it clearly in her mind, then again, she’d also just seen Jo screwing her son just as clearly. She became aware of her nipples once again stiffening and the heat which had dissipated when Zack startled her

once again rekindling. Her eyes left his face, taking in the soft matting of dark hair visible on his chest where he had the top two buttons undone.

Robin had always loved men with hairy chests. Hands too, large strong hands were another thing she enjoyed. Her eyes dropped even lower focusing on the prominent lump in his pants.

They were a little on the tight side, but not that much. In order for her to notice the bulge he must be as perfect down there as everywhere else. Tom was pretty well hung, and Robin wondered if just like his height and size of his hands, if Zack didn't have his old man beat where it really counted.

Wait, was she thinking about the size of her son's cock? Even better than his size was his age. Nineteen, the kid could probably get hard on demand and keep doing so all night long.

God it had been so long since she'd had anything hard that wasn't made of plastic between her legs. Her mouth watered just at the thought of a long thick hard, and sinfully young cock in it.

"Mom?"

"Huh?" she raised her eyes to his and saw another look of concern in them.

"I said I was sorry and you didn't answer. Sure you're feeling okay?"

"Trust me, honey, your Mama feels just fine, at least that's what the boys used to say."

"Boys?" Zack looked confused. "What are you talking about?"

"I wasn't always a middle aged married woman, you know. Unlike you I had my share of fun at your age."

"O...kay," he whistled. "I forgot what day it was. You had a little too much at lunch didn't you?"

"I am not drunk, thank you. Or even buzzed for that matter." Robin replied indignantly. Now horny as fuck? That was still very much the case.

"How many martinis?" Zack grinned and stepping up to her leaned over and made a show of sniffing.

"Stop that," she playfully swatted him in the arm. "I don't smell like booze."

"No," Zack smiled, but it quickly faded. He cocked his head and leaned even closer this time, his face close to her neck.

"What are you doing?" He was so close she could feel his breath on her neck as he snuffled like a bloodhound.

"You're wearing Coco Chanel," he sniffed once more, this time a long slow breath, as if he were savoring the scent. He leaned back and gave her an odd smile. "I love that smell."

"No," she shook her head. "I'm wearing Black Opium."

"Let's get back to you drinking," Zack told her. "It's Coco Chanel. I'll never forget how it smells."

With a frown, Robin lifted her arm and sniffed her wrist even though she knew she was right. Sure enough it was Black Opium.

"Know why I'll never forget it?" Zack asked, and her frown increased when she noticed his eyes were much wider and appeared glossed over.

His cheeks were reddening, and his voice sounded distant, as though he were somewhere else as he spoke.

“Why?” she asked.

“Because it’s what you wore when we kissed.”

“If you say so, but I’m not wearing it now.”

“I do say so,” he put his hands on her shoulders. “Best day of my life.”

“You need money or something?” Robin joked, but her focus was on her son’s hand on her right shoulder. That big strong hand on her nice soft skin.

“I only need one thing,” he whispered, lowering his head. “Another kiss.”

At the last second, she realized he was going in for a kiss on her lips, and she turned her head, his mouth grazing her cheek.

“Zack,” she took a step back. “What are you doing?”

“Kissing the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen,” he ran his hands down her upper arms, sending a shiver through her. “You keep asking me why I don’t last long with girls and don’t even bother much anymore.”

“What about it?” There was a tremor in her voice caused by the increased heat between her legs, and her nipples hard and making their presence known through the shirt.

The shot, it still had her body in over drive, any thought of touch arousing her to an unnatural level. That’s what it was, it had to be because she knew damn well she wasn’t responding to her son.

“It’s hard to settle for a girl my age when your fist kiss was from a real woman.” His hand moved from her arms to her face, cradling her cheeks in his palms. “Never mind who she is.”

“I...I’m your mother,” she whispered, gripping his forearms, but instead of pushing his hands down like she planned, she squeezed them, admiring the hard muscles beneath his skin. “You were embarrassed to do it.”

“You are my mom,” his face lowered to hers and his hands tightened on her cheeks preventing her from turning her head. “That’s why it was hot, my mother doing anything for me, even things she shouldn’t.”

“A good mom always does,” Jesus, what was that? Something was wrong and this was no time to sound like she was playing into whatever the hell was in his head. That thought was followed by a far more jarring one.

The serum worked!

“The best moms do,” his face was now inches from hers, his lips, those soft sensual lips, already parted and closing in on hers. “But it was more than being kissed by my mom.”

She felt his breath on her mouth, and the voice of reason demanded she push him away. But she not only remained where she was, but cocked her head slightly, her own lips parting, and this time she would show him how to French, make him an even better kisser and...

“How many boys can say they were kissed by a porn star?”

“What?” That comment cut through her lust induced haze, and she pushed his hands away and took a step back. “What are you talking about?”

“Don’t lie, Mom,” Zack didn’t seem put off by her reaction. “I’ve seen them. You were my age, but I recognized you.”

“No,” she shook her head. “You...whoever that was, it wasn’t me.”

“So dad has old porn vids on his computer from someone else who looks just like you?”

Robin felt a twist in her stomach. One night after they'd been dating for a few months they'd gone out and she'd drunk too much and when they were back home fooling around, he commented on how wild she was and she joked about being a porn star.

Then out of drunken stupidity confessed her dirtiest secret to him. She knew he'd looked the movies up because one night a month later he put it in the DVD player. Now sober, Robin had been humiliated, but Tom said the past was the past, but damn she was hot and it didn't bother him at all.

She had no idea he still had...how many did he have? She'd done four before someone anonymously reported to the Dean's office they saw her in one. She could have been expelled, but they gave her a break and now her son had seen them.

“I...needed the money,” she whispered.

“Probably, but either you were a really good actress or you loved your work.”

“Don't talk like that, I'm your mother.”

“I know, my mother the model,” he snapped his fingers. “By the way, Dad has a copy of that magazine you were in back in the day, damn you looked so good!”

Fucking Tom! Fucking Zack for snooping around, and back to Tom for being an idiot and having that stuff around where their son could find it.

“My mother the porn star,” Zack continued. My mother that so many of my friends told me they'd love to fuck. My mother that was my first kiss,” he sighed. “And I think about that day all the time.”

“You don't,” she took a step back as he took one towards her. “This isn't right, Zack, you...you need to go to your room.”

“I'd rather stay in yours,” his smile turned sly. “Your beds a lot bigger, and know what?”

“I don't want to know,” she put her hands up. “Please go.”

“I want to have you in your bed because it would be a bigger fuck you to dad that way.”

“Zack! Don't talk about your father like that, and nothing is happening in anyone's bed.”

“Nothing's happened to yours in way too long,” he stopped directly in front of her, her breasts almost touching his chest.

Her heart raced and she found herself disturbingly excited at the way he loomed over her. His height, size, and strength, he could simply take her if he wanted to. Grab her, throw her on the bed, rip her clothes off, and have his way with her.

Pinning her arms over her head, fucking her as she begged him to stop. No, as she begged him not to stop to give her what she so badly needed.

“I'm not stupid, Mom,” Zack's voice softened, and raising his hands he gently placed them over hers. “You two are just here for me, or the house, or money,” he looked at her sadly. “You deserve to be treated so much better.”

“You're...” she hesitated and felt confused, she knew what she wanted to say, to deny what was in fact the truth, but the words wouldn't come out. Instead, she replied.

“Right, dad and I...” another odd pause. “He hasn't touched me in a long time.”

Why did she say that? Because it was the damn truth was why.

“But I bet he’s touched other women,” Zack had no anger in his voice, to the contrary he sounded as hurt as she felt. “You’re a good woman, Mom. You put up with it for me because you’d do anything for me, wouldn’t you?”

“You’re my baby,” her lips curled into a smile. “I’ll do anything for you.”

No, she wouldn’t, she couldn’t! Get him out of the room, lock the door, call Jo and the others and warn them! Her mind felt as fevered as her body, waffling from common sense and right and wrong, to wanting to commit that wrong.

“I want to do everything for you,” Zack squeezed her hands. “All the things Dad doesn’t do anymore.”

“No!” Robin pulled her hands from his and turned around to get some distance between them.

She released a sharp yip when her hip banged into her dresser and she was face to face with her reflection. She’d been so distracted by Zack’s behavior and her conflicted responses to it, she’d backed herself into a damn corner.

“See?” Zack was right behind her, smiling over her shoulder. “Still trying to be a good mom and do the right thing and say no.”

“We...can’t.” her voice came out in a barely audible whisper. “You need to stop, Zack. This isn’t right.”

“Lot of things aren’t right, but they happen anyway.” Zack slid his arms around her waist. “It’s not right you’re alone at night and Dad’s fucking other women.”

“He’s...” she met his gaze in the mirror and despite her desire to refute what he’d just said to keep up the ruse of their marriage being fine, she breathed. “Cheating on me.”

“I Know,” his arms tightened around her and he pulled her back into him. “But you stay alone, don’t you?”

“I do,” Robin not only didn’t resist him, but rested her hands on his forearms.

“Because you’re a good woman, and a good mom. You put up with his shit just for me, so I won’t lose my family.”

“I do it for you, but for me too,” she confessed. “I’m so lonely, honey, but I don’t know if I’d meet anyone else.”

“Are you crazy?” he rested his chin on her shoulder speaking to her in the mirror. “Look at you, mom. So beautiful, so sexy, and I saw the things you did in those movies. Any man in his right mind would want you.”

“You think?”

“I know, but they won’t get the chance,” Zack declared.

“Because I won’t leave,” she told him.

“You don’t have to,” he turned his head and kissed her cheek.

It wasn’t the quick peck a son would give his mother, but that of a lover, his lips lingering on her soft flesh.

“Know why?” His lips slid across her cheek until they were at her ear. “Same reason no man will ever have a chance with you. Because you’re going to be mine.”

“Yours?” she repeated in a breathy tone. God it felt good to be in his arms.

The way he held her, the way he kissed her, and the way they looked together in the mirror. They made such a beautiful couple, and she had made him. Made him the man he was, taught him how to kiss a woman, how to treat a girl.

All that was left was to teach him to be a lover. No, not a lover, *her lover*.

“Mine,” he kissed her just behind her ear sending a shudder through her and not just from the kiss, but the way he’d said that one word.

“All mine. Let Dad screw around with those sluts, let him stay in Boston as much as he wants because from now on, I’ll be giving you everything you need.”

“Everything I need?” she moved her hips, grinding her ass into his crotch and a moan escaped her when she felt how hard he was for her.

“I’ll treat you the way you deserve and in every way,” he nuzzled into her neck, using his face to move her hair and when his lips grazed her neck, her fingers dug into his arms and she worked her ass harder into him.

“I’ll hold you, and kiss you, and love you,” he spoke into her neck and her breath caught when he eased his arms back and placed his hands flat on her bare stomach. “You’ll never be lonely again, Mom, not with me here.”

“I like that, baby,” she turned her head. “Give mama a kiss.”

Zack’s lips found hers and her aching cunt gushed when his hands slid up under the tank top and cupped her breasts. Robin moaned into her son’s mouth as his tongue boldly slipped into hers.

Why had she hesitated? Why had she thought this could be wrong? How could anything that felt so right and so natural be considered a taboo? Those women Jo had discussed were wrong.

Their sons wanted to be the man in their lives, to be everything to the woman who had always been everything to them. Like them, her boy wanted to be the man of the house, the man in her life.

The man in her bed.

Robin reached up and back, putting her arm around Zack’s neck, her hand on the back of his head. She held his face to hers, her fingers sliding through his hair as their tongues waged war between their parted lips.

Zack’s hips were now rocking, pushing his erection into her ass while he fondled her breasts. Robin whimpered and moaned as for the first time in over two years hands other than her own were on her body.

He held her breasts in his hands, his fingers grazing her throbbing nipples while Robin squirmed against him, her free hand under her shirt and over his left hand, pressing it more firmly into her breast.

Zack’s lips fell away from hers and her brief groan of disappointment shifted into a moan of pleasure as he fastened them to her neck. Robin let her head fall back against his shoulder as her son kissed and gently sucked on her tender flesh.

She watched in the mirror, transfixed by the sight of her son suckling on her neck, his hands under her shirt.

“That feels sooo good,” she purred as he trailed his tongue down her neck to kiss the top of her shoulder. “It’s been a long time.”

“You’ll never say that again.” His eyes turned upward to stare at her as he peppered her shoulder with short sweet kisses. “I’ve wanted you since the day I saw those movies.”

“Yeah? Mommy being a bad girl made you want her to be your bad girl?”

“It was before you kissed me, and all I could think of when we were doing it was you...” his lips went to her ear. “Teaching me how to eat your pussy, then how to fuck you.”

“You’re going to be doing both, baby,” she giggled. “Better late than never.”

“The girls I’ve been with were just practice,” he squeezed her nipples between his fingers, making her whine impatiently as she writhed against him, urging him to take what he wanted, and she so badly needed.

“I knew this would happen after you let me kiss you.”

Robin didn’t respond other than to raise her arms over her head. Zack, a boy so shy he was afraid to kiss a girl two years ago didn’t hesitate to grab his mother’s top and strip it off her.

She smiled at the way his eyes lit up at the sight of her exposed breasts. Robin cupped them, lifting them up and offering them to him in the mirror.

“You like them, baby?”

“They’re even better in person,” he licked his lips in the mirror as his fingers fumbled with his buttons. “They looked good in that magazine and the way those guys in the movies sucked on them.”

“Made you want to suck on them, didn’t it?” she tugged on her nipples, using them to hold the weight of her breasts, the discomfort only serving to her rev her desire even more.

“Made me want to do everything they did to you,” Zack shrugged his shirt off and a surge of excitement went through her when she felt his hands slip between them and heard his zipper come down.

Robin tried to turn around, planning to drop to her knees and pulling out his cock. Her mouth watered at the idea of having her son inside it, taking him deep down her throat, making him moan and watching him watch his mother suck his cock.

She gasped when Zack caught her shoulders and turned her back to the mirror. He put one hand in the middle of her back pushing her over the dresser. Robin put her hands out, bracing them on the mirror.

“Oh!” she cried out when he grabbed her panties and yanked them to the side so violently she felt them tear.

She felt his now bare cock slid down the right cheek of her ass, his hot hard flesh leaving a sticky trail in its wake. Robin moaned when she felt his swollen head pressing between her thighs, then squealed when he entered her in one hard thrust.

“Oh my god!” she yelped as his long thick cock, plowed into her long neglected cunt.

As wet as she was, his cock forced her to stretch around him, and his ensuing thrusts were a mix of pain laced pleasure. Robin opened her legs wider, making it easier for him to thrust up into her.

In his excitement Zack’s hand pushed harder into her back and she was now only a few inches from her mirror. His free hand went around her, grabbing her left breast, squeezing it as he fucked her.

“Oh, oh, oh fuck!” she yelped as he plundered her from behind.

He wasn’t being gentle with her, his cock pounding into her hard enough to cause her thighs to bang into the dresser each time he buried himself inside her. Each thrust was accompanied by his balls slapping against her and an animal like grunt from Zack.

The sound was as primal as the way he was taking her, and despite her awkward position, Robin felt her pussy gushing, sending her sticky juices flowing down the inside of her upper thighs.

“Yes, yes, yes!” she moaned as his initially jerky thrusts settled into a hard fast rhythm. “Fuck me, baby, give mommy what she needs!”

She stared into her own gaze in the mirror, her eyes wide, face flushed and sweating and her mouth open in a wide O as her son fucked her over the dresser like she was some slut he’d picked up somewhere in a bar.

Over her shoulder, Zack’s expression was one of pure lust, his eyes bright and as wide as hers except there was an element of surprise in them, as if he couldn’t believe he was fucking her.

“Harder!” she hissed and pushing against the mirror, thrust her ass back into his pistoning cock. “Show me how bad you wanted me.”

Zack’s hand left her breast, and dropped down to the back of her thigh. Robin moaned when grabbed the already ripped side of her panties and literally tore them off, throwing them across the room.

He hooked his hand under her leg and lifted it over the dresser, she stretched her leg along the length of it, her ankle hooking the edge. Her squeals went up an octave as he was now able to penetrate her even deeper, and turning her head, she rested her hot cheek against the cool glass.

Zack’s hand went into her hair, curling it around his fist as he pounded into her with a frenzied energy and a force that bordered on violent. God, had she ever been fucked this hard? Not even during her very brief porn career had she been used this roughly. Then again, she’d never been fucked by her son before.

“Look at you, giving me what I need,” she breathed. “Making me yours.”

“You are mine,” he managed to get out between his ragged breaths and guttural sounds of pleasure. “Not his,” he gave her an even more forceful thrust, “Mine!”

“I’m not daddy’s anymore?” she egged him, and herself on, “I’m your woman now?”

“You’re my everything,” he enforced his words with another powerful thrust had her cunt flooding and her breasts bouncing hard into the mirror. “Going to take good care of you, make you never want him again.”

“But you’ll always want me, won’t you? Want me like all those men wanted me back then.”

“No one ever wanted you like I do,” his hand slid along her outer thigh and over her stomach.

“But you liked other men did, didn’t you? Seeing those movies, that magazine, knowing men jerked off to your mother. Watching me be a slut and wishing I was their slut.”

“My...” he hesitated and for the first time he seemed to waver.

“Say it!” she pushed her ass back into his cock as he paused. “Your slut! Your slut mommy, your private milf porn star! Doing all those nasty things those men wanted to do to me!”

He remained still, moaning as Robin now fucked him, rocking back and forth, sliding his most of his length from inside her and driving back into him.

“I want to love you too,” he said, his tone much softer than before.

“You’ll love me and you’ll fuck me, and from now on when your father’s out dicking some whore, you’ll be in his bed fucking his wife! Making her come the way he never could!”

“Yes!” her words sent his hips back into motion, and his hand as well.

“Oh, honey!” she squealed as his fingers went between her thighs, two of them finding her pulsing clit and working it roughly side to side.

Robin’s eyes rolled back as her body jerked just from his initial contact. It had been so long since she’d been touched with anything other than plastic and her own fingers. Zack resumed his ferocious fucking as he manipulated her clit with an equally manic enthusiasm.

The mirror frame banged against the wall as he tore into her with renewed vigor, the force of his relentless pounding making her cunt ache, but god it was a good pain! As good as his cock felt stuffing her needy pussy, her focus was more on his fingers and the tingling building deep inside her.

He’d barely been playing with her for more than a minute, but her legs were already trembling, and her back arching against his hand which was still wrapped in her hair. Robin’s yelps had devolved into a high pitched whine with non coherent attempts at words as her son worked her cunt over with both his cock and fingers.

“Oh fuck!” she howled as her rapidly building orgasm reached its crescendo and sent electric waves of pleasure jolting through her body.

She bucked wildly between him and the dresser, her right knee threatening to buckle as her left straightened, her foot kicking in the air as the strongest climax she could remember crashed through her.

Zack slowed his thrusts as her cunt convulsed around him, clutching at his hard and seemingly inexhaustible flesh.

“Coming,” she whimpered. “Coming on my babies cock! Coming so hard for you!”

The last word turned into a long loud squeal as her cunt clenched, then released sending a flood of hot sticky juices spurting out from around his cock. Her body slumped forward, over the dresser as she struggled to catch her breath.

She gasped in surprise when Zack stepped back, his cock sliding from inside her. Robin dropped her leg from the dress and stood, which was a mistake. Weak from her orgasm, the awkward position, and the way her son had been battering her prone body, she stumbled backwards.

Directly into Zack, who smoothly swept his arm under her legs, and the other around her shoulders, easily lifting her off her feet. He took several shuffling steps towards the bed, lying her down it.

He bent over, pulling his shoes, socks and pants off, and by the time he straightened, Robin had pushed herself to sit up, and swing her legs off the bed. Now on the edge of it,

Before he could react, she grabbed his cock, opened wide and took his impressive length down her throat in one smooth suck.

“Holy shit,” Zack groaned as Robin bobbed her head rapidly, repeatedly deep throating him with an ease she found surprising considering it had been a long time since she’d sucked off his father.

Something that would never happen again, because from now on the only cock going in Robin’s mouth was her son’s. She moaned at the taste of her cunt from his sloppy wet cock, and grabbing his hips, pulled him towards her, pushing his cock deeper into her mouth.

Zack's hands went to her tits, fondling them as she noisily slurped and sucked on him. God he was hung! Long, thick and he almost impossibly hard. It was as if he was the one who'd taken Viagra.

No wonder her cunt ached, between his size and how hard he'd taken her. Hard and long and he still hadn't come yet. But he would soon because his mother was about to reward him for his efforts by letting him come in her mouth.

She slipped him from between her lips and pushing his cock back against his body went to work on his balls. His hands tightened on her breasts and he groaned "Oh, mom" as she bathed his balls with her tongue.

Robin opened wide, sucking his entire sac into her mouth. His hands went from her breasts to her hair, gripping it tightly as she worked his sac with her mouth, She released him, then sucked on each side in turn while stroking his slick cock.

She ran her tongue up the side of his shaft, then down the other. Easing his cock down, Robin angled her head, and wrapping her soft lips around his shaft, shook her head, working his full length as if she were playing the harmonica.

"I knew you'd be good at it," he moaned.

"I'm the best baby boy," she kissed his tip and winked at him. "I was a professional, remember?" She gave his head a quick hard suck, rolling her eyes at the salty pre cum squirting into her mouth. "God I love sucking cock, I hope you're going to let me do it a lot."

"Not nice to tell your mother no, right?" Zack laughed, then sighed when Robin worked her tongue around the sensitive ridge under his head then fluttered her tongue up and down his length.

She cupped his balls feeling how tight and swollen they were and noted his cock twitching each time her tongue came into contact with him. She took him back in her mouth and resumed sucking him.

Slowly at first, letting them both savor the feeling his cock stuffing his mother's greedy mouth. She picked up the pace, sucking faster and taking him deeper while massaging his balls, and stroking him with two fingers of her other hand, jerking him into her mouth.

"Oh...oh, mom," he breathed as she drove her head forward, gagging herself on her boy's dick.

He thrust his hips in time with her sucking, and the room filled with wet gurgling and slobbering sounds as she gobbled his cock with an enthusiasm she hadn't experienced in years.

His hips moved faster and his hands tightened in her hair as his moans went up in pitch and his cock jerked in her mouth.

"I...I'm going to come!" He tried to ease his cock from her mouth, but she gripped his hips, and continued to suck.

What a sweet boy, not wanting to be rude and come in his mother's mouth. But a real woman swallowed and a mother always did her best to make her boy happy. Besides, she needed to show him that she could suck better than any of the little tramps he's been wasting himself on.

Zack exploded in her mouth, sending a thick creamy spurt down her eager throat. Robin's groaned as his cock jumped in her mouth filling it with a load worthy of the size of his young balls.

Robin proved herself to be a good mother and took it all, her hips grinding in tight circles and her clit once again swollen with desire as her son emptied his balls into her mouth.

When he pushed on her head and moaned, “stop” she eased him from her lips and smiled up at him.

“More fun that showing you how to kiss?”

“I need to more practice.” He caught her by surprise, shoving her by her shoulders.

Robin fell onto her back then squealed when Zack dropped to his knees, spread her legs open and shoved his tongue into her sloppy cunt. She wasn’t going to deny him, and lifting her legs, rested her feet on his shoulders.

Just as he’d fucked her, Zack didn’t eat her pussy, he attacked it. He slurped hard on her, making her squeal as she felt him get a mouthful of her juices. Zack tongue fucked her while spreading her lips and teasing her clit with his thumb.

Robin gripped her nipples between her fingers, twisting them as Zack now probed the wet folds of her dark lips, noisily sucking and slathering his tongue over her wet flesh.

When he reached her clit he sucked hard on it while plunging two fingers deep inside her. Robin let her head fall back on the bed, staring up at the ceiling as her son’s delightfully talented tongue danced over her swollen nub.

She rocked her hips, shoving her hot cunt in his face and pushing his fingers deeper. He moved them side to side and she was so wet she could hear the sloppy wet slapping sound.

“Hmm, you’re doing just fine, baby,” she cooed as his tongue swirled in rapid circles around her clit. “We’re going to be so good to each other, aren’t we?”

Zack moaned his agreement into her pussy and sped up his tongue. He flicked it over and under, side to side and in slow circles while mixing in several soft and harder sucks.

Robin whimpered and moaned, her hips moving faster and her toes curling into his shoulders. Even though she’d already come, her body was already responding to her son’s oral skills, and her back arched off the bed as she stretched her nipples to the point it was painful.

“Don’t stop, honey, please don’t stop,” she implored him as her entire body tensed.

Zack boldly introduced a third finger inside her and shoved them deep while giving her clit a hard enough suck to make his lips smack.

Robin’s body jerked and she released an ecstatic howl as her body erupted for the second time. She pushed her feet hard into his shoulders, using the leverage to buck her hips wildly in his face.

Zack’s fingers remained inside her and his tongue remained affixed to her clit, sucking and licking as she writhed on the bed, her orgasm having its way with her. Unlike her first climax, this one was deliciously slow as waves of pleasure flowed through her making her whimper and moan her son’s name.

“Damn,” she sighed as a final shudder went through her spent body and she went limp on the bed. “And just think, we have all night to...fuck!”

Zack had risen to his feet, and risen once again to a full erection, his gorgeous cock bobbing between his thick thighs. Grabbing her hips, he pushed her further up the bed and taking his hint she wiggled her way up until her head rested on the pillow.

Zack, his emerald eyes locked between her thighs and his cheeks glistening from being buried in her cunt, crawled up onto the bed. Robin sucked her lower lip while watching her sexy as fuck son make his way up between her legs.

He slid up over her and lowering his head, kissed her. Robin moaned at the way she tasted on his lips and when his tongue entered her mouth she eagerly sucked on it. Her hands went to his upper arms, squeezing his biceps as he kissed her, admiring his tight muscles.

His even more impressive muscle slid along her thigh as he kissed her, and she worked her hips in anticipation of it once again being inside her. Zack's lips slid from hers and she cooed in pleasure as they found her throat, gently sucking on it.

His lips trailed down her chest and when they fastened to her left nipple, she released a small laugh born of the sheer joy of having her son lavish her entire body with attention.

His tongue swirled around her small brown nipple before he resumed softly sucking on it. She slid her hands beneath her breasts, pressing them together and offering them to her boy.

"Yours," she moaned when he switched to sucking on her other tit. "All of me, Zack, all for you."

He smiled up at her while making a show of tonguing her other nipple. Robin shifted her hips to the side so his cock was sliding through her wet lips.

"I want you inside me," she whispered. "Again, and again and...Hmm!" she purred as this time he entered her slowly, letting her savor every inch sliding into her.

His next thrusts were also long and slow, but she could feel his body tremble beneath her touch and could tell he was holding himself back from fucking her the way she knew he wanted to.

"Go ahead," she told him. "You can love me later, baby. Love me for the rest of our lives, but for now? How about you fuck your mother the way she needs it?"

Zack didn't need to be told twice, rising to his knees he gripped her knees, pushing her legs up and back. He eased out of her then slammed his cock back in hard enough to make her squeal.

He took her as hard as he had before, as if they hadn't already taken the edge off and Robin loved it. She should always be this desired! Always have her son going at her like he couldn't get enough of his mother's equally insatiable cunt.

She had a lot of time to make up for and she was going to let Zack take all of his own pent up lust out on her. Fuck her senseless, make her wake up sore and walking funny tomorrow.

He was going to spend the night in her bed, fucking her, sucking her, truly making his mother his willing slut. With that last thought in her mind, Robin slipped her arms around her knees and grabbed her ankles.

A pure porn position; bent like a damn pretzel, her ass off the bed and wantonly spread open for her son to continue his assault on her prone cunt. Zack leaned over, his arms on either side of her hips, hands on the bed.

He hammered into her, his cock penetrating even deeper than before in her current position. She was such a sloppy mess the force of his thrusts caused the room to fill with wet sucking sounds as well as that of his balls slapping against her ass.

Robin's tits bounced wildly and the headboard banged rhythmically against the wall as the bed, as sturdy as it was, rocked beneath the force of Zack's brutal fucking of his mother.

Second brutal fucking. God he must have wanted her so bad for so long. As bad as she'd needed it for so long! She should have done this when she showed him how to kiss, just taken him then when he was a virgin and be his first, his last, his only.

No, better he had other girls so he'd know how much better his mother was, how she'd do anything for him and so much better than those little twats his age who would just use and betray him.

But Robin would never hurt him, only love him, and keep him happy and satisfied. Her mind spinning even while Zach seemed hellbent on the destruction of his mother's cunt, she turned her head and spotted the picture of her and Tom on the nightstand.

"How's your wife look getting it from another man?" she hissed aloud. "How's it feel to know your boy can fuck me better than you can?"

"Yeah," Zack's eyes darted to the picture. "Fuck her like you never could, like you never will, because she's with me now."

"Tell him, baby!" she moaned. "Show him how a real man takes his woman."

"My woman," Zack's next thrust showed how much he loved saying those words.

"Your pin up girl, your porn star, your lover," she yelped each word as his thrusts became shorter and more desperate. "Your mother."

"Not his," he groaned breathlessly, sweat dripping from his face and glistening on his hairy chest. "Never deserved you, will never have you again."

"Give it to me!" she demanded as she could sense him getting closer. "I want you to come inside me, claim mommy's cunt by filling it with....Ohhhh!"

With low moan, Zack exploded inside her and the feeling of his cum shooting deep into her cunt triggered another orgasm of her own. Robin's squeal was as much one of surprise as pleasure as the climax had come out of nowhere.

But the way her convulsing cunt contracted around him, milking her son's cock and helping him paint the walls of her pussy with his hot load. She let her ankles go, and wrapping her legs around his hips, threw her arms around his neck and pulled him down to her.

She kissed him hard as their bodies bucked along one another in the throes of their shared passion. Zack couldn't hold the kiss and nuzzling his head into her neck moaning the word mom over and over as his balls drained inside her.

When he had nothing more to give, he let his weight go, lying on top of her, his arms sliding beneath her as he breathed into her neck.

"Oh, honey," Robin whispered as the final shudders of her orgasm flowed through her, and she felt the last trickle of his cum add to the flooded mess of her cunt. "My baby," she purred, her hands sliding over his sweaty back, caressing him and admiring the way his muscles felt under his warm skin.

Zack tried to push up, but she tightened her arms and legs around him.

"No," she stroked his thick hair. "Stay here with me. I need this even more than I needed to get fucked."

"Me too," he said softly into her neck. "I love you, mom."

"Love you too," she kissed the side of his head then sighed as she closed her eyes and enjoyed the feeling of their intertwined bodies.

Robin felt him softening inside her and smiled at the cute little noises he made as she teased her long nails over his back, lightly tickling him.

"I can feel your heartbeat," she told him. "Honey, you feel so good, and we have all night long to play and..."

She trailed off when Zack's body tensed, and this time she couldn't stop him from pushing up from the bed. He sat back on his knees, shrugging her arms from him, and staring down at her.

"You okay?"

Robin let her legs fall from his hips and straightened them. She winched at how sore they were from holding her porn star pose. Her entire body, including between her legs ached, and she was sure she'd feel this tomorrow, but it was so worth it.

"I..." he cocked his head, then shook it.

His eyes which had been wide and bright the entire time they were going at it, narrowed and he kept blinking as if he had just woken up from a dream and was disoriented.

"Zack?"

"We..." he looked down at her, his eyes on her still heaving breasts, then down at his now soft and still dripping cock. "We just had sex."

"Hmm, yeah we did," she laughed again. "Twice and it's not even six! How about we..."

"Dad." Zack's eyes were on the picture. "Oh my god! Dad's going to fucking kill me."

"Dad's never going to know," she assured him. "We're going to be each other's dirty little secret, baby."

She forced herself to sit up, then put her arms out to him.

"Come here, honey."

"No," he pushed back from her. "We can't, we...I..." his mouth worked but nothing came out and Robin felt her stomach clench as now that her lust had been sated she knew what was happening.

The drug was wearing off. But if that were the case why wasn't she upset about what had happened?

"We just..." Zack not only looked upset, but downright fearful. "I had sex with you! You're my mom, and...." He pointed at the picture. "My father, I had sex with you and you're his wife and my...."

"Easy," she put her hand out to him and saw it was shaking. "Zack, I need you to calm down, okay?"

"Okay? This isn't okay! I don't even know why this happened!" He looked around wildly, then rolled off the bed so quickly, he slipped and landed on the floor.

He sprang up just as fast and backing away from her had his hands over his cock.

"Zack..."

"God, put something on, I can't see you like this!" he turned his head and awkwardly knelt down on the floor, grabbing his shirt.

"Yeah, okay," she picked up a pillow and hugged it to her, covering her breasts and between her legs as she kneeled on the bed.

Again, why was he ashamed and she wasn't?

Zak had risen and had put the shirt around his waist, covering himself.

"I feel weird," he continued to shake his head, trying to clear it. "Jesus, I feel like someone slipped me something."

"Someone did," she said softly.

"No, I only had bottled water at work. Mom, we just...and you don't even look like you care!"

"I..." Think! How was she supposed to respond to him? "I did this."

"We did this," Zack ran his free hand through his hair. "Why?"

"Because you know your father is cheating on me, and you wanted to give me what you know I need." Would he even remember saying that? Was it really something he'd thought of and the serum had pulled it out of him? Put his subconscious thoughts in control of his conscious?

Pheromones literally creating a primal animal magnetism between them? That would explain the violent way they'd fucked. It was a testament to the years she'd spent in the trauma units that Robin's mind was diagnosing and functioning in the midst of a crises.

The exact crises they'd warned Jo could happen.

"I thought he was, and you admitted it, but Mom, I never thought about this. I swear."

"Never? You never thought about me at all?"

He looked away and she took a breath, telling herself she was doing fine. Staying calm, cool, professional and treating Zack as what he was, someone who was in a level of shock.

"No,"

"Zack this is important, and we," she hesitated. "You know what we just did so would admitting you thought about it be that bad?"

"Why are we even talking?" He startled her by shouting, "This is so fucked up! I fucked my mother, and you!" he pointed to her. "You wanted it, you were into it!"

"So were you," And part of her still felt as if she were. Where was her remorse? "There's a reason, and I can tell you, but you just need to be honest with me, honey."

"Fine, you're right, what the fuck would it matter now?" he took a deep breath. "I found those movies on Dad's computer. I'd already seen the magazine before that in his desk drawer."

Note to self, trash the magazine and wipe the movies from Tom's computer.

"The magazine I...dropped right away, but when I found the movies a few months later I watched them, all of them and I don't know why."

"It's okay, keep talking, get it out."

"I didn't think about you being like that with me, but it was kind of a turn on you were in them and you were that hot. I...used to like when my friends would tell me how hot you were and bust my balls about wanting to fuck you. Sick I guess."

"No, most sons don't see their mothers like that." Jo was spot the fuck on, her son had seen her as a woman and although he wasn't into it, it planted a seed. "My fault for making poor choices and your idiot father's fault for having them"

"When we kissed that time, I..." he lowered his head. "Thought of it. Like I said when we were," he swallowed as if he were incapable of saying what they did. "I thought maybe you'd go further, I wanted you too, I..."

"Go ahead," she encouraged.

"I was hard the last kiss."

“Zack, when we kissed did I...” she thought of her own hazy thoughts before he’d come into the room. “Use my tongue?”

“Yeah, just really quick at the end and you kind of pulled back after you did. When you did it I was hoping that meant you were thinking about it too.”

“I wasn’t,” she said softly, then added. “Your father and I, we’ve done nothing in a long time and I...I liked the attention even though it was from you.”

“Great, but what about this?” he gestured to her. “Mom, we,” he put his hand to his head. “Oh my god, what we did. What the hell is wrong with me? I don’t care if you said to go ahead, I shouldn’t have been even thinking like that.”

“It’s my fault.”

“Didn’t you hear me?” He asked, his voice rising again. “No guy should want his mother that way! I know Dad’s a dog, but I just had sex with his wife! He’s going to...”

“Zack you were drugged.”

“Huh?”

“I took something; it’s an experimental drug that makes my body exude an undetectable scent that causes desire in...”

“But I’m your son, not some guy!”

“The drug is specifically made to test if mother’s can sexually attract their sons, and if it did, we could then cure genetic sexual attraction, but it...”

“What the hell are you talking about, that’s crazy!”

“What we did was crazy, wasn’t it? You said you felt funny and don’t know how it happened and how you gave into thoughts you’d had? It was from what I took.”

“No, it can’t be.”

“I’m not wearing Coco Chanel, honey, you smelled it because that’s what I wore when we kissed and what I wore in your fantasies.”

“This...” his eyes narrowed. “Wait.”

Robin remained silent, watching his face and eyes as he thought about it. He was a smart kid and she could tell by the eventual look of hurt on his face, he had put two and two together.

“You took something that you said would make me want you.”

“Yes.”

“You knew this could happen, and you did it anyway.”

“Not really true, no one thought it would cause this, just a little reaction and...”

“Bullshit!” he snapped. “You knew there was a chance and you fucking took it anyway! Then you...” his eyes went wide. “When I came home and saw you in your underwear I was going to leave the room!”

Oh no, she hadn’t thought of that.

“You told me to come talk to you, said it was no big deal. You were trying to get me to look, to turn me on! You wanted to see if it would work!”

“You’re right,” she whispered, her control failing and her throat tightening with emotion. “But it was never supposed to be like this.”

“You didn’t know that for sure!”

“It wasn’t supposed to affect me, just you.” Her voice trembled. “Even if it worked on you I was going to be able to control it and nothing would happen. But it got to me too, and...”

“You’re right,” he cut her off. “I’m not sick, you are.”

"Baby, please, I'd never hurt you, I swear."

"How can you say that?" The look of mixed anger and hurt on his face caused her eyes to well up.

Because he was right, she should have never taken the damn shot.

"Look what you did to me! To us! How can we ever be okay again? You made me fuck you! I can't believe you'd do that!"

"I didn't make you, if you didn't have those thoughts..."

"My thoughts are in my own damn head and I didn't think like that all the time," Zack paused an odd look on his face, but he quickly shrugged off whatever it was and continued. "I would have never done anything! Your stupid experiment brought it out so don't you dare blame me!"

"You're right, this is all my fault, and I'm sorry."

"Are you?" he asked.

"Of course I am! You're my son, and I let you down," she wiped at the tears on her cheek. "We'll get over this, Zack, somehow, someday we will."

"I'm just supposed to forget this? Like you forgot to show up at one of my games or something? Supposed to just say, hey, it's okay, you made me think I wanted you and fuck you like some drunk slut from a party?"

"Please," Robin sobbed. "Your father doesn't love me anymore, you're all I have, Zack! Please don't hate me!"

"I can't believe you'd do this to me, then tried to pretend that it was an accident."

"It wasn't supposed to..."

"Stop lying," Zack told her. He said it quietly but with a tone of such disgust she'd rather him be yelling at her. "You did it on purpose, know how I know that?"

She shook her head.

"Because you're not sorry it happened. When I woke up from whatever sick trance that drug put me in you were fine with what we did."

He nodded in agreement with himself and leveled a finger at her.

"You did this because you were the one thinking about it. You're staying with dad for your goddamn image and maybe for me too, and you're so lonely you got off on kissing me and now that I'm older decided to use me to get what you wanted."

"God no!" she exclaimed. "Zack I never thought of you like that before this!"

"Sure about that? See, what I think is you're right, that crap you took doesn't affect you at all. You took it, then got me in here to stare at you in your underwear with no bra on."

"That's true, but it was only to see if..."

"You slipped your own son some kind of perfume Rufie and date raped me."

"I did not rape you!" Robin said indignantly. "Let's not get dramatic, you loved every minute of it!"

"I had no choice, but you did. My head cleared and you were still sitting there talking about how we were going to fuck all night. Only thing wrong with your little mommy loving drug is it wore off too quick. Guess you got some bugs to work out."

"Zack..." she lowered her head and surrendered. There was nothing she could say.

"But you'll have to get someone else to test it out, because I'm going to look into moving in with a couple of friends who need a roommate."

"Please don't leave me," she whispered, but kept her head down. "I need you, Zack."

“Obviously,” he laughed without humor. “Know what, Mom? You have everything. You’re pretty, you’re sexy, great job. You leave dad you could have any man you want. But instead of that you decide you want your own son to take his place right down to being in your bed.”

He sighed.

“What’s that expression? Physician heal thyself? You’re a psychiatrist, but you’re the one who needs help.”

She raised her head to see him backing his way out of the room.

“I don’t know how the hell I’m ever supposed to see you the same way,” he told her.

“And I don’t mean that in the way you want, like I’ll see you as a good time, I mean how I can ever see you as a mother because what you did was flat out awful.”

Robin tried and failed to hold back a sob as he made his way out of the room.

“Good news for you is it’s not like I could ever tell dad. You should have done what he’s doing and go get laid, not try to turn your own kid into your damn boy toy. I’m going to my room.” He grunted. “And locking the door, and maybe I’ll have to tie a bandana around my face next time I talk to you in case you decide to try to get me to fuck you again”

Zack backed out of her line of sight and Robin fell onto her back on the bed but remained hugging the pillow. When she moved she became aware of her son’s cum oozing from her cunt and sliding down her thigh.

She could still taste it in her mouth as well. Both ends full of her son’s cum. Robin sobbed softly as she struggled with what had just happened. She shouldn’t have admitted the shot, but if she hadn’t he would have kept blaming himself, and she couldn’t let that happen.

Because you know, she was such a good mother.

She wiped at her eyes and thought about what he’d accused her of. That this had been in her mind more than his, and dammit, why had she not snapped out of it the way he had?

She knew the drug had affected her mind and libido and led to it happening. In her right mind she wouldn’t have wanted this. But once it happened he was naturally freaked out and she was basking in the afterglow of getting dicked down by her own son.

Because he was right, she’d enjoyed it, and especially at the end where the hardcore fucking had turned into a soft tender moment of holding him as both a woman and a mother.

Had she really let herself become so lonely and neglected she was willing to accept her son as her lover to make her feel good about herself? To treat her as badly or as sweetly as she needed in the moment?

To be the one man who wouldn’t hurt her because she was his mother and in many ways controlled him. The perfect lover, a man who had been raised to obey her and love her, and now that love taken to the physical level.

“Goddamn you, Jo,” she muttered in a choked whisper.

No, she’d taken the shot on her own, and she needed to accept that responsibility.

Jo.

Robin sat up and looked for her phone which was on the bed last she saw it. She spotted it on the corner of the mattress and tossing the pillow aside crawled over to it.

The movement caused more of Zack's cum to slide from inside her, and she tried to tell herself that even in the middle of this mess, she didn't like the feeling of it, or the idea of who it belonged to.

The shot, she couldn't still be thinking rationally if she were turned on after what had just happened. Or was Zack completely right, and although she didn't intend for it to happen, she was fine with the fact it did?

She picked up the phone to call Jo, then Claire and Amanda. She had to warn them to stay the hell away from their kids tonight, and that they needed to meet tomorrow and discuss....

Robin's finger hovered over Jo's number. What if it was just her? Was she really going to tell them she'd had sex with her son only to find out nothing happened between them and their kids?

But to not call she was putting them at risk as well, wasn't she? Robin put her finger to her temple which had begun to ache in tune with the rest of her body. She slid back up the bed, and lifting the comforter, slipped under it.

She frowned when she caught the spicy aroma of sex, she'd have to wash the bedding before Tom came home. She was sure he still recognized what sex smelled like, just not with her.

Robin propped her head up on the pillow and rested the phone on her chest, staring at her contacts. God she was tired all of a sudden. Physically exhausted from hardcore sex and emotionally drained from the aftermath of that sex.

She blinked as Jo's name blurred in front of her. She felt drugged, her eyes suddenly having difficulty staying open. The drug; it had kicked her dopamine and endorphins into high gear, and her conversation with Zack had kept her adrenalin flowing, and now she was completely crashing.

Her head jerked and her eyes flew open. She was still holding the phone, and once again, put her finger over Jo's number. Or should she call Amanda or Claire first? Try to fish and see if anything...

Robin's eyes closed and as her head fell back onto the pillow the phone fell from her hand.

Chapter Four

Jo jumped when the alarm on her phone went off. She'd set it in case she'd fallen asleep on the couch. She didn't want Alex to come home and slip into his room without talking to her.

After the long nap she'd taken in the bath, and the way her mind was racing about the encounter in the kitchen with her son, she would have thought there'd be no chance she'd fall back to sleep.

But even after she'd drained the tub and taken a quick cold shower to wake her up, she'd been groggy and had fallen asleep for another hour after she'd gone into her bedroom to change.

Confused and dismayed as she was, Jo had forgotten to bring her robe in with her. Knowing Alex wasn't home she'd wrapped a towel around herself to make the trip down the hall.

She supposed she could have simply walked out naked, but years of habit from living with her son had instilled in her the habit of always being covered. As she moved slowly down the hall feeling as if she had the worst hang over of her life, she was struck by the thought this was how it had all started.

The night she'd donned a towel to sneak into her room after forgetting her robe. Alex coming out of nowhere and bumping into her. The towel had come undone and fallen, giving her son a good look at her bare breasts.

According to what he said earlier he'd gotten a look at not just her tits, but the path of red hair between her thighs what was directly under it. Alex also alluded to the fact she didn't pull the towel back up as fast as she claimed she did.

Was that true? If it was it was out of surprise, and not that she wanted him to see her. No, she would have never wanted that. Yet a few hours ago she'd wanted him after a brief exchange during which Alex rolled his eyes at her comments and asked if she were okay, he all but attacked her, fucking her over the counter and over the kitchen table.

Fucked her twice, made her cum three times and left her ridden hard and put away wet. Gasping for breath, her body and pussy aching and cum all over her tits and back. Fucked her like she'd never been fucked before and not just the force he used, but the way he wanted her, she'd never seen let alone experienced such uncontrollable lust.

And she'd been just as bad, egging him on and loving every minute of it. By the time she reached her bedroom, her nipples were erect and she was frustratingly wet. She tossed the towel into the hamper, and posed in front of the mirror, cupping her large creamy white breasts, with her small pink nipples and admiring the way her long wet fell over her shoulders and breasts.

She'd imagined Alex coming home and catching her naked. He'd throw her back on the bed and eat her red haired cunt then fuck her. First on her back, then rolling her onto her hands and knees and take her doggy. This time she'd take him in her mouth when he was ready, suck down every drop of her son's load.

And that would just be the beginning.

As she'd been doing all night, she'd turned on the recorder on her phone, and documented the fact it was eight hours after the fact and she was still experiencing powerful sexual fantasies, and all of them about Alex.

At that point common sense told her avoidance was the key for the rest of the night. Call Alex to make sure he was on his way home from work, say she didn't feel well and was going to sleep.

Eliminate any chance of a replay of earlier. Not that Jo thought sex could happen again. She was now aware of what the formula was doing to her, and the affect it had on him, and would be able to resist it.

But there could still be a reaction on his part and that was the last thing they needed. But common sense came in second place to her need to continue to be a professional and continue the experiment.

She needed to know how long this would have an effect. By the time Alex came home it would be close to ten hours since the shot, and it should have either worn off or the effect much weaker.

Maybe he'd just think about fucking her, instead of doing it, she'd thought with a roll of her eyes. She knew she could be playing with fire, but as was proven again and again throughout time, people never learned anything if they never got burned.

But she'd also played it up earlier, flaunting herself, making sexually charged remarks and basically flirting with him which all led to helping trigger the reaction. With that in mind, Jo dressed as unsexy as possible.

An oversized white Boston College sweatshirt and a pair of loose fitting plaid pajama pants that someone would need google maps to find her ass in. She even donned socks and tied her hair into an old lady bun on top of her head.

After heating up left over lasagna which she ate ravenously and ended up having another helping, she'd gone out into the living room and sat on the couch, trying to watch TV.

After a few minutes during which a scene of a man and woman kissing and beginning to undress one another had her flashing back to Alex and the way he tore her blouse open, she shut it off.

She then sat there with her phone thinking again about how she should warn the others. But what was she going to say? "Hey, you were right, Alex fucked my brains out in the kitchen. So, how did it go for you?"

Because what if she were the only one it affected like this? Robin had made a good point at the office, Jo's life was very much like her patients as well as meeting many of requirements of the taboo movies and stories.

Divorced, father not in the picture, rarely a date, no sex life and a son who in spite of his looks and being surrounded by pretty college girls spent Saturday nights with her eating take out and binge watching Netflix, then always going out for breakfast together on Sunday mornings.

It was as if Alex was a substitute boyfriend, and for his part he was doing his best to be the man in her life, always there for her, equally angry at his father, working to help pay bills even though she made a good income and keeping his lonely workaholic mother company. The only need he couldn't fulfill was sex, and he'd remedied that earlier.

God he'd fucked her so hard, and she'd been so wild for him, the two of them going at it like pornstars. No affection, no slow build up towards the act, just an explosion of pure lust.

At that thought, Jo brought her phone to her lips.

"Pheromones are far more powerful in animals. They don't have romance, they have primal needs to copulate and breed. The expression animal magnetism derives from this, and I upped my pheromone levels drastically."

She paused and rolled her eyes when she noticed just thinking about how Alex had taken her, had her nipples stiffening under the shapeless sweatshirt.

"Still experiencing signs of arousal at the mere thought of Alex. This remains the biggest problem with the formula, why is it affecting me so strongly? Its design is to attract a lover, not to be the one attracted.

"Have heard nothing from the other subjects, but unsure what that means. If it worked on them the way it did me they may be hesitant to admit the results," she sighed. "As am I. Or it could mean nothing happened and I'm the exception to the rule which would mean there could have been an undercurrent of unspoken attraction between myself and my son."

She looked up at the sound of car door shutting in the driveway.

"Alex is home, and I'll be updating shortly with whether or not the formula has lost its potency. I am confident that now forewarned of its effect I will be able to resist any impulses it inspires within me and deflect any that could occur in my son."

Jo knew at some point she was going to have to confess to what she'd done because if she didn't Alex would feel guilty and responsible. Strange how her feelings didn't seem to be as conflicted as his.

"Another point," she spoke more softly as the implications of her words disturbed her. "I don't feel as upset as I should about our encounter. In fact, looking back it was only when Alex realized what we'd done and became upset that I did as well, but in reaction to him. My only regret is his feelings and not my own. What does this mean?"

Jesus, what *did* it mean?

She put the phone on the coffee table and when she heard Alex enter the house and took a deep breath. It would fine, nothing would happen and they'd begin the process of trying to put this all behind them.

"Hey," Alex greeted her as he came into the living room.

"Hey, yourself," she replied with what she hoped was a smile that didn't give away her nerves. "How was work?"

"Busy," he ran his fingers through his dark hair, something he always did when he was upset or nervous.

"Are you okay, Alex?" she patted the couch next to her. "Come over and talk to me."

He shook his head.

"I'm kind of tired, mom, and I don't know if I want to talk about that."

"You want to sleep on it, and we'll talk tomorrow?" He was giving her an easy out, and one she knew she should take. On the other hand, the formula's effect hadn't kicked in right away earlier and she needed him to be around her longer to see if it was still lingering in her system enough to get to him or if they were in the clear.

"Yeah, but can I ask you something?"

"Anything, I'm here for you, Alex, you know that."

He nodded and this time it was his other hand that went through his hair, and he didn't speak right away. Jo decided not to press, and as she waited she couldn't help noticing how well the purple Fed Ex shirt fit him.

Hugging his wide shoulders and broad chest, tight around his impressive biceps showing off his flat stomach. Her eyes dipped lower. He'd changed into the matching shorts while at work and they were just as snug.

Her focus was on the bulge between his legs. She knew that bulge wasn't just due to the tight shorts, but the fact her son had a big cock. A cock that had completely filled her mouth and stuffed her cunt.

His balls matched that perfect cock, big and full of cum that his mother had done her best to drain from him. Two huge hot loads, one that hit her from her face to her stomach, the other all over her back and ass.

Next time she'd have it inside her, both down her throat and deep inside her. Jo felt that damnable heat returning to her face and throughout her body. Her nipples had popped and clit tingling.

She shifted on the couch and had to hold back a soft moan when her thighs pressed together and she realized how wet she was. The reaction was unnaturally fast and unnervingly powerful.

"Did I hurt you?"

Alex's question, and the concern in his voice helped her cut through the sex fueled thoughts and she felt the spell break.

"You could never hurt me, honey."

"I was really rough before, and I was worried I hurt you."

Trust me, baby boy, it was a good pain.

She gritted her teeth against that thought and remained able to say the right thing.

"It was fine," That was the right thing? She should have listened to reason and avoided him. "Nothing I couldn't handle." Smooth, Jo, real smooth.

"I still don't know why," he told her, looking as confused as he had before. "It came out of nowhere. We were just talking and all of a sudden I...I just wanted you."

"It wasn't your fault."

"Course it was, it's not like you made me do it. God, I feel like such a fucking sicko. Who does that to their mother, who would even want to?"

His voice was cracking and her heart went out to him as she saw the pain on his face and in his eyes.

"I was there too, Alex. I could have stopped it, and I..."

"Could you? I came on strong and I am strong and I just tossed you around like a damn rag doll. I feel like I raped you."

"No!" she put her finger up to him. "Never think that."

"Hard not to."

"Alex, none of this is on you," she tapped the couch again. "Please come sit, I need to tell you something."

He eyed the couch warily telling her he was afraid to be close to her, and he was most likely right. But she was his mother and he needed to be comforted, and she needed to tell him the truth and she didn't want to do it while he stood on the other side of the room looking like a deer in headlights.

“I think we could both use a hug, don’t you?” she shrugged and tried to joke. “Unless of course you’re too old to hug your mom.”

Her smile faded when the movement caused the sweatshirt to graze her nipples. It wasn’t just the jolt of pleasure it gave her that caused her reaction, it was the fact she wasn’t wearing a bra.

Or underwear.

She’d gotten dressed with the intention of showing him nothing but hadn’t put anything on underneath. She always wore a bra and panties when Alex was home, it was a lifetime habit to put on a damn bra.

The damn drug was still affecting her and at a subconscious level she had been unable to detect. Alex shuffled forward and sat down next to her on the couch. Jo moved past the annoying revelation about her lack of proper dress, relying on the fact the clothes were so loose there was no way to notice, and put her arm around his shoulders.

“I’m not going to say it’s going to be easy, but you and I are close, Alex.”

“Too close,” he mumbled, his body tense beneath her arm.

“We were close before that in the right way. We’re in this together and we get out of it together, just like we have since your father left. Just me and you.”

“Asshole didn’t appreciate you,” Alex declared, his brown eyes flashing with anger. “Any guy would be happy to have you, you’re an amazing woman.”

“Thank you, baby. Maybe that’s how I have such an awesome son.” She pulled him towards her, and he let her do it, now leaning against her.

“Not feeling awesome, feeling kind of shitty,” he turned on the couch so he was facing her and when her arm slid from over his shoulders, he took her hand in his. “Mom, why don’t you care about what happened?”

“What?” The word was a reflexive response because she’d been asking herself the same thing.

“Tossing boxes on trucks isn’t exactly rocket science and I had time to think and you didn’t act like you cared until I flipped out about it.”

“I...I’m the parent and I needed to stay calm to keep you calm.”

“Even now, I’m going on about how bad this is and you’re not saying anything.”

“I said we’d work it out,” she said carefully. “I don’t think I need to say what we did.”

“Did you like it?”

Jo froze, was it affecting him again, or was this a real question? There was only one way to answer this.

“Alex, you know I love you, right?”

“Of course.” He squeezed her hand for emphasis. “I love you too.”

“Well, I’m going to need you to remember how much you love me, because what I’m about to tell you is going to piss you off.”

“What do you mean?”

“What we did today was because of me.”

“Yeah, it was,” he nodded, but with a smile. “Because you’re so goddamn sexy.”

Oh, fuck, me, Joanne thought, and with an act of will avoided picturing him doing just that to her.

“No, because I...oh!” Alex had leaned forward and hugged her, his face going into her neck.

“I’m sorry, Mom.” His words were followed by a sweet kiss on her neck that had caused a soft whimper to escape her, and her arms to go around him. “Hmm, still wearing strawberries and cream.”

“Don’t be sorry,” her voice trembled as his last words removed any doubt he was under the sway of her enhanced emanations. Instead of hugging his, she pushed on his arms to get him to lean away from her, but it took more effort to do the right thing than it should have.

“I am. I’m sorry I kept saying it was wrong,” he told her, his eyes, now as glossy as they had been previously, fixed on hers. “I just said that because I figure I’m supposed to cause people think it’s wrong to have sex with their mother.”

“It is, and you need to listen to what I tell you about why this happened.”

“I get it, I acted like it was wrong and now you feel bad and acting like it is too, that’s why I’m sorry. I was lying,” he shocked her when he reached out and slid his hand over her breast through the sweatshirt. “I loved every minute of it, and so did you.”

“No.”

“Yes you did and now I made you feel bad that you did too,” he leaned towards her. “How about I show you how much I loved it?”

His lips parted and this time he put both hands on her breasts, squeezing them and making her moan. She angled her head, her own lips parting to accept his kiss. A kiss that would lead to so much more.

They’d end up naked on the couch, hands, lips and tongues exploring each other’s bodies. Her son’s cock once again sinking into his mother’s forbidden flesh, making her feel like a woman in the way no other man ever had and....

Her eyes landed on her phone on the table. The phone she’d been using to document her experiment. Experiment, the shot, she was drugged and drugging her son, manipulating him at a base level to make her irresistible to him.

“Stop!” she exclaimed, pulling back from him.

“I get it,” he smirked. “Going to keep pretending its wrong?” He laughed. “Tough to play hard to get when you were so easy in the kitchen.” He pointed to her shirt.

“Nice touch dressing like that, but that’s what turns me on about you. Always hiding that killer body and pretending to be a prude when you’re such a wild fuck.”

“No, don’t like that!” She tried to rise from the couch, but he caught her arm and yanked her back down with an ease that caused her pussy to gush.

“Good acting,” he told her. “This the game you want? You going to pretend you don’t want me and I have to force myself on mommy? I’m down with that.”

He grabbed her sweatshirt and when he began to tug it upwards, Jo’s hand flashed out, slapping him in the face.

“I said stop!”

Alex put his hand to his cheek, a stunned look on his face.

“I’m sorry!” she blurted. “I didn’t mean to do that!”

“I...” Alex’s eyes cleared. “Made you do it,” he whispered. “I was forcing myself on you.”

“No, you weren’t, honey, its...”

“Stop acting like this is okay!” he sprang off the couch. “Your son just tried to make you have sex and you’re telling me there’s nothing wrong with me!”

“There is something, but it’s not you! You have listen to me!” Jo’s voice raised with his. “I have to tell you why this is happening.”

“Because I’m a fucking deviant and here you are letting me touch you and telling me I’m fine. God, why do you have to be such a good mother you’d let me do this to you because it’s what I want?”

“Because that’s not true!” Jo shouted. “I’m a lousy mother because this happened, and it’s all my fault.”

“Blaming yourself is what a good mom would do.” Alex was backing away from her. “I have to...be alone. I can’t talk to you anymore, I need a place to go.”

“You’re not leaving this house,” Jo rose from the couch. “Not until I tell you the truth.”

“I know the truth, I’m a shit son.”

“You never say that about yourself, you hear me?”

She came around the table in order to cut him off if he headed for the front door, but instead he was backing away towards the hallway.

“I can’t talk anymore, for Christ’s sake I can’t even look at you right now,” he pointed a shaky finger at her. “Because all of a sudden every time I do I want to fuck you.”

He turned away and hurried down the hallway, slamming the door to his room behind him.

Chapter Five

Jo knocked softly on Alex's door and frowned when there was no response. She'd stood in the living room unsure of what to do for close to five minutes before she'd snapped herself out of stunned immobility.

Her first reaction was to pick up her phone to report that the damn thing was working on both of them. It seemed she was able to resist it, even though it was a struggle and she'd been seconds away at one point from letting it happen.

Alex had come home with a clear mind and riddled with guilt and confusion over what happened. He'd remained that way until he was in close proximity of her. As upset as he was, the effect completely, and quickly overwhelmed, overwhelmed him and he was back to wanting her.

The slap stunned him out of it, but she wondered if he'd remained next to her if his clarity would have lasted or would the drug be able to overcome him once more. He'd also mentioned the damn strawberries again, which seemed to be the only physical manifestation of the formula and a good warning sign.

She envisioned tomorrow morning; "Honey, what do I smell like? Strawberries? Okay, let's get back in our rooms, we'll try again later."

But those new revelations about the experiment only ran through her head. Her son was upset, it was her fault, and research be damned, she needed to be his mother first. Alex was calling himself a shitty son and fact was he had a terrible mother who's ego couldn't stand being shot down by her friends and she'd taken the shot and done this to them.

She needed to tell him why this happened and do it now. Yes, she should let him be and give it until morning. Not only would they both be calmer, but maybe this thing would have run its course by then.

But all she could picture was him lying there angry and hating himself and she wasn't going to let him keep doing that. She knocked again, then put her ear to the door.

She couldn't hear anything, but there was no way he'd fallen asleep. Probably had his ear buds in, or maybe just ignoring her. Jo tried the knob and finding the door unlocked, slowly turned it.

She opened the door and was confronted with the sight of her son lying completely naked on his bed. The room was only lit from the small lamp on the desk near his bed, but it threw more than enough light to give her a clear view of what he was doing.

Stroking his cock.

Alex did a bud in his left ear, and his eyes were closed as he masturbated. His lips moved as he stroked and he was unaware of Jo's entering the room. She slowly approached the bed, her eyes fixed on his cock.

Damn, he was long. Even with the size of his hand there was more than enough hard flesh for his fist to slide along his shaft. Jo's eyes lingered on his swollen head which was an angry shade of purple.

Jo, now only two steps from the bed, could hear the sound of flesh on flesh as he furiously stroked himself. He was also close enough hear him talking himself through his mind's fantasy.

“Oh, Mom,” he moaned. “Don’t stop, keep sucking it,” he released a long groan as his hips moved, thrusting his cock through his fist. “You look so good with my cock in your mouth.”

Jo’s eyes left his cock and roamed the length of her son’s young, hard, muscular body. God, he was fine, and that cock! None of the young bitches he’d fucked deserved to have a dick that big and that fine, they didn’t appreciate it.

But Jo, after so many years of boring sex, and now none at all, could. She’d appreciated it twice today and was fully appreciating it now. She licked her lips and her hand strayed between her thighs, rubbing her clit through the unflattering pants.

Reaching out she deftly plucked the bud from his ear and when his eyes flew open exclaimed, “What the hell are you doing?”

“Mom!” Alex’s hand left his cock and he reached for the sheet that he’d pushed over to the side of the bed.

Jo grabbed it first, yanking it out of his reach.

“How dare you,” she hissed.

“I...I’m sorry, I just...”

“You know what a waste this is?” Jo leaned over and gripped his cock, making him groan. “You don’t waste a big beautiful cock like this on your own hand.”

“Oh,” Alex moaned when she spit on the head of his cock and resumed stroking him, her hand working in the spit and now gliding more smoothly along his length.

“No jerking off in this house,” she leaned further over the bed. “Your horny, you come to me and let mommy take care of it.”

She took him into her mouth, bobbing her head in a slow steady rhythm.

“Damn.” Alex’s hand went to her head. “You are a good mom, aren’t you?”

Jo straightened and smiled down at him.

“I can do a lot better.”

She grabbed the bottom of the sweat shirt and stripped it off, revealing her large milky white breasts. Tossing it to the side, her right hand went to her head, deftly undoing her hair from the bun.

She gave her head a shake, sending her wild, curly red hair cascading down her back and over her shoulders. She smiled at the look of absolute lust on the face of her son as he stared at her breasts, she leaned over and went back to work.

Gripping his cock at its base with her right hand, she cupped his balls with her left while sucking him deep. Jo worked slowly, her mouth and tongue sliding along the full length of his shaft before making their way back up to where just his head was between her soft lips.

Alex’s hand went to her back, sliding under her hair and caressing it. His other hand swept her hair away from her face, holding it to the top of her head to get a clear view of his mother blowing him.

Jo moaned, and sucked him faster, opening her mouth wide and making deliciously sloppy slurping sounds. She crawled up onto the bed, sliding her legs under her so she was kneeling next to his hips.

His hand slid down her back and under the pants, making its way over the curve of her ass. Jo moaned when his fingers dipped between her thighs and slid through the puffy pink lips of her cunt.

She reached back, grabbing the pants and pushing them down over her hips and ass while using just her mouth on his cock. Alex worked two fingers inside her, and when his thumb found her clit she whimpered around him.

Jo lifted her right leg, and pushed the pants past her knee, then did the same with the right, shoving them down to her lower legs. Still sucking her son, she got them off her feet, then peeled off her socks so she was as naked as he was.

Jo swung her right leg up and around, turning on her left knee until she was now straddling Alex with her ass in his face. He eagerly grabbed her hips as she slipped her lower legs beneath his arms and lowered her pussy onto his ready tongue.

She moaned as he slipped his tongue inside her, wiggling it around as his fingers gripped the cheeks of her ass and spread her open. Jo sucked him faster in her excitement, gagging on his dick as she pushed him repeatedly down her throat.

She released him, then pulled his cock back, running her tongue up and down his shaft. Alex groaned into her pussy as his tongue left her sloppy slit and swirled through the wet folds of her lips.

When he reached her clit her hips jerked, grinding her cunt in his face. Jo's tongue now danced over his balls, teasing and caressing them with her soft pink flesh. Alex worked his fingers inside her thighs spreading her lips and making it easier for his tongue to encircle clit.

Jo took his tip in her mouth and rested her head on his thigh, gently sucking on it as she rocked her hips into his flickering tongue. She gently rubbed his balls while stroking the lower portion of his cock.

She moved slowly, pleasuring him, but not trying to get him off. Her breathing picked up as his skilled tongue danced over her clit. And her hips moved faster and in tight circles.

She needed to cum so bad she was whimpering in frustration that he was taking his time, and gripping his legs pushed herself up, then leaned all the way back, gripping the headboard behind her.

Now straddling his head, she worked her hips sliding back and forth on his tongue.

"Lick it," she moaned. "Eat your mother's cunt and make me come on your face!"

Her hips moved faster, squirming on her son's face. His arms came around, gliding up her stomach and gripping her breasts. Jo moaned when his fingers captured her nipples between them, squeezing them while she continued to ride his tongue.

She looked across the room to the small mirror he had on his closet door. There she was, butt ass naked, her son's hands on her tits and her grinding on his face like a wanton whore.

But this whore was his mother, and who better to be a whore for than your son?

Jo ground her cunt harder into his face and he responded by squeezing her nipples harder while now sucking her clit. She reached down and grabbed his cock, pumping it slowly and licking her lips in anticipation of it being where it belonged, inside her.

That was going to be any second now as her back arched against the headboard and her thighs trembled around Alex's shoulders. Still, when she came it was with a suddenness and force that caused her to throw her head back and howl like an animal.

Her hips went wild, writhing and squirming on her son's face as he struggled to continue to keep his tongue in contact with her clit. Her hands went over his, pressing them harder into her heaving tits.

The entire time she came, squealing and yelping, her eyes were on Alex's cock where it twitched between his thighs, wet from his mother's mouth. When the last tremors flowed through her quivering cunt, she fell forward, her hands to either side of him and slid down the bed.

She moaned as her wet flesh slid along his chest and stomach until her hands were now on his ankles and his cock pushing through her lips and she pumped her hips. Alex took the hint, grabbing his cock and easing it inside her.

Jo rocked back, sitting down on his lap and driving the full length of his cock inside her. She cried out in pure pleasure as this girth spread her tight wet heat around him. She rocked back and forth, riding him backwards and his hands went to her hips, pushing and pulling on them, helping her to fuck him.

She gave her head a toss, sending her hair over her shoulder, then turned her head to look back at him.

"And you were going to jerk off," she told him. "Isn't this better?"

"Reverse cowgirl," he groaned, then whistled. "Jesus, you're fucking hot, mom."

"Then you need to keep fucking your hot mom," she bucked faster and harder, slamming her ass back into his hips. "You need it, you come find it, baby. You never have to touch yourself with your mommy here to do it for you."

"Neither do you," he breathed, his fingers gouging into her hips. "Going to be better to you than my asshole father ever could be."

"You already have been, that's why you get mommy's holes, baby, you earned them by being so good to me." Jo pushed up and Alex moaned as she was now sitting up on him, pushing his cock even deeper.

Jo worked her hips, front to back, side to side and in tight circles, working her son inside her hot wet cunt. His hands on her hips steadied her and she lifted her long hair up over her head and slowed her riding down.

Now rocking slowly and sensually, her hair up to show it off as well as the smooth creamy skin of her back, she'd never felt so sexy, so desired and so playful. Why was she worried about this, why had he been upset? This was incredible!

"How about the front view?" Alex laughed behind her. He was having fun too! They were both not just fucking, but laughing, loving, enjoying each other.

She obliged his request, sliding off him, and quickly turning herself around. He grinned at her, holding his cock up for her to ease down to, then sighing in pleasure as she teased him, slowly sinking down on his hard pole.

She moaned as she settled down on him then went back to work with her hips, giving her son the ultimate taboo lap dance. His hands went to her tits, fondling them and teasing her pink nipples.

Jo switched up to bouncing on his cock, yipping and yelping as she repeatedly impaled herself on him. She leaned forward, catching the headboard and giggled as she teased her tits over his face.

She dipped each one into his mouth, moving side to side and letting him give each equal attention. She yelped when his arms swooped around her and tugged her down to him.

His hands went up her back and she gasped when he moved his arms higher until she was pinned against him, her breasts crushed between them. Alex bent his knees,

so he could brace his feet on the bed, then proceeded to work his hips, pounding his cock into her now helpless pussy.

“Yes, yes!” Jo yipped into his ear as she nuzzled her face into his neck. “Just like that, baby! Give mommy that big cock! Make me squeal for you.”

He took her up on that challenge, squeezing her harder and driving his hips into her hard enough to make the bed rock and her eyes to roll back like cherry’s in a slot machine.

She flicked her tongue in his ear, then nibbled on it, giggling like a giddy teenager in between the yips his big cock plundering her tight cunt inspired. Alex’s moans went higher in pitch and his breathing more strained.

“You going to come for mommy?” Jo whispered. “Going to give me a nice big load?”

“Oh, yeah,” he groaned. “Every load from now on will be yours.”

“Hmm, I like that,” she flicked her tongue across his ear. “Now stop and let me give you a treat.”

Alex stopped thrusting and he moved his arms from around her. Jo quickly slid down the bed until she was kneeling between his legs and took him into her mouth. She sucked him fast and hard, her eyes locked on his as she worked for her reward.

The reward for being a good mother who would never let his son masturbate when she was here to take care of him.

“Fuck,” Alex groaned. “Keep sucking, please keep sucking.” Whether he realized it or not, he was repeating what she’d heard him whispering while jerking off, she was literally making his fantasies come to life.

“Oh, mom,” he moaned. “You look so good blowing me, I...”

His words turned into a series of gasps and moans as he erupted in her mouth. Jo sighed at the sensation of his hot salty cum sliding down her throat and kept sucking while stroking his cock at the base, helping him to empty his balls into his mother’s mouth.

He gave her several long squirts and she swallowed all of it while greedily sucking and slurping for more. When all a hard suck directly on his sensitive head could produce was a weak dribble, she eased him from her mouth.

She slid back up over him as he lay there breathing hard with a look of pure satisfaction on his face and gave him a quick kiss with her sticky lips. She then rolled onto her side next to him.

‘Better than whatever you were thinking of?’ she teased her fingers over his muscular chest.

‘I was thinking of you,’ he told her.

“Bad boy,” she chided him even though she knew it was true.

“Bad mom,” he told her with a tired smile. “Or maybe a good mom, the best mom.”

“I do what I can, and you’re pretty good yourself.”

“Yeah,” he yawned and blinked. “Man, I’m tired.”

“Guess I did my job then,” she reached over him, and grabbing the sheet pulled it over him. “You had a long day, baby, now get some sleep.”

He nodded, his eyes already closing, but instantly snapping open.

“Mom?”

Her stomach clenched, was he going to snap out of it like before?

“What is it baby?”

“Will you stay here and sleep with me?” he gave her a shy smile. “I’d really like that.”

“Of course, I will.” She pulled the sheet over her as well, but remained on her side., her fingers now running through his thick hair. “No more fighting it, you go to sleep. I’ll be here in the morning.”

“I hope so,” he whispered, his eyes closing. “Want to wake up with you next to me.”

“That’s sweet,” she kissed his cheek.

“Then fuck you again.”

“That’s not so sweet, but I like it,” she laughed.

“I like you,” he mumbled. “No, I love you.”

“Love you too.”

Alex didn’t reply and his breathing became slower and heavier. Jo rolled over onto her back. She wasn’t that tired despite the sex, but she’d also slept for hours before he’d come home. She closed her eyes anyway in hopes she could doze off.

And it was a sexy thought, him waking her up in a fun way, or her waking up first and sliding down and taking him in her mouth. Nothing said good morning like a blow job from your mother.

She smiled at the thought, then gave a mental sigh of relief. Thank god he hadn’t come out of it all upset like last time. Her eyes opened. Wait, if she were thinking that, it meant she had as well. But snapped out of what, how had she gone from coming in to talk to her mouth on his cock in seconds?

Out in the living room she’d begun to give in but snapped out of it. In here she’d gone from concerned mother to porn mom in seconds. Was seeing his cock that much of a trigger?

Or was it the way he moaned for her while jerking off. That even after what happened in the living room he still wanted her. But she’d been nowhere near him when he came into his room and had definitely been himself when he stormed away.

Jo frowned at the last part. How had he been influenced without her in the room? She glanced over at Alex who was sound asleep, and moving slowly, she dropped her leg to the floor, then lifting the sheets, carefully slipped out of the bed.

She slipped her pants back on, then her top, and after making sure he was still asleep, she left his room, closing the door quietly behind him. Jo went back into the living room, her mind racing.

They’d both been fine after she’d slapped him. Her trying to tell him the truth, him upset at himself. He’d been in his room and away from her so there was nothing that should have reawakened that desire in him.

Likewise, for her, she’d been herself until entering his room, and this time she didn’t feel any change in her mind or body, she just instantly went into lust mode. Not good, not good at all because it meant one of two things.

The drug could have a lasting effect as time went on, or worse, their encounter had broken the societal barriers people were raised with instilled a desire for her in him.

And for him in her?

“No,” she whispered sitting on the couch and picking up her phone. “Has to be the former.”

Maybe the more times one was exposed to it, the longer the effect. The encounter was interrupted by her jolting them out of the stupor, but once they relaxed it came back.

Did it require sexual consummation to truly break the hold? Once the primal urge pheromones existed to create sated, its job done, it faded away until the next time? She picked up her phone, ready to enter her latest findings and theories, none of which were promising.

She saw she missed a call from Robin fifteen minutes ago. Calling her at eleven wasn't a good sign, and with her heart beating faster, Jo listened to the message.

"Jo," Robin sounded exhausted and upset, and her stomach tightened. "It's me, when you get this message you need to call me. No matter how late, please call."

Jo lowered the phone. There was only one reason Robin would have called sounding like that. If the reason was something happened between her and Zack it would make her feel less sick for sleeping with Alex.

But it also meant anything that happened between her friend and her son was on her. Jo tapped Robin's number and brought the phone to her ear.

"Jo!" She answered before the first ring even finished. "Oh my god, we need to talk."

"You sound awful, are you okay?"

"No, and I... Please don't judge me for what I'm going to say, because if it didn't happen to you, then you won't understand. Okay?"

"Okay," Jo replied numbly.

"Promise me, please! I can't handle any more shit right now."

"You have my word."

"That goddamn incest juice you cooked up worked and by that I mean it *worked*." Robin sobbed into the phone and Jo felt her own eyes well up. Jesus Christ she'd potentially ruined her friend's life. "Tom had to stay in Boston tonight and so when Zack came home we were alone and..."

"It happened to me too," she blurted out. "...I was afraid to call because all I could think of was what if it was just me?"

"Same here, I was going to call after it happened, then I thought about it and while I did I fell asleep and I slept for hours and still woke up feeling hung over."

"Me too, and I..." it was her turn to choke up. "It happened with Alex right after I got home, then he stormed off to work, came back and Oh, god, Robin, it happened again just a little while ago."

"Jesus," Robin sounded as if she were trying to get a grip on herself. "Well, you might be the lucky one because after I told Zack why it happened he threatened to move out because I did this and I'm sick, and an awful mother, and he's right!"

"No, we never thought it would be this way."

"But we warned you, then we did it anyway out of loyalty," Robin said in a resigned tone. "It's on all of us."

"No, I created this mess, literally, but right now we have to figure it out, and I mean how the hell long this thing works and what do with what happened. You want to come over? Get away from Zack for a while?"

"I don't know, I'm afraid if he hears me leave, he'd pack up and go, and how the hell do I explain this to his father?"

"I don't think Zack would tell."

"No, but he's going to know something happened that drove him away. Just like those sons who had to leave their mothers in your case studies. Dammit Jo, why did you have to pick this to work on?"

"I wanted to help," she swallowed hard. "The path to hell is paved with good intentions."

"I guess the blame game isn't getting anyone anywhere." She could hear Robin take a long breath. "Have you heard from Amanda or Claire?"

"No, and I didn't reach out to them same reason I didn't to you. I think we should now."

"I've tried both of them, no reply to text and no answer."

"I wouldn't worry much about Amanda, I can't see this working on her daughter. The pheromones shouldn't work on the same sex. Plus, Andrei is there."

"He's at a real estate conference in Florida this weekend." Robin corrected her.

"Oh, right, but still, I doubt anything will happen. Amanda is Bi, her desires go both ways and that might hinder any desire this could inspire."

"I don't think we should assume anything at this point," Robin sighed. "But we definitely need to get ahold of Claire, maybe even take a ride over if I have to."

"Maybe."

"No maybe, I'm really worried about her."

"I can hear that, but..."

"Jo," Robin cut her off. "Claire has two sons."

The End

To be continued in The Mom Experiment 3 Cumming soon.