

# The Mom Experiment 4

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The Morning After

Chapter One

“Let mama show you how a real woman fucks.”

“Jesus, look at her tits!”

“She’s sucking both our dicks, god she’s such a slut!”

“And you want your mommy slut, or you wouldn’t be hard. Now shut up and fuck me!”

Doctor Claire Fields groaned in her sleep, her eyes fluttering beneath her closed lids.

“That’s it! Come all over her face like she let’s all those assholes she meets at the club do!”

“Yeah, eat that cunt, baby, show mama what a good boy you are!”

Her head lolled to the side as the sound of her wailing in pleasure echoed through her head.

“Look at you, face down ass up!” The unmistakable sound of a hard slap, followed by her yelping.  
“That’s what you get for being a cock teasing whore!”

“Come on, don’t just watch, get your cock in her mouth, you know it isn’t the first time she’s been spit roasted!”

Another sound, this one the less sharp, but equally recognizable, flesh pounding flesh accompanied by the sound of her muffled yelps. The voices of her lovers sounded somewhat distorted, but visually all she saw in her mind were vague shadowy images of bodies moving and shifting, as if she were watching the silhouettes of people having sex behind a screen.

The shapes shifted again, one lying back as the slender one in the middle climbed on top, and the other slipping up behind it. A long high-pitched squeal followed by sharp yips that contained a mixture of pleasure and pain.

“Fucking skank, taking it in both holes!”

“Too bad we didn’t have another brother, he could stuff her mouth and shut her up.”

“Mom’s airtight gang bang! Sounds like one of those movies I caught you watching!”

Movies I caught you watching.

Those words repeated themselves and the indistinct images began to fade as her sluggish mind now struggled to claw upwards from the depths of sleep. The visions were gone, but the voices and sounds continued.

Moans of pleasure, squeals, spanking, and other noises made while in the throes of passion amidst hardcore fucking, along with dirty talk that a porn director would be proud of.

But as she drifted closer to consciousness, no words a mother should ever utter, let alone be proud of

“Hmm, both my babies are so hard for their mommy! You’re both bigger than your father! Come on, you call that fucking? Give it to me! Yes! Paint those tits, drain those balls all over your slutty mother!”

The words of whoever her sons were supposed to be in this bizarre taboo sex dream coming so fast one blurred into the other.

“Fuck, our mother’s hot! Moms sucked a lot of cock to get this good at it. Damn, you’re wet, mom, you really are a slut! Hey, what do you think your patients would say if they saw your sons cum all over your face?”

Just like the movies I caught you watching.

“Hey, isn’t this better than blowing loads in her thong?” Harsh laughter followed that last remark.

The movies I caught you watching. Blowing loads in her thong.

Both phrases were now spinning in a loop at a fevered pace. Fever, virus, the T-virus, Jo’s voice saying something about there having to be an event for a son to see his mother as a sexual woman.

The shot, she’d taken the shot, and it...

Claire’s eyes opened and she found herself face to face with Max. Her youngest son sound asleep on his side and barely more than a few inches from her.

“Oh!” she gasped, her head jerking backwards.

Max grunted in his sleep, and Claire felt her heart skip a beat when his eyes opened slightly. To her relief they closed, and his breathing remained deep and steady. Moving slowly, her stomach twisting, she turned her head to her left, and there was Mark on his back.

Claire looked along the length of the bed and saw not only were the three of them naked, but her left leg draped over Marks, and her lower right slipped between Max’s legs. His hand rested on her chest, just beneath her breasts.

She grimaced at the sight of the large strawberry-colored hickeys just to the side of her nipple on each breast. There were also small circular purplish bruises on each of them, that she knew would match the fingerprints of her sons.

All of their bodies were flushed and sweaty, and when her eyes drifted down Mark's long muscular body, she saw his semi hard cock smeared with her lipstick. Realizing her legs were wide open, as they were all night apparently, she carefully lifted her leg from Marks, lowered it back to the bed, and pressed her thighs together.

A little late for modesty, she thought while trying to ignore how wet and sticky her pussy felt. Worse than that was the dull ache between her legs and a faint burning sensation in her ass.

She hadn't just been fucked, but damn hard, and multiple times. The fact Claire had been getting it, and getting it good, just about every weekend for over a year, and still felt like this was a testament to how often, and how roughly, she'd been taken last night.

Because neither of her sons were happy with her and had turned last night into a hate fuck. That last disheartening thought was enforced when she noticed more of the small bruises around her ankles, and when she lifted her hand, saw them around her wrists.

She glanced at Mark whose light snoring was the only sound in the room, and had a feeling there was a better chance of the purplish dots matching his fingers than Max's. As her hazy recollection of last night began to become clearer, it was Mark who was far nastier to her, just like he was in general, whereas Max may have just gotten caught up in the insane situation.

Claire closed her eyes against the rapid onset of tears as the enormity of the situation hit her. She'd just woken up, naked, sweaty, sticky, her body battered and feeling the effects of the kind of hard use she often craved with her young lovers. Except these lovers were her own sons!

Her throat grew tight, and her stomach turned. Jo's goddamn sex potion hadn't just worked, but to a level even she wouldn't have predicted. It was why they'd shot her down. The risk that it could do exactly this and create a problem where there wasn't one.

A problem what would be impossible to come back from because there was no way to act like it never happened. In her case it was another problem, as unlike her friends, her relationship with her sons, especially Mark, was already strained.

She'd said no, they had all said no. Then goddamn Robin started with the back your sister's play crap, and she and Amanda had caved through guilt and loyalty, and now here she was entangled between her two sons who she'd spent the night fucking, and being fucked, to the point of exhaustion.

As tears leaked from her tightly closed eyes, she worried what their reaction would be when they woke up and the serum had worn off. Or had it worn off? The wave of sorrow and shame coming over her told her it had in her, or else she'd already be trying to wake them up again like she had after she'd taken a shower and was the sole instigator of round...whatever it was at that point.

But what about them? The injection was designed to have the dosed attract their sons, and it did that in spades. How long would it last? She had to get out of bed. No, not just bed, she needed to get out of the damn house.

Claire's left arm was beneath Mark's, and she slowly eased it from under him while watching his face for a reaction. He seemed dead to the world, and she couldn't blame him.

If just half of what she kept pushing away from her thoughts had happened, he'd worn himself out on his mother's body. Because every time they tried to quit, she sucked them hard again.

They were young and capable of multiple shots on goal as it was, but their drive had been enhanced by her drug laced pheromones, but when they reached that limit, Claire, even more lust driven than them, kept going for more.

She forced herself to not replay last night's taboo crazed highlight reel in her mind, at least not until she was out of her son's sight to avoid more happening. She succeeded in freeing her arm, and frowned at the way her leg was nestled between Max's.

Claire sat up between them and, using her hands on the bed, pushed herself further down. Feeling as if she were playing taboo twister, she slipped her blue tipped toes between his ankles and lifted his leg up a few inches, allowing her to extricate her right leg.

She slowly slid down until she was sitting at the foot of the bed. Claire rose and padding softly across the carpeted floor, plucked a pink robe from the doorknob of her closet, tying it tightly around her so she wouldn't show anything but her knee down if one of them woke up.

After picking her phone up from her nightstand and slipping it into her pocket, she made to leave. Claire had to pass the bed to get out of the room, and when she glanced back over at her sleeping boys, she stopped.

Her eyes roamed over their young bodies, and not for the first time thought Robert might have been a cheating prick, but a good looking one, and the two of them had made some damn fine-looking boys.

Two years apart, Mark and Max, at a quick glance could pass for twins. Both blonde like their parents, but with baby blue eyes rather than their father's light brown. Their faces were a perfect mix of Claire's soft features, but with Robert's good cheek bones and solid jaw.

Thanks to the former each one of them had taken to sporting a light beard and mustache to try to cover some of the 'pretty. But from the neck down, Mark and Max were all man.

They both stood over six feet with Mark being slightly taller. He was also more muscular with a well-developed upper body and equally thick, solid legs. Max, an avid Tennis player who also lettered in track and field, possessed a leaner build, but his body was tight and hard.

But not as hard as his cock had been, both in her mouth and her cunt...and her ass. That cock was close to hard now and Claire wondered if it were morning wood, or maybe the drug still coursing through his veins.

There was lipstick on his cock as well and she could see his hard flesh glisten slightly as the sun came through the skylight over the bed. Still sticky from his mother's wet twat. Her mouth as well because judging by the way she could still faintly taste cum on her tongue and her throat sore from the exertion of blowing two young studs.

And getting face fucked by them.

Her eyes moved to Mark and noticed his cock also in a semi aroused state. He was thicker than Max, and most likely the cause of the uncomfortable sensation in her ass. It was obvious she'd been rough as well as she took in the long scratches on his chest and the red crescents on his arms and shoulders from her digging her fingers into his flesh.

She became aware of the spicy scent of sex in the air. The type of smell it took hours of wanton fucking to create. The sheets featured several stains and she imagined some would still be wet and sticky.

Claire's mind went back to when she came in from her shower to find them sleeping. They'd looked the same and she had crawled between them and woke them; first with her hands, then taking turns on them with her mouth.

Max had whimpered as if he didn't think he could, but his insatiable whore of a mother had gotten him hard enough for her to hop on and ride him. Which was when Mark got behind her, shoved her forward and...

She blinked, why was she looking at them? Thinking about last night? Worse, why were her nipples stiffening beneath her robe? Claire liked to spend the night with her young lovers, even if it meant getting a motel room because they either had roommates or still lived at home or in a dorm.

She always loved going back for more of the snakes that bit her-and this wasn't the first time it was in the plural-the next morning. Waking up sticky and sore, but still horny, drunk on sex and looking for the next fix.

But she shouldn't be feeling anything but disgust with herself right now, and the fact she wasn't, caused her to spin on her bare heel, and walk out of the room, heading to the downstairs bathroom because she was afraid to use the one off her room and wake them up.

Claire locked the door behind her, nothing unusual, living with two boys, she'd been doing it since Max accidentally walked in on her just when she was stepping out of the shower a few years ago.

Which had happened within two weeks of Mark doing it. Now, she found herself wondering if it had been an accident. Now everything that had happened in the past was going to have a sexual motive attached to it.

Claire heard Jo's words echo in her head about normal accidents or situations like that leading to a son seeing his mother as a woman, and regardless of what it was, the serum could augment that thought.

"Shut up, Jo." Claire mumbled irritably while putting on the light over the mirror and staring at her reflection. The expression hot mess didn't cover it. Streaks of make up down her cheeks from tears caused by choking on cock, and fresh tears over that event a few minutes ago.

What was left of her lipstick smeared around her mouth, and there were patches of dried cum on both cheeks. Peering closer at the rat's nest her long blonde hair currently was, she noticed some of it stuck together. Cum in her goddamn hair.

"Ugh." She grunted when she spotted the matching hickeys on either side of her neck. But those red blotches were far less disturbing than the small bruises around her throat. Jesus, she was going to have to wear a scarf.

The thought one of her sons could do that to her, and the idea she'd most likely been fine with it at the time, made her look away and shut the mirror light off.

Turning, and bracing herself to be further appalled, she stood in front of the floor length mirror on the back of the door and untying her robe, let it fall to the floor. She surveyed her tall slender body from the neck down.

More red suck marks, two on her stomach and one on each of her inner thighs, and some more dried cum splotches on her breasts. Claire ran her finger down over her pink slit and winced at how tender her mound and labia were.

Reaching back, she grabbed the hand mirror from the bathroom counter over, put her back to the long mirror, and held it up.

“Fuck,” she whispered as she pulled her long hair over her shoulder to be able to view her entire back.

More small bruises on the backs of both her shoulders, but what caught her attention more was her ass. Both cheeks were red, swollen, and featuring finger length angry red welts and palm prints.

She gave her head a toss, sending her hair back over her shoulder and looked at the shower. She needed to leave the house as soon as possible, but what she needed more right now was to wash away as much of her shame as she could.

Claire unlocked the door, standing behind it as she poked her head into the hallway. She listened for any sound of movement upstairs, and when she didn't hear anything, shut and locked the door.

Turning on the water, she gave it a minute to heat up, then stepped under it. Grabbing the bottle of peach body wash, she held it over her and squirted it liberally over her upper body and down her back.

She swapped it for the soft body sponge and worked it into her flesh with an energy that spoke of her need to feel, at least physically, clean. Claire winced when she ran the sponge over her sore breasts and her battered twat, and again when she scrubbed her red, and now once again stinging, ass.

Ducking her head under the shower, she washed her hair, and closing her eyes, let the water hit her face for a few moments before washing the makeup, and worse, from it,

Putting her back to the spray, she leaned forward, bracing her hands on the tiles and letting the water work her aching shoulders and back. Resting her forehead between her hands, she surrendered to her emotions and released a choked sob in the steamy air.

It was everything she could do to hold back upstairs as to not wake the boys, but now that she was alone, she broke down, and as she always told her patients to do, let it all out.

Sinking to her knees, Claire went into a crying jag she hadn't experienced since her teenage drama years. Even her divorce had only brought her a few tears of frustration, but little sorrow. To the contrary, Robert's cheating had just led her to being angry and wanting revenge in the form of fucking anyone half her age she could, just like he had.

Which is part of what had led to last night's encounter, at least in the tone of how rough and degrading it had been. As the saying went, play stupid games, win stupid prizes. Act like a sex crazed midlife crisis nympho with no self-respect and get treated like one.

Claire's shoulders shook as her body was wracked with uncontrollable sobbing, and she didn't try to fight it. How could she? She'd had a wild threesome with her own goddamn kids!

She'd been pushing those thoughts and images of last night away, but now as part of letting her emotions have their much needed release, she stopped fighting and forced herself to replay last night's taboo encounter.

## Chapter Two

Claire sat at her dressing table humming along to Nine Inch Nails 'Closer' as it played from her phone.

"I want to fuck you like an animal," she now sang softly as she applied her burgundy eyeshadow. "I want to feel you from the inside."

She'd waited all week to feel something inside her. Something thick hard and half her age. Claire put the eyeshadow back in her make-up case, and picking up a brush, lightly coated her cheeks in a matching blush.

The color really popped on her fair complexion. No, popped was a polite way of saying it was a bit much, and even more so for a woman in her early forties. For that matter a bit much was stopping short of the trust which was is a dissolute, nah, just say it, sluttish look.

That description became more accurate when she liberally coated her lips in the same shade, coloring in her pink flesh between the purple outline of her lipliner. Claire checked her face closely, pulled her black mascara out and touched up her long lashes, then closed the make-up case.

She flashed a sultry smile at her reflection as she picked up the red choker and fastened it around her neck. The front featured a silver heart, but it wasn't love she was looking for tonight, or last week, or last month or the two years since her divorce.

No, all Claire wanted, and needed, was to get fucked, and the best way to do that was to prowl the clubs looking for young men who were happy to give her that one thing she wanted.

Young men didn't care about her income, her career, her goals in life, or her opinions on religion or politics. They cared about getting their cock sucked and their balls drained.

They didn't give a shit if she had kids, wanted more kids, owned her home, was looking to remarry or anything else she had to offer other than her body and the jaw dropping skills that came with being an older experienced lover.

And with no attachment came no drama, no betrayal, and no heartache. That worked both ways because unlike men who needed to keep their young lovers in nice things to ensure they could show them off to their loser friends-as if basically paying for sex was a status symbol-cougars had no desire to make their young lovers anything more than a one and done night to remember.

And they were fine with that.

Only twice since Claire had decided to make fucking young men into her personal hobby, had one of them asked for her number. She'd had a few, "Hey if you want to hook up again," but when her answer was no, it was taken without any trouble or butthurt feelings.

Making many of these boys more of a man than many of the ones her age still single and playing the field. Far more of a man than sleazy dogs like Robert who couldn't be content with a wife who was attractive, educated, earned good money, and as an added bonus was a freak in bed.

Or at least wanted to be.

Because although there were many things that upset her about discovering Robert's infidelity, the one that stung her the most was that he had been quite vocal in his disapproval of Claire's high sex drive.

It wasn't just her drive, which had admittedly become higher in her mid-thirties proving it wasn't a myth perpetuated by porn that women hit their sexual prime in their "cougar/milf" years.

To the contrary, there were many biological, emotional, and psychological reasons for this, and being in the medical field, Claire was aware of all of them in an abstract sense but didn't think much on it other than she felt sexier as she grew older and wanted to take advantage of it.

And with her husband. Claire had never had a desire to step out on Robert. Like her, he was seen as a good prospect in every way. Ivy league educated, senior partner in his firm, and also like her, attractive in his youth and aging like a fine wine in the sense he seemed even more desirable as a good looking, middle aged man than he had as a young college boy.

Their sex life had been as wild as it could be between two people in their younger days, tapered off somewhat when the boys were young and between careers and raising children, they were often tired and their focus on family and pushing hard to earn enough to ensure the best for their boys.

But when Mark and Max were in their early teens and out and about with friends, playing sports, beginning to date, and Claire and Robert in great shape financially, her libido returned with a vengeance.

But Robert was less than receptive to her rekindled desire, and often acted put off when Claire wanted to get down and dirty. He claimed they weren't kids anymore, but worse than that, he began talking along the lines of 'good women' didn't act that way.

He went on to explain how once a woman became a mother, she needed to always think of her children and how did it look to a young man when they're mother behaved like some sex crazed wanton whore?

Her counter was how would the boys know what they did behind the bedroom door, but the fact he used those exact words had upset her. They didn't sound like the man she knew. But they did sound like a lot of members of his firm and country club.

Many of them, unlike Robert who grew up with very little, were third generation attorneys, raised with money and privilege and also with old-fashioned, and to her, vastly outdated, ideologies more suited to the 1960's not modern times.

When Claire brought that up, Robert denied it, then turned it into Claire experiencing a type of midlife crisis where she needed to feel sexy and desirable, and to her, she could only do that by being a 'reject from porn hub.' As he called her.

Those remarks hurt more than the housewife handbook crap he'd been slinging. The reason being, he wasn't completely wrong. In her heyday Claire was nothing short of a head turner. A living barbie doll with long golden blonde hair, baby blue eyes, long legs, a slender athletic figure, an ass to die for and breasts that gave life to the expression "my eyes are up here."

An honor student, and star tennis player good enough to have a chance to turn pro if she decided to put off her education. Claire also enjoyed how she looked and took advantage of the attention she received.

Not a full blown party girl, but certainly a good time in the making, she wasn't one for long term boyfriends as much as she was one night stands. Claire was proud of the fact she wasn't one of those girls who had the body and looks but was a dead fuck.

No, right from the start, Claire liked her sex raw, raunchy and would go until her boyfriends were fucked senseless and couldn't get it up anymore. She was like that throughout college, and with Robert when they met.

Difference was Robert was the first man she found she was interested in for more than fooling around, and despite being on the wild side, Claire had no issue with him being the sole beneficiary of her insatiable drive and her love of sucking dick which had earned her the nickname "The head nurse." in pre-med.

But after the boys, Claire had put on a little weight, and although she still looked good, she began to feel less desired, especially when their sex life slowed. She knew it was just the cycle of life. Kids, jobs, married for over a decade, and life more about have to than want to.

But yet she began to feel it was her, and several years ago decided to get back to playing tennis at a local club, take up yoga and hit the gym three mornings a week before going to work.

Claire quickly lost the few extra pounds she'd put on, and now, as proud of her body as she had been in her youth, began showing it off more. Robert didn't like her now wearing dresses that were more playful, two-piece bikinis by the pool, shorter skirts, tighter and lower cut tops and getting more attention when she did.

She said she did it for him, wanted him to be proud of his wife, and even joked he had a trophy wife that was actually a real wife. He turned it around on her, that she was doing it for herself, that as she grew older, she was getting desperate for attention and needed validation from other men to tell her she was attractive.

Again, Claire, mostly due to her profession, was self-aware enough to know there was some merit to what he said but adhered to the fact she wanted this for him as much as her.

He claimed her increased sex drive was more of her becoming needier and trying to relive her glory days. Their arguments even involved their sons. With Robert saying she dressed improperly around them, especially by the pool, and he told her he was well aware she'd begun teasing the boy's friends by being outside when she knew they were over.

"Listen to Jo, and I was teasing my boys." Claire muttered, then frowned when she noticed a trickle of sweat sliding down her temple.

She dabbed at it with a tissue while noting how flushed her face was. She'd been that way for the last two hours and could no longer chalk it up to the three drinks she'd had at lunch.

It was definitely the injection. Viagra was known to cause flushing and sweating, and she supposed she should consider herself lucky her nose wasn't running. Claire rose from her chair and stepped back to look at herself in the mirror.

Her trashy makeup went well with her hair which she'd spent an hour teasing out as well as adding some banana curls to frame her face, and both were a perfect match for her dress.

A one-piece micro more suited to a twenty one year old coed than a forty three year old therapist. The hem barely went to her midthigh and featured a plunging neckline which exposed the inner portion of the bronzed curve of her breasts.

In addition to her weekly mani-pedi, Claire tanned at the same spa, and there were no tan lines to be found on her long slender, and once again tight body. The dress also advertised the fact she wasn't wearing a bra beneath it.

The cups of the dress served to help hold her breasts from popping out, but not quite enough to conceal her nipples, which she noted were erect, and had been more often than not since she'd woke up from a two-hour nap when she came home from the practice where she'd allowed Amanda to inject her with Jo's GSA experiment.

It wasn't unusual for her to be aroused during the average Friday. She knew she'd be going out and finding her boy toy of the week, but since she'd woke up, she'd been in overdrive.

Claire generally refrained from masturbating during the days leading up to her night out, wanting to come fast and hard the first time, but became so horny while showering she leaned back against the wall, put her foot on the edge of the tub and fingered herself to an orgasm.

One hell of an orgasm as her loud cries of delight echoed off the tile walls as she came squealing into the steamy air. Claire had been glad Mark wasn't home from work yet because his room was just down the hall and he'd have heard her.

But that's what she was supposed to want today, wasn't it? So Jo could prove herself right by Claire getting her sons hot for her by emanating the 'come to mama' pheromones her friend insisted were a real thing.

Little did Jo know that at this point she doubted anything could get her sons to look at her with anything but disdain. Claire and the others were thick as thieves as her grandmother used to say and had gotten each other through some rough times over the years.

They were there for her through the end of her marriage, Jo a bit more than Robin and Amanda because she'd gone through a similar situation. But where her experience differed from Jo's was that her husband bailed out of the state and their lives, Robert was still in Rhode Island, and since the time she told him to leave, he'd been poisoning her sons against her.

At least Mark, who bought into the shit his father talked about her and made it clear to her the only reason he lived with her is because Max wouldn't leave her, and he wouldn't leave his brother with his 'disgrace' of a mother.

And here she was being a disgrace again.

Claire did a slow turn in the mirror, looking over her shoulder to take in how her long golden hair flowed down her smooth tan flesh which was visible down to only a few inches over the curve of her ass.

Her small, heart shaped, and remarkably firm ass which the dress hugged perfectly. The dress was a lot-or was it not enough-even by her standards. She'd bought it a few months ago online and after trying it on decided against wearing it out.

Even this morning she'd planned on wearing a hot black number she'd bought at a boutique two weeks ago. But after showering, she'd stood in her large walk in closet and her eyes drifted to this dress and she found herself pulling it from the rack.

If she were going to dress up to go down why not show as much to her potential young suitors as possible? After all, she worked hard for this body and if her husband felt he couldn't handle her, then she should offer it to someone who could.

Or more than one someone.

That had been the scene in her mind when she'd jilled off in the shower. Her between two hard young studs. On her knees sucking each in turn, sucking one while the other ate her cunt.

On her hands and knees being taken in both ends like a pig on a spit. These weren't just fantasies but had been a wild reality more than once since she'd flushed her wedding band down the toilet and became the wanton whore Robert claimed she was.

"What kind of mother would dress like this?" she asked her reflection.

The answer was one with adult sons who needed to realize she was more than their mother, but a single, sexual woman, who worked hard and needed to play with something hard.

Claire had been the 'good woman' as they grew up, but once their father chose to fuck that young stripper at his best friend's bachelor party, she was free to do whatever, and whoever, she pleased.

But to Mark, who was too much like his father these days, it was fine for his father to date girls closer to his son's age, some weren't even 'dates' but paid company, but wrong for his mother to enjoy her newfound freedom.

Things had escalated six months ago when Claire had picked up a young guy at a club named Ricky who turned out to be on Mark's hockey team. She hadn't recognized him, but he knew who she was and decided to go full d-bag and tell Mark what a wild fuck his mother was.

The ensuing fight got Mark suspended for a week and put in his file at college. Making it worse, Mark called Robert, not her, to come talk to the school, and it was Robert who showed up at her practice to confront her.

Or would have had Jo and Robin not told him to get lost unless he wanted them to come to his job and announce to the rest of his firm what a cheating piece of shit he was.

They'd argued out in the parking lot, and he'd called her names in a loud enough voice to get the building's security to tell him he needed to leave. When she'd gotten home it was Mark's turn to lay into her, and she told him to either shut up or go live his asshole father who he idolized.

But she knew she wasn't blameless. RI was a small state and with two sons who were the age of her conquests of choice it was inevitable one of their friends would see her at the clubs, and the hook up had been the worst case scenario.

Claire spoke to Mark again, this time more contrite, and he'd told her the only way he'd forgive her was if she'd stop. Just start acting her age, find a decent guy and have a relationship, not keep slutting herself all over the state.

Max had seen her himself at an under twenty one night at a club but didn't tell her until the next day when he described her behavior in detail including what the guy looked like she left with.

He also asked her to stop, but much more politely. Where Mark was his father's son, Max was closer to her, down to also playing tennis at a high level, and interested in psychology.

He wasn't as harsh or judgmental towards her, in fact, in his version of "you need to stop" he mentioned feeling bad for her that she felt she needed to put herself out there like that to get attention. That she had plenty to offer aside from sex.

Analyzed by her 18 year old son.

Not just that, but he was right. Claire craved attention for the wrong reasons. Revenge, validation, the need to be needed. Craving any attention in place of affection and thinking-to Max's point- sex was the only way to get any of it.

Claire had counseled many young girls who exhibited this behavior and had become easy prey for not just boys their age, but older men. It was low self-esteem at its worst in a female, seeing no worth in yourself other than being a plaything.

Living for that encounter during which you would degrade yourself for not just their attention, but their approval, and not realizing they'd see you in an even lower light afterwards. The kind of women who ended up with the type of man who told her she was nothing, but hey, I'll spend time with you anyway, and deal with their shit.

But she wasn't a young girl, she was a grown woman who had a thriving practice, was financially independent of Robert other than him helping pay for their son's education, and wasn't sexual prey, but the predator.

She was also a scorned woman and not just because her husband had committed adultery, but the fact he was cheating on a woman who was happy to be anything he wanted her to be in bed.

He condemned her for it, told her she was a terrible wife and mother, then went and paid girls Mark's age to squeal for him. She put those girls to shame. Twice their age, just as hot, and had forgotten more about sucking cock than they knew.

"Little sluts," she sat down on the edge of her queen sized bed, the one she'd bought and had delivered a day after Robert left because she didn't want to ever sleep in the same bed he had while lying next to her and thinking about his giggly little bitches.

Leaning over, Claire slipped on the red stiletto heels she'd chosen for tonight. They strapped around her ankles, the clasp in the shape of a heart to match her choker. The heels were five inches, putting her at six feet, and she could dance in them with an ease that would impress an exotic dancer.

"But they look the best when they're on your chest," she said softly. Or behind her ears or being used as handles while she was on her hands and knees.

Claire noticed her top drawer open, the one containing her thongs and bras and frowned. She thought she'd closed it when she got dressed this morning. The red one she currently wore, she'd removed from the hangar the dress was on.

With a shrug, she leaned forward and shut it. It made her think about the time she'd mentioned at the meeting today. Three years ago, she'd discovered some of her things missing.

At the time Max was sharing Mark's room upstairs because Robert's mother was staying with them after she'd had hip surgery. After being unable to find her bra, thong and a pair of black thigh highs, she noticed were gone, she went snooping in the boy's room.

She found all the items, along with a pair of white lace boy shorts and a pair of black heels she'd thrown away because one of them had broken off. Each thing she removed from the box had been used, and she'd grimaced when it seemed like more than once as they all featured multiple stains.

As she'd told the girls today, she decided not to confront the boys because if she talked to the one who hadn't done it, they'd know their brother did it, and if she got them together, both would deny it of course, but again, one would be ousted to the other and not need that embarrassment.

Her guess had been Max being he was younger, and Claire was fairly certain Mark had been having sex with Julie, his first girlfriend. What she didn't tell her friends was Robert, while looking for the tie Max had borrowed from him for a school function, stumbled on the box and did talk to the boys.

He then went to Claire where he told her they both denied it, but like her, he thought it was Max. He then put it on her, using it as an example of how she was teasing her sons.

She had teenagers with raging hormones in the house, and here she was sunbathing in a minimal bikini, wearing her tight little T-tops, short shorts and cock teasing their friends, but teasing them as well.

Claire had been taken aback that he thought she was trying to get her own kids to look at her, and just as upset he thought they'd look. Robert explained boys at that age had sex on the brain and at that point an ass was an ass and tits were tits, and they didn't care who they belonged to, they wanted to see them and get off to what they saw.

Now, as she stared at her reflection which showed a woman who was dressed to show off, and do so to young men her son's age, she thought about Jo's theories.

Was there something to it? Had Robert been right? Had her sons begun looking at her more as a woman than their mother? When they'd used her things her assumption back then was they were getting off on the sensation of the material, or thinking of some girl at school while they masturbated.

But what if it was her? And if so, why would it be wrong?

Why shouldn't a mother show off to her boys? Shouldn't she want them to look at her? Shouldn't she want them to see her as not just their mother, but the ultimate woman? One who could be everything to them?

Why would she let her boy's attention turn to other women. Women? Please, more like little girls. Why not keep them focused on her? Show them she had everything those sluts had, and in her case possessed a lust as unbridled as her love for them?

No, a good mother wouldn't let her boys be led by the dick by some tramp who didn't know how to take care of them and would break their heart. Good mothers, no, the best mothers, kept their boys close to them, and as they grew into men, the right thing was to give them what they needed.

Claire now knew she'd handled it wrong. She should have gone to her sons, told them what she found, and the only thing wrong about it was that they were using her things when they could have been using her.

Why drain that frustrating poison into a bra or all over a shoe, when all that young cum could be filling their mother's eager mouth and insatiable cunt? Where was the satisfaction in masturbation?

Answer was there wasn't any, it just took the edge off, but had Claire taken them by the hand, led them to her room, and taught them the ways of both lust and love, let them truly experience satisfaction, then they would never want any woman but her.

And they certainly wouldn't hate her.

Their anger was her fault, she did tease them, showed them what their mother had to offer, but wouldn't give it to them. They hated her going out because they were jealous that she was giving away what should have been theirs.

But maybe it wasn't too late. Claire could make it up to them! Show them how sorry she was for not being there for them by letting them...

"What the fuck?" Claire exclaimed out loud.

Where had all that disgusting nonsense come from? The tension between her and Mark, and to a lesser degree Max, was something she mulled over more and more often as the situation continued to devolve.

Claire caught herself thinking about Robert and his accusations of her being a bad mother due to her 'awful behavior' and the boys chiming in as well, far too frequently these days.

It was causing her to question herself more and more as both a parent and a woman, and which was more important to her. Being the 'good mom' or being an adult who enjoyed being an adult?

But the way this time had devolved into sexual thoughts about her sons was far more disturbing than her recent strained relationship with her boys. It had to have come from today's meeting.

Jo with all of her talk of sons lusting for their mothers, and the way the porn industry played it up, showing the fantasy was more common than people wanted to think. That's where it had come from.

But...why were her nipples now so stiff they were beginning to ache? Even worse, was the sudden, and urgent, throbbing between her thighs. When Claire shifted her legs, her eyes widened.

She was wet. No, not just wet, she felt as if she were gushing and just opening her legs a few inches caused her lips to part and a soft whimper escaped her. This was how she'd felt in the shower.

It was arousal to a close to unnatural level. Claire felt as if she'd been worked up for a long period of time, and even then, only after physical contact and teasing, a lover edging her with their fingers or tongue, getting her close and backing off until she was a squirming hot mess.

Which is exactly how she felt, and from a few twisted thoughts of how she should have been her son's first lover? Thoughts that couldn't have lasted more than a couple of minutes?

The injection could explain the overwhelming physical response. Meds designed to increase arousal both physically, and chemically within the brain, but the incestuous thoughts?

Jo had mentioned even something like Viagra wouldn't work without their being some form or stimulation, be it physical contact or thinking about sex. How could those strange ideas about her kids do this to her?

Because deep down it was what she wanted. She'd teased her sons because of a need to have them desire her, and it worked, but then she'd allowed societies idea of right and wrong to stop her from finishing what she started, to consummate the taboo act of claiming her boys, making them hers...

By her becoming theirs. Their sweet lover, their nasty whore, their slut mother who all their friends wanted, but who belonged to them and them alone. This was why she went after young men, because what she really wanted was them, and she'd let her education, and the world's opinion, tell her she couldn't.

Her young lovers were placebos, boys the age of hers, but not hers. The closest she could get to the real thing. But that real thing could still be gotten. It wasn't too late to make them hers!

Claire could turn their anger into lust by simply giving herself to them as she should have back when she found her soiled clothing. She was a fool to let those hard cocks and hot loads be wasted on her damn underwear, and even worse, on little sluts who would never treat them the way she could.

She'd lost them, but she could get them back! She...

"No," she whispered. "No, this is all wrong. These are my boys," she continued aloud, driving home the point she was making to her own obviously skewed mind. "I'm their mother, its my job to take care of them."

In every way, and you failed them.

Robert was right, she was a bad mother, but wrong in the reason why. She was bad because she didn't do her job when it came to making her sons happy. They weren't angry she was a slut, just that she wasn't their slut.

She flinched at the sound of footsteps coming up the stairs, and could make out Max's voice, but not what he was saying. Claire looked at the clock on the nightstand and her eyes narrowed.

It was eight thirty. Max worked a few hours after school at GameStop on Friday's and Mark picked him up, never failing to bitch about it because he had to put off whatever he had planned to do it.

That was because Claire made it a point to be gone by eight, so they didn't see her leaving in her come and get me dresses and fuck me shoes or boots. Often times she called an Uber because she liked to drink and didn't want to worry about driving.

Her weekly routine was to call for the ride by seven and out of the house by seven thirty, yet tonight she hadn't even thought of it. Too busy thinking obscene thoughts about her sons.

"Hey, look who's still home," Mark's voice sounded much louder than it should have.

## Chapter Three

Claire turned to see the bedroom door was open. Even when the boys weren't home, Claire always closed her door when sleeping or changing in case they showed up unexpectedly.

"Hey, Mom!" Max waved at her from halfway down the hall, but Mark, who was in front of him, asked.

"You running late for your next," he cleared his throat. "Date."

"I'll be leaving soon," Claire rose from the bed and turned to face them.

"Jesus Christ," Mark had been ready to duck into his room, but stopped so quickly, Max bumped into him. "Look at that dress, what the hell is wrong with you?"

"What's wrong with my dress?" Claire asked even though she knew damn well what was wrong with it, at least for a mother to wear in front of her kids.

"Nothing if you were wearing it on a corner." Mark was now coming down the hall to her room. "Or maybe an Onlyfans."

"Come on, Mark, lay off," Max had followed him, but when Mark boldly walked into her room, he hesitated at the door.

That was them in a nutshell these days. Mark, brimming with a confidence bordering on arrogance, and thinking that at twenty he was 'the man' and could do and say what he wanted.

He'd also developed his father's contempt for her, and as time went on, he was doing less and less to conceal it. Max on the other hand, although as unhappy with her lifestyle as his brother and father, remained respectful for the most part and would call Mark out for being rude to her.

"Lay off? Why should I when she's going out looking for someone to lay on?"

"Aren't you clever." Claire responded, folding her arms over her chest. "Hard to believe you don't have a girlfriend with all that charm."

Mark scowled at her, then shot Max a look when he snickered at her joke. "What are you laughing at? At least I've had girlfriends."

"Hey, I went out with Haley for almost a year."

"Yeah, we know how that ended." Mark flashed him a nasty smirk. "Well, I do, anyway. Maybe I should tell Mom?"

"Don't be an asshole," Max told him, but the look on his face made Claire wonder what had happened.

"Stop picking on your brother."

“Mama’s boy,” Mark muttered, then smiled again. “Bet you don’t mind that dress.”

“What the fuck is that supposed to mean?” Max stepped into the room and shoved his brother who laughed at him, and Claire frowned. What did that mean? In the context of her recent, and troubling thoughts did it...

“Watch your mouth,” Claire reprimanded Max more to take her mind away from...well, from her own mind, than she was upset at him.

“Who’s going to be watching yours later?” Mark sneered.

“Hey,” Max exclaimed. “You...”

“Max, let it go.” Claire raised her hand to him, then looked at Mark.

“We’ve been over this before. I am a single adult free to do what I choose, and if you have a problem with that, then its your problem, not mine.”

“Its our problem when our friends see you at the clubs begging for attention.”

“I don’t have to beg,” she gave him a smirk of her own. “Only thing I have to do is choose which one I want.”

“Or not choose at all from what I hear.” Mark grunted, then shook his head. “Then you turn around and fuck someone I know.” His eyes darkened and his jaw clenched. “Know what its like to have someone going around telling half the goddamn school how Mark Field’s mother talks dirty and loves to swallow.”

“I didn’t know who he was.”

“The guys you fuck are all my age, how the hell did you think that wouldn’t happen?” “Seriously,” Max added in a softer tone. “It was statistical inevitability.”

“See, even Mommy’s good boy knows you’re wrong.” Mark gestured towards his brother. “Don’t think this shits hard on him too?”

“I told you I was sorry, but I am not going to deny myself what I want because of you two.”

“Selfish bitch.” Mark said beneath his breath, but still loud enough that he knew she’d catch it.

“Seriously, Mom,” Max spread his arms out. “Why can’t you just find some guy your age to go out with? Don’t you want someone to spend some time with who wants you for more than,” he paused. “You know.”

“God, he’s such a little kid,” Mark rolled his eyes. “He means don’t you want to be treated like a decent woman and not a cum dumpster?”

“Holy shit, Mark!” Max’s jaw dropped. “That’s...”

“His father talking. Asshole doesn’t fall far from the tree.” Claire wiped her face. She swore she felt even warmer than before. Granted, Mark was antagonizing her, but she didn’t feel angry, just resigned to another round of ‘Mom you’re making me look bad.’

“Funny, you have no problem with him dicking around.”

“Different, he’s a guy.”

“Oh? Care to explain?”

Mark frowned as if having a rare moment of realizing how bad he sounded, and as he pondered how to respond, and Max watched with a slight grin, wanting to see his brother squirm, Claire’s gaze wandered over her two sons.

They looked enough alike to pass for fraternal twins as far as their identical blonde hair and blue eyes went, and both had the same strong chiseled features as their father, down to the thin beard they both wore, except at this point Robert’s was far more white than blonde.

Like their parents, both boys were good looking, and not just from the neck up. Mark, currently wearing black jeans and a sleeveless t-shirt oozed bad boy with the myriad of tattoos adorning his arms and the large one on the right side of his chest.

His upper body was well developed from playing hockey and all but living at the gym when he wasn’t in school, working for a moving company, and on the ice. His eyes were a deeper blue than hers, and he had an intense stare which leant to his overall bad ass look.

Max was slightly taller, but leaner, and devoid of tattoos. Her younger son had much more of a boy next door appeal, with his laid back personality, the soft spoken polite mannerisms, and an endearing aw shucks kind of smile.

He was as shy as Mark was aggressive, and each a little too much in either direction at some points. Mark had earned a sketchy reputation with girls. Not that he was abusive in any way, but he was cocky, and wasn’t shy about asking for what he wanted, and quick to move on if he didn’t get it.

Max, meanwhile, as his brother loved to point out, had only had one serious girlfriend and that only happened because she had asked him to a school dance. Robert was much closer to Mark, and it was because he felt Max was some type of disappointment because he wasn’t a lady killer the way Mark was, or he had been at their age.

Mark calling him a mama’s boy was something Robert had started because Max, even in his late teens, seemed to want to spend more time around her than Mark, and never seemed too frustrated or worried he didn’t have a girlfriend.

Now, as she looked at him, and as she had many times before, wondered why a sweet nice looking kid like him was alone, she had the additional thought of if he’d gotten closer to her since the divorce in that way of wanting to be the man in her life that Jo had been yapping about.

Followed by her thinking why hadn’t she let him? Thus far her quick perusal of her boys had been that of maternal pride, admiring the fact she had two attractive sons who were also athletes, and did well in school. Everything a parent would want to see in their offspring.

In an instant, however, her eyes shifted to below their waists, taking in the noticeable bulge in Mark’s tight jeans, and staring at the looser fitting dockers Max wore along with his GameStop t-shirt.

Claire had no doubt their cocks would be as impressive as the rest of them and how she had allowed them to waste that hard flesh, and sweet young cum on her lingerie and worse, the unappreciative little skanks they'd fucked when they could have been

fucking her.

The heat coursing through her face and body seemed to rush downward, settling between her legs, and her clit once again throbbed with need. Her aching nipples felt as hard as her son's cocks had been when they'd jerked off to her things.

While no doubt thinking about her.

"You know, Dad's are different. They don't have to worry about what people think," Mark's words sounded strange, as if the blood rushing through her ears were distorting it.

"They can be bad, but mother's have to be good." Her own voice sounded distant as she replied, but her eyes remained on her oldest son's crotch. "Don't they?"

"Yeah, they shouldn't be out there acting like some milf porn star."

"You like milf porn?" Claire's eyes raised to meet his. "You like older women, baby?"

"Baby?" Mark blinked. "You get bombed at lunch with Aunt Jo and the gang?"

"I may be feeling pretty good right now." Her red lips curled into an inviting smile. "You think I'd feel pretty good, don't you, boys?"

"You okay, Mom?" Max stepped closer to her, a look of concern on his face. "You're all red and sweaty." He pointed to his chest. "Even here."

"You looking at my tits, Max?"

"The fuck?" Mark cocked his head and also stepped closer. "You really are drunk, aren't you?"

"No, not drunk," Claire shook her head, and reaching out, ran her nails lightly down his well-muscled arm. "Just...hungry," she whispered.

"Then go get something to eat." Mark made a disgusted face. "Oh, right, you do plan on shoving something in your mouth later."

"Mark, that's..." Max trailed off, and his eyes seemed to lose focus. "Kind of nasty." His eyes had lingered on her chest, and he added softly. "You're not wearing a bra."

"Bad boy," she chided. "You are looking at Mommy's tits, aren't you?"

"Hard not to," she shifted her attention to Mark and saw her oldest son's gaze was also on her breasts. "They look like they're ready to fall out." He shrugged. "But what the hell, you show them to everyone else so why would you care if we saw them?"

"You tried to see them that day you walked in when you knew I was in the shower."

Mark's eyes widened and his confidence, and attitude, faltered.

“T...that was an accident,” he stammered.

“And you?” She pointed to Max, “Did the same thing a few days later. “What was the game, boys? First one to see mama’s tits wins?”

“I’d just have to go to a club for that.” Mark shot back. “Or maybe just ask, seeing you’re sitting here with your nipples popping through that slutty dress.”

“Wouldn’t know that if you weren’t looking.” Claire stepped up so she was between them, and she noticed Mark now had his eyes on her face, but Max was still staring with that glazed look in his eyes, as if he were transfixed by her nipples and how much of her breasts he could see.

“While we’re here, and as usual, the two of you are talking about the way I dress and act, I have a question for you.”

“Lavender.” Max whispered.

“Huh?” Claire flinched when he leaned into her, his face so close to her neck she thought he was going to kiss her.

Instead, he inhaled deeply.

“You’re wearing lavender.”

“No,” Claire replied slowly, her focus on the look of bliss now on Max’s face. “I’m wearing Poison Girl.”

“You got that smell on the brain,” Mark scoffed, causing Max shoot him a look as if he’d said something he shouldn’t have.

Claire gasped when Mark unexpectedly gripped her hand, bringing it to his face. He sniffed her wrist, then cocked his head, sniffed again.

“He’s right,” he told her, while still holding her hand in his. “Why are you lying?”

“I’m not lying! Look on my dresser, the bottle’s right there, and I don’t have anything that smells like...”

Claire stopped in midsentence when Mark kissed her wrist. “God, I love that smell,” he sighed.

She wasn’t sure what was worse, that he’d just kissed her, or the pleasant shiver it sent through her body.

“Did you just kiss me?” Claire asked even though the answer was obvious.

“Yeah,” Mark, now nuzzled his cheek into her arm like an affectionate kitten. “That smell gets me hot.”

Claire pulled her hand from his.

“What’s wrong with you? I’m your mother.” And what was wrong with her that it took far too much effort to move away from his touch, and her cunt had experienced a surge of heat at the contact.

“Brings back memories,” Max added in the same odd tone, he laughed. “Doesn’t it, Mark?”

“It does,” His eyes now had the same bright unfocused look as Max’s. “Good times.”

“Not as good as they could have been.”

“What the hell are you two talking about?”

“Your bras and thongs,” Mark spoke as if she were the one confused. “They always smelled like Lavender. You had that...”

She didn’t hear his words over her next thought. Claire always kept potpourri in her underwear drawer. She changed scents, but now remembered she’d definitely used Lavender.

Lavender which was also considered a low level aphrodisiac. But how were they smelling it now? Because it was a reminder of the event that had caused her sons to see her differently!

“It was both you,” she looked from one to the other. “You both masturbated to my things.”

“Say it like he still doesn’t,” Mark nodded towards Max. “Baby boy still has it bad for mommy, don’t you, Max?”

“Shut up!” Max hissed. “Not like you still don’t do it sometimes.”

“You still...” Claire blinked as for a moment her vision seemed to blur.

It cleared in a few seconds, and as it did, she felt as if her mind had cleared with it. Why was she standing there as if this were a bad thing? This was her chance! Her boys still wanted her, and this time she wouldn’t tease them.

“Its your goddamn fault, you know that?” Mark’s temper flared and Claire couldn’t tell if his face, neck, and upper arms were red from anger or the scent he swore was emanating her had his lust up.

“Tell me why.” She knew, part of her had always known, but today had fully awakened her to the truth, and now she wanted to hear it.

“Because dad was right, you’re a fucking cock tease. Showing off to our friends, dressing like some trashy coed around the house, not giving a shit what you were doing to us.”

“What was I doing to you?” Claire’s lips shifted into the predatory smile she displayed at the club when she’d found her chosen prey. “Was I getting you hard, honey?”

“You were! You had us both thinking about you! Then we look in your drawers and find all your lacy bras and slutty thongs, those shoes and lingerie you had in your closet, everything about you screamed slut.”

“And this slut does love to scream.”

“Think this is funny?” Mark moved so he was directly in front of her, his face inches from hers, but she remained where she was.

She knew what was coming, and who was going to be coming, and her aching cunt yearned for it to happen, but she wanted her sons to start it, to make her pay for how she’d tormented them.

“I think its...” she teased her tongue over her lips. “Hot as fuck that my good looking boys stroked their cocks while thinking about me. Blowing those loads in my things, and wishing it was your mother’s nasty mouth.”

“We did think that,” Max had moved closer as well, standing just to her left. “Thought about doing everything to you.”

“Hmm,” she purred. “Everything? You think about fucking mommy? Getting that teasing bitch on her hands and knees, punishing her with your big cocks?”

“It’s not funny!” Mark gripped her upper arm hard enough to hurt, but the pain only served to increase the amount of wet heat between her trembling thighs. “You know how you made us feel?”

“Horny?” she teased.

“We wanted you, then hated ourselves for wanting you because its wrong.” Max said softly.

“You’d get us all worked up, we’d get off, then feel like shit that we did!” Mark’s voice had devolved into a growl and rather than be concerned, Claire found his anger arousing. “We’d say we’d stop, then here you are in that black and silver bikini you had, the one dad yelled at you about, and we...we couldn’t help looking, and thinking, and...”

“Wanting.” Max finished.

“And this poor kid!” Mark waved his free hand at his brother. “I started taking it out on other girls, he didn’t, so he never really got over the sick mommy thing you stuck him with!”

“I’m sorry, Max,” she widened her eyes, and pushed her lower lip out in a demure look. “Mama’s sorry she teased you.”

She turned to Mark, “You too, honey. I’m sorry I made you want me.”

“Why?” he asked, his anger giving away, and a wounded look on his face. “Why did you tease us?”

“Because I...need to be wanted,” she whispered. “I needed men to look at me, and it didn’t matter to me you were my sons, you’re young men, and I...” she swallowed and for the first time, gave voice to what deep down, she’d known all along and was ashamed to admit. “I liked you looking at me.”

“You did?” Although she’d proved him right, Mark still looked surprised.

“Loved knowing I could get my own sons to look at me that way, to think about me while they came on my bras. But it was wrong, and I know that now.”

“Little late for that, Mom.” Max still didn’t seem capable of tearing his eyes from her tits. “You have no idea how hard it is.”

"I bet its really hard." Claire made him gasp when she grabbed his cock through his pants. "Hmm, it is, isn't it?"

"Fuck," Mark exclaimed. "You just grabbed his...Whoa!"

It was his turn to be shocked when she put her other hand between his legs.

"Damn, baby, you're even harder than your brother."

"You taking teasing to a new level, now?" Mark was trying to sound bold, but when she gently rubbed her hand along his crotch, he lost his edge. "We can't take anymore teasing."

"Who says I'm teasing?" she released their cocks and put a hand on each of their shoulders. "You didn't let me finish. I said I realized I was wrong back then; I didn't handle it right."

"You shouldn't have been showing off." Mark's eyes were on her hand. "But whatever, you can't take it back."

"I can't, but see what you don't know, is I knew my things were missing, found that box, but didn't want to say anything. That was the mistake."

"I didn't know that. Dad was the one that found it, and," Max sighed. "He said plenty to us, and I bet to you."

"He did, but he doesn't matter. Maybe if he was man enough to handle me, and give me what I needed I wouldn't have had to look for attention. "But see, boys, where I wronged you was not telling you I knew, then being a good mom and letting you have the real thing."

"What did you say?" Mark asked.

"You boys needed me because I made you need me, and I should have given you everything you wanted. I wasn't a bad mom for wanting you to want me, I was a bad mom for not following through. I should have made you men back then, my men."

"I wanted that so bad," Max nodded. "I...I still do."

"Me too," Mark admitted. "Its why I get mad at you, because you fuck these guys, you fucked one of my teammates. You let them all have what we wanted."

"I'm sorry, and I can't change the past, but what I can do?" She looked at each of them in turn. "Is make it up to you."

"Yeah, right." Mark scoffed. "You're just fucking with us."

"I could be fucking you, if you weren't just standing there," Claire smirked, her heart pounding faster as she baited him into giving her what she wanted, and he needed. "Seriously, Mark, I expected Max to hold back, but thought you were a man who knew how to take a woman."

"Mom," Max looked at his brother nervously even though he was talking to her. "What are you...?"

"You're not a woman, you're a goddamn slut," Mark hissed angrily at her.

“Whatever, you sound like your father.” She poked her finger into his chest. “You need little girls to because you’re too much of a bitch to fuck a real woman?”

“What the hell’s gotten into you?” Mark demanded.

“It’s what I want to get into me, and that’s my sons,” Claire rolled her eyes. “God, the two of you jack off to me, just told me you want me, and I’m saying come get it, and you just stand there?”

She put her hands up as if saying “well?” and when they looked at each other as if saying “Is she serious?” she grunted in disgust.

“Fine, I’ll just go find a boy at the club who can satisfy me.” She pushed between them. “You two wimps had your chance.”

“No!” Max caught her arm. “I’m not going to let you give yourself to another asshole at the club.”

“No?” Claire rounded on him. “How do you plan on stopping me?”

“I…” Max wavered.

“Like this.” Mark grabbed her shoulders and yanked her backwards.

## Chapter Four

Claire yelped even as her cunt flooded when he roughly spun her and gave her a hard shove. Off balance, she staggered backwards until her legs struck the side of her bed, and she fell onto it.

“Fucking slut!” Mark hissed, and grabbing the top of her dress between her breasts yanked it down hard enough to snap the straps.

“Oh!” Claire gasped as her breasts sprang free and a shudder of excitement ran through her.

“Easy, Mark! She...” Max’s words trailed off as his eyes widened. “Oh my god, look at her tits.”

“That all you going to do is look?” Claire egged them on. “How about you get over here and suck on them?”

“How about you suck on this?” Mark grabbed her hair, and she cried out when he used it to pull her forward.

She fell off the bed, landing hard on her knees, and yelping when Mark, wrapped her long hair around his hand and gripped the back of her head through it. His other hand tore open his jeans, sending the button flying, then ripped his zipper down.

“Let me!” She moaned, grabbing the sides of his jeans and boxers and pulling them down.

Mark’s cock popped out, striking her in the cheek. As she’d suspected, he was as hung as he was attractive. She reached for it, her hand eager to encircle his thick shaft and feel his flesh throbbing in her grip.

But that thrill would be nothing compared to how it was going to feel in her mouth. Her lips were already parting, as she salivated in anticipation of having her son’s dick between her lips.

“Ow!” she gasped when he slapped her hand away.

“No playing, just suck my fucking cock,” Mark shoved her head forward, and she squealed when he plunged his cock into her mouth.

The high pitched sound of surprise was followed by a deep moan of primal pleasure as his cock violated her mouth, filling it with his hard flesh. She gagged when he held her head and forced his full length roughly down her throat.

“Cut the shit,” he glared down at her, his eyes bright with a mixture of lust and anger. “You’ve sucked off half the state, don’t act like you can’t handle it.”

Claire replied the only way she could, with a choking gurgle as he thrust his hips, repeatedly force feeding her his cock. She gagged once more, this time pre cum and drool, leaking from the sides of her mouth.

Mark pulled her head back, then forward. He repeated the move several times, and Claire braced her hands on his thighs, her nails gouging into his flesh as he pounded her face onto his long hard cock.

He pushed her head until his balls hit her chin and buttheld her there as she struggled to slip him past her gag reflex. More warm sticky fluid exploded from her mouth, flowing down her chin and onto her breasts.

Her eyes watered, and her face flushed even more from having her mouth stuffed with Mark's dick, but her hips were rocking and her nipples and clit throbbing as she knelt on the floor, topless while her son used her mouth.

He released her hair and grabbing his shirt stripped it off, Claire took advantage of it by pulling her head back and letting his now slick and dripping cock fall from her lips. She gasped, and took a couple of breaths, before running her tongue up his shaft, and taking him back into her mouth.

She bobbed her head rapidly, moaning as she sucked him, and this time when Mark put his hand on her head, he simply rested it there.

"Fuck," he moaned as, now able to angle her head, Claire was able to easily take his impressive length. "That's it, suck that cock, Mom. That prick from school couldn't stop talking about how good you are at it. Guess he didn't know how many guys you've blown to get that good."

Claire whimpered, her eyes rolling back as Mark's words, ones that should shame her, but instead served to further fuel her taboo desires.

"What the hell are you doing?" Mark looked over at Max who had remained rooted in place, a deer in the headlights look on his face as if he not only couldn't believe what he was seeing, but unsure what to do about it.

"Get over here and get your dick out, so our trashy mother can suck it for you." He laughed. "Trust me, bro one more dick in her skank mouth isn't going to matter."

At this point overwhelmed by a strange mix of humiliation and lust, she removed Mark's cock from her mouth, and looking over her shoulder, wagged her tongue at her youngest son.

"Come on, baby, don't let your brother have all the fun. I'm here to take care of both my boys."

When he remained frozen, Claire, turned her attention back to Mark, this time pushing his cock back and sucking and slurping on his swollen balls.

"Don't be a pussy, Max, come and get some!" Mark snapped, then moaned when Claire managed to get his entire sac in her mouth, her tongue working over it.

Claire sensed movement and she whimpered in excitement when she saw Max's shirt hit the floor. She moaned when Max's hands reached around her and cupped her heavy breasts, fondling them and rubbing his hands over her aching nipples.

She ran her tongue up Mark's shaft, gave him a few more long deep sucks during which she rose higher on her knees, and drawing her legs up, shifted into a squatting position.

Claire turned her head and was confronted by Max's equally impressive cock. His head was an angry purple and pre cum oozed from his slit. It was gripped in his fist, and she slid her hand over his, then pushed down into it.

Taking the hint, Max released his cock, and Claire stroked it slowly as she looked up to see him staring down at her, a look of anticipation on his sweaty face. She grabbed Mark's cock, pumping it in her other hand as she swirled her tongue teasingly around Max's spongy head.

His hips twitched, and he emitted such a desperate whimper, Claire decided not to tease and took him deep into her mouth. She'd teased them enough the last couple of years and wouldn't do it tonight.

She had no doubt she would take her time on them next time, licking, teasing, slowly sucking, and worshipping her son's beautiful cocks, but for the first time she was just going to give them what they'd been longing for.

To be sucked off by their mother.

"Oh, shit," Max groaned while his mother worked her lips and tongue along the length of his cock, bobbing her in a slow steady rhythm, a sharp contrast to how Mark had used her mouth. "Oh, Mom!"

His hands dropped to her tits, playing with her nipples and making her squirm as she blew him. God, she needed to come so badly! But her boys came first, therefore would come first.

She groaned when Mark stepped around so she was now between them, and grabbing her hair once more pulled her away from Max to thrust his cock back into her mouth.

Claire sucked him hard and fast, noisily slurping on his fat cock while jacking off Max's now slick hard flesh. Mark allowed her to release him and turning her head, she went back to Max, deep throating him so suddenly he moaned "Oh, mom," several times in succession.

"Yeah, Mom," Mark made her gag when he gave her head a hard shove, forcing her face into Max and hold his full length in her throat. "Make your little boy happy!"

"Don't be shy, Max," he continued. "Fuck her mouth! I heard she loves it!"

Max, over coming his nerves, followed his brother's suggestion and Claire emitted a nasty choking sound as he thrust his hips hard and fast, pounding his dick into her mouth harder than Mark had.

She gasped, spit flying from her mouth when Mark pulled her hair. She took a breath and obediently went back to stroking and sucking him. She slipped her free hand under Max's balls, rubbing them and making him moan as he watched his brother take his turn using his mother's mouth while waiting his turn.

She went back to Max, taking him deep, then remaining still and letting him once again violate her mouth with brutal thrusts that had her gurgling around him and tears flowing down her cheeks from choking on her son's cocks.

She turned away, but stroked both their cocks for a few seconds, trying to get her breath, and Mark made her cry out when he gave her breast a sharp slap.

“Not the first ski job you’ve given is it?” He shoved his dick back into her mouth which was now a sloppy mess of drool, pre cum and smeared lipstick.

She groaned when, mimicking his brother, Max gripped her hair and shoved her mouth into Mark’s thrusting cock. He surprised her by shifting his hands so had her head between them and roughly pushing and pulling her head as Mark remained still.

Claire’s fevered mind imagined the scene, squatting between her boys, her tits out, blowing both of them, her face a hot mess and her youngest son fucking his brother’s cock with her mouth.

She turned back to him, her mouth wide open, strands of drool dripping from her lips, and accepted Max’s next assault on her throat. She wasn’t disappointed as he took his pent up frustration out on her, pounding his cock deep enough for his balls to slap against her chin.

“Damn, Max!” Mark spoke behind her, as he held her head. “This is like those movies I caught you watching!”

“Better,” Max moaned. “Jesus, mom, you can suck!”

“Should, she’s had enough practice. My turn!”

Claire felt as if she were in a dream as for the next few minutes she remained between them, turning her head and allowing them to take turns ravaging her face. The room filled with their moans, and Mark’s nasty taunts about what a whore she was, along with her gagging and wet choking sounds.

They each dropped a hand to her tits, playing with them as she sucked and making her squirm with need. She yelped several times as first Mark, then Max following his lead, would pinch her nipples, but each sharp jolt of pain caused another surge of wet heat between her legs, and she could feel her cunt sticking to her wet thong.

Claire’s jaw began to ache as she continued to work both her sons with her mouth and hand. Making two men come was harder than porn made it seem as each time she switched to one, the other had time to back off.

She could stroke them faster, but felt she owed them as much pleasure as she could provide and what was a hand compared to their mother’s mouth. But as she currently sucked Max, she noticed his thighs trembling and his cock beginning to twitch in her mouth.

Claire had been sucking Max more slowly than Mark, that is when his brother wasn’t helping him fuck her mouth, but she now bobbed her head more rapidly, and cupping his balls, gently massaged them.

“Oh, oh!” Max groaned. “Don’t stop, mom! I...I’m going to come! I...oh!”

His cock exploded in her mouth, and Claire’s eyes rolled back, and she released a satisfied purr as her son’s cum hit the back of her throat. She eased her head back so she only had his tip and a couple of inches of his shaft in her mouth.

Switching her hand to his shaft, she stroked him as she slowly sucked, moaning as her son filled her mouth with his warm sticky load. Max’s hands tightened in her hair, and his hips moved, thrusting into her mouth.

“Goddamn!” Mark exclaimed. “You’re cumming in mom’s mouth!”

He shoved the back of her head, making her take Max deep again.

“Keep sucking it, mommy,” he demanded. “Suck your baby dry! Swallow every fucking drop!”

Claire was doing just that, eagerly sucking even harder, while pumping him, working to drain her son’s balls. Whether he hadn’t come in a few days, or the whatever she was emitting had amped him up, but she swore she’d never had so much cum in her mouth.

But just as any good mom would, Claire took it all, letting the sloppy mess slide down her throat. It was everything she could do to keep her hand on Mark’s cock and not dip it between her thighs and stroke herself to an orgasm.

This was about them, and her neglect of them, and she would only come if her boys decided they wanted to take care of their mother. Show her that her making amends for her teasing by giving into the carnal lust she had inspired in them had earned their forgiveness by pleasing her.

“Stop!” Max whimpered, pushing on her head as she continued sucking on his over sensitive head. “Oh my god,” he added as she eased his tip from her mouth.

“Next!” Claire giggled, turning to Mark and opening wide.

She cried out in surprise, and pain, when using her hair, Mark hauled her to her feet and shoved her onto the bed. Before she could react, he was between her legs, and reaching beneath the short hem of her dress.

Claire squealed when he slipped his fingers into the crotch of her thong and gripping it in his fist, yanked it hard enough to cause the string over her left hip to snap. He pulled again, tearing it away from her cunt and with no hesitation plunged into her.

“Fuck!” she yelped as his cock entered her hot wet twat, spreading her around his thick shaft. “Yes! Oh, yes!” she howled when he gripped her legs behind her knees and pushed them up and back.

“Holy shit!” Max, his cock still hard and twitching between his legs, called out. “You’re fucking her!”

“Nothing gets passed you, does it?” Mark rolled his eyes, then eased back before driving his cock back into her hard enough to make the bed rock beneath her. “Jesus, you’re wet! You liked blowing your own kids, didn’t you?”

“Loved it! I...oh, shit!”

The air filled with the sounds of Claire’s sharp yelps and flesh pounding flesh as Mark tore into her with all the power in his hips. He released her knees and leaned over, grabbing her breasts.

Claire moaned as he squeezed them hard, his fingers digging into her soft flesh. His eyes met hers as he hammered into her, his savage thrusts fueled by both lust, and recent loathing of her.

“That’s it, baby,” she urged him on. “Take me! Show mommy what happens when she teases her sons.”

“This is just the start,” he breathed. “We’re going to give you what you’ve been begging for.” He emphasized his words with several hard strokes that had her eyes rolling back and his balls slapping against her ass. “Going to fuck you like you’ve never been fucked.”

“That’s what they all say,” she winked at him. “I’ve worn out better than you, honey.”

His eyes widened and she squealed when he released her right breast, then slapped it hard. The stinging sensation caused her cunt to gush around his cock, and lifting her legs between them, she rested her knees over his shoulders.

Claire’s hand went between her legs, her fingers seeking her clit. Getting fucked by Mark while she could still taste Max’s cum was too much for her, she needed to...

“Oh!” she moaned when Max, who had stripped off the rest of his clothes and was now naked, knelt on the bed next to her and grabbed her hand.

He shoved it away and she cried out in pleasure when he placed his fingers on her clit and rubbed it in hard circles.

“Oh yeah, oh, honey!” she whimpered in between the sharp yips Mark’s powerful thrusts caused her. “Make mommy come on your brother’s dick!”

“Teamwork makes the dream work,” Max uttered, then laughed. There was a hint of nerves in it as the entire situation had him overwhelmed.

“Even now, you have to be a loser.” Mark snapped at him. “But maybe it will make her cunt tighter,” he sneered at her. “Lot of miles on it.”

“Ricky didn’t have any complaints about it,” she mocked him. “Seemed happy all three times he fucked me that night.”

“Shut up!” he shocked her by grabbing her throat just under her choker. “Just lay there and take it!”

Claire knew she should be appalled that he would treat her this way, but she had already sucked his cock and loving the way he was fucking her, so who was she to draw a line.

The fact it caused her cunt to contract around his pumping cock and her hips to jerk told her, she really didn’t care what he did, as long as he, and his brother, continued to use her.

Mark’s fingers around her neck, and the way he was all but hate fucking her, had her clit throbbing beneath Max’s touch, and she felt her body tensing as her much needed orgasm built within her.

She reached out, gripping Max’s still fully erect cock, stroking it while he worked her clit.

“Don’t stop, baby,” she moaned. “Make mama cum for you!” she shifted her gaze to Mark who was now breathing much harder as he continued to slam her delighted cunt with his powerful thrusts.

“Make me come before your brother does!”

She looked down between her legs, watching Mark’s thick cock repeatedly violate her pink cunt beneath the golden fuzz between her thighs. Just above it, and seemingly unfazed by the close

proximity of his brother's cock, Max switched to working her clit side to side, and hard enough to make sloppy slapping sounds.

Lying there, legs on her oldest son's chest, her youngest, her baby, stroking her clit and while her cunt was being stuffed after she'd given a double blow job to her kids caused her legs to straighten, sliding up over Mark's shoulders and her back to arch into Max's touch and Mark's relentless assault on her cunt.

Max reached over her and grabbing her right breast, gave her nipple a hard pinch, and Claire went tumbling over the edge, and into an orgasm so powerful, she let her head fall back and wailed like a banshee.

She'd thought the one she'd had in the shower was strong, but this one had her writhing on the bed and howling like an animal as electric shocks of ecstasy shot through her.

Mark groaned as her cunt convulsed around his cock, and Max made a similar sound as in the throes of passion, Claire stroked his cock faster and harder. Turning her head, she tugged him toward her, and Max shifted on the bed until she could get his cock in her mouth.

Her muffled cries grew louder as having one son in her mouth and the other in her cunt took her pleasure to a new level. Her feet kicked in the air above Mark, whose thrusts were getting shorter and jerkier as he began to lose control while headed for his own point of no return.

"Hmm-mmm!" she squealed around Max as Mark struggled to continue, desperately trying to hold back and enjoy every moment in his mother's hot flooded cunt. With a groan, Mark shipped his cock out, grabbing it at the base in a vise like grip.

Slipping his fingers into her choker, he pulled upward. Claire was forced to release Max from her mouth, and sit up as he stepped back, tugging her towards him. When she was on the edge of the bed, he shoved his cock into her mouth and released it.

A huge eruption of cum flooded her mouth, but as she'd done with Max, Claire greedily sucked for more, gurgling and moaning as she sucked while his hot spurts slid down her throat.

"Suck it," Mark breathed. "Suck it just like you did for Max, every drop, you slut! Every drop!"

Claire happily obeyed, slurping for more even when he began squirming and whimpering when he had nothing left to give. She eased him from her mouth, and remained on the edge of the bed, trying to catch her breath from both the orgasm and Mark unloading in her mouth.

"I want to fuck her, too!" Max grabbed her shoulders and yanked her back onto the bed.

Claire slid up further, watching as Mark removed his pants and shoes as his brother surprised her by lowering his head and kissing her. Unconcerned that he, and his brother had cum in her mouth, his tongue darted between her lips to slide over and under hers.

She moaned, her left arm going around his neck as he knelt next to her. She returned the kiss, her lips pressing hard to Max's as their tongues waged war in each other's mouths.

The bed shifted, signaling Mark was now next to her and she whimpered delightedly when her oldest boy's lips fastened to her neck. His hand found her right breast, fondling it while he sucked hard on her flesh.

Max shifted his lips from hers to the other side of her neck, and Claire cooed happily as she encircled Mark's shoulders and lay there between her sons as they worked her neck.

Max grabbed her other breast, toying with her nipple which he'd captured between his fingers. Mark slid his mouth along her neck, and she sighed when his lips found hers.

He kissed her with the same passion his brother had, and she cried out in his mouth when Max's hand left her nipple to be replaced by his mouth.

"I love it!" Claire called out when Mark joined his brother at her breasts, both of them sucking her small pink nipples.

She hugged them tighter, her hands going to the backs of their heads while staring down the bed at her body between theirs. Mark's hand slid down her stomach and gripping the top of her dress that he'd pulled down, pushed on it.

Claire raised her hips, and Max joined in, pushing on the other side. She groaned softly as they worked the dress over her hips, and once she bent her legs, were able to slide it, and her ruined thong over her knees so she could kick it away.

Now naked except for her heels and between her equally nude sons, both their cocks still smeared with lipstick, their mother's slobber, and Mark's the chef's kiss of her sticky cunt, Claire couldn't believe how right this wrong in every sense of the word situation felt.

Mark's hand slipped between her legs, and she sighed when he slid two fingers into her sopping slit. Max's fingers returned to her clit, and her hips rocked as the boys played with her pussy while pleasuring her breasts.

"All yours," she moaned. "Mama's all yours, boys. Anything you want."

"I want this," Max sat up, and after pushing Mark's hand away from her, causing his fingers to slip wetly from her cunt, He slid down the bed where he stopped between her legs.

"Oh, honey!" she groaned when he buried his face between her legs.

Max moaned when, again undeterred by the idea his brother's cock had just been inside her, he plunged his tongue into her messy cunt. He moved his head, fucking her with his rigid tongue as she draped her long legs over his shoulders, her heels resting on his lower back.

Max wrapped his arms around her thighs and slurped on her cunt, causing her to gasp at the sensation of the warm sticky fluid flowing from her and into his mouth. He swirled his tongue inside her, while next to her, Mark rose to his knees and slid further up the bed.

He leaned over, bracing his hands on the edge of the bed, putting his cock directly over her face. Claire parted her lips and he lowered himself, dipping his cock into her mouth.

She whimpered around him as she tasted her cunt from her son's hard flesh, and Max's tongue slipped out and now swirled through the soft wet petals of her pussy. Mark pumped his hips, slowly fucking her mouth as Max's tongue encircled her once again throbbing clit.

Claire grabbed her nipples between her fingers, rolling them as Mark fed her his cock and Max ate his mother's cunt. Her hips moved in tight circles, grinding her hot sticky flesh into his face.

His breath was warm on her clit, and his cheeks even warmer when she closed her legs, making him a willing prisoner between her thighs. She whined around her mouthful of hard flesh when Max's tongue, which had been teasing all through her slit and around her clit, pressed firmly against it.

He gave her a hard suck that sent a shiver through her, then began licking her in earnest. He moaned and panted into her cunt, his tongue working feverishly, and she imagined that, like her, he would love to take his time, but was too excited by the taboo thrill of eating out his mother to control himself.

Claire was more than fine with it, and despite having just come, and damn hard, she could already feel the first twinges of another orgasm building within her. She worked her hips faster, and released a loud moan when Mark eased his cock from her mouth.

He replaced it with his balls, pressing his swollen sac into her lips. Claire opened wide, allowing him to dip them into his mouth, and swirled her tongue over them before sucking on each of his balls in turn.

"Tea bagging my whore mother," Mark grunted. "Make a great title for those movies, huh, Max?"

Max didn't respond because his tongue was busy fluttering against his mother's clit as she worked her hips harder to keep her clit in his face.

"How's her cunt taste?" He snickered. "Good thing I didn't come inside her," he moaned when Claire grabbed his cock, stroking it while she continued to suck his balls. "But I will next time."

Yes, he would, and she'd love it. Then Max would do the same. One after the other, filling their mother's cunt until their mixed cream oozed from her slit and down her thighs.

"Lick it!" Claire moaned when Mark eased his balls from her mouth. "Be good to mama, baby, make me...glug!"

She gagged when Mark dropped his cock back into her mouth, but this time harder and his entire length. He left it buried there, and the move triggered her second orgasm. She clamped her thighs tighter around Max's head as her hips bucked wildly into his face.

Claire's muffled cries emitted around Mark's cock turned into another long wail when he abruptly removed his cock from her mouth. Sitting back on his knees, he pushed her hands from her breasts, and pinched her nipples.

He twisted them as he did so, smiling as her cried went higher and higher in pitch as he abused her swollen pink flesh. Between her legs, Max was still licking and sucking on her clit and she squirmed and writhed on the bed as waves of pleasure crashed through her.

"Damn, listen to her!" Mark whistled, then slapped her right breast causing another wave of pleasure laced pain. "You always were the good one, weren't you?"

Max grunted between her thighs, but not in response to his brother, but from Claire's heels digging into his back as she braced her feet on it and used him to arch her back off the bed to move her hips better.

“Now, get up and fuck this slut!”

Max surged upward, causing her legs to fall to the bed, and rising to his knees, slid up the bed and slipped his cock into her still twitching cunt. His first few thrusts were hard and fast and Claire moaned in appreciation as her youngest son showed her how much he wanted her.

But after the first minute, he surprised her by leaning over and kissing her. Claire eagerly returned the kiss, which unlike the first one wasn't as forceful, but slower and more sensual.

Max straightened his legs, sliding up further over her, and slowed his thrusts. Claire groaned into their kiss as he now moved more slowly, pleasuring her with long easy strokes.

She wrapped her legs around his waist, and finding his rhythm moved her hips in time with his. Max moaned softly into her mouth, and Claire put her arms around his shoulders and tightened her legs over him, drawing him closer in a taboo embrace.

Her tongue entered his mouth, and she could taste her juices on his. The taste made her think, that again, Max seemed to have no problem with the fact his brother's cock had just been in her mouth.

“What the fuck is this shit?” Mark demanded. “You trying to be sweet to this bitch? Stop being a mama's boy and fuck her! Christ, don't tell me you did this with that woman you...”

“Shut up!” Max snapped at him while pulling himself from her arms and kneeling between her legs.

“Then stop being a little girl and fuck her!” Mark grabbed her shoulders, and she yelped when with a powerful wrench of his shoulders, he easily flipped her onto her side.

Another shoved and she was now on her stomach between her two kneeling sons. Claire, a fresh wave of lust flowing over both her mind and body, rose onto her hands and knees, and shook her ass at Max.

“Big brother's right, honey, I don't go out looking for love, this mommy slut needs to get fucked by her boys.”

Mommy slut? As caught up as she was in the heat of the moment, she found herself wondering where the hell that came from. From fucking her sons, which she knew she should have done before, who cared what the hell she was saying?

Max didn't seem to need any more prompting. He grabbed her hips, and she yelped when he drove the full length of his cock into her, at this point, sloppy slit.

“Fuck, fuck!” she yipped as Max went to town on her, drilling his mother's cunt as if he had something to prove.

Which he did because his brother had mocked him. Sibling rivalry rears its head even when it comes to who fucks mom harder, it seemed.

“Isn't that better?” Mark gripped his cock and she yelped when he whipped it across her face, smacking her with it. “Save that sweet shit for a girl you like, sluts like Mom? You just fuck them.”

“Your slut, Mark,” she wagged her tongue at him. “Mommy's your slut now.”

“Have to be good for something, right?” Mark shoved his cock into her mouth, and grabbing the back of her head, fucked her face. “Not the first time mom’s been a pig on a spit.”

Claire could only reply with a wet sloppy choking sound as Mark pounded his cock into her mouth while Max did the same to her quivering dripping cunt. Mark’s hands went to her shoulders, gripping them as hard as Max was to her hips.

Her body between, and being held by her two tall, strong sons was yet another insanely arousing thrill, and Claire, who over the last couple of years had her share of hardcore wild sex, including being taken by two boys at once, swore she’d never experienced anything this deliciously nasty.

“Spank her!” Mark demonstrated his point by leaning over and slapping the left side of her ass. “Come on, bro, be a man and show Mom how mad you are at her.”

Max gave her a tentative slap, she barely felt, but squealed when Mark delivered another hard slap that sounded like a gunshot in the room. He gave her another to the other side of her ass, then Max followed suit, striking each of her cheeks with a sharp smack.

Claire’s muffled cries sounded around Mark’s thick shaft as both her sons punished their teasing mother with a series of rapid hard slaps that had her ass stinging and her cunt gushing around Max’s cock.

She could feel her warm juices flowing down her thighs as Max pounded her while they continued to take their anger out on her now red, swollen, and tender ass. But its everything she wanted, and deserved, at the same time and she began to rock back and forth, driving back in Max’s thrusts, and into Mark’s, shoving their cocks deeper into her holes.

“Switch!” Mark whipped his cock from her mouth, and Claire gasped, trying to catch her breath as long trails of sticky drool flowed from her mouth and onto the sheets.

She remained where she was, gasping for air, as her sons slid around her until Mark had taken Max’s place behind her.

“Oh!” she shouted as Mark simultaneously slapped both sides of her ass with his hands and plunged his cock inside her.

He gripped her cheeks, squeezing her stinging flesh, and spreading them open as he abused her now aching cunt with strokes forceful enough to rock her forward. She lowered her head to the wet sheets, crying out as he took her harder than any other man ever had.

“Face down, ass up! Just where you belong!” Mark smacked her ass again. “But get that head up and suck my brother’s cock.”

He grabbed her hair and roughly pulled her head up where she was immediately met with Max pushing his cock between her lips. Claire remained still, whimpering softly as her sons used their mother like she was some whore they’d picked up in a sleazy bar.

But wasn’t that what she had been since her divorce? A desperate for attention, needy cock whore who let boys half her age take her and even demean her during sex because it was attention, and made them happy, and her feel wanted?

But these were her sons doing it, and they had every right to treat her this way by being a bad mother and giving other men what was rightfully theirs. They could treat her anyway they wanted, as long as they wanted her.

And by doing so made them hers. There would never be another mention of going to live with their father when their mother was theirs to use as their very own milf porn star who had a lot of time to make up for when it came to servicing their sexual needs.

“Get on your back!” Mark commanded.

Claire tried to lower herself to the bed to do as he asked, but he stopped her by grabbing her hair.

“Not you, Max! Get on your back. I want to see Mommy ride her baby boy.”

It sounded good to her, and apparently to Max as he quickly pulled his cock from her mouth, and lay on his back, his legs spread around her. Claire crawled up his long lean form, and swinging her legs over his thighs, gripped his cock and guided it to her sweet spot.

She dropped down, impaling herself on his cock and making them both cry out. Claire braced her hands on his chest, and leaning over, worked her hips up and down, pounding her cunt repeatedly onto his long cock.

She worked them faster, twerking on her son’s dick and loving the look of absolute pleasure on his sweaty face and the moans and whimpers she coaxed from him.

“Look at her go!” Mark laughed. “She is a wild cat, isn’t she?”

He shoved her in the back, causing her to fall forward and lay across Max who slipped his arms around her waist and pinning her to his chest, now worked his hips, driving into her as hard as he could manage.

“Heard you liked it in the ass,” she felt the bed move as Mark slid up behind her. “How about we play a little mommy in the middle?”

Claire’s eyes widened when he gripped her cheeks, spread them and pushed the head of his cock against her pink rosebud. Was he really going to...

“Oh my god!” she cried out when Mark plunged the full length of his cock deep into her ass in one hard thrust.

“Oh, oh oh!” she yelped as he ripped into her, slamming her ass as hard as he had her cunt.

Claire did enjoy anal sex from time to time, but not this hard and not since one wild drunken night in college had she ever been dp’d. Mark laughed behind her. “Tighter than that used up cunt!” then slapped her ass several times.

“Holy fuck!” Max groaned beneath her as she squealed repeatedly like a stuck pig.

But his shock didn’t stop him from moving his hips, trying to fuck her as best he could while his brother’s cock violated her ass. Her tight hole was forced to spread around him, causing a painful burning sensation, but it didn’t compare to the sick rush she was experiencing from having one of her son’s in each of her holes.

She felt their cocks pressing against each other through the thin flesh between her ass and cunt, and they both gasped when she contracted around them.

“Fuck me!” she cried out. “Fuck mommy’s ass! I’ll let you do it too, Max!” she stared down at him. “Want that, baby? Want to plunder your mother’s ass? Make her scream like you brother’s doing? Make your bitch mother into your...”

Claire gave up trying to speak between her high pitched yowls as Mark continued to do his best to ruin her ass, while she remained impaled on his brother’s cock. She lowered her head, burying her face in Max’s neck and cried out into it.

She gasped when she felt her body tense, her ass and cunt both squeezing their cocks even tighter. Her body trembled between them, and she felt her stomach tighten. The thought she was going to come entered her mind only seconds before it happened.

She released a long howl into Max’s sweaty flesh as her body bucked between her sons, and Max gasped when her cunt convulsed, and she felt a warm gush of fluid flow around his cock to explode down her thighs and onto him.

“Oh my god, oh my god, oh my fucking god!” she screamed as the intense orgasm, her third in an hour, slammed through her with a power she’d never experienced. Her mouth open in a continuous O of pleasure, she couldn’t even talk, just release a series of moans, squeals and guttural growls as the last of her climax left her a shuddering rag doll between her boys.

“I...I’m going to...” Max moaned.

“Wait!”

Mark slipped from her ass, and grabbing her right arm, yanked her off of Max and onto her back.

“Get up here!” He slid up next to her head, gripping his cock. “Paint her slutty face!”

Max rose to his knees next to her, and she moaned when Mark released his cock sending a long spurt of cum splashing across her face. The second one went into her mouth, and using her tongue, she pushed it out to flow down her chin.

With a long groan, Max pumped his cock landing a warm white stripe of cum along her left cheek. She lifted her hands, cupping their balls and rubbing them as her son’s jacked off on her face.

In spite of both having already come in her mouth, they had plenty left in their young balls. Claire squirmed and whimpered, her mouth open and tongue out, as her sons came over her.

Warm sticky cum all over her cheeks in her mouth, her forehead, some of it going into her hair, as they both pumped their cocks over her, covering their mother’s already sweaty, sticky, make up smeared face with their cum.

“Fuck,” Mark breathed as he twisted his hand, wringing a few more drops from his cock which he directed onto her lips.

He slumped back against the headboard, then slid down until he was stretched out next to her, his deep chest heaving as he fought to catch his breath.

"I...I can't believe we did that," Max sat back on his knees, his eyes focused on the white sticky mess they'd made of their mother's face. "That was..."

"Better than jerking off in my bra?" Claire smiled through the mess on her face.

"Everything I wanted," Max told her, then paused. "Well, almost."

"You happy, baby?" Claire asked Mark as she sat up between them, a shudder going through her as the cum slid down her face to drip onto her tits.

"Bout time you gave it to us instead of everyone else." he said, staring up at her while she grabbed the sheet, and wiped her face off.

"Just my boys from now on."

"Dad was right though, you are a pig." Mark told her.

"Your father couldn't handle me, now let's see if you can."

She tossed dropped the cum smeared sheet and rolled onto her knees next to him.

"I think we handled you just fine." Mark went to sit up, but she put her hand on his chest and shoved him down onto the bed.

"What are you doing?"

"You, and as many times as I want." Clair, ignoring the dull ache in her cunt and burning sensation in her ass, grabbed the top of the headboard, and swinging her leg over Mark's shoulders, lowered her dripping pussy onto his face. "You mother's just getting started."

Mark moaned between her thighs, and she sighed when his lips found her clit. Turning to the side, she wagged her tongue at Max. "Stand up, baby, so Mama can suck your cock."

With a look of disbelief on his face, Max nevertheless rose carefully to his feet on the bed, bracing his hand against the wall for balance.

"That's right," Claire purred while gripping his semi hard sticky cock in her hand and guiding it to her lips. "Mama's just getting started."

## Chapter Five

The rest of the night was a kaleidoscope of sexual positions, orgasms, cocks in all her holes. A taboo sexfest which at one point featured her son's standing with her between them, her legs around Mark's waist, his cock in her cunt while Max had her ass.

The two of them lifting and lowering her on their cocks and culminating that round by both cumming inside her, filling her sore and twitching holes with the last bit of cum their balls could produce.

After a few minutes, her sobs now replaced with a pathetic sniffing, Claire braced her hands on the walls and forced herself to stand. She stuck her head back under the shower to wash off her fresh tears, then shut it off and stepped out.

Claire dried off rapidly, not bothering to dry her hair for fear of making noise with the dryer, and not wanting to spend any more time home than she needed to. Bad enough she took the shower, but she'd needed it, and the tears she released during it.

She also risked the couple of minutes it took to thoroughly brush her teeth and tongue before using mouthwash, replacing the faint taste of cum with spearmint. It didn't erase the deed but helped her to stop thinking about it.

"Okay," she whispered while putting the robe back on and repeating something one of her psyche professors used to say. "Make the irrational rational."

Safe to say, Professor Ripley had never woken up with her son's cum in her hair, but it still applied. Her emotional outburst over for the time being, she needed a plan. That plan had been leaving, but was it the right thing to do, or just running from the situation?

Claire quietly opened the door, and peered left and right down the hall, again listening. Christ, she felt like she was afraid someone was going to attack her. These were her sons for fuck's sake.

Her sons who might still be hopped up on Jo's taboo tonic, and for that matter, she had been approaching arousal while upstairs, and that was after waking up a hot mess. She couldn't chance it happening again.

But how would they feel when they woke up and she was gone? Claire's mind raced while she padded barefoot down the hall and through the kitchen to the small laundry room.

Would it make them feel worse about what happened? Angry at her...well, angrier as they always seemed to be upset with her these days. The irony wasn't lost upon her that their reason for being pissed at her led to her acting exactly like they claimed they hated.

Except this time, it was with them.

Claire entered the room and opened the dryer, frowning when it appeared empty. She leaned over and saw something at the bottom and pulled out a white sundress. Removing the robe, she slipped the dress on.

The dress was what she'd refer to as playful, the loose lower portion short enough to show off her long legs. The top was low cut and fit more snugly which showed off her ample cleavage, but in this case made it obvious she wasn't wearing a bra.

Which is how she'd worn it at the club along with a pair of white f stilettos. The white popped nicely against her tanned skin, the loose bottom tended to drift up if she were dancing and spinning, giving an occasional flash of her ass and white lace thong she'd worn beneath it.

A brief image flashed through her mind of her on a dance floor with Mark and Max. She was dancing lewdly, bumping and grinding between them, her arms around Mark's neck, pressing her breasts into his chest while grinding her ass against Max's cock.

People were watching, but it was okay because they were out of town, and no one knew them. They just saw a smoking hot older woman cock teasing two young men on the dance floor.

Or did they see a pathetic middle-aged woman trying desperately to compete with younger women, and what she lacked in youth she made up for with being a sure thing who would fuck their brains out for approval and validation as much as desire.

The scene became more out of control, Claire squatting down between them, their cocks sticking out of their jeans and her stroking each, then sucking them in turn while people watched.

Flashes went off and people held up their phones to film her. She hiked her dress up, playing with herself while slobbering and choking herself on her sons...

"Stop it!"

She followed her words by slapping herself hard in the face.

"Oh!" she grimaced when she touched her stinging cheek, but the sharp sudden pain lifted the lust filled haze that filled her mind last night, and had just crept back in.

"Self-flagellation," she muttered. She'd seen some of the effects of old school puritan religious beliefs in her practice, beating yourself for your own sin, but in this case, it worked, at least for the moment.

In spite of her last obscene fantasy, she was not going to a club. In fact, that was the question following should she leave or stay. If she left where was she going? She removed the phone from the pocket of her robe, and now more relaxed that she was dressed, looked at her recent calls.

Several from Jo and Robin with messages to call them, and both sounding out of sorts. Claire blinked, suddenly recalling Robin had come to see her last night. She'd just come out of the shower and answered the door with her robe barely tied.

Not only didn't she tell Robin what happened but was rude to her even making a veiled remark about her husband Tom, and...No, she shook her head. One moral dilemma at a time, and right now the aftermath of fucking her sons overruled anything else.

Zack had been with Robin, waiting in the car. Her friend had told her he'd come along because he didn't want her out late alone. He really was a sweet kid and more than a little bit of a mama's boy, which earned him some disdain from his father, and teasing from her sons and Alex.

Had he really become mama's boy last night?

Had Robin come to her to warn her after she'd succumbed to the shot and had sex with Zack? If that were the case, they seemed to be acting normally and not minding being near each other.

Was that the drug keeping them under its spell? Had they worn themselves out sexually and in a recouping period where they could function as a mother and son should? Or had nothing happened at all?

Or maybe enough to make Robin want to talk to her? Maybe a close call? Something off enough to say the drug did have some effect and be careful? What about Jo? Same range of scenarios?

Only one way to find out, but what if she were the only one who had gone all the way? Worse, she had two sons. Only she could make one of her friends confessing they had sex with their son into a hold my beer moment as she'd doubled down on being dicked down by her kids.

Call, or go see them?

Back to should I stay or should I go as the old Clash song went. With her mind as clear as it could be under the circumstances, Claire realized that whether it was a call or visit to one of her friends, she needed to be able to present the case as the professional she was, and now the subject of a research experiment.

Hitting record on her phone, she took a deep breath before trying to sound as clinical and detached as possible.

"Serum worked beyond any expectations. Not only inducing an uncontrollable lust in both sons, but myself as well. It's," she peered at the time on the phone. "Seven thirty five am. 15 hours since injection and I still feel its effect. I have not yet been in proximity of my sons to know whether or not they will still be affected.

"My guess would be yes, and I think at this point its best to avoid them at least until the twenty four hour point." She sighed as something dawned on her. "Cialis is part of this formula and can last thirty-six hours. Viagra's effect would have already run its course, so if the Taladfil is boss, it could last another day.

"My memory of last night seems hazy, as if I'm recalling a vivid dream. One of my co-workers stopped by last night and I've been awake for over a half hour before I remembered it.

"A side effect of high levels of Dopamine and a new toxin causing an imbalance in memory and other neurofunctions, or...is it similar to trauma where the victim's mind often shuts down part of the event in order to not be overwhelmed?"

Claire tapped her nail on the screen thinking the next part was very personal and something even her three friends and partners didn't know. But at this point if they were to hear this, they would know what she'd done, so would anything else matter?

"I wonder if the drug not only brings about lust, but other emotions with it. If a son had a sweet nature towards his mother, would he be softer and more loving towards her sexually? In my case my sons have a lot of angst towards me, mostly over my lifestyle and the sex was rough and degrading."

She rolled her eyes.

“Which is how I often like it, so in that case, am I subliminally projecting what I crave onto them?”

What else, she felt there was more, and as she pondered what it was, she kept her eyes down the hallway where she could just make out the landing of stairs leading to the second floor.

“Trigger. Jo brought up that it was common to have some sort of sexual or pseudo sexual event between the mother and her son that even if its deep down and in a purely primal way, caused them to see her as a woman, no, more than that, a sexual woman, an object of desire.”

Better than jerking off in mom’s thong.

“My sons used my things for masturbation fodder when they were younger. Its not that uncommon for a young man dealing with raging hormones to use their mother or sister’s things to help relieve their pent-up frustration, but the issue is what and who do they think about?”

“For most, it’s the object itself or thinking of an attractive girl or woman they know and fantasizing about them as they obtain release. But in other cases it could be the female family member.

“Again, not as uncommon as one would think, but it’s a phase that passes once they begin to date and have experience with other women. In my case, and I imagine the others if they experienced anything, the serum could tap into that time period and reinvigorate that past desire.

“My sons brought it up at one-point last night, but...”

The movies I caught you watching.

Claire left the laundry room and went down the hall to Max’s bedroom which used to be upstairs, but he claimed he wanted more space from his brother than just having his own small room upstairs.

She entered his room and sitting down at his desk, moved the mouse to bring his computer up. Claire checked his bookmarks, where, as she suspected, nothing unusual would show up.

She went to history, and grunted when she spotted “Milf finder” and clicked it to find it was a hook up site that proclaimed, “Hot older women near you want to have NSA sex with young studs.”

“Welcome back MF2006.” Great he had a membership. Claire shook her head at the ads, some of which were obviously airbrushed fakes and featured links to go to other sites. She glanced at the header bar of the site and saw favorites and clicked it.

“Shit,” she whispered when she saw a half dozen women Max had bookmarked. Every one of them had blonde hair and blue eyes. On the third one she saw a message tab that had a number six on it.

A click brought up Max starting a conversation with her, and her eyes went wide when she saw the woman ask “I like to spice things up, tell me something kinky you want to do?”

Max’s reply was. “How about we role play, and you pretend to be my mom?”

Her reply was: “Yeah, how about no. Don’t message me again.”

“Oh my god.” Claire breathed. That message was dated three months ago, he really did have a thing for her before last night.

She went back to history and spotted a link to “A Mother’s surrender” it led to a site called ‘Malcolm Stone’s Loving mothers.’ An entire site of mom son taboo videos. Claire scanned the thumbnails and their titles, noting even within the genre there were variations ranging from bizarre romances to “taking mom” dubious consent scenarios.

Her eyes found “Last watched,” and when she saw the title. “Making my mother my slut” she put her elbows on the desk and rested her head in her hands.

Staring down at the phone, she whispered. “Siri, turn on record.” Then continued in a subdued tone.

“Youngest son has harbored fantasies of me for some time. He’s browsing sites featuring older women and only bookmarking women who look like me and watching mother son porn.

“It’s easy to see how the serum affected him so strongly, its what he thinks he wants. I can’t blame my recent behavior for this as the masturbation incidents took place four years ago back when I was still married and not acting like the women he’s seeing on those ads.

“Older son I have no idea other than the original situation. His comment to his brother was videos I caught you watching which I interpret as meaning he does not watch them.

“But his anger towards me is much stronger than Max’s and he’s far more bitter over the divorce, thinks his father is some type of victim and I drove him to infidelity and from our home. Hence my hypothesis that in his case it was those emotions which the drug enhanced and fired up his libido.

“Nothing more to add other than I was as fired up as them and I let them treat me that way which means it was my own guilt and the same lack of feeling desired that drives me to the clubs to gain the attention of young men that drove me to be what they see me as.

“A needy midlife crisis desperate scorned woman who wants to be wanted.” She ended the recording with that softly spoken, but harsh truth. The hazard of being a psychologist; the therapist in you could see your issues, but as the person suffering from them you couldn’t treat yourself.

Claire idly stared at the site, noting the videos had hundreds of thousands of views and tens of thousands of likes. Even the newest one which was less than a week old already had 90k views.

The fantasy was huge, but obviously the majority of people who watched saw it only as that. But there was also a portion watching for catharsis. A safe outlet to explore a real life desire that if attempted in real life would lead to all manner of issues.

How many men really wanted their mother? Of those, how many wanted them sexually, seeing them as the ultimate milf, while others had an actual unrequited love for them?

A desire to be the man in their mother’s life, a true partner, a son slash lover, a taboo couple in every way. Her sons sure as hell fell under the former sexual attraction only that was for damn sure.

At least in Max’s case, Mark may have just been overwhelmed by the pheromones she emitted and used her as little more than a sexual surrogate for his ill will towards her.

Claire rose from the desk; she'd seen everything she needed at least from Max's end of things. She glanced at her phone and shook her head. This was too personal of a situation for a phone call, she'd go see Robin.

No, she corrected herself as she walked down the hall and into the living room. Tom worked Friday night and came home Saturday morning; Claire couldn't risk having this conversation with him around.

Damn, she hadn't thought of that. If anything happened with Robin and Zack then she'd cheated on her husband, with her own son. If it were anyone but her son, Claire would think good for her.

Another reason she didn't need to run into Tom right now. She would go to Jo instead. If Alex were home, they could speak on the deck or go out for coffee without twenty questions from a possessive asshole husband.

She grabbed her purse from the coffee table where she'd left it, and planned on donning a sweater she could use to cover her chest. Cougar on the prowl Claire could dress like this at the clubs, but Doctor Claire Fields couldn't be seen with her nipples poking through her dress when she was out and about.

"That's it, you're just going to leave?"

## Chapter Six

“Hmm, I like that,” Robin cooed as she awoke to a series of soft kisses along the back of her shoulder.

“I do too,” Zach whispered in her air, proving his point by pushing his hard cock into her bare ass beneath the sheet.

“I can tell,” she giggled, wiggling until her son’s erection was nestled between her cheeks, then working her hips, grinding back into him.

Zack’s arm, which had been around her waist, slid upwards and she sighed when he cupped her right breast, his thumb sliding over her hard nipple. He kissed her neck, then made her laugh again when he playfully nibbled on her earlobe.

“I want more,” he flicked his tongue in her air while squeezing her breast.

“More what?” She drew her leg up, and kicked the covers off them.

“You know what.” Zack nuzzled his face into her neck. “Please, Mom?”

Robin smiled while resting her foot on his leg and sliding up until his cock slipped between her legs. She moaned softly as she moved her hips once more, this time rubbing the head of her son’s cock through the soft, and still wet, folds of her slit.

“Tell me,” She gripped his wrist and brought it between her legs, sighing when he took her not so subtle hint and pressed two fingers to her clit. “Come on, baby, tell mama what you want.”

“I don’t want it,” he groaned when she had him pressed to her sweet spot and eased just the tip inside her. “I need it,” he breathed. I need this.”

He pushed against her, and Robin sighed as he slowly sank into her warm, wet, and oh, so forbidden flesh.

“Oh, that’s sooo nice,” she purred as her flesh spread around her son’s shaft.

She leaned back into him, smiling and making soft delighted sounds as he worked his hips slowly, fucking his mother with deliciously slow strokes.

“I haven’t felt this wanted in years,” she turned her head, her lips seeking his.

“You’ll never say that again, Mom,” he told her, his beautiful emerald eyes, the same shade as hers, were filled with both love and desire. “I’ll always want you.”

“Then you’ll always have me.” She kissed him softly, and whispered against his lips. “Roll over, and let your mother take over.”

“Ouch, that was bad!” Zack winced, but then smiled and slipping from within her, rolled onto his back.

Robin sat up and laughed when he put his arms behind his head, a smile of anticipation on his face. She'd planned on straddling him and going for a slow sensual ride, but at the sight of his glistening cock, the cock that had been in every one of her holes last night, she decided she needed to have it between her lips, before putting it back between her other set.

She lied across him, her back to him, and taking him into her mouth, moaned softly when she tasted her pussy from her son's cock. Zack's hand ran through her long hair, and he gently caressed the smooth olive tinted skin of her back as she took her time, slowly sucking, and relishing the sensation of every inch of his hard flesh sliding between her lips.

She whimpered when his hand glided down her back, over the curve of her ass, and dipped between her legs. His fingers entered her, and Robin rocked her hips, pushing them deeper.

God, when was the last time she'd woken up like this? How long had it been since Tom had woken her up to play? Lovers appreciating each other, and spending a lazy morning playing between the sheets, and enjoying each other in every way?

Feeling playful, Robin turned, and swinging her leg over Zach, slid back on the bed and lowered her pussy over his face. He wrapped his arms around her thighs and she squealed around him when his tongue found her swollen clit.

She sucked him faster in her excitement, moaning and whimpering as he he alternately licked and sucked her clit. Her thighs trembled as the act of being in a sixty nine with her son added to the pleasure of his eager mouth, and she could already feel her thighs trembling and her hips ground in circles, smearing her yearning flesh in his face.

Robin slipped her lips over his cock, and lowering her head against his stomach emitted a long shuddering moan that exploded into a cry of pleasure as her orgasm erupted through her.

She pushed up on the bed, her hips bucking wildly, twerking into her son's face as spasms of ecstasy tore through her. Zack's grip on her thighs grew tighter in an effort to keep her quivering cunt pressed to his tongue, and grabbing his cock, Robin stroked it, her hand gliding along his shaft which was slick from his mother's slit.

Robin's body went limp, and she gasped when Zack out his hands on her ass and shoved her forward. She pitched onto the bed between his legs, and slipping his legs beneath him, he knelt over her, and plowed into her still twitching cunt.

"Oh fuck," she gasped as he put his hands on her back, pinning her to the bed while pounding her prone pussy. "Honey, this is the best morning I've had in...Oh my god!"

The door had exploded open and Tom strode into the room one of his golf clubs in his hand. "Get the fuck off my wife, you..."

He stopped in his tracks, his eyes widening and his mouth dropping open. Zack fell backward, his already deflating cock flopping from inside her, and Robin forced herself to sit up, her hand sliding along the bed, trying to grab something to cover herself.

"W...what the hell?" Tom stammered, the golf club slipping from his fingers and landing on the floor. "Robin...Zack..." he shook his head as if he didn't believe what was in front of him. "You're....fucking your mother!"

“Tom!” Robin had grabbed a pillow and shoved it over her breasts. “I...its not...”

“Not what? Jesus fucking Christ! You were letting him!” Tom shouted. “What kind of sick shit is this!”

He strode over to the side of the bed, his attention on Zack. “Get off the bed! Get away from her! What the hell is wrong with you?”

“Leave him alone!” Robin slid over so she was now kneeling between them, protecting her son. “Its not his fault!”

“No? What did he do? Trip and fall and his dick went between your legs?” Tom stared wild eyed at her. “Who started this disgusting bullshit?”

“I did!” Robin snapped. “And your son finished it! He finished in my mouth, my cunt and even my ass! He finished because he’s more of a man than you, and he knows how to fuck me!”

“He’s your son for fuck’s sake!”

“And now he’s my man! Go back to the hospital and stick your fucking candy strippers! Zack’s going to take care of me from now on, and better than you ever have!”

“Zack, get away from her, she’s out of her mind.” Tom grabbed her by the arm, and yanked her to the side.

“Dad, no!” Zack grabbed his father’s arm and pulled it away from her. “Leave her alone.”

“You leave her alone, you twisted little fuck!” he raised his hand as if to hit him.

“Dad!” Zack shouted. “Dad!”

“Mom!”

Robin’s eyes flew open at the sound of Zack behind her. She was lying on her stomach, facing the window, and winced at the sunlight shining through the open blinds.

“Huh?” she grunted when Zack put his hand on her shoulder and shook her.

“Dad just called! He’s a few minutes away, he stopped at the bakery and wanted to know if you want anything.”

“Oh,” Robin blinked, grimacing at the dull throb in her temples. “I...”

“Shit, what if he hadn’t called?” Zack said behind her. “You didn’t even here the phone at all, and he said it was the third time he called.”

Robin remained where she was, as her mind struggled to shake off a deep sleep as well as focus through her headache. Had she had that much to drink yesterday? And what was that fucked up dream she’d had? Why was Zack worried about his father coming home.

For that matter why was her son in her room and,” her eyes narrowed as gentle breeze came through the open window and caressed her body. Her naked body. She was naked and Zack was with her and...

“Oh...oh,” she sat up so quickly, she thought her head was going to explode.

She looked over to see Zack, as naked as her kneeling on the bed, her phone in his hand.

“I told him you were in the bathroom and would call him back.” Zack put the phone down next to her. “I have to get out of here.”

“Yeah,” she whispered.

“Goddamn,” Zack released a long breath. “What if he’d just walked in on us?”

“I...just had that dream,” she said as much to herself as to her son.

“I had better dreams than that.” His eyes dropped to her bare breasts. “Mom, you are sexy as fuck.” He stared longingly at her. “If you call and tell him to get you something, we could have time for a quickie.”

A quickie. With her son. Robin closed her eyes. What had they done? What had she done? The answer was her son, and several times. Once in the damn garage where she’d encouraged Zach to take her in the ass while bent over Tom’s 68 Barracuda.

“Yeah?” Zack prodded, and she flinched when he groped her right breast.

“Honey,” she opened her eyes, and too his hand in hers. “I’ll call him, you have to go.”

“He’s not home yet,” Zack gestured downward. “And I’m ready! All you have to do is lay back, or bend over or...” he grinned like a kid in a candy store. “Hop on. Whatever you want.”

Robin’s eyes dropped and she caught her breath at the sight of his fully erect cock. God, it looked good, and she already knew it tasted good, and felt even better.

“Pretty hot yourself, honey,” she sucked her lower lip.

“How could I not be, I look like you.” He leaned over and kissed her softly. “My mom, the model,” his smile turned sly. “The secret porn star.”

“Don’t talk about that,” she leaned back from him. “No one can ever know.”

“Yeah, I’m going to tell my friends. “Hey guys, know what? My mom made some porn back in the day, and know what else? She still fucks like one, no how I know? Because she...ow!”

He grunted and put his hand on his shoulder where she’d just punched him.

“Its not funny!” she told him. “Zack, what we did...”

“Was amazing.” Zack’s smile was gone, and he now spoke quietly. “Best night of my life. I’d thought of it for so long, and always felt bad about it. Then last night you made it all real.”

"I did," she put her hand on his cheek. "But remember how. I took something, and neither of us were acting right, baby. It happened, but I don't know what to do about it now."

"I still want you," Zack gave her a quick smile. "Who wouldn't?"

Your father, she thought, but instead replied.

"Did you or was it from the..."

"I wanted you as soon as I woke up." He repeated. "You think that thing is still screwing with me?"

"I...don't know." She deliberately looked down at his cock once more.

Whether they'd had sex or not, she should be well past disgusted with herself. Should be in tears and wracked with guilt and shame. Zack had been influenced by Jo's weird taboo tonic, and she must be as well, because just like last night...

She had no regrets.

Other than the disturbing dream that had been a stop for sweets away from becoming reality. Yet, even with that fresh in her mind, her caramel colored nipples were popping and a warm tingle made itself known as she stared at her son's cock.

No, her cock. He was mama's boy now in every way, and unlike his father, he wanted to make her happy.

"Please, mom?" he gave her the shy smile that had always melted her heart and made whatever he wanted difficult to say no to. But now what he wanted was something no son should request, and if so, no mother would agree too.

"You can't ask for sex like you're looking to borrow the car," Robin sighed, then jumped when the phone rang.

"Hey, Tom." She answered as Zack scowled at her for her last comment.

"I told Zack I'm at Ann's Bakery, you want me to grab you something?"

"No, I'm okay."

"You sure? You sound tired."

"Still in bed, have a killer headache."

"What else is new?" He cracked. "But if you're still in bed, how did Zack answer your phone?"

Robin frowned. Why would he ask that? Did he suspect something? No, how could he, she and Zack had been...a normal mother and son until last night.

"Left it on the kitchen table last night, he knocked and woke me up."

"Well, go back to sleep, I'll be home soon, and will probably work on some reports before I come to bed."

“Or until you see me get up,” Robin ended the call without a response. They barely even slept together anymore, let alone anything else.

“So, last night was nothing?” Zack asked, a wounded look on his face. “What did you do, use me to get what that asshole isn’t giving you anymore?”

“Easy, Zack, he’s still your father.” As she did in her dream, she picked up a pillow and covered her breasts. “And I’m your mother, and I love you.”

“Then why can’t we fool around?”

“He’s going to be home soon,” Robin slumped back against the headboard when he lowered his head.

“Thought I made you happy last night, guess not.”

“Zack, what happened last night was a huge deal, and we need to talk about it.”

“I’m here now.”

“It’s too serious to talk about in the five minutes before your father comes home. We need to have time to really talk about what happened,” when he looked away, she added. “And what will happen between us after we talk.”

“You won’t do it.”

“You don’t think I’ll talk to you?”

“You won’t throw him out.”

“Zack!” She was taken aback by how easily he’d said it. “You don’t just end a marriage after twenty plus years! And yes, things aren’t great between he and I, but...”

“He’s cheating on you, and you know it.” Zack looked down and when she did the same, she noticed he was no longer hard.

But she bet she could get him hard in a matter of seconds. No, no, that needed to stop!

“Zack, things are complicated.”

“Aunt Claire did it. Caught Robert cheating and kicked his ass out. She deserved better than that.” He snapped his fingers. “Aunt Jo, too. Told that loser to take a hike years ago. Why can’t you do the same thing?”

Why didn’t she? Because in her culture the wife put up with the cheating husband, and were grateful just to have a man who provided for them, and was a decent father. But she didn’t need his money, and she proved last night who the better parent was.

“You could get proof,” Zack pressed. “Tell him to get out, and then it would be just me and you, and I’ll take good care of you! I’ll love you and make you feel good, and I’ll get a great job out of school and...”

“Stop!” she snapped with more force than intended.

“Sorry, I’ll go.”

He made to slide off the bed, but she caught his hand, then leaning forward, opened her arms to him. “Come here,”

He hesitated then slid over to her. Robin put her arms around him and felt her eyes tear up when he not only did the same, but hugged her tightly.

“I love you, Zack,” she stroked his hair like she had done when he was younger and needed comforting. “More than anything, and you made me feel,” she recalled the dream. “Wanted and desired as a woman and I haven’t felt that in too long.”

“I’ll always make you feel that way, promise.”

“We’ll talk about that, Zack. I promise, but he can’t catch you in here with me.”

“Right, he ignores you and I’m the one that gets blown off for him.” He sighed. “Not fair.”

“Its not, but we’ll figure this all out, okay?”

“I guess,” he shrugged against her. “I told you last night, I wanted this since that day we kissed, and now that I had it, it really sucks to think that was it.”

“I didn’t say it would be it.” Why did she say that? How could she let his happen again? Did she really want it to? Did he? What the hell was real, and what stemmed from that damn injection?

“So...” Zack leaned back and gave her a forced smile. “You’re saying there’s a chance!” He finished in an overly dramatic tone. “Promise we talk later?”

“Promise.” She kissed his cheek. “Now as much as I hate to kick a fine looking boy half my age out of bed, you need to go. My husband’s coming home any minute.”

“Right,” he didn’t laugh at her weak attempt at a joke. “Hopefully you still want me.” He slid back and sighed. “Wish you had more of whatever that stuff was. I’d take it every day.” He laughed humorlessly. “Possible side effects include sex with your mom, and...”

Side effects.

“Zack!” She knew he had to go, but caught his hand again. “What do I smell like?”

“Huh?”

“Here!” she tilted her head to the side. “Smell my neck.”

“If this is foreplay, I’m in.”

She resisted rolling her eyes, then had to hold back a moan when he nuzzled his ace into her neck and pressed his lips to her soft flesh. He made an exaggerated sniffing sound and after another kiss

that had her gritting her teeth and cursing Tom for not staying at work another couple of hours, he leaned back.

“Can still smell your perfume a little.”

“Which one?” she asked, her heat beating faster.

“I don’t know,” he slid off the bed, and backed towards the door, as if hoping If she kept staring at his semi hard cock she’d invite him back to bed, and damned if she didn’t want to. “Not sure what it is, but you’ve worn in before.”

“Is it Coco Chanel?” She held her breath, waiting for the answer.

“No,” he didn’t hesitate to respond. “I’d know that smell anywhere. Its my favorite on you. You wore it when you taught me to kiss.”

“I did,” she replied, her head spinning.

They both jumped at the sound of a car door in the driveway.

“Shit!” Zack bolted out of the room, slamming the door shut behind her, and leaving Robin grateful that Tom always came in through the front, and Zack’s room was at the other end of the house.

She slid down the bed, stretching out and staring at the ceiling as the implications of what had just transpired ran through her mind. The first, and caused by Zack having to run out of her room in the same manner as a lover would have to jump out the window if the husband of a cheating wife arrived home unexpected, was that she had committed adultery.

Not just adultery, but incest on top of it. Robin had stayed loyal even back when Tom first confessed his affairs. Not just because two wrongs didn’t make a right, but she didn’t crave sex with another man, she just wanted her man to want her the way he had for most of their lives together.

She’d lost the moral high ground and the right to confront him about him possible cheating on her once more. Worse, if by some chance he wasn’t cheating, and this was just an example of how once someone was betrayed, they found it hard to ever trust again, then Robin was even more in the wrong.

But its not like she would bring it up. Good women like her would protect her husband and her perfect fairy tale life no matter what, even when her own son knew she was being played and mistreated.

Because he was the one that wanted to treat her right. A taboo version of someone with a crush trying to convince someone to dump their current lover in their favor. Zack had said several times since last night that he wanted her before the drug, that he-just as Jo had said in her examples-taken an incident between them and use it to run wild in a series of Oedipal fantasies.

Another moment of how much was the shot, and how much was real? The ‘T-virus’ played off of repressed desires-according to Jo’s theory-took an unrequited, and even temporary desire, and magnified it tenfold.

Which brought her back to the revelation that

But as she considered the situation, it just seemed like any other thought. She didn't feel guilty, or even that upset. She knew she should, told herself she should, but she didn't.

Nor was there even a hint of remorse that she'd seduced her son last night, and just moments ago had to force herself not to do it again, and only because they didn't have time.

But what if her, and Zack's, attraction for one another only from the shot? No one expected it to work to this degree, let alone how long it's effect could endure? In that case when it did wear off, what would happen?

Now her mind turned to revelation that he no longer smelled the perfume that she wore that day. He'd smelled it last night when she was sure the drug was at its most potent, but not now.

But he'd still wanted her, and unlike last night, when right after his initial lust was sated he freaked out and was angry at her, this morning he'd woke up wanting her. Not just physically either, but saying he wanted her and talking about kicking his own father out so they could be together.

Could still be augmented lust, but there's no way it could have become stronger...could it? Now that she thought on it, even last night once they'd left Claire's house, and Zack had caressed her thigh the entire ride home like a familiar lover and they'd come to her bed and went another round, he seemed fine with what they were doing.

God, what if the drug had some long lasting effect and once the taboo ice was broken, it changed something in their chemical balance that skewed lust towards, rather than away from, incestuous desires?

No, that was inbred into the psyche by both nature and nurture, no drug could affect morality... could it? Claire, and Amanda, who were far more sexually active than Robin or Jo talked about being sex drunk. Getting it so good you had to have more.

Was this along those lines? The forbidden element to the passion driving the encounter to be the best mind blowing sex she could remember, and now that the seal was broken, they wanted more?

She needed to talk to Jo before Zack. She needed to find out what happened between her and Alex to see where their encounters were similar and where they differed. The more things in common, the easier it would be to figure out the next step.

Robin lifted her head, and swung the pillow back behind it. She closed her eyes, and lay there enjoying the slight breeze on her naked body. On the surface, she knew she was an attractive woman.

Attractive enough in her younger years to have not only modeled nude, but done several adult films before being ousted by someone who sent a link to the Dean's office. Yet, Robin hadn't felt sexy in a long time...that was until last night when her son made her feel more like a woman than Tom had in years.

And she couldn't deny she enjoyed it, which she was rapidly realizing could be the biggest problem caused by Jo's experiment; that she had found a way to create the problem she wanted to solve.

"Wow, look at you!"

She opened her eyes to see Tom slipping into the bedroom.

“Damn, I’m a lucky man to come home to this.” He smiled down at her and she noticed his hair was wet, and he wore the baggy t-shirt and sweats he usually put on after a shower.

“Been a long time since I’ve seen you in the bed naked.” He walked up to the bed, and ran his hands lightly down her upper thigh.

“Who’s fault is that?” She slid her foot under the sheet, and drew it up, then glared at Tom when he caught the sheet and pulled it back off.

“Yeah, I know, I work nights and long hours, but hey, I’m here now, and you’re still in bed and looking damn good.”

His hand slid over to her inner thigh, and she clamped her legs shut, but not before the edge of his hand pressed into her slit.

“Feels like you were having some fun without me.”

“That’s the only fun I’ve been having.” She grabbed the pillow next to her, and swung it over her breasts. “Move your hand.”

“Come on, babe, let’s…”

“What’s the matter, she didn’t put out last night?” Robin was as taken aback by her words as he looked. She needed to just quietly refuse him and let it go.

“Are we back to that shit?” Tom pulled his hand from between her legs. “Come on, Robin that was a long time ago!”

“You still did it, and I think you’re doing it again.” Robin challenged him. “You make a crack that you’re a lucky man? Well, your wife hasn’t gotten lucky in a long time.” Not true, she’d felt lucky several times since last night.

“Maybe if you weren’t such an ice queen that would change.”

“Right, my fault,” she pointed. “Get your hand out from between my legs.”

“I better before I lose it, probably got teeth down there at this point.” He grunted then sat on the edge of the bed. “Hey, you wake up like that?”

“Like what? Pissed? No, I was fine until you came in and tried to grope me like you have the right to.”

“I mean naked.”

“Yes, seeing I was alone, I slept naked.”

“But when I’m home I’d need a gps to find you in those old lady pajamas you wear.”

“At least you admit you’d have trouble knowing where anything is these days.” She pulled the sheet up to her chest.

“Haha,” he rolled his eyes. “I was asking because you said Zack brought you your phone.”

“So?”

“And you’re naked.”

Jesus, Robin, be careful, she warned herself. But why would he think anything would have happened.

“I was under the sheet. Kicked it off after he left.” She kept her eyes averted as she did her best to sound indignant. “You really think I’d let Zack in here without being covered?”

“No,” he shook his head. “You’re right, just...I don’t know, something seems off here.”

“Like?”

Tom looked around the room and her stomach tightened. Had Zack grabbed all his clothes? Even if he hadn’t she could say something fell out of the laundry.

“Smells like sex in here.”

Robin recovered from the instant dismay his words caused, and countered. “Sure that’s not your upper lip you’re smelling?”

“What’s got into you? You never talk like this.”

“Maybe I’m tired of just pretending we’re fine, when we both know we’re not” Robin challenged him. “You seriously think I had a man here, in our bed, while our son is home?”

Tom paused before relenting. “Guess not, but you never want sex anymore, but you roll around and play sticky finger when I’m not around?”

“How grown up.” Robin rolled her eyes. “I prefer my fingers, at least they get me off.” Tom scowled, but before he could reply, she continued. “And how dare you insinuate I’m screwing around. You pulling that shit to justify fucking nurses?”

“Fuck off, Robin. You don’t want to put out, don’t, but give the accusations a rest.”

“Put out? I’m your wife! Not a...”

“Wouldn’t know it.” He cut her off. “You’ve been Dr. Winters and mommy more than a wife. Taking care of everyone but me.”

“Poor you. There’s some hand lotion and tissues on the nightstand if you need attention you can do it yourself, then you’ll know how I feel.”

Tom stood up, and spun around so he was facing her.

“Not that I’m doing it, but if I were fooling around, I don’t think too many guys would blame me. You’ve been a bitch to me when it comes to sex for a long time now.”

“And now you care? You that easy, Tom? You think I’m an awful wife and a frigid bitch, but one look at my tits, and you’re ready to throw me a bone,” she smirked. “Sorry, bad comparison, bones are hard.”

“Yeah, because when you’re screwing a woman who just lays there and makes you feel like you’re wasting your time it’s really exciting.”

“That was back when I was still thinking I should do my wifely duty, but I got tired of wondering who you were really thinking of, and whether or not I should ask you to wrap it up.”

“Robin I am so done with this! You’re lucky Zack still lives with us and he’s in school. Because if I wasn’t worried he’d be upset and it would ruin his grades, I’d...”

His cell rang, and he pulled it from his pocket and grunted.

“I have to take this. Yes this is Tom Winters. Okay, can you hold on for a minute please?”

“Funny, its okay for you to put patience first.” She cracked. “If that is a patient.”

“Go back to sleep,” he told her, his hand over the phone as he put his back to her. “You’re more fun sleeping than awake these days.”

He closed the door behind him and slumping back into the bed, Robin muttered;

“Ask your son how much fun I am.”

## Chapter Seven

Claire's heart missed a beat when she heard Mark behind her. She put her purse down and turned to see him standing on the bottom step, his heavily tattooed right arm resting on the railing.

He'd pulled on his boxers, but nothing else, and Claire made a conscious effort to keep her eyes on his face, and to not tempt the currently dormant serum in her veins by taking in her oldest son's muscular body.

"This what you do to those kids you pick up? Slip out in the morning? Do a little walk of shame?" He stepped down and walked across the room towards her, and it was everything she could do not to back up.

This was her son; he wasn't going to hurt her. But the look on his face, and in his light blue eyes was one of disgust. More often than not the same way he'd looked at her before last night.

"Told you last night, my life is my business," she didn't want to argue with him, but wasn't going to take his shit either. "Where's your brother?"

"Don't worry, mama," Mark smirked. "Baby boy is still sleeping." He laughed harshly. "You wore that kid out. Last time he came he was whimpering like the little bitch he is."

"You remember last night," she said quietly.

"Yeah," his voice lost its edge for a moment. "I...what the hell happened?"

"Mark, I can tell you, but you need to listen when I do. Before I do, go put something on."

"That's funny, last night you wanted everything off." The nasty look was back. "Christ, you went at us like a reject from one of those shitty mommy things Max whacks off to."

"Stop." She put her hand up when he'd gotten within a few feet of her. "Don't come any closer."

"You think I'm going to hurt you?" He frowned.

"No, but I need you to keep your distance. Its part of what happened last night."

"You..." His eyes narrowed as if he were trying to think, and Claire realized his memory of last night might be hazy, or like her when she'd first woke up, he was in a form of denial. "You happened."

"What do you mean?"

"You!" he snapped, pointing at her. "You were ready go out and let another kid use you as his fucking cum dumpster like you always do, and me and Max told you we're tired of you embarrassing yourself."

"You mean embarrassing you because that's what you really care about."

“Whatever. We said we’d had enough, then you started talking weird shit and you just threw yourself at us.”

“Threw myself at you?” She grunted. “Right, because you didn’t want me.”

“I didn’t. Dad raised me better than to stick my dick where every other guys already been. I wouldn’t want a whore like you.”

“Your father who stuck his dick in anything your age that giggled at him?” Claire hissed. “That’s your role model?”

“You were fucking guys when you were with him! He did what he had to because he tried to stay for us even though you were slutting around and...”

“That’s a fucking lie!” she shouted at him. “Now stop talking about that piece of shit!” she took a breath to calm herself down. It was anger that had led to the lust last night. “We need to stop yelling. I want to talk about last night without Max.”

“Nothing to talk about. We told you that we weren’t letting you go get laid, so you decided to just fuck us instead.”

“And you act like you hate me, but you did it.” She told him. “You can’t rape the willing Mark, and you were more than willing.”

Before he could respond she put her hands up.

“It’s not your fault, its mine, but I wasn’t myself either.”

“That’s the problem, you were exactly yourself.” He took two more steps until he was directly in front of her. “Middle aged woman acting like you did back in college. Dressing like a free lunch, begging guys my age to fuck you’re used up...Fuck!”

His head rocked when she slapped him in the face. Claire had done it to try to snap him out of what she felt was the drug talking, but admittedly the anger she felt added something to the stinging blow.

“You listen to me. I am your mother, and you will respect me in my house.”

Mark stared angrily at her, his hand on his cheek, but he seemed to have lost some of his aggression.

“Also listen to me because I need to tell you that what happened last night was because of an experimental drug I took. It’s a long story, but it’s meant to make me desirable to...”

“Cool story,” he waved his hand at her. “All you need to do is shake your tits and ass at the boys who are into taking pathetic women their mom’s age for a pity fuck.”

The slap didn’t work. Was it the toxin or was he really this hateful towards her?

“This isn’t you talking, honey,” she said softly. “I know you’re mad at me, but I love you, and I know you sill love me.”

“Save that shit for baby boy upstairs. He’s into all that wanting to be mama’s good boy. I’m onto your shit. You...you fucked me to get even with dad, didn’t you?”

“Mark, how would that...” she sighed. “Ask yourself why you would want me so badly?”

“I don’t know,” he shrugged, but she could see he was confused. “Guess I just wanted to give you what you’ve been wanting.”

“What did I want?”

“Us.” He said simply. “You been teasing us since we were old enough to know what we were looking at, and you know it. You loved it, probably thought of us when you were banging Dad. Then that wasn’t enough, so you went for kids our age, just like Max when he paid that old broad to...”

“What?” Claire blinked. “Max went to a...prostitute?”

“Oh, yeah, shouldn’t have said that.” He looked annoyed with himself like he truly hadn’t meant to say it. “But yeah, tried to get that mommy crap you got into his head out of it. Paid some slut two hundred bucks to fuck him and let him call her mommy when he did. Even looked like you.”

Mark nodded as if to himself.

“Yeah, you got that kid all messed up, you know that was his first time?”

“God no,” she shook her head. “I thought he was with Haley?”

“No, she was really into Max, would have loved to have him in her and I kept telling him to go for it. He was going to, but the idiot said something to her about her looking like you while they were in her bed. Dope had her topless and ready, and he starts with his crazy mommy fetish.”

“Why wouldn’t he ever...”

“You think he could tell you that? Dad doesn’t know either, just me. Lucky she didn’t spread it around, but after that he got the idea to pay for what he wanted.” He grunted. “That was three months ago, should have waited and you could have been his first.”

While Claire stood there stunned, he kept talking as if this were a normal conversation.

“He’ll wake up all happy this morning. Finally got his dick in mama’s mouth.” He snorted. “Doesn’t matter to him half the guys our age in the state have blown a load down your throat.”

Claire’s palm itched to smack him again, and she clenched her fist.

“You didn’t seem to mind this mouth last night,” she froze at not just the words, but the way her voice had lowered to a huskier tone.

As if she were no longer in control of herself, Claire’s eyes dropped below Mark’s waist. The boxer briefs were tight, and it was obvious he was becoming aroused even as he spewed nastiness towards her.

“That’s because...” He cocked his head, and Claire saw he was now flushed, and his eyes appeared as if they were glazing over.

“Because?” she prodded, a sultry smile spreading across her lips.

Stop, stop! It’s happening again! But even as the words sounded in her mind, her sore nipples stiffened and there was a growing heat between her legs.

“Is it because you thought about your mother blowing you?” She placed her hand on his chest, and a shiver went through him when she teased her nail around his nipple. “Its what you thought about when you used my panties to jerk off in, wasn’t it?”

“Yeah,” Mark’s eyes were on her chest. “You’re not wearing a bra, again, and you were going out like that. Typical.”

She wasn’t wearing a bra. Hadn’t she seen one in the dryer? Why wouldn’t she have put one on? For that matter...

“Not wearing panties either.” She sucked on her lower lip. “All that’s under this dress is the body you couldn’t get enough of last night.”

“Slut,” he whispered, but his hands were now on her hips, drawing her closer to him.

“Your slut,” she purred, her heart racing with excitement.

God, she wasn’t just wet, but felt as if she were gushing. It was as if she hadn’t spent last night fucking.

Mark’s hands slid up to her breasts, and she moaned when he fondled them through the dress. She released another when her hand slipped between them and squeezed his cock through his boxers.

God, he was so hard! Hard for her, hard for his mother, and she wanted him more than any young man she’d met at the clubs and bars. Because he wasn’t just a good looking hung boy, he was her boy.

“I knew you’d be good at sucking dick,” he whispered, his lips inches from hers.

“Because I’m a slut who’s had a lot of practice?” Claire breathed, her body trembling, and her cunt aching in anticipation.

“True, you have sucked a lot of cock,” Mark’s hands left her breasts, moving up to her shoulders, and a violent shiver went through her when he slid his right hand behind her, and up through her hair, cupping the back of her head.

“Because I saw you do it,” he told her. “You and dad came home late one night, all lit from some fundraiser, and I was at the top of the stairs, and I watched you do a little striptease then you got on your knees and sucked him off.”

“So nasty,” he whispered. “I could hear you gagging and choking from upstairs, and you jacked him off all over your face and tits, then hopped on his dick. He was begging you to stop, but you were riding him like you were trying to break him.

“He pushed you off then got you on the floor and fucked the shit out of you from behind, then you know what you did, you little pig? You turned around when he was ready and sucked him fucking dry.”

“Yeah, you saw mommy fucking and liked what you saw?” Her moods were shifting at a mercurial pace, going from reason and listening to him give her the answer of what the serum had fed on in his mind, to being aroused that her boy had seen his mother as the sexual woman she was.

“No,” he shook his head. “I think it was disgusting.”

“W...what?”

“Married woman with two teenage sons, a goddam therapist and acting like a fucking drunken whore.” He flashed the sneer she’d seen from him last night and his hand tightened in her hair. “But you weren’t acting, because you were drunk and you are a whore, now you’re just everyone’s whore.”

“I was married and having a good time.” His nastiness sent her back towards reality. “What am I supposed to be, a vanilla dud because I’m a wife and mother?”

“Yes!” he hissed. “I heard dad bitching to his poker buddies that you were too wild, and nasty, and he wondered where you got it from.”

“For fuck’s sake, I was married to him for twenty-two years! And he was pretty goddamn hard for someone who was disgusted!”

But Mark wasn’t wrong, Robert had cooled off in the bedroom, and was pissed she hadn’t. That night Mark talked about was the first time she’d been able to get ‘hardcore’ with him in a long time, and it was because he was drunk.

“Bet he doesn’t have a problem with his little friends who have daddy issues being dirty for him, now does he?”

“They’re just girls he screws with, not a wife or mother. Mothers should be good women!”

Claire shoved him in the chest, sending him back a step and grabbing his arms, pulled them away from her. “Who the hell put this 1950’s housewife bullshit in your head?”

“Dad! He told me you were having a midlife and fucking like you were some sorority slut and getting mad at him because he wanted to be good to you, and love you and you wanted to talk nasty and fuck like a pig.”

“Watch your mouth!” She snapped.

Her temper was getting the better of her, yet at the same time, in spite of her anger, her nipples were so hard they ached, and her clit throbbed with need. Just like last night.

“Watched yours plenty last night.” He grunted.

“I didn’t hear you complaining either. Like father, like son.” Claire waved her hand disgustedly at him. “Fucking men, they sling their locker room talk about wanting the wild one, then can’t handle it.”

“Because mothers shouldn’t be like that!”

“You said that already,” Claire jabbed her finger into his chest. “Your father wanted to go back to the days where you didn’t ask your wife to be dirty in bed, but they had no issue getting that on the side, and I didn’t raise you to be that kind of asshole.”

“A decent man, wanting a decent woman to be their wife and mom to their kids is an asshole?” Mark gave her a look of disdain and in that moment looked so much like his father, she wanted to smack him again.

“You,” He hesitated as if like her, he was having a hard time keeping not just his mood, but his thoughts consistent. “Just said something about you doing this to us? Something you gave us?”

“Something I took,” she tried to grasp onto him coming back to the real issue and hold onto it. “It affects pheromones and was meant to attract you, but not to this...”

“You admit it,” he said softly, his eyes wide. “You just said you took something to get us to fuck you.”

“No, that wasn’t...”

“Are you kidding?” Mark shouted, making her cringe. The last thing she needed was Max down here too. “You just said it was meant to attract us!”

“I said that, but,” Christ, he was right. Fucking Jo! This was exactly what they’d warned about. Why the hell did they cave? “It wasn’t supposed to work like this.”

“How was it supposed to work?” Mark threw his arms in the air. “It makes me want you, but not want you that bad? What bullshit is this?”

“It wasn’t supposed to work on me!” She snapped, now angry with herself because he was right. “I was supposed to be able to stop it if anything happened.”

“You made some kind of aphrodisiac, that would get me hot and bothered for you, and then you were going to tell me to knock it off? Fuck with me like its okay? Like I’m some kind of fucking guinea pig? Max too?”

“I...”

“Guess what, Mom, you didn’t need some drug to do that, you’ve been doing it to us!”

“Doing what?”

“Making us want you! You’re a fucking cock tease! Always have been!”

“No, I’m not!”

“Bullshit! You dress all proper for work, but you ever think about how you look around here? Those tight little shorts you always wear? The two piece bikinis? You’re painted on yoga pants?”

“I’m your mother and you’re not supposed to see me that way.”

“Because no mother wants her kid to see her that way! Know what its like to have your friends coming over to hang out and finding out its to look at my hot mother?”

“Mark...”

“Don’t!” He had lowered his voice, but there was so much anger in it, that it made her more uncomfortable than him yelling.

“You knew it! Knew our friends looked at you! Coming out by the pool in those skimpy two piece suits around a bunch of young guys? Doing it when we’d have parties and getting all the husbands to look at you?”

Claire looked away from him because...he was right.

“I’m proud of how I look,” she said in a barely audible whisper. Dr. Fields desperate to show that outside her career and office, she was a beautiful and enticing woman who enjoyed being looked at.

“Dad told me he used to bitch at you for doing it, and you never listened. You told him he should love that he had a wife other men wanted. That you were the best of both worlds, smart, makes great money, but as hot as any trophy wife.”

“Your father should have never told you those things.”

“He did, and he was right! Christ, when Max and I were snooping you had more fuck me heels and lingerie than a stripper! You telling me you were fucking around on Dad?”

“That was for him! I liked to wear sexy things, I liked to dress up for him! Until I caught him cheating and tossed him, I never wore any of those shoes out of the bedroom!”

“You worked us up! You knew your sons were looking, and you loved it! You found out we were jacking off into your things and never said anything until last night. Know why? Because you fucking loved it! Probably jilled off thinking of your kids getting off to you!”

“Mark, you’re wrong, honey. Maybe I was wrong for showing off around people, but...”

“Around people? You did it when it was just us! Those fucking cut off shorts, sun bathing? And half the time I’d look out and you had the top untied! Its like you wanted us to watch you! To think of you!”

Claire shook her head but felt a sinking feeling in her stomach. No, she’d never intended on her sons seeing her that way, but now she realized she should have.

“Aunt Jo, and Robin are both really hot, so’s Amanda, but when they came over were they wearing suits like that? I used to hang out at all their houses, still do, and they never dress like you do around the house, and that’s because...” he took a breath.

“They’re not sluts who want to make their sons want them!”

“Mark, if you wanted me its on you, you’re not supposed to...”

“Now its our fault,” he scoffed. “Course it is, guess last night was too even though you just said you took something to fire us up.”

He stepped back up to her, and this time she did step back.

“Even now, standing here with your nipples hard and nothing underneath that dress. Guess its my fault, you’re horny? My fault my cock’s been stiff since we started talking?”

He moved forward and Claire took another step back, her upper thighs bumping into the corner of the couch.

“Telling you how I can’t stand you, calling you a whore, just disgusted with you, and as many times as I fucked you last night, I want more? This is my fault?”

“Okay,” she put her hands up, pressing them to his chest. She could feel his heart racing under her touch, and a quick glance down showed his cock straining to be released from his boxers. “Calm down.”

“Maybe you should calm me down,” he whispered, his eyes on her chest, and her painfully erect nipples. “Its what you want anyway. Its why you tried whatever fucked up drug you’re talking about, just to get your son’s cocks in your holes.”

“No, you...uh!” She gasped when he caught her chin roughly in his hand.

“Say it,” his eyes, bright with lust and the effects of the injection, bored intensely into hers. “Tell me what you want.”

“I...” she groaned when gripped her nipple through her dress. “I want...” she tried to fight it, but when he gave her pink flesh a sharp twist, whimpered. “I want my son to fuck me.”

She grabbed his cock and squeezed it. “Please, please fuck me, Mark. Mama needs it.”

“Yeah, you want a little time with just me without Max down here?”

“I don’t want you to be mad at me, I want you to love me,” she whispered, leaning forward, her lips seeking his. “I’ll do anything to make my boy happy.”

“Like you make those jerks at the club, happy?” He leaned back, and she whined when his lips evaded her. “It wasn’t with a kiss was it?”

“Let me be good to you,” she tried to slip her arm around his neck, but he shoved it aside.

“I’ll find a girlfriend to be good to me, you can just be your slutty self.” His hands flashed to the top of her dress, and she cried out when he ripped it down hard enough to snap the right strap and for her breasts to pop out.

“You want to be a bad woman, then do what you do best.” He roughly grabbed both her breasts, and she moaned when he squeezed them harder, then yelped when he released them and dealt her left tit a sharp slap.

His hands went to her shoulders, and when he pushed down, Claire slowly sank to her knees, her mouth and cunt watering as she reached for his boxers. He slapped her hands away, and grabbing his underwear shoved them down with one hand, while the other gripped her hair.

“Look at me!” he yanked her head back, sending a wave of pain through her scalp and a flood of wet heat between her thighs.

He whipped his cock across her face hard enough to hurt, then swung it back, striking her other cheek. Mark beat her face with his long thick cock, causing her cheeks to redden from something other than heat and passion, and to leave nasty sticky streaks on her face.

Claire whimpered, but opened wide and stuck her tongue out. He whacked his cock against it, and her eyes rolled back when his salty precum splashed into her mouth. Mark pushed his swollen head into her mouth, Claire leaned forward to take him deep, but he yanked her head back again.

“Don’t tease,” she licked her lips. “Let mommy make you feel better.”

“Tell me that drug story is bullshit! Tell me you wanted us way before last night!”

“I...I didn’t, Ow!” she reacted to him dealing her both her breasts a hard smack.

“Liar!” he hissed. “You want this cock in your mouth and because its your sons. Own it mom, you want to be your sons little fuck doll.”

Fuck Doll? Where was he getting this? The last thought startled her in its clarity, and she could feel the fog in her mind beginning to clear, was it wearing off?

“Stop,” she reached over her head to grip his arm. “Mark, pull your boxers up, we...” she gagged when he shoved her head forward at the same time he thrust his hips, burying his cock deep in her mouth.

“That your game now? Going to pretend you don’t want it?” He held her head still and began fucking her mouth with long slow strokes.

Claire’s mind spun in a bizarre loop, moaning at the sensation of her boy’s cock in her mouth, loving being topless and, on her knees, as he fed her his young hard dick. A moment later, wanting him to stop because this couldn’t happen again!

He eased back and Claire suddenly yanked her head back while pushing his hip, slipping his cock from her mouth.

“Please,” she struggled to catch her breath and rise to her feet, but he held her head and put his other hand on her shoulder, keeping her down. “I know this is my fault, I know how bad this is, but we... we can’t, Mark!”

“I fucked you in your ass last night, and now you tell me we can’t?” He scowled down at her. “You were just begging for it in your mouth, now it’s stop? Tell you what, mom, you want me to not be pissed at you?”

“I want that more than anything,” she stared upwards, imploring him with her eyes. “I do, honey, but...”

“Then give me what I want.”

“I gave it to you last night,” she tried to keep her eyes from his cock which bobbed in front of her face because when she looked at it, she felt the lust beginning to build again.

“One night makes up for years of teasing? You were the one that started this so you need to finish it!” He struck her again with his cock. “You go down until this does, got that, mommy?”

“Mark...”

“Or I’ll just go upstairs, wake Max up and we’ll get dressed, pack and get the hell out of here.”

“No! You can’t leave me!” Claire shook her head. “Please, we need to...”

“Only thing I need is you being yourself! Now suck that cock or we’re out of here, and I’ll tell dad you slipped us something and...Oh!”

Mark groaned when Claire took him into her mouth. She bobbed her head rapidly, working her soft lips and tongue over his hard shaft. She could taste her cunt from his cock, and for a second she was properly appalled, and upset.

Claire then focused on the idea of her blowing her son, and with a feeling of surrender, allowed herself to succumb to her unnaturally augmented taboo desire. She continued to suck him, allowing herself to acknowledge the taste of her cunt from his hard flesh.

“That’s right,” Mark breathed, his hand tightening in her hair. “You do you, mom,” he laughed. “By doing me.”

Claire whimpered around his cock at the way the way he treated her was a flashback to last night. Worse was that she deserved it, she was a tease, and wasn’t a good mother.

That is until last night. Letting her boys have their way with her, not letting them quit and using her prowess as a lover to keep them going. Giving them the chance to take their anger and confused lust out on her.

Just like she was doing now. Her boy was upset with her, and if the only thing she could do to make him happy was to give herself to him, then that’s what she would do because a good mother needed to keep her boys happy.

She placed her hands on his strong thighs, and opening wider, she not only increased the speed of her sucking, but was taking his full length with an ease that showed him what a skilled cocksucker his mother was.

“Yeah,” Mark spoke softly, her mouth seeming to calm him down. “Look at me when you suck it.”

Claire turned her blue eyes upward looking into his as she repeatedly deep throated him. She sighed and moaned contentedly as she sucked, but her hips were rocking, her cunt yearning to have him inside her.

But if her boy just wanted his mother to suck him off then that’s what she would do because she wouldn’t lose him to his father, and if all it took was something she enjoyed, then why not?

She whimpered when his other hand went to her head, holding it still, and with a nasty smirk, he eased his cock back then drove it down her throat. Claire gagged, spit spewing from the corners of her mouth, but she relaxed and remained still, letting him use her.

“That’s better,” he hissed as he violated his mother’s mouth with long hard thrusts. “Choke on it, you goddamn slut.”

Claire made a high-pitched sound around his cock, but it was one of pleasure at his harsh words. This was what she deserved to hear, how she deserved to be treated, especially by her son who she’d humiliated by showing off her body to him and his brother as well as their friends.

The room filled with her wet gurgling and choking sounds as she knelt on the floor while her son brutally fucked her mouth. Her throat and jaw, still sore from last night’s efforts, made his assault on her face even more difficult, but she took it like a good mother should.

Drivel and worse flowed down her chin and onto her breasts and dress, and Mark pounded her face hard enough to slap his balls on her chin. He’d come multiple times and only hours ago, and he was showing no sign of coming now, and she wondered how much more punishment her mouth could handle.

A wave of relief went through her when he pulled his cock from her mouth, but the long, ragged breath she released turned into a squeal when he hauled her to her feet by her hair.

She yelped when he slapped both her tits, the blows sounding like a gunshot in the otherwise quiet room. Mark gripped her arms once more and roughly spun her around then shoved her in the back, bending her over the arm of the couch.

He yanked her dress up over her hips and hooked her ankle with his foot and pushed her legs further open.

“Ohh!” she groaned when he plunged two fingers into her over heated cunt.

“Fuck, your wet!” He punctuated his remark by slapping the left side of her ass. “Pig, no panties and turned on by gagging on your kid’s cock.”

“I love making my son happy,” she braced her hands on the couch cushion and whimpered when his thumb found her throbbing clit. “Anything you want, anytime you want, stay with mama and she’ll take good care of you.”

“Hear yourself?” he struck the other side of her ass. “So desperate to keep me here you’ll fuck me and let me treat you like some nasty slut?”

He laughed and spanked her again, the slap causing her already red swollen flesh to sting and her cunt to flood around his fingers.

“Maybe more like a desperate woman who knows she’s a lousy mother, but a good nasty fuck, so she’ll use what she has.”

“Yes,” she whimpered as his thumb pressed harder into her clit, moving in teasingly slow circles. “I teased you and now I’ll give you what you want, baby.”

“Baby?” he whacked her ass again, making her squeal. “Max wants to hear that bullshit, he wants to love you, I just want to pay you back for being a mother who wants to act like a girl my age. Slutting around, fucking any guy that’s willing to pay attention to you!”

His hand went into rapid motion, peppering both her cheeks with short sharp slaps that had her struggling to stand, but grabbing the back of her head, he pushed her back down to the couch.

Claire gave in, grabbing one of the throw pillows, she wrapped her arms around it and buried her face in it, yelping and crying out as he battered her ass. But even through the discomfort her body reacted to thumb manipulating her clit, and she could feel the first twinges of orgasm deep within her.

“Fucking selfish!” he hissed. “All you cared about was getting men to look at you, making dad look bad, making us look bad!”

Claire squirmed as she lay over the couch, her hips wiggling and her feet rising from the floor as if she were trying to run. But his thumb was steady on her clit and his fingers buried knuckle deep inside her.

He wasn’t moving his thumb any faster, but the slow steady movement, coupled with her enjoyment of being spanked and humiliated by her oldest son had her cunt contracting around his fingers and moans of pleasure mixing in with her yips of pain.

“Guy’s telling me what you were wearing, how you were acting. Strutting around in your fuck me shoes and trashy dresses, bumping and grinding on their cocks, telling them you’ll even pay for the motel if they want to fuck you.”

Mark dealt her a much harder slap, and it sent Claire tumbling over the edge and erupting into orgasm. She wailed into the pillow as her cunt convulsed around his probing fingers and her hips bucked up and down on the couch.

“Yeah, come for me!” he grabbed the left side of her stinging ass and squeezed it hard, but the pain only increased her pleasure. “Like being used don’t you? Like your son being nasty to you and treating you like a pathetic loser!”

He removed his fingers from inside her, and Claire cried out “yes!” into the pillow when he drove his cock into her still twitching cunt. He gripped both sides of her ass and hammered into with long powerful strokes that her mouth and eyes wide and her fingers digging into the pillow.

Claire moaned and whined between the combination of the last stages of her climax and her son’s absurdly hard cock driven by his strong body, and magnified lust. Not only lust but anger and frustration as he took it to the woman he should respect but had only contempt for in recent years.

He withdrew his cock from her, and Claire howled into the pillow when he shoved it into her ass. He proceeded to fuck her there as hard as he had been in her cunt, and she emitted a continuous high pitched sound as his thick cock plundered her already sore ass.

“Stop acting like you don’t love it in the ass, you let both of us fuck you there last night, and Ricky told me you came while he fucked you in it! Last thing he said before I broke his goddamn nose.”

“I’ll never let anyone but the two of you have me,” she managed to say in between her grunts and squeals. “I promise I’ll be good to both of you.”

“Plenty of practice with that. Tommy Winters told me he saw you leave with two guys, you got in your car and they followed you out of the lot. Know what that was like, hearing your mother likes to be a pig on a spit?”

He removed his cock from her ass and slipped it back in her cunt. He replaced his cock with two fingers, shoving them hard into her ass and burying them deep.

“Maybe I should wake Max up and get him down here so we can DP you again! You want that?”

He grabbed the end of her long hair and pulled her head up.

“Answer me? You want both your sons again, don’t you?”

“Yes!” she shouted as her face was removed from the shamefully drool soaked pillow. “I want to make you both happy! I want you both to have me! I need my boys to need me!”

“Maybe later,” Mark continued to pound her and she whined when he thrust his fingers harder into her ass. “Having you to myself is fun, feel like we’re really bonding,” he laughed. “Don’t you?”

“I love it!” she called out.

Claire gasped, her eyes wide and behind her Mark grunted when her holes contracted around his fingers and cock. “Oh...oh...” her body tensed and the room filled with a long loud animal like howl as a second orgasm exploded through her already pleasure wracked body.

“Jesus,” Mark groaned as her cunt squeezed his cock in the throes of her orgasm. “You are one wild fucking ride.”

His words had a tinge of respect to them, and the fact he was pleased with her as a lover filled her with taboo pride. A mother should be the best her son ever had. How else could she make him hers?

“Then keep riding me,” she urged him, her voice breathy with exhaustion and her body limp from the aftermath of her two orgasms. “Cum for mama.”

“I want you to look at me when I do!” he yanked her to her feet, and her legs were so weak she fell back into him,

Mark spun her around to face him, then leaned into her and bore her down onto the floor. She winced when her back landed on the hard wood, then released a low moan when Mark, over her and between her legs, slipped his cock into her hot mess of a twat.

Claire raised her arms, trying to put them around him, but he roughly shoved them down to the floor, pinning them over her head while he fucked her. She was so wet she could feel a trickle of her warm sticky juices down her thighs as she gushed around his thrusting cock.

Mark stared down at her, his eyes wild and his amazing upper body slick with sweat.

“Tell me you love it,” he breathed. “That you love your son fucking you.”

“I love you wanting me and you can have all of me!” she lifted her legs and rested her left heel on the edge of the coffee table, the right on the couch so they were in the air and wide open for her son to plunge even deeper into his mother’s aching cunt.

Aching from hard use, from both her son’s cocks last night and now her first son taking her for himself.

“Fuck me,” she implored him. “Take it all out on me, Mark! Make mama pay for teasing you, give me what I...”

“Shut up!” he hissed and pressing her slender wrists together, gripped them in one hand and put the other one over her mouth. “Just lay there and take it!”

Claire’s eyes went wide, and she whimpered into his hand, but more for show than she was bothered by him covering her mouth. If this was how he thought she should be treated, then that’s all that mattered.

The fact she craved it this way didn’t hurt.

She squealed and squirmed beneath him as he maintained his relentless assault on her. “Hmm Hmmm!” she cried out into his hand as he pounded her into the floor. She widened her eyes more and changed her cries to pathetic sounding whimpers, and Mark’s response was to fuck her even harder as she added struggling against his grip to her act he was really forcing himself on her.

“Love it rough, don’t you?” His breathing was heavy and his strokes now faster, but shorter, his rhythm becoming jerky as he lost control. “Maybe later I’ll tie you up and watch Max fuck your face while I...fuck!”

He whipped his cock out, and gripping it, slid up the floor and jacked his cock off in her face. The first spurt struck her in her left eye forcing her to close it, the second went into her open mouth to flow down her raw throat.

For as many times as he came last night, Mark’s balls were once again full for his mother, and he laid several thick white stripes on her cheeks before shoving his cock back in her mouth.

Like the bad mom trying to earn her son’s favor that she was, Claire eagerly slurped hard on him, milking the last few drops from him, and when he eased his cock from her mouth, pushing them out with her tongue to join the rest of the sticky warm mess on her face.

“Give you one thing,” he whispered as he dragged his oozing tip across her face, before rising to his feet and standing over her. “You’re even nastier than I thought you’d be.”

Claire flinched when a drop of cum oozed from his tip and hit her cheek.

“Look at you,” Mark sneered. “On the goddamn floor with your kid’s cum all over your face. If only your patients could see you now.” He made a disgusted sound as he back away from her.

“Wonder what the girls would think.” He laughed. “Next time you go out with them for lunch you can tell them how you fucked your sons because they were about the only kids in Providence you haven’t fucked.”

“I’m going back to bed. Maybe I’ll send Max down so he can get my sloppy seconds.” He gave her a look of utter contempt. “Know what the worst thing about you banging Ricky was?”

“That I didn’t give it you first?” she asked through her sticky lips.

“No, that he was right.” Mark sneered. “You really are a pig.”

He stalked away from her, and Claire remained on the floor, her legs splayed open, her cunt throbbing and her ass stinging as badly as it had when she woke up. Her heaving breasts stinging and laced with red welts in the shape of Mark’s fingers.

She lay there, left ruined by her son who had just treated her worse than some drunk barfly he’d settled for at last call. Claire turned her head, and as Mark’s cum slid over her cheek, some of it leaking into her mouth, she noticed a picture of Robert between Mark and Max.

She’d taken it the day Mark had graduated high school, and he insisted it stayed on the Mantle over the fireplace when Robert had left, probably because he knew it would piss her off.

Her eyes locked on Robert’s smiling face.

“He’s mine now, you son of a bitch,” she whispered.

## Chapter Eight

Jo opened her eyes and stared at the blurry red numbers of the alarm clock on the nightstand. They slowly swam into focus revealing the time was 8:35. She rolled onto her back and grunted when the movement made her aware of a dull ache in her temples.

She noticed her cell on the edge of the bed, and picking it up saw Robin had texted her. She opened the message to see it came in after midnight.

“Stopped by Claire’s and she came to the door. She had come out of the shower but had hickeys and looked like someone made a hot mess of her. She said she’d come home from a night out, but was acting funny, kind of rude, actually. She got pissed when I asked about her sons and the shot. Insisted nothing happened, but I have a feeling she may have been lying. We need to try and get everyone together tomorrow and talk about this.”

Jo dropped the phone onto the bed. Get everyone together and what? Admit they had sex with their kids? Lie about it? May as well not bother with Amanda as nothing happened to her.

She puckered her lips and blew an unruly red curl from her face, thinking this was the reason she always slept with her hair up. At its best it still looked as if she’d just fallen out of bed, and even worse if she did have it down for the night.

Those nights were when she wasn’t alone in bed, meaning the last time she’d had it down was two years ago when she’d hooked up with a young bartender while attending a conference.

But last night she’d kept it down for...

“Alex,” she whispered, and turned her head to the left so quickly she winced at the sharp pain in her head the rapid movement caused.

They’d fallen asleep with him curled up behind her, his arm around her waist and the other stretched out beneath the pillow. She’d awoken once and as she lay there, trying to keep the hamster in her mind from getting back in its wheel, instead focused on how good it felt to be held.

His strong arm over her, his hand on her soft stomach, just beneath her breasts, his warm breath on her neck and his cock nestled along the back of her thigh. Jo had to go back years to when her marriage had still been good, to the last time she’d enjoyed being in a lover’s embrace as she slept.

But this wasn’t a lover, it was her son.

Yet, yesterday, and as a result of her formula designed to replicate a form of Genetic sexual attraction, Alex had become her lover. Her young, eager, good looking lover whose stamina was as amazing as his cock, and who had lusted for her the way no other man ever had.

Just him? Jo had fucked and sucked him with a wanton abandon she hadn’t experienced since the rare occasions she’d gotten drunk in college, and even then, she’d had some hang ups.

But there were none of those yesterday. No, Jo had happily exposed every inch of her lush mature body to her son, and acted like the closet slut he'd referred to her as just before he took her in the kitchen.

For the first of two back to back rounds and a pair of orgasms that had left her dizzy and laying there like a limp ragdoll as her son fucked her senseless. Four times they'd fucked yesterday, and after the first three she swore they wouldn't again.

After the final round, here in her bed, Jo had given up and told him he could sleep with her. She should have known that it would lead to more in the morning, but she'd done it anyway.

Just as she'd done several things that had encouraged, rather than deterred him from wanting her. She chalked it up to the experiment. The formula seemed to remove any type of reason, replacing it with an insatiable urge for sex.

Not just any sex, but incest.

Or, would it have worked had she gone to a bar and met someone? No, if it worked that vaguely, it wouldn't have had such a powerful effect on Alex.

Alex who was no longer in bed with her.

"Oh, shit," she sat up, again groaning at the pain it caused.

Was the headache from the shot? A type of hangover? Headaches were an occasional side effect of Viagra.. Maybe...

"Just stop," she hissed at her own thoughts.

She could play researcher later. Right now her son, who she'd lured into sex with her own damn idea, had woke up and left her. Had it worn off, and he was now rightfully upset with her and himself?

Most likely her as she had explained the experiment to him. He didn't seem angry, but he also couldn't go more than a few minutes in her presence without wanting her again.

But he didn't want her this morning as he'd woke up with her naked and against him and snuck out. Good job, Professor Rivers, you made your son do a walk of shame. Jo rested her elbows on her knees and rested her aching head in her hand.

It wasn't just her head that hurt, but her back and legs. She'd been in positions she hadn't experienced in some time, and Alex was big, strong, and had not been gentle with her, especially the first two times.

She'd loved every minute of it, and wasn't exactly romantic herself. The language she had used continued to nag at her. Dialogue she imagined would be straight out of one of those mother son movies or erotic stories.

Where had that come from? Jo wasn't one for dirty talk at all, but yesterday she could have shamed a porn star. Did the drug release every and all sexual inhibitions? She was doing it again!

The only thing that mattered in this moment was finding and talking to Alex. Jo rose from the bed, and going over to the laundry piled on the chair by the window she hadn't put away yet, she grabbed an old sweatshirt and began to look for he pants to match it.

She stopped and frowned. Her selection was meant to look as less appealing as possible, show as little of herself as she could in case the formula was still affecting them.

But how would she know if it had run its course or not if she didn't give him something to look at? Jo walked over to her closet and paused at the full length mirror on the inside of the door.

She took in her body. Her large creamy white breasts with their small pale pink nipples. Her flat, tummy, the swell of her hips and soft inviting thighs. Her long legs which weren't exactly slender but shapely.

Jo wasn't chunky, but had some nice curves, especially her ass, just enough junk in the trunk to give it a nice jiggle, especially when spanked. Her attention turned to her face, her wide brown eyes, that had been intense and smoldering most of yesterday, and her wild mass of red curls Robin referred to as "porn star" hair, and of course her large, no need for Botox, soft sensual lips.

She was an attractive woman with a body built for fun, but even back in her younger years she'd never had anywhere near as much fun as she should have. Certainly not since her divorce other than her one crazy night with the kid out of town.

But yesterday? Yesterday Jo had used everything she had, and everything she had, had been used. It was the most incredible sex of her life, and it had been with her son. How the hell was that possible?"

She turned away from the closet, realizing all she had in there were dresses and outfits for work, and went to her dresser. She slipped a sleeveless t-shirt on that she normally wore under a blouse of blazer.

The white shirt was snug, hugging her breasts and she paused when it struck her she hadn't put a bra on. No, leave it off, this was a test. If Alex was back to himself, he wouldn't look.

At this point he might even be disgusted and Jo found herself wondering which one she'd want him to be. She found a matching white skirt folded in the bottom drawer and stepped into it.

It wasn't a mini, nor was it tight, but it did show a good portion of her legs, enough to make him look, if he was still in a state where he wanted to. Jo left her room and went down the hall to his.

The door was open and her stomach tightened when she saw he wasn't in there. She quickly went into the kitchen and her heart began to beat faster when she saw he wasn't there.

He'd left the house! Where had he gone? Jo turned to go back to her room where she left her cell to call him, then stopped when saw Alex sitting out on the deck, his back to her.

With a sigh of relief, she slid open the glass door, and went out there.

"Hey," she said softly as she came around the circular wooden table and sat across from him. "Up for some company?"

“Morning,” he said softly, then pointed to the mug in front of him. “Want me to make you some coffee?”

“No, I’m good,” she tried to meet his gaze, but he looked away from her.

Not a great start.

Jo didn’t say anything right away, waiting to see if he would and she could get a feel for where his emotions were. Alex sipped at his coffee, his gaze cast downward and she wondered if he were doing the same thing, and waiting for her to start, which she should, she was the parent here.

The parent who had spent a good part of the last twenty four hours with his cock in her mouth or red haired cunt. Like her, Alex wore a tank top, and she deliberately started at his muscular arms, and deep chest.

The arms that had pinned her down, tossed her around, then held her tightly. Jo felt her nipples stiffen against the thin material of the shirt, and if he looked, it would be impossible not to notice.

But was she becoming aroused because of the shot, or the fact he’d been the best lover she’d ever had and she was now seeing him that way, and wanted more.

“Are you okay?” she forced herself to speak to stop from thinking of him in anyway but a concerned mother.

“I don’t know,” he shrugged. “Are you?”

“Depends a lot on you.” Jo reached across the table. “Alex, I’m sorry I did this to us.”

Her heart leapt when he didn’t hesitate to take his hand in hers.

“You didn’t know that would happen.” He squeezed her hand. “Wasn’t on purpose.”

“Yes, and know. I played with fire, and even the girls told me not to, but I didn’t listen and took it anyway.”

“The girls,” he nodded. “They all took it to because you guys always have each other’s backs.”

“They did.” She needed to be careful with this.

“Think they all had sex with their sons?”

“I...I can’t say that, Alex.”

“I need you to.”

“Why?”

“I...I want to know if we were different.”

“You mean if you were the only one you’d think there was something wrong with us?”

He didn't answer, but this time when she tried to look into his eyes, he didn't avoid them. His strange, but beautiful gray eyes remained on hers, and she could see the conflict in them.

"No," he shook his head slightly. "Kind of the opposite."

"I'm not following."

"That maybe we were special."

"Special?" She blinked.

"That maybe the drug only worked like that because there was already something there, and it just got us over it."

"Are you saying you'd thought of something happening between us?"

"It's hard to describe." Alex used his free hand to run it through his hair, something he did whenever he was nervous or confused. "But we're a lot closer than most mom's and sons. We do movie nights, we go to Breakfast together on Sundays, split the housework."

"I rarely date, and you hardly even do anything with your friends." Jo added, her mind flashing back to the crack Robin has made that her and Alex were the perfect example of the mom son cases she'd had. And with his next words, her son enforced her friend's point.

"Its almost like we're kind of a couple other than," he sighed. "What happened yesterday."

"But did you think about us crossing that line before?" Jo was asking as much for herself as to put it into her report on this debacle of a clinical trial. "Did you see me as a lover? An actual partner?"

"Its hard to say, Mom, it really is." Alex leaned back in his chair, but kept his hand over his. "I've thought of you as an amazing woman. You're educated, work your ass off, you have a good heart and aren't in the center for money, but to help people.

"You're a great mom, a great role model, and as bad as this sounds, even before yesterday, I saw you as being pretty damn fine on top of all that."

"Alex, thank you, that's....wow. I don't see those things in myself."

"Because you're a good person, only snots tell themselves they're awesome."

"Interesting point." Jo nodded. "But considering what happened between us, how much did you think about the last part? My look?"

"Little more after that whole towel thing. Like I said yesterday, I didn't look away as fast as I should have, and I really felt like you didn't cover up as fast as you could have. I definitely thought of it after more than I should have."

He pointed to her.

"I admitted I liked what I saw, did you like that I saw it?"

"I never thought of it until I took the injection and then it really came back to me, and I felt like I did, but that's what we need to deal with, what was the drug and what, if anything was us."

"I feel fine." Alex told her. "Yesterday, anytime when you were close to me I'd get warm and my mind would get kind of fuzzy, and everything was about wanting you, and it was all raunchy too. I...I feel bad how I treated you."

"I was just as bad, if not worse. The way I acted, the things I said, that's not me when it comes to sex. It was awful."

"Awfully good actually," Alex surprised her with the comment. "I always knew you'd be a freak, but it would take the right person."

"Or a sex potion."

"Yeah, that too," Alex eased his hand from hers and appeared to look disappointed at her remark.

"Honey, did you want me to want you?"

"This is fucked up," he said softly. "The whole thing is."

"I agree, and its on me, Alex. I did this to us."

"And to the others?"

"Alex, even if this happened with Robin, Claire, and Amanda, it wouldn't have anything to do with us. Everyone has a different situation and relationship with their parents, and especially in my profession, conditions have things in common, but everyone is a case by case basis. Our feelings are ours and independent of anyone else."

"Thanks Doc!" Alex gave her a small smile. "How much is the co-pay?"

"Sorry, but it is true."

"I think I want to know so I don't feel as sick as I do now."

Jo sighed. She knew Robin has slept with Zack, Amanda was fine, but they'd suspected there would be nothing between a mother and daughter. Claire claimed nothing happened, but Robin's text had said she had a feeling she could be lying.

Alex and Zack, for that matter, all their kids were close. They were raised together and saw each other as family as much as friends. Even if Jo and Robin, and possibly Claire swore them to secrecy, at some point one of them was going to slip and say something.

"Take my refusal to answer as an answer."

"They did?"

"At least one for sure, maybe one other." Jo put her hand up. "I can't say more, honey. Its not just a professional courtesy, but morally not my place to tell."

"Okay," he nodded. "So this was all the drug then."

“You seem upset if that were the case. Talk to me.”

“You know yesterday was all wrong, shouldn’t have happened, wouldn’t have without that shot, but it did happen, and...”

“And?” She gave him an encouraging smile. “Alex, like you said, we’re very close, you know you can tell me anything. Let’s face it, there’s no one else you can talk to about this.”

“And you are the sexual dysfunction expert,” he grunted.

“Right now, I’m a mother who shared an extreme situation with her son, and that’s how I want to deal with it.”

“I don’t feel bad it happened!” he snapped as if he had to force out the words. “I know I should, but I don’t.”

“I don’t either,” she said quietly. “And damn straight I should. I didn’t even feel any remorse when it happened, you kept going up and down with how you felt, I was fine other than somewhere in my head knowing it was wrong, but didn’t feel it.”

“But was that all the drug?” He put his hands out. “That’s why I’m screwed up on this. What’s that crap and what’s us?”

Jo tapped her nail on the table as she thought.

“This morning you woke up and left the bed. That tells me the drug has at least somewhat worn off because there I was naked in bed and you weren’t overwhelmed with lust.”

“Stay humble, Mom.” Alex gave her a brief smile.

“Sorry, but you know what I mean.”

“I wanted you,” he admitted. “God, you looked so good, and felt so good against me. I wanted to roll you over, kiss you all over and...you know.”

“But you left, which means you were in control of yourself.” Jo wiped her hand across her face. Like him she also wasn’t flushed or sweaty, and was in control of herself. Had it run its course? How could she tell?

The fact she was sure he could see her nipples through her white shirt and hadn’t been staring was a hell of a sign. But she needed...

“Here!” she put her hand out. “Sniff my wrist, what do I smell like?”

“You do this with your clients?”

“Stop making forced jokes and humor me.”

“Alright,” he took her hand and leaned over. “Least you didn’t ask me to smell your feet.”

“I once had a young client who was suspended from school when he dropped his pen, and while on the floor picking it up couldn’t resist kissing a girl’s toes.”

“Least of the weird shit you’ve heard, I bet.” He sniffed her wrist. “I don’t really smell anything.”

“No strawberries?”

“Nothing.”

“You remember smelling that scent on me yesterday?”

“Um…” he cocked his head as he thought. “Yeah, I do remember that and it made me think about the night with the towel, I could smell the strawberry body wash you used.”

“Because that scent triggered that memory. That was an effect of the drug. You resisting this morning, and not smelling anything is a good sign its worn off, or mostly worn off.”

She took a chance and tapped her chest.

“You haven’t reacted to me not wearing a bra.”

“Not that you can see,” he grunted. “Trust me, I’ve noticed, just not saying anything.”

“Jesus, I’m sorry!” Jo folded her arms over her breasts. “I was seeing if you were still influenced.”

“You just said I left without waking you, shouldn’t that have told you?” He asked. His eyes boring into hers. “So was it for that, or deep down do you want me to look?”

Deep down.

Deep down had she liked that he Alex saw her topless that night? Deep down did it excite her? Deep down had she known her and her son were growing closer? Deep down she had always wanted to be desired and be able to respond to it in as sexually uninhibited way as Claire and Amanda were?

As those questions rolled through her mind, it struck her that she used a test as an excuse to not wear a bra, but she hadn’t put underwear on either. If the drug had run its course, and she’d done that did that mean deep down, it was her who wanted him to want her?

“I… I don’t know.”

Alex released a long breath as if he knew his next words were something he wasn’t sure if he should say, but had to.

“I do regret something about yesterday and last night.”

“What is it?”

“The way it happened. I think I said it when I came home from work. I was so rough with you, and I said some kind of nasty things.”

“And I acted the same, if not worse.” Jo reminded him. “This thing fed on primal urges and need. It was a sex enhancer, not a love potion.”

“But you’re a good woman, Mom. All I’ve wanted for you was to see you happy. See you with a man that would treat you the way you deserve to be treated, and that’s not like some trashy one night stand.”

“That’s sweet, honey. But sometimes women don’t mind being a bad girl for a good man.”

“I get it, but how do they say it? Bad girls need love too?”

Jo burst out laughing.

“That’s good! But I am far from a bad girl, Alex. I’m a dud and it takes either huge amounts of alcohol or a sex shot to get me to be bad.”

“Or maybe you just need someone who is so good to you, that you want to be bad for him sometimes.”

“I’m not sure what you’re getting at.”

“Yeah, this is so screwed up, and hell, I’m twenty, I don’t know what I’m saying about this stuff.”

“You’re a lot more mature than most boys your age. Claire would probably shoot you down for having a brain.”

“Aunt Claire has nothing on you,” Alex gave her a shy smile. “I have the hottest milf in the club, remember?”

“That was the drug talking.” She joked.

“No,” he said so seriously her smile faded. “You, Doctor Rivers, are the most beautiful woman I know. He put his hand over his chest. “As beautiful on the outside as you are on the inside.”

“Oh,” he felt herself blushing. “Alex, that’s so...wow, you are going to make some lucky girl very happy someday.”

“No,” he rose from the table and extended his hand to her. “I’m going to take you back to bed and make you happy.”

## Chapter Nine

Robin forced herself to get up. She was still tired, her body sore from what felt like a sexual marathon with her son. And her mind racing because of it. Add her annoyance at the balls Tom had for thinking she wanted his anywhere near her, and there was no way she was going back to sleep.

Because if she did manage to, Tom would be coming back in after his call, and at this point she didn't even want to be next to him. Not that it was anything new. With his schedule he came home around the time she'd leave for work, and he was up and out before she went to bed.

Only on his nights off would they be in bed together, and Robin, as he'd said, would dress like the house had no heat, and stayed as close to her side of the bed as possible.

Zack was right, why did she continue this charade? Because Tom was right also, she didn't want a divorce that could upset their son and make his life difficult. That and her family, who all but her mother, still lives in El Salvador would frown on it.

Marriage was forever, and women conditioned to let their husband sleep with other women, because a man needed that sometimes and women were supposed to understand.

Also the disappointment over her-at least on the outside-perfect life, one they would give anything for back in her country, was exposed as a sham. Wonder how they'd all feel if they knew she'd spread her legs for her son last night?

Robin donned a plain black bra, but chose a matching thong over a pair of more comfortable panties. She liked how Zack made her feel sexy yesterday, and decided she wanted to keep that feeling.

Even Jo, who they all rode for being vanilla, confessed she always wore sexy things under her boring clothes to help with confidence. Robin pulled a simple short one piece black dress from the closet and slipped it on.

The dress was loose and comfortable, but just enough on the shorter side to show off her legs, and at 5'11" Robin had those in spades. They served her well in modeling, and even better when they were spread in her brief and shameful porn career that her son revealed he'd discovered because his jack ass father still had them on his computer.

Note to self, find and remove them or fry his damn motherboard if she had to. Robin pulled her hair into a loose ponytail and left the room. She made her way into the kitchen and after using the Keurig to make a cup of coffee, she noticed Tom was out on the patio and still on the phone.

She wondered who he was talking to that he needed to be outside. He did get a lot of calls from the hospital and his patients, so odds are it was legit. Especially seeing he'd most likely just left the bed of his latest floozy.

Or, more likely, a cot in an empty room. Robin had been in a few of those herself when interning and earning her residency. The soap operas centering around hospitals weren't far removed from the truth when they portrayed the amount of affairs and sex that went on there.

It's how she'd initially met Tom. What started out as her being star struck by an older good looking surgeon had turned into an actual relationship that led to marriage. The expression you get what you pay for often loomed in her mind when it came to his infidelity.

He hadn't been in a relationship when he met her, but the fact he was older and established and preying on young pretty residents should have been a warning flag, but Robin was no slouch in either her looks, or her growing experience in her field and saw herself as a peer, more than a conquest.

Now she was a trophy wife who attended functions with him and made him look good. Younger, still attractive and very successful, and a good mother on top of it, she was a prize in every way when it came to image.

It worked both ways because Tom, even in his fifties was still an attractive man and gifted surgeon with a great reputation, helped her status in the medical community as well.

The perfect couple with the expensive cars, house, social and career status and a gorgeous son who with his pedigree was set up for nothing but success. All the material and financial aspects of their image were there, but their marriage? That was for show only and had been when she found she could never recover from his cheating on her.

And convinced he was doing it again, but what had she just done, let alone with who she'd done it with.

"Hey," Zack spoke behind her, startling her and making her slop some of her coffee on the counter.

"You scared me!" she put the mug down and tearing a paper towel from the roll wiped up the coffee.

"Sorry," He sidled up closer, putting Robin between him and the counter. "That was close this morning."

"Too close. You should have left the second I told you too."

"Imagine if he'd caught us?" Zack laughed, and Robin swore he really seemed to think the situation was funny.

"You think this is a joke?"

"It would have made him leave you."

"And tell the court his wife was having sex with his son." Robin pointed out. "Zack, this isn't a game."

"Sorry," he bowed his head. "I wanted you to ditch him before, but now that we're together, he really needs to leave."

Now that we're together. What had she done?

"We have to talk about that."

"Do we?" he put his hands on her hips and leaned in to kiss her.

She turned her head causing his lips to graze her cheek.

“Zack, he’s right outside the window!”

“He’s on the other side of the patio and he’s facing the other way. Probably trying to catch the girl next door outside in her bikini.”

“Like you do?”

“Guilty,” he grinned. “But she’s a girl, I have a real woman in front of me.” He shocked her by gently squeezing her breasts through the dress. “You’d fill that bikini out a lot better.”

“Zack, are you sure you don’t smell any perfume on me?”

“If you’re thinking about whatever Rufie shot you took and passed on to me, I don’t feel like I did last night.”

“Then why are you still…”

“Really?” He looked genuinely perplexed. “Look at you, Mom! You’re an ex-model. You’re freaking gorgeous! Those green eyes and that coffee and cream skin?” He laughed. “You look like me!”

“You are a pretty boy,” she agreed. “And I’m glad you think your mom’s held up over the years.”

“My ex porn star mom.”

“Please stop bringing that up. I was a cliché, young, broke, desperate and had the looks.”

“And you could do it. I watched some of those special on porn, lot of girls can’t fuck on the set. You were into it!”

“Watch your mouth, and stop talking about that.” She tapped his chest. “In fact, I need you to get that shit off his PC. You know where it is.”

“Already did.”

“You did?”

“Guess I left that out,” he told her. “I was distracted by you.” He Smiled. “Still am.”

“Thank you for doing that.”

“I figured that if you ever smarten up and leave him, he might try to threaten you with him or send them to his friends.”

“Good thinking.”

“I have them though, e-mailed them to myself. Watched them a lot, but now I have the real thing.” His eyes lit up. “Hey, maybe sometime we could film us screwing around!”

“Zack...”

“How many guys have a video of their mom blowing...” he stopped when he saw the look on her face. “Sorry! This is...its so damn hot!”

“You might not think that in a few hours. I think the drug is still working on you.” Just him, hadn’t she woke up from a wet dream about him, and had a hard time keeping her hands off him once awake?

But she had managed and she wasn’t feeling lust crazed in the moment.

“I know you don’t want me talking about it, but like I said. I was watching you in those movies for months. Was wishing it was me with you, so that thing you took might have got me amped up enough to go for it, but it was already there.”

Already there in him, but where had it come from in her? How did a drug meant to attract also instill thoughts and desires in her that she’d never had? Or...had she. The day she taught him to kiss, she’d enjoyed it more than she should have.

The last one lingered too long, and last night she’d envisioned briefly slipping him some tongue, but was that virus enhanced fantasy or had it happened?

“I love you, Mom.” Zack whispered.

“Love you too.”

“I mean in that way.”

“No, its not that kind of love, Zack. You might have lusted for me, and still do, but you love me as your mother.”

“Love is love.” He took her face in his hands and this time kissed her.

Robin whimpered as with a feeling of surrender, she returned the kiss, her lips sliding over and across hers. His hands went over her hips, and as the kiss deepened, Rpbm slid her arms around his neck.

She leaned back against the counter as he pressed closer, her breasts crushing against his chest. Somewhere in her mind she told herself to stop, that Tom was fifteen feet away from the window.

But she also knew from being outside that because of the angle, the sun, and the window being over the sink, it wasn’t easy to see inside it. Especially in the morning with the sun at its brightest.

“Yes,” she whispered when Zack’s lips left hers and fastened to her neck. “That feels good, baby.”

Zack moaned when she ran her fingers through his hair while holding his head to her neck and was aware of her hips now rocking into him. Unlike last night she didn’t feel hot, her mind was clear, and the desire building within her felt natural and not the out of control irresistible lust that had consumed her during their initial encounters.

Her son's hands moved upwards, cupping her breasts and gently fondling them through the dress. His lips returned to hers and this time she kissed him harder, her tongue driving into his mouth and seeking his.

Zack's hands tightened on her breasts, and Robin dropped her arms, working her hands between them and fumbling for his jeans. She unsnapped them, after tugging down his zipper reached into his underwear.

He groaned when her fingers came in contact with his hard cock, and nimbly worked it through the slit in his boxers. She stroked him, whimpering at how hard he was for her, then easing him back a step sank to her knees.

"Oh, yeah," he sighed when she took him into her mouth, bobbing her head slowly, her mouth, and cunt, watering at the sensation of having her boy between her lips.

She eased him from her lips.

"Watch him," she stared up into his eyes. "Watch him while his wife blows you."

She resumed sucking his cock, and Zack rested his hands on her shoulder. His fingers trembled with excitement, and she was sure nerves, as his mother sucked his cock with his father in his line of sight.

Robin hadn't thought anything could be more forbidden than sex with her son, but doing this with her husband, her cheating husband that had, and still was, making a fool of her, right outside had taken the word taboo to another level.

But she could do even better.

Rising to her feet, Robin turned around and slid over a few inches before bending over the counter. Zack didn't hesitate to lift her dress over her hips and gripping her thong pull it down.

He knelt to remove it from her feet which she lifted one at a time for him. She stared out the window watching Tom who was now sitting on the edge of the table talking on the phone while facing the house next door.

She'd moved over enough that there was no way he'd see her even if he stared into the window, and a smile slowly formed as behind her, Zack kissed each of her cheeks before rising up behind her.

She bent over further, pushing her ass out and released a long guttural grown as her son spread her ass and slowly sank his cock inside her. His hands shifted to her hips and she moaned softly as he took her with long hard strokes.

"That's it, give you mother what she needs," she purred. "Take what's his."

"Not his anymore." Zack thrust harder and faster into her. "You're mine now, aren't you?"

"Yours," she whimpered. "Your woman, and your woman needs you to just take her hard and cum quick for me."

"Whatever you want." He replied and Robin's eyes widened and she had to suck hard on her lower lip in an effort not to cry out from the force of her son's fucking.

“Careful, baby, your mother’s been neglected a long time, I’m going to want a lot more of this.”

“I’ll take care of you like he never has.” Zack pounded her even harder and she grunted as the power of his hips drove hers into the counter.

She would end up with bruises, but not like she would ever show her body to her husband again. But her son? He was going to see plenty of his mother, and she was going to show him that the girl in those movies he’d found was back and ready to make all of his wet dreams come true.

“Oh, oh, shit!” Zack gasped behind her.

“Give it to me!” she hissed. “Give mama what she needs! Oh...ohhh,” she cooed as her son’s cock twitched inside her, shooting a warm squirt of cum deep inside her.

She pushed back into him, forcing his cock deeper and groaning as Zach painted the walls of his mother’s cunt. In front of her Tom lowered his phone and rose pushed off the table.

“All of it!” she whispered. “Hurry, he’s coming!”

“So am I,” Zack snickered, then gasped when she contracted her cunt around his spurting cock, milking the last of his load from his young balls.

He slipped his cock from her, quickly tucking it in before zipping up. Robin straightened and hooking her foot into her thong kicked it at Zack, who caught it before it went past him.

“Go to your room,” she sounded unnaturally calm considering she’d heard the screen door open and could feel Zack’s cum beginning to ooze down her thigh.

She grabbed her coffee and had just sat down at the small kitchen table when Tom came in. Zack had froze, but had enough awareness to shove the thong deep into his pocket and keep his hand there.

“Hey, kid.” Tom greeted him. “What are you up to today?”

“I’m working this afternoon, but that’s about it.”

Tom grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge.

“Good that you like to work, but Zack, you have to get out there and meet a girl. You’re wasting some good years here playing video games and doing all that other nerd shit.”

“Yeah,” Zack couldn’t hide a slight smirk. “I have to get out there and have some fun, right?”

“Right.” Tom looked in her direction. “Tell him, Robin.”

“Dad’s right,” She flashed Zack a big smile. “You need to get laid.”

“Wow, and I was trying to be nice.” Tom laughed. “Seriously, listen to your mom.”

“I always do.” Zack nodded in her direction, then with a wave in Tom’s direction said.

“I have to go, got some nerds waiting for me to set up their online D&D campaign” He turned and walked towards the arch leading to the hallway.

“Have fun.” Tom rolled his eyes. “I’m heading to bed.”

Seeing Zack was still close by, Tom kept up their charade and leaning over gave her a quick kiss, that she forced herself to return while thinking their son’s cock had just been between her lips.

“Love you, babe.” He said with about as much sincerity as she felt in his kiss.

“Love you too, Tom.” She replied robotically.

Tom headed out of the room, and Robin sat for a few minutes, finishing her coffee and making sure her husband was staying in the bedroom. She rose from the table, a pleasant shudder flowing through her when she felt another trickle of Zack’s cum oozing from inside her.

Robin went down the hall to Zack’s room and entered without knocking. He looked up from his computer where she saw he did have some game up on the screen.

“Put on some music,” she told him.

“Uh, okay.” He brought up his I-tunes and clicked on a play list. “We going to talk now?”

“Honey,” Robin closed the door behind her and thumbed the lock. “I’m not here to talk.”

## Chapter Ten

Claire sat on the couch, telling herself for the tenth time to get up and leave. She'd have to go upstairs and get dressed again, seeing Mark, for the second time in a day, had ripped hers.

After he'd stalked off from what was as much of an assault as it was sex, Claire had remained on the floor for a few minutes. The initial rush she'd had during the nasty encounter had faded, her dopamine and adrenaline coming down along with what she still felt was toxin induced lust.

At least she thought it was. She did feel some of the symptoms from last night, but not to such an extreme level. By the same token, Mark seemed to fluctuate between being confused and somewhat calmer to angry, and that anger led to another round of taking it out on her.

But it had been different, and that disturbed her. Was he so disgusted with her, he could treat her like that with the drug no longer pushing him? How real was his lust for her?

He'd told the story about seeing her with Robert, watching his mother in full wildcat mode, and that, coupled with him looking at her because of her unintentional cock teasing, could be enough to be the 'trigger' Jo had discussed.

But to be so hateful toward her even while in the throes of passion? She was more than familiar with the term hate fuck, and not at just the physical encounter of two people who didn't like each other, but for whatever reason were attracted sexually, but the mentality behind it.

If he could be that harsh with both his actions and words, and after he had more than taken his frustration out on her the night before, then she had a serious problem with him.

At that point she'd forced herself to slide up onto the couch, wipe his load off her face with some tissues, but after that, she couldn't push herself to move. Part of the reason was she would need to go back upstairs to get dressed, and Mark would be up there, and she found she was hesitant to be near him again.

She supposed she could pin the strap back together and go see Jo like this, but she didn't want to explain why her dress was torn, and how she looked like three days of bad weather, as her grandpa used to say.

She remained where she was, shifting here and there to alleviate the pain in her ravaged ass, and the ache in her well used cunt. Her thoughts shifted to Max. It was all right there in his case.

The result of her showing herself off, the mother son porn, the infatuation with Milfs on a personals site, every one that he'd bookmarked resembling her. Mark's revelation that Max was so consumed with misplaced lust for her, he'd paid an escort, who also looked like her to role play as her.

That was her son's first time, and her heart broke for him. Not that her first time had been anything special, nor were most peoples, but it should never be with a hooker because his real interest was someone he could never have.

Until last night.

“Thanks, Jo,” she whispered.

But it wasn't Jo's fault her kids had mixed feelings about her. Max not as angry, but still upset at her behavior, dealing with a mix of frustration and desire, and his bother just plain angry and disgusted with her.

If something had happened with Robin and Zack, or Jo, how did it play out? Were there sons like that with them, or was it more playful, or even just raunchy and wild? She eyed her phone on the coffee table, but didn't retrieve it to record her thoughts.

She could add to them later, but right now what she needed was to see Jo and find out if anything happened with her and the others. She felt selfish thinking she hoped so in the sense she wouldn't feel as badly about herself.

But if it did and their sons were good to them, it drove home how fractured her relationship was with her kids. She'd jumped when she heard pounding down the stairs and saw Mark, now fully dressed.

“Where are you going?” she asked as he walked past her and towards the front door, his keys dangling from his hand.

“Out.” He said simply. “And away from you.”

“Mark, let's try to talk this time.” She rose from the couch and reached for him, but he side stepped her.

“Why, so whatever garbage you used to make me fuck you can get into my head again, and you can get more cock in your slutty mouth?”

Claire struggled to speak around the emotions rising within her. He'd just appeared in front of her, this couldn't be the effect of anything, but his feelings for her.

“Please, Mark, stay and talk to me. I'm your mother, and I love you.”

He stopped and when he turned to face her, he looked more upset than pissed off.

“That wasn't love last night,” he said quietly. “But its what you wanted. You let guys treat you that way, and get off on it. Like I said, Ricky told people you were a pig, and he was right.”

“Its just...” she lowered her head. “What I like.”

“Bet if some girl came to your practice and told you she likes to be treated like that you'd tell her she had issues and needed help.”

“In a young girl, I would, but I'm a woman and an adult and...”

“Maybe just a pig.” He said it without anger which made it hurt even more. “You know, last night, I felt all kinds of strange. Hot, eyes were getting blurry for a few seconds, and all I could think about was that time I saw you with dad, and jerking off in your underwear.

“I kept hearing Ricky tell me how nasty you were, and all of it made me want to give you what you deserved.” He frowned. “What I deserved too I guess, because you did put that shit in my head.”

“I did, and what I took brought it out.”

“Yeah, told myself that after I went upstairs. You did something to me, made me lose my shit and act like that, but know what?”

Without waiting for an answer he continued.

“A little while ago when I came down here? I didn’t feel the same way. No weird feelings except I was even madder at you than I had been before. You made me fuck you and I was so grossed out when I woke up, but when I came down it was because I wasn’t going to let you walk out without telling you how sick I was after what you made me do.”

“You just told me,” she said softly. “I deserve to hear that.”

“Not just me, but Max. That kid is going to be more messed up than ever because he got what he wanted. He’s going to think you’re his damn girlfriend now and who knows, maybe you want to be.”

“No. I didn’t know about the movies and the escort. I had no idea.”

“Know what, Mom,” he took a breath and she was shocked to his eyes filling up and there was a tremor in his voice

“You said last night you knew we were taking your things. You knew your sons were getting off to you, and you didn’t see anything wrong with it. Kept teasing, then when dad left you went into full slut mode.

“You never thought that maybe you should talk to us. You’re a damn shrink, and you thought your sons whacking off to you was no big deal.”

“I thought you were just using them because it was all you could find,” she defended herself. “Figured you were thinking about some cute girl, not me.”

“Would have known if you talked to us. Would have found out what you were putting in our heads. But no, you just let it go, then last night you said you liked knowing we wanted you.”

“That...that was serum talking. I wasn’t right, Mark, you had to know that! I would have never invited the two of you to have sex with me!”

“Was it the serum?” he asked. “Or was it what you always wanted, and that was the way to get it?”

“No,” she denied his words even though she’d pondered those thoughts herself earlier. “I wasn’t myself, Mark. Neither were you or Max, and this isn’t you now.”

“I don’t know.” He wiped at his eyes. “I started to say that I didn’t feel the same way as last night, but when I saw you, I just got so mad at what happened, and that its what you wanted, that I lost it and just took it out on you.”

“I...”

“I shouldn’t have.” He spoke over her. “What happened today was on me.”

“No, none of this is, honey. You have to believe that.”

“All I believe is that my mother is a whore who’s so fucked in the head, she made something that would make us want you. What I believe is that it worked last night and that was all you.”

“Today was too, because you made me hate you so much that I needed to take it out on you.”

“You hate me?” Claire’s voice shook and a tear rolled down her left cheek. “You...you don’t mean that.”

“You’re a selfish person, and a lousy mother.” Mark spoke quietly, which made his words all the more convincing. “After last night, I can’t be here anymore.”

“Mark, no, you can’t leave! I...I need you!”

“Don’t worry, Mommy, you still have Max. That kid would lick your feet clean if you asked him. I wanted to ask him if he’d come live with me and dad, but there’s no way he’d leave you.”

“You’re going to your father?”

“I am, but it’s too late for Max, you got what you wanted, and turned him into a hot mess that thinks his mother wants him to be her boy toy, and he’s probably right.”

He backed up when she took a step towards him.

“But not me. I see what a shitty person you are, and I’m not yours. I’m going to Dad’s and asking if I can move in. I’ll come get my things when you’re in work on Monday.”

“Mark, please don’t go!” Claire’s voice broke into a sob. “I need you!”

“Dad was right, you really stuck on yourself. You fuck us up, you make it worse, drive me off, and it’s all about what you need?” he snorted. “Don’t worry, you still have Max.”

He turned his back and walked towards the door.

“Mark! You...you can’t tell your father what happened! You can’t!”

Mark opened the front door and remained in the doorway his back to her.

“Be the end of your career wouldn’t it? A shrink banging her kids.”

“Mark I...” Claire stopped, her throat constricted with emotion, and even if she could speak, what could she say.

“But I won’t say anything because Max is screwed up enough to still love you, and I wouldn’t put him through things like court and never being able to see you again.”

“Thank you,” she spoke in the words in a barely audible whisper. “We...we can work this out, Mark. The three of us can...”

“Another reason I won’t tell,” he ignored her. “Is I wouldn’t want anyone to know I stuck my dick in Rhode Island’s sickest bitch.”

He slammed the door behind him, and Claire sank to her knees, sobbing as hard as she had in the shower. She’d lost him! She’d lost her son, and probably ruined his brother in the process.

“Fucking Jo!” she shouted. “Why? Why the fuck did we do this?”

She lowered her head and sat there, her sobs coming out like hiccups like a little girl. When she’d managed to control them, she got up and slowly walked to the stairs. She was in no shape to talk to Max, but she had to see how he was.

She’d gone halfway up the stairs when she saw him sitting on the top step, just in his underwear, and from the look on his face, he’d heard all or at least part of what had just happened.

“You okay, Mom?” he asked, rising to his feet.

“How long were you there?”

“Mark told me he was leaving and not to follow him, but he was so mad, I was afraid he might get really crazy with you so I just kind of stood here.”

“I’m sorry,” Claire reached the top of the stairs.

“Me too,” Max said. “Don’t listen to him, Mom, he was wrong.”

“No, he wasn’t.” she told him. “I did all of this.”

“The shot thing?” Max frowned. “He was yapping about that, but it sounded made up.”

“It was, it is, real.” She stepped around him. “I’m going to my room, if you want to go live with your father, I don’t blame you.”

“Whoa!” Max caught her arm and when she turned he wrapped his arms around her. “No way am I leaving you!”

“Thank you, Max!” Claire hugged him tightly, fresh tears flowing down her cheeks “I love you so much!”

“Love you too!” He eased back and taking her by the hand walked her to her room where she sat down on the side of the bed.

Max sat next to her and remained holding her hand.

“Mark is like dad, he’s preachy asshole,” Max said. “Think they’re better than everyone, and dad filled Mark’s head with shit about you.”

“Some of its true,” she admitted. “I...I should have acted differently around you, and Mark was right, I should have talked about what I found. I led you on, and I say I didn’t mean to, but even I don’t know anymore.”

“Yeah, its kind of messed up.” Max agreed. “Can’t believe that jerk told you I paid that woman.”

“My fault. If I’d realized what I was doing I would have talked to you.”

“Its okay because I got what I wanted last night.”

“Honey, you think I’m what you wanted, and last night was just a train wreck.”

“Yeah, I mean, I didn’t like sharing you with Mark and he was a total dick to you. Even yelled at me when I was trying to go slow.”

“You were always the sweet one,” Claire sighed. “Mark’s an asshole when it comes to girls, but I always knew you’d know how to treat a girl right. You just have to meet one.”

“I have my girl right here.” Max slipped his arm around her shoulders.

“Max,” Oh, Jesus, was this ever going to end?

“And know something? Yeah, last night was kind of fucked up, and I’m sorry it was really trashy, but Mark’s gone and now we can be good to each other.”

“You need to listen, Max,” she could hear the exhaustion and nerves in her voice. “What happened last night was because of what I took, and I can explain that to you, but right now this isn’t a good idea, it might now be what you really want.”

“How can you say that?” Max turned on the bed to face her. “You heard what Mark told you. I needed you so bad I paid some woman to act like you! Why would you think it was some whack ass drug that has me talking like this?”

“Then it was my shitty behavior that did it, but either way...”

“Mom, I want you,” he said softly. “I need you.”

“Honey, please don’t do this.”

“This isn’t fair mom. Mark ruined last night, then he told me he was with you gain and he was mad he was. Then he makes you cry, but you’re telling me that I can’t have you because he’s blaming you for his bullshit?”

“Max...” she stopped when she saw the pain on his face.

“Please, mom?” he implored her. “E...even its just once. I want to be with you, and just you and not treat you bad.”

Claire wiped at her eyes, but didn’t respond.

“I promise! Just one time, and I’ll never ask again! You let all those guys treat you bad, and Mark did the same. You deserve to be treated like a woman, not some piece sleazy slut.”

“You promise you’re going to stay with me?” Claire asked. “You won’t go with your father?”

“I swear! I’d love for it to be just the two of us, and...” he sighed. “Even if we don’t do it again, I want to stay.”

“You mean that?” Claire lifted her head for the first time in their conversation. “You love me and will stay even if nothing happens between us again?”

Max nodded. “Yeah, I’m not Mark, I would never want someone to do something they don’t want to, especially you.”

He kissed her cheek.

“You’re my mom, and I love you.”

Claire rose from the bed, and gathering the lower part of the dress, stripped it over her head and tossed it on the floor. As Max sat there wide eyed, his mouth open in surprise, she crawled onto the bed and rolling onto her back, beckoned him with her finger.

“Then come love me.”

## Chapter Eleven

Jo's mouth opened, then shut as she stared at his hand. The drug had worn off, she was all but sure of it, and he still wanted her. Had the drug brought some form of unrequited love for her to the surface, now that the line was crossed, he was now able to show it?

What was she supposed to do? Turn him down, hurt him, make things even more complicated? But if she said yes?

"Jeez, you are not making things easy on my ego."

"Alex, this...we're in our right minds now. We do this and..."

"Know what? I load trucks and play ball, and you're a doctor. I'm the kid, and you're the mom, but right now? I'm a guy who has it bad for a smoking hot cougar redhead, and hoping she wants me too."

"I..."

"So for once, shut the brain off, Doc, forget about what's right and wrong, and let yourself be a woman." He lifted his arm, then extended his hand again.

Jo swallowed, then with a smile, put her hand in his.

"This woman would love to be with you."

"That's better."

She stood and let him lead her into the house, when they entered the hall way, he startled her slipping his arm around her waist, swinging the other behind her knees and easily scooping her up on his arms.

"Oh my!" she laughed. "I don't think I ever...hmmm" she was silenced by his lips meeting hers.

She sighed softly as Alex's lips pressed gently to hers, a slow unhurried kiss that had her heart racing and her body responding.

"Shhh," he whispered as he broke the kiss.

"Okay," she beamed up at him.

Alex carried her down the hall, and turning sideways eased them through her doorway. He walked to the bed, preparing to lay her down on it, but she said;

"Stop, just let me stand."

Alex did as she asked, and Jo tugged her shirt up, stopping just before it reached her breasts.

"Wanna see?" she teased the shirt up and down a couple of inches.

“I’d love to see your mom’s tits?”

“How about I see Jo’s tits.” He told her. “Unless you like Joanne better.”

“Jo’s fine,” she whispered, and stripped off her shirt.

“Yeah, she is.” Alex pulled his own shirt off and unsnapped his shorts.

“Not bad yourself,” she told him as she put her back to him and pushed her skirt down, doing a sexy little shimmy for him as she did.

She straightened and turning, lifted her arms over her head.

“You like?”

“I love it,” he told her, shoving his shorts down and causing his hard cock to spring free.

“That looks,” she licked her lips. “Good enough to eat.” She began to kneel, but he caught her shoulders.

“Later,” he kissed her softly. “No dirty stuff this time, Miss Rivers. I need to make a good woman out of you.”

“You can try,” she teased, then yipped when he shoved her onto the bed.

Jo slid over to the middle of it, watching Alex walk around to the foot of the bed and crawl up on it. She smiled and opened her legs, exposing her red haired slit. Not just that, but her entire body.

No sign of the effects of the shot and she was brazenly naked in front of her son, her nipples popping and her cunt heating up as she watched him crawl up between her legs, his long thick cock bobbing between his legs.

He stopped when his face was over hers and lowered himself over her, kissed her. Jo wrapped her arms around his neck, returning the kiss, her lips sliding along his. Alex lowered his hips and she whimpered when the head of his cock slid through the soft folds of her pink pussy.

She lifted her hips, guiding him to where they both needed to be, and sighed when he entered her. Unlike their encounters yesterday, he eased himself into her, letting her feel every inch of him spreading her cunt around him.

“Ohh,” she moaned into his lips when he was fully within her.

Alex kissed her harder, his tongue dipping between her lips just as his cock moved between her other, even softer pair. He moved his hips slowly, teasing her with long slow strokes that felt incredible.

Jo wrapped her legs around his waist, drawing him deeper into her taboo heat, and moved her hands to his shoulders, gripping them as he pleased her with those long, delicious strokes.

“Hmm,” she purred as their tongues met, hers dancing over and around his.

She slipped her legs further around him, crossing her ankles and locking him into his mother's carnal embrace. Alex slid his mouth down to her neck, sucking on it as he his hips moved faster.

Jo matched his rhythm, lifting herself into his descending thrusts. Her head fell back on the pillow, whimpering as he kissed and licked each side of her neck while he moved within her.

He lifted his head, and smiled down at her.

"Damn, you're beautiful."

"I was thinking the same thing," she returned he smile. "You feel amazing, baby."

"I was thinking the same thing," he winked, then once more sought her lips.

This time their kiss was long and passionate, each moving their lips around and over the others, their tongue sliding over one another. Their bodies moved in unison, the room silent other than their soft moans and Jo's occasional whimper.

When was the last time she was made love to? The last time she'd felt actual intimacy? Yesterday had been mind blowing porno sex and she'd loved every minute of it, but this was slow, sensual, amazing!

He could call her Jo, but there was no denying she was her mother, and he was her son, and right now mother and son were naked, entwined in each other's embrace, their bodies pressed together, and capturing each other's moans in their long deep kiss.

"Oh, oh," Jo's thighs trembled around him and her body tensed. "Oh, Alex," she whimpered. "Just like that, baby," she sucked on her lower lip as her hips ground harder into his each time he thrust, trying to get him as deep inside her as possible.

He smiled, his gray eyes inches from hers as he whispered.

"Let it go, Joanne, let me feel it."

The way he said her name, the look in those gorgeous eyes, his young hard body wrapped in hers, and his hard flesh inside her, had her back arching and her nails digging into his shoulders.

He lowered his lips to her ear.

"I love you."

"Oh I...ohhhh!"

Jo released a long high pitched groan as her orgasm exploded through her. Her hips bucked harder into him, and she writhed beneath him on the bed, her legs tightening around him as waves of pleasure flowed through her.

Alex's lips parted as his breathing became more rapid and his thrusts were picking up pace, plunging harder into her convulsing pussy.

"Your turn," she moaned. "Inside, I want all of it."

Alex groaned and Jo's eyes rolled back when she felt him erupt inside her still twitching cunt.

"There it is," she purred. "Give mama what she needs."

The word came out unbidden, and from the way Alex's cock jerked within her he didn't mind either. Jo, mom, son, Alex, it didn't matter. All that mattered was the feeling of him filling her with his warm cum as the last waves of her orgasm flowed over her.

When he stopped moving within her, she kept her arms and legs around him.

"Stay," she said softly in his ear. "Stay right here."

Alex nodded into her neck, and Jo gently stroked his hair.

"I can feel your heartbeat," she told him. "I love you so much."

"Like a son?"

"Like my everything," she managed to say around the lump in her throat.

She sighed when she felt him soften inside her, and as much as she loved him being this close, she let her legs drop from around him, and slid her hands down his arms.

Alex kissed her, then rolled onto his back next to her.

"So," he turned his head to face her. "Jo okay? Do you want me to call you Mom?"

"Honey, when you make a woman feel that special, you can call her anything you want."

"Okay anything you want."

"Ugh." Jo grunted, then laughed. "That was bad."

"Okay, my jokes suck, but you happy with everything else?"

"Very," she stretched her arms over her head and arched her back off the bed, while pointing her toes forward. "So happy."

"God, you're fucking sexy!" Alex rolled onto his side and she giggled when he kissed her nipple, then moaned when he briefly sucked on it. "Tell me you're not working tonight!"

"Supposed to."

"Call out."

"But, Mom, I..."

"Alex Rivers, this is our first day together and you do not treat a woman that good, then head off to work."

"Wow, first and last name." Alex whistled. "I guess I'll tell work my mom's been riding me," he paused for effect. "About working too much."

“Stay home and I’ll just be riding you.”

They lay there quietly and Jo found her mind beginning to turn.

“You don’t smell strawberries right?”

“Stop thinking, Doc.”

“Honey, are you really okay with this?”

“What did I just say?”

“I just...I am your mother, and you have to listen to me, so I don’t want to think I’m just you know, over whelming you and taking advantage.

“Wow, modest much?” Alex laughed. “But don’t worry, you can take advantage whenever you want.”

“Nice of you,” she grinned, then turned her head to look up at the ceiling, watching it spin and trying to let her mind do the same. She’d had great sex, a powerful orgasm, was lying next to a lover half her age, what was there to think about?

The fact he was her son, and how this began, which was with a drug, not a natural attraction, but still...

“I swear I can hear your mind grinding.” Alex mumbled.

“I am thinking about something.”

“What’s that?”

“All my studies, all of what society says, everything we’re all conditioned to think is wrong.”

“What about it?”

She reached down and found his hand.

“That maybe, at least for some people? Its not wrong at all.”

## Chapter Twelve

“Mama?”

“Hmm?” Amanda grunted, cracking her eyes open.

“Morning!” Jaime chirped in her ear from where she lay curled up behind her.

Amanda reached out and picked up her cell from the nightstand. It was after nine, when was the last time she'd slept that late, at least without going to be drunk out of her mind and Andre fucking her stupid.

“It is morning,” Amanda put the phone down.

“Hey,” Jaime sent a shiver through her when she playfully nibbled on her ear. “Are you horny?”

“I just woke up.”

“I'm horny!” Jaime reached around her and cupped her small perky left breast. “Come on, mama, let's play!”

“Like mother, like daughter.” Amanda sighed but rolled onto her back.

She was greeted with her daughter's soft lips on hers, and her nipples stiffened when she could taster herself on Jaime's lips and tongue, which she boldly plunged into her mother's mouth.

She broke the kiss, her lips sliding down Amanda's neck, then the top of her chest, heading for her breasts.

“Easy,” Amanda slipped her hand into her sandy brown hair, and eased her head up.

“Slow down, little girl, its not a race.”

“But I want to suck on your titties!”

Jaime sat up on her knees and pushed her lips in a precious little pout.

“And I want to suck on yours,” Amanda sat up and flipped her lower lip. “And that succulent little cunt of yours, but we can take our time and play.”

“Guess so,” Jaime giggled. “I like hearing you say cunt, its naughty.”

“Spending the night slurping on your mother's,” she flicked her tongue out, “Cunt is naughty too.”

“Lay back and I'll do it again!”

“Insatiable little thing, aren't you?”

“Been waiting for this a long time!”

“What’s a long time to you? Two months?” Amanda teased her. “Baby girl, I wanted this before I even knew I wanted it.”

“Huh?”

“Tell you a secret, one even dad doesn’t know.” Amanda began. “But how about you just lay back and relax. We’ll play when I’m done.”

“Fine,” Jaime flopped back onto the bed and stretched her legs out.

Amanda found she couldn’t speak right away, her mind transfixed by the sight before her. Her barely legal, 18 year old mini me, down to the same short petite build, small perky tits with the same adorable suckable pink nipples, and smooth slit, her lips tucked up tight like a perfect little peach.

Amanda had buried her tongue in that peach, sampling its sweet sticky nectar several times last night, and her daughter, who in addition to Amanda’s looks and body, obviously had her mother’s sex drive as she’d woke up hungry for more of hers.

It wasn’t just her body, her daughter had the same light sandy brown hair, small pixie like features, fully bratty lips, and hazel eyes. Her eyes, unlike Amanda’s that fluctuated between blue and green were a mix of light brown and golden amber, but just as wide as her mothers.

Like Jaime, her daughter had the mix of sexy innocence. The wide eyes, and soft features combined with a mouth built for kissing and licking.

“See something you like?” Jaime cupped her breasts. “Maybe these?”

“I see something I love,” Amanda ran her nails down, her daughters hard toned stomach. “You love me, baby girl?”

“Course I do, why?”

“Just asking,” Amanda rubbed at her temple where an annoying throbbing had begun. T-virus hangover?

Her eyes narrowed. She’d gotten so caught up in sapphic lust last night as she and her daughter brought themselves to several orgasms each, that she hadn’t thought about what had instigated it.

Jo’s incest juice.

But, then again, as she realized last night, and was about to explain to her daughter, she didn’t feel the shot gave her that much of a push because it was what she’d wanted all along but refused to accept it.

She’d broken down after her first time with her daughter, when she’d spoken to Jo then realized she’d just taken advantage of her young daughter, the same way her and Andre had lured inexperienced girls into threesome with them.

Threesomes during which Andre fucked them hard, and Amanda would often do the same with a strap on. They recorded some of their romps and Jaime had found one and then watched all of them.

Amanda hadn't known that until last night, but it made the several inappropriate moments with her daughter in the last few weeks seem more plausible. One of those events had been Jaimie in her bed next to her after watching movies while Andre was away, masturbating next to her when she thought she was asleep.

That all served to make her guilt over Jaimie succumbing to the effects of the virus fade away, and for her to enjoy a night of carnal lust with her teenage daughter. She saw no regret in Jaimie this morning, nor any flushing or glazed over looks or other indication she was anything but mommy's horny little minx.

"Back when I was your age, I had an aunt an uncle and I would spend the weekends with them. I had been with a couple guys, but always wondered about girls. I couldn't talk to your grandma about that."

"Because she's all hopped up on Jesus juice." Jaimie snickered.

"Yup, so I went to my aunt who decided to show rather than tell, and she seduced me."

"Wow, kinky!" Jaimie giggled.

"Hold my beer, little girl," Amanda told her. "Its gets better, one night we're playing and uncle comes in and I'm scared shitless, then? He asks if he could join in and Auntie told me to let him or he might tell on us."

"Ends up he would never do that, they set the whole thing up to get me into a threesome."

"Wow, so that's why you and daddy do it?"

"Yeah, it was wrong and I learned that even more when I went into therapy to help people. Technically I was a victim and they corrupted a young girl, and left me broken."

"Broken?" Jaime frowned. "They hurt you?"

"No, but it left me with some rather extreme cravings. First I thought it would just be for girls sometimes, then the sharing. But when I got your dad to do it with me, I was the older women and the girls we played with her me back then."

"Me now, I hope!"

Amanda pretended she didn't catch that meaning, as crazy as all this was, what her daughter hinted at was never going to happen.

"But I was still missing something, and what I was missing was the real taboo element. Family. They were aunt and uncle, so my mom's sister and her husband wasn't blood, but it was the sick thrill of being a niece sandwiched by family."

"That's hot." Jaimie nodded. "That's why they call you mama and Dad daddy in a couple of the videos."

"Yes, I need to recreate the game as close as I could. Then I...I started thinking of you when you were old enough to start dating, especially after you got caught playing with a girl and her boyfriend. I saw me in you and wanted me in you."

“Hmm, I like that.” Jaime licked her lips. “But you need one more thing.”

“Jaimie, that can’t...”

“Me you and daddy!” She chirped.

“Your father doesn’t have my twisted upbringing. He’s fine with sharing a young girl, what man wouldn’t be? But his own daughter? That’s too much.”

“I know! Get one of those shots you talked about and give it to me, or daddy! Then he’ll want us all to play!”

Amanda shook her head.

“One time think kiddo, all the samples are gone.”

“That sucks,” Jaimie grunted.

“I’m telling you this because...” she hesitated. “I need to make sure you really wanted this and it wasn’t what I took.”

“Told you before, I was jilling off and wishing I was the girl between you and daddy two months ago. I’m glad whatever it was you shot up with made us forget the rules and have fun.”

“Okay,” Amanda nodded. Guilt removed....very ethical doctor. “I just want to be sure you really want me.”

“Spread your legs and I’ll show you.”

“You’re a crude one.”

“Like mother, like d...”

Amanda’s cell rang and she picked up the phone to see it was Andre. She showed Jaimie the phone and leaning back against the bed, slid down until her head was back on the pillow.

“Hey, babe!”

“Morning, my love. How are you?”

“I’m doing just fine.” Amanda reached over and flipped Jaimie’s breast. “You?”

“Better if I were home in bed with my sexy wife. Miss me?”

“Nah, the pool boy’s pretty good.”

“Video or I call bullshit!” he laughed.

“Pool girl?”

“Then I’m mad you did it without me.”

Amanda frowned when Jaimie sat up next to her, then lowering her head sucked her nipple.

“Oh,” she gasped.

“You okay?”

“Um, yeah,” she went to push Jaimie’s head away but she slid down the bed, and with a wicked smile, slipped between her legs.

Amanda began to close her legs, then smiled when an idea came to her. She put her finger to her lips.

“Actually, babe,” Amanda dropped her voice into the sultry purr she used in the bedroom. “You caught me having some me time.”

“Oh, I like that. Toy, or just your fingers?”

“Fingers, nice purple nails sliding through my tight lips.” She moaned when Jaimie, with a big smile slid down onto her stomach and slid her fingers through her mother’s slit. “Plunging them deep.”

Jaimie followed the description and slipped two fingers inside her.

“Other hand on your clit?” Andre suggested.

“Yeah, but let’s make it more fun. Close your eyes.”

“Eyes closed.”

“Get your cock out, you’re going to get off with me.”

“Damn, I married a good woman. One second.”

Amanda sighed into the phone when Jaimie kissed her clit while finger fucking her.

“Okay, cock firmly in hand. Now where are those fingers?”

“Better. Its story time. See, I’m not alone, I have a sweet little piece of jailbait in my bed.”

“Aww,” Jaimie pretended to look put off, then flicked her tongue over her mother’s swollen clit.

“Ohh, is she sweet or bratty?”

“Both.”

“What does she look like?”

“Just our type. She’s a lot like me, short and thin.”

“Hmm, a spinner.”

“Delicious little tits, and a nice bald slit. Tucked up all tight like a young girl, but she’s old enough to know better, and broke enough that for the price she doesn’t care.”

“Perfect.”

“She’s between my legs now, fingers inside, but she looks nervous. Says she’s never eaten pussy before.”

“But...but!” Amanda went into a little girl voice and saw Jaimie’s eyes brighten with lust. “But, mama! I...I don’t know how!”

“But she’ll learn won’t she?”

“She will because you’re going to shove the back of her head and bury her cute face in your wife’s cunt! “Hmm mmm mmm!” Amanda whimpered.

The whimper wasn’t just for show as Jaimie was now slowly circling her clit with her soft pink tongue. She placed her fingers to her lips once more, then hit speaker, so Jaimie could hear Andre.

“What do you tell her?” she prodded.

“Stop whining and lick mama’s cunt,” Andre’s deep voice, still with a trace of his French accent filled the room. “Or I’ll fuck you again.”

“No, please! Your cock is too big! It hurt!”

“Then make mama cum!”

“Y...yes sir?”

“Sir?” Andre made a slapping sound and Amanda immediately yelped. “Ow! Sorry, daddy! I’ll lick Mama’s pussy.”

“Stop being a little girl,” Andre snapped. “Say cunt.”

“Mama’s cunt! You like that mama?”

Amanda moaned as Jaimie worked her tongue faster over her clit while adding a third slender finger inside her.

“Ohh, the little whore can use that tongue,” she cooed. “You should see her down there. Those big wide nervous eyes, her cute little ass, and she has her legs bent and her ankles crossed, showing off those sexy little feet.”

Jaimie assumed that position and Amanda noticed her hips grinding into the bed.

“Oh, oh, now she’s sucking it! Still using her fingers too! She’s being a good girl daddy!”

“She should be bad,” Andre breathed into the phone. “So she can get punished.”

“What are you doing?” Amanda slapped her own arm, then yipped. “Did I tell you to take your fingers out? To stop sucking? I’m sorry, mama!”

“Daddy, I think you need to take care of this.”

“You asked for it, little girl.” Andre made several slapping sounds and Amanda released a sharp yelp each time. “Now get that ass in the air!”

“Nooo!” Amanda whimpered. “Please don’t, I’m too small and..oowwwwww.”

Amanda emitted a long wail that had Jaimie’s tongue blurring over her clit and her hips rocking.

“She tight, baby?”

“So tight!”

“Really give it to her, make her scream into my cunt! Ow, oh, please! Mmm mmm.”

“Make mama cum and I’ll stop!”

“Oh, she’s really licking now!” Amanda rocked her hips as her legs straightened around Jaimie, her toes pointed downward and her entire body tensing. “Just like that! Oh, that’s mama’s good girl! Just like that! Make me cum while you’re taking daddy’s big dick!”

“You’re going to suck it after I cum! On your hands and knees and I’m going to get behind you and fuck you with the strap on! Put the wand on that clit and make you cum with those barely legal holes stuffed and...oh...oh fuck!”

Amanda squealed repeatedly, her hand grabbing a fistful of Jaimie’s hair and holding her head while her hips bucked, grinding her convulsing cunt in her daughter’s face.

“Yeah, she’s sucking me,” Andre’s voice served to add to the power of her orgasm. “I’m fucking that sweet little face and she’s gagging and squealing while to fuck her with the strap on and...shit! Fuck, I’m filling that slutty little mouth and she cum’s leaking from her mouth, and her eyes are wide and she’s gagging and...”

“Goddamn,” Amanda sighed, her body going limp. “Wow.”

“Wow is right,” Andre told her, his breathing as rapid as hers. “Feel bad for whoever needs to clean these sheets.”

“Hmm, that was fun. Can’t wait for you to come home.”

“Might be a couple more days, they extended some of the meetings.”

“That sucks,” Amanda shivered as Jaimie gently licked her already stimulated clit.

“It does, but this little game here reminds me. We need to do it again soon, its been awhile since we had a young one squealing between us.”

“Not sure when with our schedules.”

Jaimie sat up on her knees and pointed to herself, then put her hands together as if she were begging.

“True, but we’ll make time. I think we both need it.”

“We do, baby. But I have to get up, told Jaimie we’d do breakfast.”

“Yeah, I need to shower and get down to the conference. Love you.”

“Love you too.”

“Give Jaimie a kiss for me.”

“Of course. By babe.”

She ended the call and patted the bed next to her.

“Your turn, baby girl.”

Jaimie nodded, but remained where she was a sly smile spreading over her lips.

“What’s that sneaky look for?”

Jaimie slid up over her, and pressing her lips to her ear, whispered.

“I know how we’re going to get daddy.”

The End