

# The Mom Experiment 5

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Part One

Chapter One

“Come on, baby, give it to me!” Claire moaned. “Come for mama!”

Behind her, Max shifted his grip from her hips to the still red and tender cheeks of her ass and resumed fucking her.

Claire, face down and ass up on the end of the bed, watched in the mirror as her youngest son took her for the third time since she’d come back upstairs to find him waiting for her.

He was struggling, his breathing ragged, his thrusts short and fast as if afraid he was going to lose his already not quite full erection. Mixed in between his heavy breathing were soft sounds of desperation as he frantically tried to finish.

Probably not as badly as she wanted him to finish. At this point, Claire had lost track of how many times she’d been fucked. Last night by both her sons and this morning another rough, and just as degrading encounter with Mark, and now Max was literally wearing himself out on his mother’s sore and aching cunt.

Even while still feeling the effects the drug had on her already high libido, this round was becoming more painful than enjoyable, but when he wanted more, she was not going to deny him. She didn’t have the right to, she had instilled this forbidden lust in him, took a drug that would further enhance her sons conflicted desire, then all but dared them to take her as she stood there in her fuck me shoes and slutty dress.

More than that, Mark had stormed out on her saying he was going to see his father and ask to live with him. Max, on the other hand, wanted to stay with her, and even said that as much as he wanted her again, he’d stay even if she told him no.

But how could she tell him no? He still loved her after what she’d done to him, twisting his feelings, preying on his young raging hormones, making him see her in a sexual way. He deserved to have as much of her as he wanted.

That, and after she had just lost Mark, she was not going to risk Max becoming upset at her. No, she would be everything he needed her to be as often as he needed it.

“Oh, oh...” Max groaned behind her. “I want to come for you so bad!”

“I want it bad!” she lifted her head and met his eyes in the mirror. “Come on, Max, make Mama happy!” She bucked back into him, slamming her ass into his hips. “One more load, baby!”

Max’s hips moved even more frantically, and his moans were rising in pitch, his frustration rising with it. Claire watched him in the mirror, taking in her son’s lean muscular form, the sweat glistening on his hard body.

His face was flushed and sticky from his mother’s cunt which he’s spent over a half hour licking before she’d rolled over for him, as she had been so over stimulated and worn out it took a long time for her to come.

He looked amazing. Her handsome, well built son taking his teasing mother on her hands and knees, punishing her cunt the way he and her brother had last night. Not just her cunt, but violating her mouth, ravaging her ass, spanking her, degrading her, using her the way she craved to be to be used.

“I...I can’t!” Max eased his cock from her and sat back on his knees, trying to catch his breath. “I’m sorry, Mom, I can’t do it.”

Claire didn’t mind and prepared to simply roll over and offer him to lie down and be close to her. But when she saw how upset he appeared, she reminded herself that her being a lousy mother was the cause of it.

He’d had more than enough, as evidenced by the fact that even with the stamina and drive of a horny teenager, he was worn out, yet craved more because he had so desperately wanted her for so long.

Now it was up to her to continue to be a good mother, and to do everything she could for the son who still wanted to be in her life. Claire rolled over onto her knees and placing her hand on his chest, eased him back.

She gripped his semi hard cock and stroked it rapidly. His flesh was slick from his mother’s sloppy cunt allowing her hand to easily glide along his length. He moaned and she smiled when his cock began to swell in her hand.

“That’s it, my baby,” she purred as she grabbed his right hand and guided it to her left breast. “You just relax and let Mama take care of you.”

She pumped him harder, but he was too tired to achieve a full erection, but she wasn’t going to leave him frustrated.

“You can do it, Max. Mama knows you have something left for her in those young balls, and I want it.”

“Ohh,” his hand tightened on her breast and his legs straightened, his thighs trembling as she stroked him.

“I want you to think about all the dirty fun we’re having and how this is going to be all the time.”

“You mean it?” he breathed, his eyes finding hers. “All the time, really?”

“Every day, every night. You and I are going to have so much fun! I’ll suck your cock and you can lick my cunt. You can fuck me anyway you want and as much as you want.”

“Yes,” he gasped, his hips thrusting, pushing his cock through her hand. “I want that, I want you.”

“You have me. Every dirty thing you ever thought of. I’ll dress up for you, I’ll go down on you. I’ll be your trashy girlfriend and your loving mother, and you’ll be my sweet boy and my horny boy toy.”

The room sounded with wet fapping sounds as she worked his cock as fast as she could.

“You’re going to sleep in my bed from now on and we’re going to go to bed satisfied and you’re not so sweet mommy will wake you up with this big dick in her mouth, then go for a nice long ride on it.”

“I...oh god, I...can’t,” Max released her breast and grabbed her wrist. “Please stop.”

“Its not nice to tell your mother no.”

Claire brushed his hand away and leaning over, took his cock into her mouth. Max moaned and squirmed as she went to work on his tired cock. Like her stroking, she wasn’t out to tease, but for results.

She bobbed her head as fast as she could manage while also using two fingers around his sticky shaft, jerking him as she sucked. Bringing her other hand into play, she lightly tickled his balls with her long nails.

“Oh, oh, mom!” His hand went to her back, and she felt it trembling.

His right leg twitched as his back arched, his entire body straining to reward his mother’s efforts with one more load. His other hand went into her long blonde hair, wrapping it in his fist and in his desperate desire to cum. Pushing her head down into his thrusting cock.

“Hmmm-mmm!” Claire groaned when his cock swelled to a full erection in her mouth. The soft whimper he emitted at the effort it took was as exciting as having him between her lips.

As she had many times with her lovers, Claire was proving that as young and eager as they were, she could still wear them out. Take everything they had, and as she was now, sucking for more.

Claire never left anything in her lover’s balls. Every drop they had should end up in her mouth or cunt, or even all over her hand or tits, but never inside them. The sexual equivalent of licking frosting from a bowl, she never wasted a sweet treat.

“Mom, I...oh!”

Max’s cock twitched in her mouth, and she smiled around it as he whimpered and whined, his body writhing on the bed as she forced him to one more orgasm. Several weak trickles dripped into her mouth, and she let them flow down her throat as she continued to suck.

“Stop!” Max breathed. Now pulling on her hair to get his completely spent cock out of her mouth as she slurped on his over sensitive head, trying for every pearly white drop from his tip.

Claire let his cock, which was already growing soft, slip from her lips and rolled onto her back, lying across him and smiling at the look of relief, and exhaustion, on his face.

“Told you, baby, Mama gets what she wants.”

“Hope you keep wanting me,” he returned the smile, and as spent as he was, his hand gently caressed her stomach before sliding down her inner thigh. “God, you’re so fucking sexy.”

“Hmm, flattery will get you everywhere,” she grinned. “That you’ve already been.”

“I like it here.” He gave her breast a gentle squeeze. “Wow, I’m tired. Maybe we can go back to sleep and then I can take you to breakfast?”

“I’d like that,” she remained with her back on his stomach loving the way his eyes couldn’t stop roaming over the length of her body.

“Jesus fucking Christ!”

They both sat up staring across the room to see Mark leaning against the doorframe.

“I’m gone a couple hours and you two are a happy couple.”

“We are, and three’s a crowd.” Max slid off the bed, scooping up his boxers, slipped them on. “You wanted out, get the fuck out.”

“Wow!” Mark smirked. “Baby boy gets his dick wet in Mommy’s twat and he’s a man now.”

He shoved himself away from the frame and waved him on.

“How about you come over here and back that smack?” he laughed. “Or you too tired after getting worn out by Rhode Island’s most desperate MILF.”

“Tired of you talking to her like that!” Max stalked around the bed, and Claire hopped off and got between them, putting a hand on each of their chests as they glared at each other.

“Enough! Mark, if you’re here to get your things, do it. You want to talk we’ll all go downstairs and do it like adults.”

“Naked between two guys, nothing new for you, right slu...” His words were cut off when Max pushed her to the side and hit him in the side of the face.

“Really?” Mark touched his cheek and winced. “Okay, bitch, game on!”

He swung with his right, a blow Max easily slipped, but Mark had been using it as a decoy for his left which came up in a short vicious body shot that caught Max in stomach.

“Stop it!” Claire grabbed his arm but couldn’t stop his knee from rising and catching Max in the face when he doubled over from the blow to his stomach.

He staggered back, and Mark tried to come forward, but Claire, using the moves Amanda had taught all of them in the self defense class she’d given them, slipped her arm through his, twisted her hips and got her leg between his.

His own momentum turned against him, Mark tripped forward, and continuing to hold his arm as she spun, she flipped him onto the floor.

“Oh, that’s cute!” Mark went to surge to his feet, but went down under Max who threw himself on top of him.

“Oh my god, stop it!” Claire yelled as her two sons rolled on the floor, throwing awkward punches from close range, while also grappling and trying to pin the other down.

Mark was bigger and the stronger of the two, and eventually rolled over on top. It cost him taking one clean shot from Max directly in the center of his face, but he shook it off, and getting his forearm across his younger brother’s chest and leaning his weight into it, he raised his right fist.

He hit Max once, bouncing his head off the floor, but Claire hooked his arm before he could throw another. Her arm slid down to his underarm, and grabbing her wrist, locked both arms around his, and dropping to her knees next to them, forced his arm painfully backwards.

He hissed in pain, and demonstrating his impressive strength, wrenched his shoulders, and leaning to the right, succeeded in rolling her over his back where she hit the floor on her back next to Max.

But the move left him vulnerable and Max landed a solid blow to his left temple, then drew his legs up, bucked under him, and flipped him off. For a moment the three of them were all on their backs.

Claire got to her knees and leaned over Max as Mark sat up.

“You want to hate me, hate me!” She snapped. “But he’s your brother and you will not hurt him, you understand me?”

Mark went to lunge forward, his arm raised, but When Claire responded by throwing herself on top of Max to protect him, he hesitated. With a sigh of disgust, he lowered his fist and rose to his feet.

“Naked on top of your kid, just like how I walked in.”

“You were naked on top of me last night and this morning.” Claire slipped off Max but remained between the two of them as she stood, allowing Max to stand up behind her. “I wouldn’t talk.”

“Yeah, well, you did that with your Mommy needs every boy’s cock, even her own, drug.” He snorted. “If that’s even true, you didn’t need help wanting this and neither did he.”

“So, you wanted me too?” Claire took a chance and taking a step to the side, picked up the white sundress she’d put on downstairs, then stripped off for Max. She quickly slipped it over her head and Mark grunted.

“Now, you’re modest?”

“You don’t want her; you don’t get to see her.” Max told him.

“Please, every guy our age in the state has seen her. She’ll be prowling high school proms soon.”

“Fuck off, Mark! She...”

“Let it go,” Claire put her hand up. “He has a right to be mad.” He leveled her finger at Mark. “But you do not have a right to hurt your brother, and if you want to leave, then do it. You want to stay, then stop acting like an asshole.”

“He’s not acting,” Max mumbled.

“I’m not staying here! I...”

“Shut up!” Claire exclaimed so suddenly he froze with his mouth open, then turning to Max she said softly, “I’m going to talk to your brother, you stay in this room, you got that?”

“No, I...” When her eyes bore into his, he nodded. “Okay, Mom.”

“Yeah, don’t piss her off, Max, she might not suck it later. She...oompf!” he lost his wind when with her back still to him, Claire drove her elbow into his chest.

She spun on her heel and gave him a shove. “Hallway, now.”

He shot her a dirty look, but turned and left the room, but not before calling out.

“If you’re going to keep fucking her, wrap it up, who knows what she has.”

Claire slammed the door behind her and followed him as he went down the hall and into his room.

“You came to pack your things?”

“Taking a few clothes for now,” Mark grabbed his gym bag and tossed it on his bed then made his way over to his dresser where he pulled out a few t-shirts. “I’ll come back during the week when you guys aren’t home and get everything else.”

“If that’s what you want.” Claire tried to mask the pain his words caused her.

“It is,” he shoved some socks and underwear into the bag. “Not just want but need. No way in hell can I stay here after what you made me do.”

“So, I made you do it, but you think me and Max weren’t affected?”

“You didn’t look affected by anything, but your need to fuck when I showed back up.” He countered while getting jeans out of his bottom drawer.

“This shot I took did this to all of us. For all I know it’s still working.”

“Don’t look like you mind.” Mark zipped up the bag, then looked at her. “I don’t want to do anything right now other than get away from you. Nothing is still working on me.”

“Unless you’re jealous your brother is still getting me and you’re not.” Claire didn’t want to keep this going, but the researcher in her had come to the forefront and she needed to know if he were indeed free of any influence.

Last night and this morning’s encounter with him had been triggered by anger. He was certainly pissed off when he came back, but Max was there, now it was the two of them.

“Yeah, that’s it, I want you for myself. Stay humble, Mom.”

“You wanted me before last night, or did the drug make you say that?”

“I wanted you in a way, kind of a fucked up crush, but I went out and met other girls and had sex and got it out of my system,” Mark pointed in the direction of her room.

“That messed up kid in there never got over it, and kept falling down the mommy rabbit hole, watching those movies, reading stories about it, lost his only girlfriend because he kept telling her how hot she was, then that she looked like his mother.”

He frowned, and in the moment, looked as if he genuinely felt bad for Max.

“You know he was on some older woman dating site, and even got face palmed there because he kept saying he wanted to play mommy and son with them. Whatever this shit was, for him it was the best thing to ever happen.

“I think it was for you too. Now you have your own personal boy slave you can use whenever you want. Bet you’ll still go out and bang others, leave him home like some taboo cuck.”

“I…” she wasn’t sure what the hell she’d be doing because she had no clue what her true feelings were, but her stomach sank as Mark had gone on about how she’d made Max want this and without any type of push.

“Whatever, you do you, and him, and whoever else. He wanted you, got you, and if he’s so pathetic he wants to play house with you, he can. I’m out of here.”

He picked up the bag and slung it over his shoulder.

“What did you tell your father?”

“I told him you date raped me last night and pissed me off so much I did you again this morning.” When he saw the look on her face, he rolled his eyes.

“Right, like I’d admit I screwed you. I told him half the truth, that I came home last night, saw you in your all you can fuck buffet dress, and just lost it and can’t stand living here anymore.”

“Thank you,” she said quietly.

“Not like I could tell the truth, that’s for damn sure. Dad asked about Max, and I told him he was still a mama’s boy. Just didn’t tell him that his kid was getting what he got sick of.”

“I tossed him,” Claire waved her hand. “I may not have been perfect. You were right, I got too carried away with wanting attention, but I never cheated, he did.”

“I don’t believe you. He wouldn’t treat you like the whore you wanted to be, so you went and found guys who would.”

“That’s a lie, Mark. I’m the one with pictures, where’s his proof?”

Mark looked away.

“And if I cheated why wasn’t that brought up in the divorce? He wanted to stay in the house, he wanted his sons to live with him. If he had proof I cheated, why not bring it up to ruin my character to the court?”

“Maybe he didn’t want us to see you that way.”

“He’s done nothing but talk shit about me since, he wants you to hate me,” she pointed out.

“You’re right, but know what? In the end, you’re the one who made me hate you more than he ever could.”

He shouldered past her as she tried to recover from the pain his words caused.

“By the way, Dad screwed around with some daddy issue types, but he’s been seeing a woman for a few months now that’s a year older than him. Nice woman, he’s talking about her moving in with him.”

He paused and turned to look at her.

“Two years later, you’re a bigger slut than ever. Ruined your sons on top of it, so glad I was dumb enough to care about Max and stay here with him, should have gotten him away from you.”

He shook his head.

“Too late now, you hooked him with the only thing you’re good for, and he’s damaged goods now, just like you.”

He spun and strode down the hallway, and this time Claire let him go. She took a breath and wiped her moist eyes. She felt as if she were in a strange dream that was a cross between a bizarre erotic fantasy, and a mother’s worst nightmare.

Last night she’d been naked between her sons, taking them both at once. Just now she’d been naked and between them as she tried to stop them from beating on each other.

All over this goddamn experiment that was so unethical it should not have even been thought of, and her and the others should have never put friendship over the wellbeing of the subjects, especially when it was themselves.

She walked back to her room and opened the door to see Max sitting on her bed.

“You okay, Mom?”

“No,” she didn’t bother lying. “Are you?”

“No, but because you’re not. Sorry, I let Mark get to me.”

“Its bigger than that.” She came over and stood in front him, then offered him her wrist. “You smell lavender?”

“No.”

“Do you still want me?”

“Um, well, I don’t think I could do it again right now. My balls ached last time I came.”

“I didn’t mean right this second,” Claire explained. “But in general, you still want to be with me?”

“Of course!” There was no hesitation in his response. “Hey, maybe we can shower together, then go out for breakfast.” He snapped his fingers. “Is there a movie you want to see? We could hit a matinee, then come home and,” he patted the bed. “I’ll show you how much I want you.”

“Sounds good,” she hoped he didn’t pick up on her lack of enthusiasm.

Her son just mapped out a day suited to a couple, not a mother and son, and looked thrilled about it. Mark seemed to no longer be affected by the T-virus, but was Max still under it spell, and if so, was it because there was more desire for it to feed off of?”

What about her? Had she been pushed to spend the morning having sex with her youngest son. The answer was no doubt a yes, but pushed by the drug or pushed by her need to do whatever she could to keep him here was another story. But there was also a third reason.

That she really wanted him, and for him to want her, and the feeling had existed deep down before the injection on his end, and possibly hers as well.

“So, where do you want to go? IHOP?”

“How about we plan on breakfast tomorrow morning?” Claire told him. “I need to go out for a while.”

“Where? Can I come?”

“No, I need to go alone.”

“You’re not going out to fool around with some kid, are you?”

“Really? After last night and this morning, you think I’d want more?”

“Maybe.”

Jesus, he was acting like a jealous lover.

“Honey, I’m just going to visit Aunt Jo.”

“Okay,” he said in a tone that told her it wasn’t. “Just thought seeing it was our first time, we could spend the day together.”

“Max, this is all confusing. I love you, and I would never hurt you.” Even though I already have both before and after the experiment. “But even people who are married aren’t together all the time.”

“You and dad were married for a long time and aren’t together at all anymore.”

“Max, I’m your mother, and moms don’t leave their sons lives, and your dad is still in your life too.”

“Think you’re more than my mom now, don’t you?” He grunted. “Or you saying you’ll always be Mom, but might not always be more?”

Claire rested her palm on his sweaty, and at the moment, swollen cheek.

“I promise I’ll always be here for you and however you need me to be.”

“But I want you to want to, you know that, right?”

“You were amazing this morning when you told me you’d stay no matter what, and anything that happened after that was because I wanted to. You think that changed in the half hour since I was naked in bed with you?”

“I...no, just...” He put his hand over hers. “Wanted you for so long, and even more since I had you. I just don’t want to be just today or because you think some concoction you took made us this way.”

Since I had you, great job, Claire. Mother of the year. She paused before responding. She didn’t want to create any more drama by being realistic and telling him his feelings might not go further than a sexual taboo crush he’d now sated, and wasn’t the beginning of some man of the house situation Jo had mentioned.

Nor did she want to go the other way and act like they were now, and always would be, that twisted type of couple. But which way she went now would at least get her out of here without any more problems.

Do no harm was the first rule of medicine and therapy. She had shit all over that already and was going to now potentially make it worse later on, but it was at this moment she needed to keep him calm.

Leaning forward, she kissed him softly on the lips.

“I love you, and I’ll be back soon, promise.”

“Okay,” he told her. “Maybe when you come home, we can do something? Lunch maybe?”

When she hesitated, he gave her a shy smile. “I just want to go out with my girl.”

“Max, you know that other people can never know about this, right?”

“Yeah, yeah!” he put his hands up. “Don’t worry, I won’t get all touchy or anything.”

“Good.”

“That’s for when we come back here, right?”

## Chapter Two

Robin stood in the shower, her head down as she washed her long dark hair. As she had with her body, slowly running the soft soapy sponge over her light coffee with cream tinted flesh, she took her time lathering, and working her fingers through her hair and massaging her scalp.

It wasn't that she was treating herself to some luxurious experience, but more about taking her time doing something familiar. An everyday event she could perform that gave her a feeling of normalcy, and she needed that more than she ever had in her life.

Less than an hour ago, after waking up naked with her equally naked son in her bed, and after a night of what she reluctantly had to admit was the best sex of her life. She'd been dreaming of more of it, when he woke her in a panic because...

Her husband was on his way home.

The idea of being caught in bed with not just another man, but her own son, should have terrified her, and briefly did. It should have told her how fucked up the night before had been, and yet another reason why it should have never happened and could never happen again.

Yet less than a half hour later she had been in the kitchen, on her knees blowing Zack while he watched his father talking on the phone out on the deck. Close enough she could faintly hear his voice when she stood up, bent over the counter and let Zack pull her dress up and fuck her.

Staring at Tom out the window, while his son gripped his wife's hips and went to town on her. Just as he had over her prized classic car in the garage last night, except that time he'd been fucking his wife in the ass.

But wait, there's more!

Once Tom went to sleep for a few hours she'd walked into her son's room, and this time on his bed, sucked him hard once more, then went for a long slow ride during which she'd leaned back to grab his ankles, teasing his cock within her while he worked her clit to a climax as hard as his dick was for her.

They'd finished with her on her hands and knees, drilling his mother, a doctor at that, like she was his high school girlfriend catching a quickie with his parents in the other room.

Except she was his damn parent.

Robin had planned on talking to him about their sudden, forbidden, but undeniably hot, affair. Try to figure out why it happened, kept happening, and whether or not they wanted it to continue or were still under the sway of Jo's mommy shot.

Instead, she'd come after him, got what she needed, gave him what he wanted, and putting her dress back on had dozed off with him for an hour before waking up. She slipped out of his room without waking him and come to the bathroom to shower.

Now as she rinsed her hair and resting her head on her forearms against the wall let the hot water spray down the length of her back, soothing muscles that were sore from having more sex in the last twelve hours than she had in the last two years, she thought of the thing she should have said to Zack instead of screwing him.

He'd said he had feelings for her before last night. Part of it was misplaced lust she'd inspired by teaching him to kiss, but when she'd done that, she had no idea he had seen the movies she had made while in college, and her jack ass husband had found and saved on his PC.

But there was more than that. He seemed as convinced as she was that his father was cheating, and felt she needed to get rid of him and find a man who would treat her the way she deserved.

And that man, he was now certain, was him.

Straight out of Jo's depiction of the cases she's researched. Cheating father neglected and hurt mother, an event that caused her boy to see her as a woman which led to the fantasy of her being his woman.

But in none of those cases had the fantasy become a reality. None of the mothers slept with their sons even after discovering their son's desire for them. But she had, and now she was left wondering how much was the push of the drug, how much was a latent attraction?

For Zack the attraction was there, and the pheromones she'd emitted had erased his inhibitions and caused him to act on it. Easy enough, but what of her? How could something designed to attract someone also cause her to fall into the same crazed lust as her intended target?

Robin focused on what seemed at the time of their first encounter the distorted memory of the day she'd let him kiss her to gain confidence with girls. She remembered she enjoyed it more than she should have, it was affection she'd been sorely lacking in what was even then a sham marriage.

But had she really slipped him tongue? He insisted she had, but was his memory affected and sexualized as well? But, even if she had, it was two years ago and there was a far cry from an indiscretion that lasted a few seconds to demanding your son to fuck you in the ass.

Zack had shown regret, and even anger after their first encounter, storming away from her. But after the second time, he seemed to have no issues being with her. Her, one the other hand, had experienced no true angst over it.

Concern she had hurt him, yes. That what she'd done could have cost Robin her son, yes. The realization she'd committed adultery in the process, and fear Tom would somehow find out? All that, yes.

But as to the sex, no remorse at all.

She'd gone after him in the kitchen and in his room like any horny woman would go after her boyfriend or husband while they were home. She felt confused, but only as to why there was no overwhelming emotional response as to how wrong it all was.

Drug, or...was there really something there and the serum just a catalyst to get there. Like a person who knew what they wanted to do or say but needed to hit the bar for the liquid courage to do so.

Had she really, somewhere in her mind, and heart, wanted her own son? Robin jerked her head up when she felt the shower curtain move, then yelped when Zack said, "Damn, you look good wet."

She spun to face him, and sputtered when the move got her a face full of water.

"Are you crazy!" she whispered. "What if your father comes in here?"

"I locked the door." His gaze lowered to her breasts. "Want me to wash you up?"

"I already did," She caught his hands as he reached for her breasts. "Seriously, you need to get the hell out of here."

"You sure you got everything?" Zack flashed a wicked smile, his green eyes bright. "Let me check."

He dropped to his knees and Robin gasped "Oh!" When he kissed the wet patch of dark hair just over her slit.

With confidence, and experience, that belied his age, Zack grabbed her left ankle, and lifting her leg, placed her foot on the edge of the tub. He then buried his face between her glistening thighs and sucked her clit hard enough to smack his lips.

"Oh, god," Robin leaned back against the wall, her hands going to his head, running her fingers through his wet hair as he probed the folds of her cunt with his eager tongue. "Oh, honey, we...we can't do this."

There was no conviction in her voice, and Zack's response was to place his palm on her thigh and push, so she'd ease her legs open further. She should have closed them, but instead gave him what he wanted, and moaned when his lips found her clit, this time sucking gently on her swollen flesh.

Robin closed her eyes, her hand moving to her breasts where she rolled her caramel hued nipples between her fingers. Zack eased a finger between her legs, and she sighed when he pushed two fingers inside her while he traced slow wet circles around her clit.

She parted her lips, sighing contentedly into the warm steamy air as her son knelt between his mother's legs, his tongue expertly playing her clit with an ease and familiarity of a longtime lover.

Her hips rocked and she lifted her foot from the tub to rest it on his shoulder, her toes curling into his wet flesh.

"Yes," she breathed, "Just like that, Zack, just like that."

For as many times as she'd come since last night, she was surprised to feel the first twinges of another orgasm building deep within her. She twisted her nipples more firmly, whimpering at the slight pain it caused.

She ground her hips in slow circles, grinding her wet cunt into her son's flickering tongue. His fingers plunged deeper into her; his knuckles now pressed against her. He moved them side to side, and Robin's breath caught as her back arched, pressing her shoulders harder into the wall.

Zack switched from licking to sucking her clit in a rapid rhythm, and when he eased a third finger into her, she had to bite down on her lower lip to keep from crying out. She ground her hips hard into his face while she wiggled against the wall as waves of pleasure flowed over her.

Zack's lips and tongue continued to work her clit as her pussy convulsed around his probing fingers, and Robin slipped her leg behind him, pressing against his back, and pushing his face more firmly between her thighs.

When her body slumped into the wall, and her now weak knees began to buckle, causing her to slide down, Zack rose to his feet, his hands on her hips to steady her.

He eased her to the side, so she was against the back wall of the shower, and slipping his hands around her, grabbed the cheeks of her ass. He slid her higher up the wall, and she lost the battle and yelped when he plunged his cock inside her still twitching cunt.

She wrapped her legs around his waist and her arms around her neck as he fucked her hard against the tile wall. Resting her chin on his shoulder, she yipped softly into his ear, her nails digging into the back of his shoulders as he fucked her with short hard strokes.

Robin crossed her ankles, locking herself around him, clinging to him as he hammered into her. Zack's breath was heavy in her ear as he took her hard and fast, banging her against the wall while he fucked her in a way she'd thought only existed in racy movie scenes or porn.

Like the porn she'd made, the porn her son had seen. Jerking off to his mother who at the time was the age his was now. Still seeing that young wild girl in his now forty plus professional and married mother.

And thanks to Jo, he was getting that girl, and she was as horny and eager to please as she had been back then when just the idea of a man becoming aroused by seeing pictures of her in magazines had her wet, and she'd been wet and genuinely into each of the films she'd done because of it.

She'd also been desperate for money, then as opposed to now when thanks to her marital woes was desperate for attention, affection, and good hard fucking, which she was now getting.

From her son.

And as she moaned in his ear and gouged her long nails into his back while his cock plundered her greedy cunt, her last thoughts before he'd entered the shower were affirmed. She didn't care, and felt nothing but pleasure.

Her yips became louder, echoing in the tiled shower, and turning her head, Robin sought, and found, Zack's lips, kissing him hard. Her muffled cries were captured by his mouth as their tongues waged war in a wild sloppy kiss driven by their mutual lust.

He thrust up into her even more forcefully, and unable to maintain the kiss, Robin rested her head back on the wall, sucking on her lip and trying not to cry out in pure joy from her son's display of unbridled lust for his mother.

Zack's lips were fastened to her neck, kissing and gently sucking on her tender flesh. His moans into her sounded more urgent and his hips moved faster, and feeling every bit the porn star she once was, and bad girl she had desperately needed to be the last few years, moaned.

“You gave me a treat, how about I give you one?”

She dropped her legs from around his waist and pushed on his shoulders. Taking her meaning, Zack eased back, and Robin sank to her knees, and took him between her lips.

He groaned as she sucked him deep, taking his full length and holding him there, reveling in the sensation of his young hard cock stuffing her mouth. Robin eased back, keeping her tongue and lips pressed to his shaft allowing both of them to enjoy the feeling of her pleasing every inch of him.

When she reached the tip she switched gears, moving her head rapidly, sucking not to tease, but to give her boy the thrill of coming in his mother’s mouth. Again. Robin moaned around his cock while envisioning how she looked.

Wet, on her knees in the shower, slurping on her son’s dick as a reward for eating her cunt then fucking her against the wall like the wanton woman she now was. She felt as if she’d been sexually reborn, going from sexless sham marriage to a torrid affair with a boy young enough to be her son.

Oh, wait, he was.

She sighed, her eyes rolling back when Zack whimpered, and his cock erupted in her mouth. She swallowed the first thick spurt, then removed him from her lips and arching her back, jerked him off over her tits.

Zack didn’t have a lot left, a result of the numerous times he’d fucked her since last night, but the few squirts she coaxed from him landed on her breasts and the sensation of his warm sticky cum flowing over her nipples sent a pleasant shiver through her.

Robin took him back in her mouth, giving him a few hard sucks that had him squirming and a few precious drops of cum flowing over her tongue. She released him and turning on her knees, let the water from the shower wash his cum from her tits.

He helped her to her feet and put his arms around her.

“Damn. Mom, maybe you should get back into making movies.”

“I don’t think so,” she rested her head on his wet chest. “You just get private shows.”

“Come on, we could start an Only Fans, wear masks!”

“Oh, sure, “Hey, girls I’m leaving the practice to make...” She stopped at the sound of a knock on the door.

“Oh, fuck.” Zack’s eyes went wide. “What...”

She put her hand over his mouth and placed her lips close to his ears.

“Listen to me,” her whisper was so soft, she could barely hear her own words. “I’m going out there, the second I close the door you get out and get dressed. Give me a couple minutes to get him back in the bedroom and get to your room.”

Without waiting for him to respond, she shut the shower off and slipped out of the shower in time for another knock.

“One minute.” She called out while grabbing Zack’s shorts and t-shirt he’d taken off and pulling the corner of the curtain aside, tossed them in with him.

Robin ignored her dress on the top of the sink and after giving her hair a quick dry with the towel, so it wasn’t dripping around her, she opened the door to see Tom now dressed in jeans and an old black t-shirt.

“Sorry, didn’t realize I locked the door.”

“It’s okay,” he nodded. “I didn’t need to use it; I’m wondering where Zack went.”

“Not in his room?”

“No, I couldn’t sleep and figured I’d go out back and fix the section of fence that came down, but I need some help.”

“Maybe he ran out.”

“Cars in the driveway and his keys are on his desk in his room.”

“Could have gone for a run.”

“Phones there too, so are his ear buds.”

“I don’t know, Tom,” she eased further from the bathroom and as she hoped, Tom turned from it to keep facing her. “Maybe he’s out back somewhere.”

“Maybe.” He glanced over her shoulder. “You have that little window in the shower open? I swear I just saw the curtain move.”

“Yeah, got a little too steamy in there.”

Tom nodded, but his attention remained on the shower.

“Hey,” she tapped his shoulder. “I’m standing here all wet in just a towel, and you’re worried about a breeze?”

“I…” he turned back to her. “You do look good,” his eyes lowered to her chest. “One bounce from being naked.”

“Hmm, that would be awful, wouldn’t it?”

“You were naked earlier and how’d that work out?” He grunted. “Not going to get teased by my own wife.”

“Aww, am I teasing you?”

Robin backed further away from the bathroom, then pulled the towel open, flashing him.

“You’re as sexy as ever,” Tom’s eyes dropped below her waist. “But you’ve been in bitch mode a long time now, a couple hours ago in fact. What’s this about?”

“I’m sorry, I was mad earlier. You’re right, I’m just still pissed about before.”

“Jesus, Robin, it was...”

“But if I want things to be better, I have to help right?” She let the towel hit the floor.

“Shit, what if Zack comes in?”

“Then I suggest we go to our room.”

Robin turned and walked down the hall, swinging her hips and hoping he’d follow. She reached the bedroom and breathed a sigh of relief when she’d barely gotten to the bed when she heard the door close behind her.

She sat on the bed and watched as he quickly stripped out of his clothes. He was semi hard and, on the rise, and Robin wondered if either his latest fixated intern didn’t put out or he’d been taking something to be able to keep up with the young girls like so many older men did these days.

“Someone’s happy to see me,” she purred, surprised at how well she was able to put on the act.

“Been a minute,” he told her as he approached the bed.

“Hope its going to be more than a minute.”

“Ouch!” He laughed at her, and she thought he was still a good looking guy and had never mistreated her. Add the fact he was a well respected surgeon who made fantastic money, and was a good father, and she wondered again, what the hell had happened.

Him slipping his dick into other women happened and none of those other things should make her forgive that. But many women did, and because she was still here, so had she.

He lowered his head and kissed her, and Robin returned it as best she could, considering she didn’t want him, but needed to get him away from the room his son was hiding in.

His son she’d just fucked and sucked off in the shower.

She was no better than her husband. Her husband who was now fondling her breasts, before kneeling between her legs and sucking on them. Robin moaned softly, trying to let herself relax and not be so tense he’d be suspicious.

His hands went to her inner thighs, and she eased them further open. Robin closed her eyes and emitted another moan for him when his finger eased inside her and his thumb stroked her clit.

When he lowered his head, she leaned back, resting on her elbows and parting her legs further to give him access to her slit. She sighed when he kissed her clit, then flicked his tongue over and around it.

Robin wondered how long she’d have to let him do it before she could fake one for him, but she’d forgotten how her husband had been in bed the last few years, at least with her, and after spending a token minute licking her, rose to his feet.

Gripping his cock, he held it to her face when she sat back up.

“How about you say hello?” He grinned down at her.

Robin took him in her hand, stroking him for a moment before slipping him into her mouth. As he moaned above her, she bobbed her head, sucking him robotically. No emotion, no desire, just going through the motions...as she'd been doing in every aspect of their relationship since he'd cheated.

She sucked faster, wondering if she could just get him off that way, swallow his load like she'd swallowed her pride as a woman and allowed him to dishonor her. But it wouldn't be that easy.

Placing his hands on her shoulders, he gave her a slight push and she removed him from her mouth.

“Slide up on the bed.”

She did as she asked, pushing herself into the middle of the bed, then turning so her head was on the pillow and stretching out. She spread her legs as he crawled up between them and whimpered softly when slid over her and eased himself inside her.

Robin put her arms around him as he began slowly moving his hips. She ran her hands along his back as he nuzzled into her neck, his breathing heavy in her ear.

She stared up at the ceiling even as she rocked her hips, matching his rhythm and continuing this sad parody of love making. Robin emitted soft sighs and low moans as he moved within her and draped her legs over the back of his, while now gripping his shoulders to act as if she were truly into it.

Tom kissed her neck and she whimpered with about as much sincerity as there was in the movement of her hips. Her mind went to Zack, her son, who she felt as if she were cheating on, while cheating on her husband, with him.

Her life, prior to last night had been somewhat unhappy, but in the same way many people were, a marriage that had lost meaning in all but name only, but now Robin found herself in a bizarre situation she doubted anyone could, or would, even want to understand.

A sexual, and possibly romantic, triangle between her husband and her son. Tom tensed in her arms and Robin grimaced when he came inside her, moaning as he slammed his hips harder into her in the throes of his climax.

As Tom relaxed on top of her, Robin ran her fingers through his hair while wondering if there were any other women out there who within the span of a couple of hours both their husband and son had fill them with their cum.

She was pretty sure she knew the answer.

## Chapter Three

Amanda walked out onto the deck and after going down the short staircase that led to the pool, slipped off her white robe. She was naked beneath it, and lifting her arms, smiled, enjoying the warm morning breeze as it washed over her lithe petite form, tickling her tiny pink nipples.

The Stevens who loved to the right of them were still away on their two week Caribbean cruise, and the house on the left, which was only a one story, weren't able to see over the seven foot solid white wooden fence that enclosed their yard.

Amanda walked along the edge of the pool, passing the small table and chairs as well as the lounge chairs they used to lay out in the sun. Making her way to the end of the pool, she climbed the short ladder to the diving board.

Putting her arms in the air she ran forward, bounced expertly on the end of the board and shot out over the pool. Amanda put her hands together, angled her body and knifed smoothly into the water.

She remained under the water, swimming until her hand touched the wall of the pool. Her head emerging from the water she took several deep breathes before kicking away from the wall.

Swimming to the other end, Amanda kicked off, twisted in the water, and back stroked back to the other side. Once she reached it, she turned and began the first of the five laps she'd do around the pool.

She was tired from last night's sapphic sex fest with her eighteen year old daughter, and what sleep she managed between rounds was broken and filled with dreams about her aunt and uncle, the people who had instilled in her the taboo thirst she had finally quenched last night.

Several times, then again this morning. Amanda knew the desire had been there, and why. The drug had removed the last barrier between her fantasy and the reality of a mother simply didn't sexually desire their children.

As she finished her first lap, her mind also swam in a rapid loop. Who was to say, as her games had gotten closer to the real thing that at some point during the line she wouldn't have become so obsessed with replicating her sexual corruption that she wouldn't have tried to seduce Jamie without the T-virus.

But that was on her end, what about Jamie? There were incidents before last night, she had left that drawer open and knew her daughter wasn't lying about finding and watching her and Andre's videos.

More importantly, she was already following in her mother's lusty footsteps. Dating boys, then girls, the time she was caught by the mother of one of her friends with both her friend and their boyfriend.

Already having a threesome, exhibiting the same sexual curiosity and needing to push her sexual boundaries. Clearing the second lap and digging into the third, Amanda was now confronted with, how much of last night was the drug?

It didn't seem like it had to push either of them much. What if it didn't work at all, and in her mind it acted like a placebo, telling a person who thought they had anxiety to take this and they'd calm down, and they did because they believed the pill they took would make it go away.

Was she already on a sexual collision course with Jaime and she used it as an excuse? No, Jaime did seem affected. The flushing, glazing of her eyes, smelling tanning oil on her...yes, the drug had done something to her.

Amanda hit the fourth lap, and her shoulders began to ache, her arms growing heavier, but she refused to stop, and kept her mind on the problem at had to distract her from her tiring body.

How much had it done...but in the end, the question she most needed to answer was, did she care? Unlike Jo and the others, Amanda had already been playing a dangerous fantasy out in her mind regarding her daughter and now that the game was now being played for real, what was the problem?"

Andre.

Amanda wasn't a single woman who could choose to fool around with who she wished. And Jaimie was his daughter as much as hers and here she had spent the night treating her like one of the escorts they paid to play with them when they were out of town.

Just because they shared those girls didn't let her off the hook for being unfaithful to him. Their rule was they played together or not at all, and she'd broken it, and not with some little girl they paid to squeal, or picked up at some club, but his little girl.

Where did this leave her? Fooling around behind his back whenever they could, living a life of taboo sex and secrecy? Even if they could pull that off, what happened when Andre wanted to go away and pick someone up?

Amanda would feel like she was betraying Jaimie, leaving her home while she licked the twat of another girl while Andre fucked her senseless. She supposed she could tell Andre she didn't want to play anymore, but was that fair to him? And what would her reason be?

She reached the end of the pool and drifting over to the ladder, slipped her arms through the railings, using them to keep her still as she let her legs float out in front of her.

Complicated already, it was becoming even more fucked up. Jaimie had made it clear she wanted her father as much as she did her. Jaimie really wanted to be their live in fuck toy.

Daughter to the public, and sexual pet behind closed doors. Was that also a side effect of the drug, had it taken all inhibition from her, or was she truly like Amanda and wanted to go all in on her parents being all in her?

Idly kicking her feet in the water, Amanda wondered what was worse, that Jaimie wanted to be their 'baby girl' in every way, or that when she allowed her mind to stray down that path that it turned her on.

The three of them living not just as parents and adult daughter, but lovers. Jaimie yipping into her cunt while Andre fucked her from behind. Sharing his cock...Amanda sucking it, then passing it to her daughter like it was a hard fleshy lollipop.

The visions played through her mind like one of the movies they'd made with their playthings. The positions, the possibilities...Jaimie between them crying out as she rode Amanda's strap on, and her father plundered her incredibly tight pink rosebud.

She looked down at her small perky breasts to see her nipples were erect, and the warm wet feeling between her legs wasn't from the water she was submerged in.

"Sick," she whispered. "You're sick, Amanda."

She had just left her daughter, naked and sticky in her bed, what most would see as the ultimate taboo, and here she was thinking of how she could take it even further. The be all end all of fantasies, the complete culmination of the game her aunt and uncle had turned her on to, but to a level even more twisted.

Jaime wanted it, Amanda, as ashamed as she felt about it, knew she would want it too, but there was no way Andre would. How would she even bring it up?

"I know how we can get daddy."

Amanda refused to even acknowledge what her daughter had described as her plan to get her father to join in with them. It was wrong in every way, more wrong than what they were already doing.

But what if Jaimie's lust for Andre, and for the three of them to be a taboo polyamorous relationship, were pushed by the toxin? How long could this thing last? Hearing Andre tell her he was going to have to stay out of town a few more days sent a flood of relief through her, hopefully things would be settled down by then.

Settled as in...what? Her and Jaimie would carry on behind his back? The virus would wear off and suddenly Jamie wouldn't want her and be disgusted with her? It was telling that Amanda didn't see her feelings changing.

It was what she'd always wanted but couldn't force herself to admit. But was this thrilling time with her daughter worth the rest of their lives if things went south? Worse, she was disturbingly okay with this, but her friends weren't.

Amanda lied to them by not speaking up about her own taboo fixation and how dangerous playing with GSA and Familial attraction was, because she was proof of the way it could permanently cross someone's wires and skew their feelings of right and wrong.

Had she spoken out, even if she made up a story and said it was a patient, and not her, they might not have taken the shot. Jo would have tossed the vials away like she should have.

Jo and Robin had crossed the line, and she hadn't heard from them since last night, and even when Jo sounded on the verge of tears, telling her what happened, Amanda still hadn't spoken up.

That wasn't just morally wrong, but if this thing had staying power, and Jo needed to try to figure out how it worked and how she might be able to reverse it, then Amanda lying and saying it had no effect on her would throw everything off.

Then she'd have to admit she had sex with Jamie, and Claire had already made jokes alluding to her 'baby girl' fetish and one night daughters as she called them. Claire...two sons, God, what if...

She had to call. Not just Claire but check back in with Jo and Robin. These were her best friends, her sisters by choice rather than blood, and were most likely going through emotional hell right now for what this thing caused them to do.

She had to swallow her guilt for not saying anything and be there for them, and if need be tell them the truth. It would be after the fact of stopping them, but she could help moving forward.

Amanda pushed herself higher up on the ladder to get out and go back inside. She'd grab her phone and go into her office and lock the door so Jaimie couldn't hear her. She didn't need to know the boys she was raised with as unofficial cousins had sex with their mothers.

Because if nothing else, it would enforce her current feelings that there was nothing wrong with this. Amanda flinched when something sailed over her head, then was splashed when Jaime landed in the pool a few feet in front of her.

Remaining underwater, Jaimie swam over to her, grabbing her still submerged lower legs, then popped out of the water.

"You should have woke me up if you were going for a swim!" She slipped her arms around Amanda's neck and gave her a quick kiss.

"You were tired, so I let you sleep." Amanda's arms went around her waist and tried to ignore her daughter's smallish, perky breasts pressing against hers.

"You look good all wet," Jamie told her. "I've watched you skinny dip at night before, but way better in the day and close up."

Of course, she'd spied on her when she'd go for a midnight swim when the neighbors couldn't see her. Had she also watched her and Andre have sex in the pool? No, they only did that when Jaimie spent the night at a friend's house.

Jaimie was smiling away, her wet hair plastered to her neck and shoulders with a few strands stuck to her cheeks. Her beautiful amber hued hazel eyes on hers, and those big, soft, bratty lips.

Her small tight naked form, wet and pressing against her had Amanda's nipples popping, and as if moving of their own volition, she opened her legs beneath the water, and slid her feet playfully up her daughter's legs.

"Looking good yourself, baby girl," she breathed, her normally light voice now a husky rasp as again her lust rose, making her forget about the serious issues that had been racing through her mind.

Drug, or her twisted libido in full effect? All that mattered in this moment was her daughter's naked wet body pressed to hers. As soon as she opened her legs, Jaimie slipped her right leg between them.

Lifting her leg, she pressed her knee to her mother's pussy, and with a low groan, Amanda worked her hips, grinding her clit into it. Jaimie kissed her once more, but this time it wasn't a quick sweet peck.

Her lips engulfed Amanda's as Jamie's tongue aggressively plunged between her lips. Amanda caught it between her teeth, giving her a playful nip, before sucking on it. Their arms tightened around one another, and Jaimie moved side to side, rubbing her nipples across Amandas.

Jamie pressed her knee harder into her cunt and worked her lips down to Amanda's neck, sucking and gently nibbling on it. Beneath the water, Amanda lifted her legs, wrapping them over her daughter's slim hips and bucking harder into her knee.

Jamie kissed her way down her glistening chest, then teased her by tracing the curve of her small, perfectly shaped, right breast with her tongue. Amanda moaned when Jamie too her nipple between her lips, sucking it as she cupped her other breast, her thumb caressing her nipple.

Amanda let her head res back against the top step of the ladder, sighing softly as her daughter sucked her on her tits, and in broad daylight. Jamie switched to sucking her other breast, and grabbing the top of the ladder, Amanda dropped her legs from around Jamie and pulled herself higher.

When her ass was now out of the water, she drew her legs up, then slipped them through the railings of the ladder, leaving her pussy open for her daughter's eager tongue.

Jaimie sipped further into the water, and hanging on to the railings, buried her face between her mother's thighs. She let her lower body float behind her, giving her mother a view of her smooth back, and precious little ass as well as her legs, which she bent at the knees, kicking her feet playfully as she floated while eating her mother's cunt.

Amanda gripped the railing, squeezing it as she moved her hips, working her clit into her daughter's soft, pink, and already quite experienced tongue. Jamie's wet hair on her thighs added an additional thrill as alternately licked and sucked Amanda's throbbing clit.

"Good girl," she cooed, "Going to make mama come again, aren't you?"

"Hmm-mm!" Jaimie chirped into her slit, her wide eyes turned upward to watch Amanda as she went down on her.

Amanda returned her gaze, while still experiencing a feeling of the surreal. This was really happening. This was her barely legal daughter licking her cunt and had been licking it since last night.

A perverted shameful dream made into an even more amazing, and wrong, reality. Amanda's eyes drifted along the length of her daughter's body and unbidden, an image of Andre behind her leapt into her mind.

Andre spreading Jaimie's cheeks and shoving his tongue in her perfect little young peach. Tongue fucking her, then rimming her, making her squeal into mommy's pussy. Amanda's hips jerked and her body tensed as the taboo movie in her mind continued to play out.

Jaimie crying out from her orgasm while still stiving to make her mother come. Andre sliding up and plowing his cock into their baby girl's pink twat and fucking her hard and fast.

"Oh, oh, yeah," she whispered as much to the fantasy, as the pleasure Jamie was providing between her now trembling thighs.

Andre filling their daughter with his cum, then Amanda getting between her legs and slurping it out, getting a mouthful of her husband's cream pie mixed with her daughter's young sweet juices.

Or Andre cumming in Jamie's mouth, and Amanda kissing her. The two of them snowballing, passing his cum between wife and daughter and....

"Yesss!" Amanda cried out, her legs kicking outside the railings and her hands gripping them so tightly her knuckles turned white as the force of her latest orgasm tore through her.

Jamie giggled, but kept her tongue busy on her mother's clit, keeping her climax flowing for as long as possible. When Amanda's body relaxed and she released a soft moan as the last electric shocks of jolted through her, Jaimie eagerly buried her tongue into her mother's still quivering box, and noisily slurped and sucked her sticky nectar into her mouth.

She slid up and kissed Amanda, driving her tongue back into her mouth and giving her mother a taste of her own cunt. Amanda whimpered delightedly as she sucked herself from her daughter's tongue before easing her back.

She laughed when Jamie pushed away from the ladder, grabbed the edge of the pool, and pulled herself up onto it. She spun so she was sitting on the ledge, her lower legs in the water. Jamie then leaned back on her elbows while spreading her legs.

"Look at you," Amanda laughed. "Shameless little thing, aren't you?"

Wrapping her arms around Jamie's legs, she pressed her lips to her daughter's baby smooth tucked up peach and ran her tongue through it. As her daughter had done, Amanda let her lower body float back so Jamie could enjoy the view while she buried her tongue into her hot, wet twat.

"Fuck, this is sooo hot!" Jamie purred.

No argument on that point. The two of them naked and wet beneath the warm morning sun. Mother and daughter going down on each other in broad daylight as if they were nothing more than a cougar enjoying her sexy kitten.

But this was her kitten whimpering and squirming beneath her mother's tongue. Those perfect little tits with their sexy white tan lines glistening in the sun. Those small pink nipples as hard as her own, and her little girl's sticky sweet cunt in her face.

This was as brazen as it could get.

No, it could get better. A trip together out of town, a little girl time vacation where they could pretend to be an older woman with her young plaything. Dancing together, kissing in front of people, going to a topless beach together.

"Hmm," Jamie moaned when Amanda slurped on her daughter's tight juicy twat, before slowly working her tongue between her tight lips, enjoying the journey to her pink pearl. "Feels good, Mama."

Amanda turned her eyes upward to see Jaimie had leaned further back, her fingers teasing her nipples while she watched her mother probe her slit with her tongue.

“That’s it, Daddy,” Jaime breathed. “Fuck mommy nice and hard while she makes your little girl come.”

Even now, with Amanda having become her daughter’s forbidden lover, those words concerned her. There was no possible way it could happen. At best they would be secret lovers behind Andre’s back, but he could never know.

“I’ll get the strap on, Daddy,” Jaimie continued. “I’ll fuck mommy while she sucks your big cock!”

Amanda couldn’t stop the image from rising in her mind. On her hands and knees between her husband and daughter. Jaimie pounding her hard from behind while Andre pulled her hair and fucked her face.

Her lips found Jamie’s clit, giving it a hard suck that made her gasp, but didn’t interrupt her from describing the ultimate taboo fantasy.

“Then I get to be in the middle, and you can spank me while you’re fucking me. I’ve been such a bad girl, Mama!” Jaimie moaned, and lifting her legs, rested her wet feet on Amanda’s shoulders.

“So bad you’re going to take that big thick rubber cock out and shove it in my ass! I’d be screaming, but my mouth’s full of daddy, and all I can do is gag and squeal!”

Amanda’s tongue matched her excitement, flashing over and around her daughter’s throbbing pink clit as her nipples ached and her own clit was responding beneath the water.

“Daddy will lay back, and you’ll make me get on top and you’ll both be fucking me.” Jaimie cried out. “Oh, oh my god! It hurts! It hurts!” she released a low guttural growl that sent a shiver through Amanda. “But know what, Mama? I come anyway. I come hard while you and daddy take my tight holes! Come like the nasty little jailbait slut I am! Come for mommy and daddy, come for...Ohhhh fuck!!”

Jaimie howled loud enough that Amanda wondered if the people next door would hear her. Her slender hips bucked, and she clamped her wet, toned thighs around her mother’s head, pinning her to her smooth pink pussy.

Her small heels drummed on Amanda’s shoulders as her orgasm tore through her, and Jaimie was now lying on her back, her body writhing as she tugged on her nipples to heighten her climax.

“Oh, oh...wow,” Jamie giggled as she slid her feet from Amanda, her legs now dangling limply beside her. “I came so hard!”

“Me too,” Amanda gently kissed each of Jamie’s warm, wet thighs. “We’re both bad girls.”

“We are,” Jamie sat up, and slipped back into the water, wrapping her arms around Amanda. “Love you, Mama.”

She kissed her softly, then rested her chin on Amanda’s shoulder as they embraced in the pool.

“Love you too, baby girl.” Amanda ran her fingers through her daughter’s wet hair. “And not just because you’re a jailbait slut who has a naughty tongue.”

Jamie giggled in her air. “But its one of the reasons.”

“But just one,” she squeezed her tighter. “I love everything about you.”

“I like that,” Jamie kissed her cheek. “I love Daddy too.”

“I know you do, and so do I, but honey, that can’t happen. We can’t try, not together, and not you by yourself. Understand?”

Jamie sighed. “I guess so.”

“Promise that when he comes home, you don’t talk about this, and you don’t...”

“I promise, but I told you how we can do it.”

“Jaime, stop.” This time Amanda was able to keep any visuals from arising in her mind regarding the “plan” her daughter had whispered in her ear earlier this morning. “Your father isn’t like me.”

“Why because he isn’t a woman?”

“No,” Amanda said softly, leaning her cheek against her daughter’s, their naked bodies pressed together beneath the water. “He’s not broken.”

## Chapter Four

Jo's eyes opened at the pinging sound from her phone on the nightstand. She reached over, and lifting the phone saw it was from Claire. Behind her she heard Alex's slow steady breathing, and lifting the sheet, eased her legs off the bed and sat up on the edge of it.

"Are you home?"

"Yes," Jo replied, "Everything okay?"

Her stomach tightened when she saw the response.

"No, I'll be there in a few minutes, we need to talk."

"See you soon," she typed back and lowered the phone.

That text just told her Robin had been right last night. Claire had lied and something had happened. She looked over her shoulder at Alex. Asleep in his mother's bed and naked beneath the sheet.

As naked as she was herself. The two of them sharing a torrid night of sex that rivaled anything on Porn Hub in its wanton raunchiness, followed by this morning's slow, soft, and yes, romantic, love making.

Then falling back to sleep. Everything that happened spoke of a couple. Comfortable lovers who enjoyed fucking down and dirty, but were loving and affectionate as well. But this wasn't her lover. This was her son.

Her son who had regretted yesterday, but only because he felt he'd treated her poorly, and this morning had shown her how he truly felt about her. Last night he'd treated her like a whore, this morning he'd made her feel like a woman he both loved and adored.

Best of both worlds, and what most women desired and envied anyone who had that type of man in their lives. Except that man wasn't supposed to be the one she'd given birth to.

The sweet morning and the emotions she'd felt both from and for him, had Jo more confused than yesterday. Yesterday was pure sex and could be easily explained by her formula to replicate and enhance GSA.

But nothing in it should have elicited such emotion. It worked on the purely physical, pushing sexual urges and nothing else. Jo knew she loved him, but as a son, yet she had to admit her response to him this morning was as much from her heart as her body.

What did that mean? Had the sex, which had been instigated by an outlier, opened up the floodgates for emotions that had been there, but were properly submerged because according to the nature they needed to be?

She looked away from Alex. Experiment or no experiment, she was where she was, and that was in bed with her son. What was she playing at here? That her and Alex had somehow gone from being closer than most mothers and sons, to being much more?

Could she really entertain the idea of loving, and being loved, by Alex as a man and not her son?

“Hey, sexy, you’re not getting up, are you?” The bed shifted as Alex rolled over and a pleasant tingle went through her when he kissed her lower back. “Just because you can’t sleep doesn’t mean you have to get out of bed.”

His strong arm slipped around her waist, and he kissed her again, this time just over her left cheek as she sat on the bed.

“Come back here.”

“Alex, I need to, hey!”

She yelped when he pulled her backwards, causing her to lie back on the bed. Alex quickly lowered his head, kissing her, and she groaned deep in her throat when his hand slipped between her legs.

His fingers boldly dipped inside her as his tongue pushed between her lips. Jo whimpered, her hips rocking into his probing fingers. God, how could she want more? How the hell could he even be capable of more? Young or not, how many times in less than 24 hours had he come?

His lips left hers, trailing down the soft hollow of her creamy throat.

“Alex, stop.”

“Going to play that game again?” He flicked his tongue over her right nipple. “Should I pin you to the bed and you can act like you don’t want it?”

She put her hand on his stomach, but he grabbed her wrist and pressed her fingers to his cock. She gripped him, slowly stroking, and squirmed when his thumb found her clit.

Jo made the mistake of turning her head and was confronted with once again ready cock. She sucked on her lower lip, her hips rocking into his touch, and unable to help herself tugged him towards her.

He was happy to oblige, leaning over and slipping his cock between her now parted lips. She sucked hard on just his tip, making him groan as her mouth filled with salty, sticky pre-cum.

He moved his hips, pushing his cock deeper, and Jo opened wide, accepting more of him, her cunt flooding at the sensation of her son’s hard flesh filling her mouth. She bobbed her head as well as she could while cupping his full balls.

What was she doing? Claire was on her way, she had too...”

Jo eased her head back from his cock.

“Fuck me.” She told him.

“After I make you come.”

“No, just take me, and be quick,” she demanded, her voice breathy with excitement. “Or you don’t get anything.”

“Yes, ma’am!” Alex slipped down off the bed, gripped her ankles, lifted her legs, and entered her in one long thrust.

“Just like that!” Jo cried out when he spread her legs wide and took her hard and fast.

The bed was the perfect height and her ass right on the edge of the mattress allowing her son to plunder her cunt with his full length, his balls slapping against her. Jo cupped her large milky white breasts to stop them from bouncing as he tore into her.

Despite being wet and having just had his fingers inside her, Jo’s cunt had been used more-and harder-in the last day than the last few years and was beginning to ache.

But God, he felt so good, and she’d denied herself for so long, that a little pain far outweighed the pleasure. Her son wanted her the way no other man ever had, and she was happy to let him have as much of his sexually awakened uninhibited mother as he wanted.

Her phone pinged to her left, Claire might be here.

“Stop,” she tried to pull her legs back, but he held her ankles tightly. “Alex, we need to...”

“Seems like that’s the game you want to play this morning,” he gave her a wicked smile. “Okay, we can do that.”

He released her ankles, but ducked down and leaned over her so quickly, her legs slipped over his broad shoulders. Jo put her hands up, to put them on his chest and unwittingly played right into his hands,

Grabbing her wrists, he put her arms over her head, and pinning them to the bed with an ease that had her cunt gushing around his cock, which had gone into overdrive, fucking her even harder.

“Fuck, oh, fuck!” she squealed as he pressed further over her until she was staring up at her feet over her head.

Her ass and hips rose from the bed, allowing him to penetrate her eve deeper and the room filled with the sound of flesh pounding flesh and her high pitched yipping. Her phone rang, and she moaned.

“Alex, we...need...to...”

“You told me to take it, and that’s what I’m doing,” he breathed, his eyes bright with desire. “Whether you like it or not.”

His words, the way her powerful son was having his way with her, and the look of lust on his face, caused Jo to forget about the phone. Claire had ignored her all night, she could wait outside a few minutes.

“No!” Jo embraced the game. “Alex, stop, please, oh, please!” she whimpered. “I’m your mother!”

Her words caused him to fuck her harder, the bed rocking from the power of his thrusts.

“You can’t do this to me! Oh, oh, it hurts, stop, please!”

Jo thought she heard the doorbell over the sound of Alex hammering into her and the protesting bed, but there was no stopping now.

“Its wrong!” she kept egging him on. “Oh, god,” she cried out dramatically. “Haven’t you had enough?”

Alex pushed her hands together, and gripping her wrists in one large hand, placed the other over her mouth. Jo squealed into it, as the move sent another sick thrill through her, and she could tell by the way his thrusts had gone from long to short and even more brutal, it had the same effect on him.

Jo played it up, her brown eyes going wide, whining into his hand and thrashing on the bed as much as she was able to with him having close to bent in half. Alex looked incredible over her, his muscles flexed and his face a mask of pure unadulterated lust as he role play raped his mother.

This time she was sure she heard the doorbell but was as sex crazed as her son, only caring about his cock plundering her well used cunt and giving her a warm and creamy reward.

The way Alex moaned above her coupled with the even shorter and jerkier thrusts told her she was close to receiving that reward, and she thrashed her head side to side, hoping he’d pick up on her meaning.

He did, lifting his hand from her mouth so she could cry out;

“No, not inside me! You can’t come inside me! You...Oh!”

Jo’s squeal of surprise was from her body erupting into orgasm. She had felt faint twinges but had never come just from penetration. Until now, as her cunt convulsed around Alex’s cock and her feet kicked above her head.

Her orgasm sent Alex over the edge and into his own.

“Noo...noooo!” Jo managed to keep the game up in spite of her climax having its way with her.

No, who was she kidding, the taboo scenario of her son forcing himself on her, and now making her take his cum deep inside was what had triggered her orgasm in the first place.

Alex groaned as her clutching cunt squeezed his cock, helping him paint the walls of his mother’s hot, quivering box. He leaned down, kissing her hard as his cock twitched and squirted with in her, capturing her whimpers into his mouth.

He released her hands and Jo wrapped her arms around him, gouging her nails into his shoulders, her body shuddering as the last effects of the orgasm flowed through her. Alex returned the kiss with equal passion, sighing softly as she contracted her cunt, milking the last few drops from his twitching dick.

“Whoa, that was intense,” he breathed as he eased his cock from inside her and flopped down on the bed.

“I have to get up,” she forced herself into a sitting position. “That was Claire calling, she told me she was coming over.”

“Shit, you should have said that! What if something happened with Mark and Max, and...”

“You know nothing about that something,” she cut him off. “Understand?”

“Right, I’m too dumb to know that your best friends would do exactly what you did, and for you and your warped idea.”

“Not so warped seeing you just came inside me, now, is it?” she quipped while getting up and grabbing a pair of plaid pajama pants from her dresser drawer, and slipping them on.

“Bit-chy!” Alex rolled his eyes.

“I know you know but think about how Claire and the others would feel if all of our kids knew what happened with their mothers.”

“Feel less messed up, maybe?” Alex pointed out.

Jo shrugged. “Not a bad point, but not right now. I’m going out there, and we’ll go out on the deck and talk, soon as you know we’re out there, go back into your room.”

“I see how it is,” he sighed dramatically. “Use me and kick me to the curb.”

Jo couldn’t help grinning, and bending over, gave him a quick kiss.

“Oh, how you suffered.”

Jo tugged on an old Bruins t-shirt, and opened her bedroom door, and yelped in surprise.

Across from the doorway and leaning against the wall was Claire, the house key Jo had given her years ago dangling from her hand.

## Chapter Five

“Jesus!” Jo took a step back, closing the door partway to shield Alex who was still naked on the bed behind her.

“Well, looks like I got my answer on how the shot affected the two of you.” Claire waved, “Hey, Alex, looking good! Keep working out.” She laughed humorlessly. “You know, when you’re not working your mom.”

“Uh, high Aunt Claire,” Alex said from behind her. “And, um, thanks.”

“Don’t be rude,” Jo closed the door, and gestured down the hall. “You want a cup of coffee or something stronger?”

“What I really want is to grab you by the throat and throttle you,” Claire glared at her, her normally wide baby blue eyes, narrow and hard. “You and your stupid fucking study!”

“Claire, I...I’m sorry.” Jo turned her head, offering her long time friend her cheek. “Want to hit me, go ahead. Want to scream and rage at me, go for it. This is my fault, and I know it.”

Claire raised her hand, and Jo braced herself, but instead of hitting her, she slid her arm around her, and pulled her into a sudden embrace.

“I could never hurt you,” she whispered as Jo returned the hug. “But goddamn does part of me want to kill you right now.”

“Claire, you have no idea how bad I feel if this thing ruined your families, you’re all sisters to me, and your kids are like my nieces and nephews. I’d never want to hurt any of you.”

Jo’s voice had tightened as now that she was pulled from the bizarre taboo affair with Alex, she’d spent the last day immersed in, the reality of her, and her friend’s situation, hit her harder.

“I’m so sorry!” she released the words in a choked sob.

“I know,” Claire rested her hand on the back of her head, cradling her to her neck. “And I can be angry, but you didn’t make us take it.”

“Thought you wouldn’t, you were all against it.” Jo straightened and nodded her head, while whispering. “The other room or the deck, I don’t want Alex listening.”

“Fair enough,” Claire pointed to the door, and gave her a tired smile. “You could have done worse for yourself.”

“God, let’s not go there.”

“Seems like he was just there, and I’m sure that’s been going on since you got home yesterday.” Claire’s response was also whispered, and turning, she headed down the hall. “I’ll take that drink, and we can go outside.”

Jo followed her, noting Claire was walking funny. Her friend wasn't shy when it came to discussing her sexual exploits, and mentioned she liked it on the rougher side from time to time.

Had one, or both, of her sons gotten rough with her? If it were both, were it separate times or had she...Jo tried to steer herself away from those thoughts, but realized she was likely to hear it straight from the source.

They reached the living room, and Jo opened one of the doors of the black entertainment center that sat beneath the flat screen on the wall. She removed a bottle of Jack Daniels that had been there since Andre had brought it over for last year's Christmas party that it was her turn to host.

Fishing out the half full bottle, and two whiskey glasses, she asked,

"You want me to grab a couple of cokes, or you want it straight?"

"Right now, I'd chug from the bottle," Claire told her. "Jesus, this is insane."

"I know."

"No, seriously, I was just outside your room listening to your son fuck you stupid. If that happened a few days ago I would have been screaming what the hell is wrong with you and wanting to beat you for screwing up your son.

"But today? The only thing I really felt is well, at least I'm not the only one." She shook her head. "That and good for you two."

"Good for us?"

"Yeah, I...we'll talk outside, I need to get some booze in me before I can even try to make sense of this."

Jo nodded and handing her the glasses led the way through the house to dock to the back hall and out onto the deck. As they sat, and she liberally filled their glasses with the strong bourbon, she took a closer look at Claire.

Unless she was going to, or coming from, the gym, Claire wasn't one to look, 'plain'. Her hair always down and styled, make-up, and when not in work, dressed to impress in playful dresses or shorter skirts, tight jeans, low cut tight blouses, and anything that called attention to the fact she believed in the axiom of if you have it, flaunt it.

Today was a sharp contrast. Her hair pulled back in a loose ponytail, no make-up at all, and her eyes were red, and red rimmed from either a lack of sleep or crying. She wore a plain loose fitting red T-shirt, jeans and a pair of old running shoes.

More concerning than the two angry red hickeys on her neck, and the fact she made no effort to cover them, were the small purple bruises on her neck. When Jo handed her the glass, she took note of similar bruises on her wrist.

"You okay, Claire?"

"No," she said, then downed half the glass in three long swallows. "I'm not."

"I'm here for whatever you need," Jo took a sip of her drink, and put her free hand over Claire's. "You know we all are."

"Did it happen to Robin?"

Jo hesitated, but when Claire rolled her eyes, nodded.

"Yes, it did."

"Amanda?"

"No."

"Know that for a fact, or just her word?"

"I spoke with her on the phone, she was a little put off when I first called, but when I admitted it happened with Robin and myself, she was more understanding and said nothing happened."

"Why was she put off?" Claire put her hand up before Jo could respond. "Because she was defensive at the office when I made jokes about her fixation on young women and wanting a one night daughter."

"Maybe."

"Sweet Mandy has some extreme kinks," Claire said while staring down into her glass. "Not just the threesomes. She mentioned once when we were out drinking she likes bondage and even some CNC."

"I don't know what CNC is." Jo frowned.

"Consensual non consent, rape play."

"Oh," Jo looked away, recalling the thrill she'd experienced with Alex holding her down.

"More than you yelling, 'please don't.'" Claire smirked.

"How long were you listening?"

"Too long," she muttered. "And I have no room to talk, but I will in a minute, back to Amanda."

"I don't know where you're going with this."

"I don't believe her."

"You think she'd lie about this?" Jo tapped her glass with her nail. "Besides, this thing was geared towards mothers and sons, not same sex."

"Your study was on mother and son, but pheromones are meant to attract, and there are plenty of women out to attract women."

"Not the same."

“Jaimie is already shown she’s bi, had a boyfriend for a bit, now girlfriends.”

“Not to sound like some kind of phobe, but pheromones are biologically engineered to attract opposite sex.” Jo countered. “It’s not about pleasure, but procreation. Same sex is about sexual preference only, and not about the need to breed.”

“Very professional,” Claire grunted. “But your little toxin was a damn sex potion that could make you millions if you could find a way not to use Phizer’s already patented ED meds.”

“You think it would do the same for Amanda as it did for us?”

“Possibly.”

“Then where was her trigger event? You heard her, there’s nothing one has the other doesn’t.”

“They share an attraction for women, and Amanda has an affinity for barely old enough to vote girls. She also has a high sex drive and shows little inhibitions towards what society sees as proper behavior.”

“I don’t think she’d lie, Claire. Not about this, it’s too serious.”

“People all have secrets, Jo.” she said quietly. “Close as we all are, there are things we still don’t talk about. Only reason we know about her and Andre’s trysts are she screwed up and sent Robin that video.”

“I don’t have one,” Jo said defensively, then realizing she’d spoken with a tone added. “I’m as boring as you all think I am.”

“Used to be. Having sex with your son just gave you the mother of all secrets,” she smile wryly, “Pun intended,” then drained her glass.

When she picked up the bottle to refill it, Jo got it over with.

“Claire, did it happen to you?”

“Yes,” she slumped back in the chair, cradling her fresh drink in her hands.

“Okay, have to ask, was it…”

“Both,” Claire took another long swallow. “At once because I know that’s the next question.”

“Oh, my god, no wonder you look rough,” Jo tapped her neck. “And I mean like they were rough.”

“Happens when your sons wanted to hatefuck you.”

“Hatefuck?” Jo blinked. “What are you talking about? They’re your sons, Claire. I know the divorce wasn’t easy on them, but they don’t hate you.”

“Its…complicated.” Claire spoke slowly as if choosing what to divulge. “Maybe hate is a strong word. Frustrated fits along with angry.”

“Your lifestyle, they don’t like it.”

“Putting it mildly. Look, Jo, there’s a lot to talk about, and I came here to do that, but I think rather than you and I going through this mess twice, we need to get ahold of Robin and Amanda. Let’s meet at the office tomorrow and make it an official discussion where we put it all out there and figure out what the next step is.”

“You could have done that over the phone.”

“I wanted to see you and Alex, see if you’d been affected so I’d at least know I’m not alone.”

“You’re not, not in anyway.” Jo assured her.

“I do want to ask you a couple of questions now, if that’s okay?”

“Absolutely, I started this, I need to be accountable to the rest of you.”

“There’s a lot wrong with this, but what I keep coming back to is why don’t I feel like it’s wrong?”

When Jo didn’t respond right away because she was both stunned, and relieved to hear Claire voice her biggest concern, she continued.

“I tell myself its wrong, I know its supposed to be wrong, but I...don’t feel the remorse over what I did that I should have. What about you?”

“The same, but Allex did, at least the first time, then when he came home from work, I managed to resist, and when he pushed I...I smacked him and he snapped back to himself and felt awful, as if he’d assaulted me.

“He went to bed, and I went to check on him and it just washed over me, and I pretty much hopped on. After that he seems to want me, and honestly, I think the drug has worn off, at least partially. What were Mark and Max’s reactions?”

“Angry first time around, although Mark was far worse, Max just caught up in it. We fell asleep, or more accurately passed out. This morning, I did feel what I did was wrong, but only for how they would feel, not for myself.

“I left the room; Mark came down and was just as rough as last night. He then flipped out on me and stormed out of the house. Max was thrilled about last night and wanted more, I tried to say no, but...” she wiped at her eyes as they filled with tears. “I couldn’t risk losing him too, so I gave in.”

“Mark will come back.”

“He did, to get his things, going to live with his father who I am sure is thrilled.”

“My god, he won’t say anything will he?”

“I don’t think so, telling someone you had sex with your mother paints you in as poor a light as it does me.”

“Hope so, its all any of us would need is one of our kids telling someone.”

“Jo, right now one of my sons has disowned me and the other thinks he’s not my boyfriend, talking about movies and dinner and being a couple.”

“Oh, boy.”

“Seems like you and Alex are pretty comfortable.”

“I...yeah, too comfortable,” she frowned. “It was yesterday, we should be shaken up, confused, not sure how we feel, but we’re going at it like newlyweds, and Alex was very loving earlier.”

“Like he thinks you two are out of one of those weird mom son porn flicks.”

“Never watched any, but they showed up a lot in the notes of the cases I studied.” Jo acknowledged.

“Max had been watching them and for some time.”

“Oh,” Jo leaned back as well as her mind shifted from just a concerned friend to a psychologist, and on a topic she’d spent months researching. “So there was a fixation there to start with.”

“You can say that again, there’s more, but like I said, I’ll wait. My first question leads to the second. Do you think this thing pushed emotions and not just animal magnetism? Lust is primal drive, but Max is sounding affectionate and as if he’s in love, and you said Alex was like that this morning.”

“It shouldn’t,” Jo forced her mind to remain clinical. “But if it didn’t, how can we explain the love of a son sliding into that of a love interest?”

“I don’t know, I agree it should have no effect on the heart, just the body, but only other answer is there was something there to feed on, just like there was an incident that triggered the lust.”

“Punt,” Jo said softly. “Neither of us have a good theory right now, so we get Robin and Amanda tomorrow, see what Robins scenario is, and then we brainstorm.”

“Is the drug still in effect is the real issue.” Claire added another facet to be concerned over, the same one she’d been considering earlier. “Is anything that happened today still being pushed by the shot, or is it a matter of line crossed, had a great time, mom’s hot, so why not?”

“I don’t know, and not sure I want to.” Jo confessed. “If it’s the drug it will eventually wear off, but if it takes days to do it, then when the crash comes its going to be even worse if its days of this and not a few encounters.”

“Especially where the emotional fixation is concerned.”

“Right, but on that note, if the drug has worn off and the lust is still there, and perhaps love as well, what do we do? We all going to live like mom son couples like the ultimate taboo fantasy?”

Claire’s eyes narrowed and she looked as if she were going to speak, but stopped and chugged the rest of her drink instead.

“Okay,” Jo said as much to herself as Claire. “Lifespan lab is open today. We write each other orders for bloodwork, send them in, we get blood drawn and I’ll make sure Bill, who runs the lab fast tracks every test and has them to us for tomorrow.

“If our pheromone levels are high, the drug is still in effect.”

“Maybe.”

“What do you mean, maybe?”

“You amped up our bodies ability to generate them, correct?”

“Yes, but with other elements worked in.”

“Those elements have a set period of effectiveness, but what if,” Claire reached for the bottle again.

“What if the stimulation to our bodies natural ability to produce pheromones remains that way?”

“You’re suggesting...”

“Jo, what if this is permanent?”

## Part Two

### Chapter One

Robin winced when she yanked off the small band aid on the crook of her elbow, then tossed it away. She picked up the brush and running it through her long raven black hair watched Tom in bed behind her.

He was sound asleep, and she was glad for it. Robin caving and having sex with him yesterday in order for Zack to get back in his room, had given him the wrong message. Having slept most of the day yesterday, he'd come to bed around two am, and woke her up looking for more.

For most of the last two years, she'd denied him, and wanted to last night, but how could she explain strutting around naked to entice him earlier, then giving him the shoulder?

A simple answer was to tell him no, but nothing was simple anymore. Robin was confused enough as to what was going on with Zack, and both her thoughts and emotions were in turmoil.

Robin had mumbled she was tired and not up for it, then rolled away from him. Tom had slipped up to her, kissing her neck, and tugging down her nightshirt far enough to softly kiss her upper back.

That drove her wild back in the day, but that was before his affairs and her being unable to wonder if he were still having them, and who's back he was kissing while at work.

If he was even at the hospital and not in some hotel or woman's apartment. These thoughts ran through her mind as his hand slipped below her waist and lifted the hem of her night shirt.

He fondled her ass before getting his fingers into the top of her plain white cotton panties, the kind she wore to bed because of how unsexy they were and pulled them down.

Robin knew she could tell him no again, but he was whispering how good she'd felt earlier, how he hoped it would lead to things being better and he knew that's why she'd done it.

Not capable of handling any more drama than she already had, Robin simply rolled onto her stomach, drew her knees up, and allowed him to tug her panties down her thighs, then take her from behind.

She lay there grunting and groaning, mostly for his benefit as he proved he had no plans on becoming a better lover than he had been the last few years. He just pushed her shirt up over her hips, grabbed them and thrust rapidly into her.

He fucked her like a grabby little boy, like her first boyfriend in high school did when they'd catch a quickie in his house before his mother came home from work. His wife of over twenty years, just using her like some cheap hooker who existed simply as someone to dump his load into.

Robin kept her face buried in the pillow, trying to keep up her make believe noises of pleasure and hoping he'd come and roll over and go to sleep. She got her wish within a few minutes, a few squirts inside her, a playful slap on her ass followed by him rolling onto his side and falling asleep almost immediately.

She slid her legs down, trying not to cry in frustration, and also resisting the urge to slip out of bed and go see Zack. She knew he was angry with her as evidenced by him being nowhere to be found when she'd left Tom sleeping after she'd put out for him earlier.

His car was gone, and she tried calling, but it went to voice mail. Zack texted a half hour later that he was over a friend's house playing a new game and he'd be home late. Robin let him be but tried to wait up for him.

When she could no longer stay awake on the couch, and to get away from Tom who was sitting close to her on the couch, his arm around her, like everything was great again because she'd sucked his dick and spread for him earlier, she went to bed.

Robin had woken up around three to use the bathroom and saw Zack's car in the driveway, but the light was off in his room, and when she tried his door, it was locked. She put the brush down and checked the time.

Jo had asked that they meet at the center for noon, and it was just after eleven. She'd tried Zack's door again after she showered, and it was still locked. She'd knocked, but no response, then called his cell.

She could hear it ring and rested her head against the door as it went to voice mail.

"Zack, honey," she'd spoken as loud as she dared with Tom asleep. "Please let me in. We need to talk."

No response and she'd gone back into the room to get dressed. Robin tossed on a white blouse and matching loose fitting slacks, before slipping her feet into a plain pair of comfortable sandals before applying some make up and doing her hair.

There was no one to impress and they weren't meeting in public, but Robin used getting ready as a way to keep herself calm. Who knew how the conversation would go, who was going to admit what, what had happened, and what any of them could do about it, if anything.

Robin slipped her cell in her pocket, put on her apple watch and left the room.

"Where you going, hon?" Tom had rolled over and was watching her.

"Breakfast with the girls. I'll be a couple of hours, call me if you want me to bring anything home."

"Just bring you home, babe." He told her with a smile. "Yesterday was great."

For you, she thought bitterly, but managed to smile. "Sure was, just like old times." Because you were a lousy lover then too.

"See you soon, hot stuff," Tom blew her a kiss, she returned the gesture before closing the door behind her.

"Hot stuff, whatever," she muttered.

Robin stopped by Zack's door, raised her fist to knock, then changed her mind. She was heading into what was going to be an uneasy conversation and didn't need anything more right now.

She walked away thinking she'd just had to play nice to a man she could barely tolerate and was being ignored by the man who'd made her feel more like a woman than she had in far too long.

Too bad her husband was the former, and her son the latter. Robin entered the garage, thumbing the key to start her car when Zack spoke behind her.

"Where are you going?"

"To meet with the girls." Robin barely glanced at him and went to open her door.

"You can't go," Zack put his hand on the door. "We need to talk."

"Then you should have opened your door or answered your phone. I don't have time now."

"I can't believe you did that!" Zack slipped to his right, putting him between her and the car. "You fucked that asshole!"

"I had to!" She hissed. "Maybe if you hadn't come into the shower with him in the house, it wouldn't have happened!"

"You came into my room when he went to bed," Zack countered.

"If he knocked it would have been no big deal for me to be there. Just say we were discussing something, why the hell would you be in the damn shower with me?"

"You fucked him again too."

"What?"

I was in the kitchen when he went to bed, so I listened at the door, and heard him screwing you."

"What's the hell is wrong with you?" She demanded. "Spying on me like that!"

"Why would you do that? Even at the bathroom you could have gotten him away from there another way."

"I panicked! He saw the shower curtain move and I was afraid he was going to go in there." Robin told him. "I didn't know what else to do, its not every day your husband almost catches you banging his son."

"No reason to the second time. You could have told him to piss off!"

"Zack, you have no idea what a mess this is, you really don't." Robin put her hand on his arm. "I have to go. I promise we will talk this over later."

"Going to go talk about what you did? What I bet they all did?"

"I told you that can never be talked about."

"You said I can't, but you and my aunts are going to do it, and I don't want you to."

“Zack...”

“I said I don’t want you to!” His voice rose and he slammed the palm of his hand on the side of her car. “I want you to stay here, or we can go get coffee and talk.”

“I have to go, Zack.” She insisted. “Why don’t you want me too? I swear I’m not going to say anything bad about you.”

“I don’t want you to go because...” He took a breath to calm himself. “They’re going to want to fix it and tell you it’s wrong to be with me.”

“It is wrong,” Robin said quietly. “But far more wrong for me, than you.”

“Does it feel wrong?” Zack argued. “Feels good to me, and you’re really into it. We’re not forcing or hurting each other, so why’s it wrong?”

“If you can’t or won’t tell someone what you do, it’s wrong.”

“What’s wrong for one person is right for another. We’re not all the same.”

“Then let’s leave it at a parent should know better, and Zack, I...I’m married. I’m cheating on your father every time we’re together! We almost got caught this morning!”

“I know, it was my fault. I’ll...”

“You know what being caught means? It means my marriage is over, it means your father would never want to talk to you again, it means my career is over! A psychologist who seduced and sleeps with her son?”

“Then leave him!” Zack snapped at her angrily. “He’s been cheating on you! You know it, I know it! I don’t know why an incredible woman like you thinks you have to put up with it, but you do, and it needs to stop, it’s not fair!”

“Part of why I don’t leave is you. I don’t want to tear our family apart, make you choose between us, hurt your studying.”

“But I’m with you now, Mom. Maybe you deal with his shit because in some crazy place in your head you think you couldn’t do better, or even find anyone, but you have that someone. I’ll be so much better to you than him. I’d never hurt you, Mom,” he wiped at his eyes. “Never.”

“I know, baby,” she put her hand fondly on his cheek. “And I don’t want to hurt you, and that’s why I need to go talk to the others.”

“You’re not hurting me,” Zack insisted, taking her hand in his. “I love you, and I know you love me, you just have to let yourself do it and not worry about whether you’re supposed to.”

“You’re a mature young man,” Robin had to fight back tears of her own. “I do love you, Zack, and I know this is hard to understand, but...that shot I took could be screwing with our emotions, not just our bodies, and I have to know for sure if this is real.”

“But...”

“Because if it isn’t and this thing wears off down the line? I don’t want to think about what that would do to us.”

“I keep telling you I wanted you before last night, why don’t you get that?”

“You may have lusted for me thanks to those movies, but that’s not love, and,” she put a finger to his lips to cut off what she knew he was going to say. “You love me, but love for your mom, and love for a woman are different, and this is new and confusing is an understatement.”

“I’m not confused, and I’m not on some drug, and you aren’t either,” He nodded to agree with his next words. “I think you want to tell yourself you are because its easier than thinking you like being with your son.”

He pointed to Tom’s Barracuda. “Fuck me where he never has, doesn’t sound like you weren’t having a good time.”

“I’m not proud of that, but that’s lust and my need to get back at your father, and I shouldn’t say that because it’s one of the things I need to make clear to myself. That’s why I am so into this.”

“You just said you’re into this,” Zack gave her a hopeful smile. “See?”

“I...I’m not saying there isn’t a chance what we feel is real, I just need to be as sure as I can, and that’s for you far more than it is for me.”

“And talking to them will help with that?”

“I hope so. I need to know what happened with them, how they felt, how do their sons feel, and talk over where we think the drug stops and real feelings begin.” Robin could see his face fall and gave him hope. “Honestly, Zack, this could tell me that our feelings are real.”

“So you’re saying there’s a chance!” He followed the joke with a weak smile.

“I am.” She gave him a soft kiss on the lips. “When I get back, how about we go out and grab something to eat and we’ll talk.”

“What about Dad, he’s off today.”

“I’ll tell him the truth,” She gave him another kiss, this one not as soft, or as quick. “I want to spend time with my son.”

“Hey, there’s a couple of cheap motels on route 146, maybe we could, you know, fool around?”

Robin knew she shouldn’t promise him that for more reasons than she could count, but needed to get going, and didn’t want to leave him upset.

“Maybe,” she conjured a sly smile. “We’ll see how it goes, okay?”

“Okay,” he slid to the side and opened the car door for her.

“I did raise a gentleman.” Robin slipped into the car and after he closed the door for her, she thumbed the remote for the garage door and backed out.

She returned Zack's wave, and turning onto the street thought, sure, why not get a motel and fool around. After all, isn't that what most married people having an affair do?

## Chapter Two

Jo sat at her desk, scrolling slowly through the results of the bloodwork they had all had done yesterday afternoon. She'd written the order for Claire, Amanda, and Robin, and Claire had authorized hers.

The results left her as conflicted and unsure as everything else at this point. Their pheromone levels were even higher than the women in her case study, which would prove her Formula, designed to try and emulate the effects of what she felt was behind GSA; a chemical attraction unwittingly emitted by the mother.

If that were true, the formula was still in effect as of yesterday, and anything transpiring between them, and their sons wasn't natural. A good thing in the sense it proved she wasn't some depraved woman who wanted her son, but on the other hand, hadn't it made her exactly that?

How long would it last? More importantly, and what continued to be the wild card in any hypothesis moving forward, is how did this explain her, and Alex's emotional responses to each other?

She leaned back in her chair, and closing her eyes, forced herself to take deep, cleansing breaths. A déjà vu to two days ago when she'd sat here preparing herself to go into the conference room and pitch her study to her partners.

Once again, they were out there awaiting her, but this time to discuss the aftermath of the sexual, parental, and moral, havoc her formula had inflicted on them. Not all of them however, as Amanda said she was unaffected.

But her pheromone level was the highest of all of theirs.

Same sex had to be the answer.

Which did nothing to help the rest of them. But being that Amanda was unaffected, Jo's hope was she would see something her and the others couldn't because they were in the midst of turmoil.

She ran her hands through the unruly curls in her long red hair and rising from her desk picked up a notebook and left her office. Jo entered the conference room to find Claire, Robin and Amanda all sitting with a mug of coffee in front of them, and someone had made her a cup and put it at the head of the table.

"Thanks to whoever did this," Jo lifted her cup, sipping as she sat down. She gave a tired smile. "Bigger thanks for putting the Bailey's in it.

"That's what friends are for, right?" Amanda asked.

"That and getting their friends in bed with their kids." Claire mumbled.

"Look, we all know what happened," Robin spoke up. "And no one forced anyone to take the shot, we chose to in support of Jo."

"Not completely true," Amanda corrected her. "We all said no, you felt guilty and talked Claire and I into it."

“We all have free will,” Robin told her.

“Peer pressure exists on every level,” Amanda quipped.

Jo knew she should cut into the snarking, and accept responsibility, and she would, but for now took the moment to examine her friends. Claire looked exhausted and again hadn’t bothered to cover her neck, as if wanting to demonstrate “see what this did to me?”

Robin didn’t look quite as tired, but no less distraught. She could all but feel the tension emanating from her and knew why. Jo had only to worry about her and Alex, Robin was married and had just slept with her son.

Amanda, however, was who garnered a deeper scrutiny. She seemed as tired as the others and there were dark circles beneath her eyes. Those eyes darted around the table nervously, and she exhibited an anxiety that was contradictory to the fact she had been spared from the effects of the serum.

Granted, she would be concerned for her friends, but why did she look as worse for wear as they did.

“Okay,” Jo spoke up. “This is on me, and me only. My idea, my formula, and my getting upset with Robin that you didn’t support me right away. Turns out you were all right, I was playing with fire, and thanks to me, we’ve all been burned.”

“Not all of us,” Claire nodded towards Amanda. “Why is she even here?”

“She’s here because we’re all in everything together,” Robin defended her. “And of all of us she can think more clearly and in a professional detached manner because she isn’t an emotional wreck like the rest of us.”

“Thanks, Robin,” Amanda’s tone didn’t match her words. She spoke in a subdued tone and Jo noticed she wasn’t able to look at anyone at the table for more than a couple of seconds before staring down at the table.

“You’re in rare form, Claire,” Jo told her. “You weren’t like this when you stopped by yesterday.”

“Another day, another drama.” Claire said softly. “But okay, let’s get to it.”

“Right,” Jo flipped open her notebook. “Seeing I started this, I should take the lead on figuring it out. Anyone disagree?”

“We trust you, Jo.” Robin gave her an encouraging smile while ignoring Claire rolling her eyes. “What do you want to do?”

“We all know what happened with our sons, so although I don’t think I need to say this, let’s abstain from anything graphic, and more importantly there is to be zero judgement, we’re all in the same boat.”

“Not all of us.” Claire shot a glance in Amanda’s direction.

“Claire, I need you to stop doing this.” Jo admonished her. “Now, please.”

“Whatever, I just don’t think someone who wasn’t pushed by something to commit this act is going to be capable of not judging us.”

Jo’s eyes shifted to Amanda to see her sitting with her hands around the mug, her eyes still downcast. Amanda, in spite of her small stature, cutesy look and chirpy personality, was no push over and not one to take shit without doling any out, yet she remained silent towards Claire’s insults.

“Duly noted,” Robin grunted. “Keep going, Jo.”

“But what we need to do here is discuss how we felt leading up to the encounters, what was in our minds, how we could see our behavior changing. I’ll add right now that some of the things I said, I wondered who the hell was talking, because it came from nowhere, but eventually I lost all ability to reason, and that’s what I want to hear from the two of you.

“Also, and I know this is going to be difficult, but something Claire said to me yesterday hit home. We’re all very close, and we are always there for each other. We have confided in each other over the years, and have never kept secrets, but...”

She released a long breath.

“We are human and there are things in our lives we may have been hesitant to share. But we need to know because if there’s anything that this sexually predatory mixture could latch onto in regard to inspiring lust in ourselves and our sons, we need to hear it.” She forced a smile. “Could be good catharsis too.”

“Easy to say, seeing you probably have nothing to hide.” This time it was Robin who made the crack. “But I agree with you. Part of the no judgement.”

“Yes, and what I think we do is I left all of you a notebook and pen. We each tell our story with as much detail as we can recall. We all take notes, and then we discuss each point.

“Agreed,” Claire flipped her notebook open. “But first, I saw my results in my patient portal, pheromones are sky high. I assume the same for all of you?”

“What about you, Amanda?” Robin asked.

“Mine were up as well.”

“Not just up, but the highest, with Claire’s being next,” Jo clarified. “Which leads me to a quick observation. “The two of you have much higher libidos than Robin and I. You’re both far more sexually adventurous than we are so I feel that was the cause of your higher levels, drug had more to work with.”

“Let’s hear it for being horny,” Claire cracked.

“Levels up means this is still affecting us,” Robin said quietly.

“We can discuss that as part of our brainstorming session after we lay all our cards on the table.” Jo looked around, and caught Claire staring at Amanda, and doing so until, most likely sensing her looking, Amanda looked her way.

She held her friend's gaze for a few scant seconds before looking away. What was going on with the two of them? Or was it just Amanda acting oddly as Claire had always been the cattier one out of the four of them and quick to make sarcastic remarks regarding the others.

"Only fair that I go first," Jo continued. "That okay with everyone?"

"Sure, the one in the least trouble over this can start," Claire was true to form, that was for sure.

"Right, Robin?"

"Not answering that."

"Just get started, Jo," Even Amanda's short answer sounded strained.

"Okay," Jo took a breath. "By the time I came home the formula was already affecting me. Hot, flushing, sweating, all easily attributed to the female Viagra I used in the mix, but my thoughts seemed far more sexualized and by the time I went into the house my body felt as if I'd been in a high state of arousal for some time."

"Surprised you're recognize that feeling." Claire put her finger to her lips and made a zipping motion when Robin and Jo glared at her.

"Sorry, I'm nervous and I joke when I'm nervous."

"Any way," Jo continued. "Alex was home, and I decided to play up the horny milf act and..."

## Chapter Three

Jo sat with her pen in her hand as Claire wrapped up her story, cringing when she described the fight between Mark and Max, and resisting the urge to hug her friend when she choked up while saying Mark was now living with his father and hated her.

She nodded when Claire mentioned how Max had spent the night in her bed, and after sex had held her as if were her lover and not a son, and how when she woke up first, how conflicted her feelings were on the matter.

When Claire finished, Jo looked down at the notebook where she'd taken two pages of notes, but on a third page had created bullet points she knew had to be discussed.

"That's where I stand," Claire dabbed at her eyes with a tissue. "My oldest son hates me and is now with his father how helped instill his anger towards me, and I have to pray that he'll never say anything."

"Max thinks he's in love with me because its what he's always wanted, and part of me thinks its as bad as that sounds, but another part of me..." she lowered her head as she spoke the next words. "Loves it."

"I'm in the same spot," Robin added. "Feels strangely right for something so flat out fucked up."

"Speaking of fucked up, is the part of me that loves it uses all those weird thoughts in my head when the serum took over. That a good mom always takes care of her boys, and how he's better off with the woman who loves him than with some slut looking to steal him."

"I experienced some of that." Jo leaned back and rubbed her eyes. "Let's go down the list I made and add whatever you want."

She looked down at the notebook.

"The boys all experienced an olfactory hallucination that they associated with a trigger moment. We, however, could not smell that which shows the pheromones were affecting their mind and not just their sexual urges."

"Note that none of them smell it now, but yet the pheromones are still up." Claire pointed out. "Nor have we had any more flushing, sweating or confused conflicting thoughts."

"If you think of this in terms of a disease," Amanda didn't look around the table as she spoke. "Most diseases the initial outbreak is the strongest, but as time moves on, and future outbreaks occur, they're never as extreme. Body tolerance to it grows."

"Valid observation." Robin nodded.

"Now the trigger," Jo looked around. "We all mentioned an incident that had a sexual overtone to it."

"If you want me to lay off little Mandy over there, stop saying all of us." Claire grouched.

“Cut the shit for fucks sake,” Robin bit back, “She’s here to help.”

“But...it seems some things were left out. I know its painful, but we need to go over them.”

“Fine,” Robin sighed. “I wasn’t almost expelled for the photo shoot in that magazine. I made a handful of adult movies, and someone found one and reported me.”

“Mom’s a porn star,” Claire shook her head. “Surprised that wasn’t a title of one of the movies Max watched.”

“Long time ago, I told Tom I made them. He ended up finding them somehow and has them on his PC, Zack found them, and even though I was his age when I made them, its still me and he became obsessed with me in a sexual manner.”

“Which made your kissing lesson a lot less innocent than you thought.” Claire jotted something in her notebook.

“Yes, no doubt about it.”

“I...teased my sons.” Claire admitted. “I didn’t see it that way, but they didn’t take and use my things just because they were sexy women’s underwear, but out of the frustration I instilled in them by making them see me as a woman. By showing off to their friends and others I was showing off to them and never realized it.”

“So their anger at you for screwing around with guys their age wasn’t just that of a son being upset his mother is behaving that way, but they were jealous.” Jo underlined what she’d written while Claire told her story.

“Seems that way, which was why our encounter was so rough and degrading.”

“But you like it that way, and I’m sure egged them on,” Robin said and when Claire gave her a dirty look, added, “Under the influence of the T-Virus.”

“Something’s off,” Amanda interjected. “I get you say you dressed for attention even around the house, but Mark was already 18 when you and Robert divorced. I just can’t see how they would have developed that type of attraction to you. Seems unnatural.”

“Like any of this is natural?” Claire raised a blonde eyebrow.

“But you said Max was watching mother son porn.” Robin joined the debate. “And he has a more loving interest in you. The teasing led to him seeing you in a sexual manner, the mommy love movies took it to an emotional level.”

“You have no idea how bad he had it for me,” Claire expounded. “I found out he was on Milf hook up sites and asking women to role play as me.”

“Damn.” Jo mumbled.

“His first time wasn’t with his girlfriend like I assumed. His first time was with an older escort and he paid her to pretend to be me.”

“That’s nothing short of obsession,” Amanda released a long breath. “He was trying to get you out of his system, but that all explains his extreme reaction the first night, he was overwhelmed, and also his more affectionate behavior and wanting to be your love interest.”

“Something about that,” Jo said. “Leads me to what I see as the most confusing aspect of all this.”

“Hold off, Jo.” Robin put her hand up. “I need to tell my secret that plays in big time to Zack’s desire to be the man in my life instead of Tom.”

She hesitated, and Jo and the others waited until she was ready.

“Couple of years ago I found out Tom was cheating on me. Not just an affair with one woman, but he was working his way through the young interns.”

“Fuck me,” Amanda whispered. “I’m sorry, Robin, and we all saw that happen when we were interns, some doctors assumed we’d swoon for them, but the interns were usually the ones chasing the doctors.”

“Its how I met Tom.” Robin reminded them. “But he was single at the time. Guess he got bored with me as a wife and wanted to sample the new generation.”

“I can’t believe it,” Jo said in disgust. “Robin, you have everything! Brilliant, attractive, a great mother. If we want to get graphic you were a model and shot porn for God’s sake, how was he topping you?”

“Not about topping, but notches in the belt.” Claire said quietly. “Always is with that type of ego. We all know some top doctors have God complexes and think they’re above the rules.”

“You said two years ago,” Amanda said. “He’s been doing it all this time?”

“No, I confronted him, and he said he’d stop, but since he took the night shift in Boston I’m pretty sure he’s doing it again, and he and I have been husband in wife in name only. Putting on the show for everyone. He has the attractive successful wife on his arm, I have the fairy tale poor women in my native country would do anything for.”

“And not to be rude, but in your culture, women are told to deal with their husband’s infidelity and be grateful they have a father for their kids.” Jo posed.

“Yeah, you’re right. I know what I have to offer, but nature and nurture and all that. I’m the stereotype woman with everything who feels like she’s lucky to have anything, and Tom had preyed on that.”

“Zack knows I take it?” Claire asked.

“Yes, and he now wants me to throw Tom out because he’ll be the new man in my life. Says he can treat me the way I deserve.”

“Alex says the same, but my ex is long gone, could even be dead for all we know. This is rough, Robin.”

“It gets worse. Zack slipped into the shower to play, and Tom almost caught us. Only way I could get him away from the bathroom was to offer sex and I...I let him have me and not one part of me

wanted him, but I did it. I..." she swallowed hard. "Whored what little pride I had left to keep Zack safe."

"Just when you think this can't get worse," Amanda said.

"Just shut up!" Claire snapped at her. "Nothing is worse for you, okay? Nothing!"

"Easy!" Jo put her hands up. "We're all friends here, Claire."

"Its okay," Amanda again just sat there and took it without defending herself.

"Tom wanted more last night and I let him because how do I explain no sex in a long time, putting out, then nah, back to frigid bitch mode. Zack knows we had sex and now he's angry. I'm cheating on him while cheating with him, and oh, what the fuck am I going to do?" Robin slammed her palm on the table. "Jesus, what a mess."

"Your turn, Jo," Claire gestured to her. "I think Robin needs a couple of minutes."

"I...all jokes aside, I'm as boring as you think I am. Just that towel incident and..."

"No," Claire cut her off. "There's more, you just don't see it."

"Like what?" Jo asked.

"When you were running down all the checkmarks to these cases where son wanted Mom, you weren't being self-aware because you and Alex hit every spot." Claire lifted one finger at a time as she went down the list.

"Not just divorced, but husband abandoned both of you. You have barely dated and mope around alone. Alex has become man of the house by helping around the house, working, looking out for you, and he's not dating either."

"Date nights." Amanda mentioned. "Sunday morning breakfast, reality is, Jo, that you were closer to this happening without the shot than anyone else. I'm sure that's why Alex so quickly saw the two of you as a couple and not just some bizarre lusty mother with benefits."

"Another great title." Claire gave a halfhearted laugh.

"Yeah," Jo sighed. "Robin said it when we argued when you two left, and it still slipped my mind at the time."

She looked down at her notes.

"Something else. I think this thing played with memory."

"How so?" Robin had regained her composure.

"When I mentioned the towel incident to Alex to get him thinking about it, I thought about it. Long story short he claimed I did not pull it up as quickly as I thought, and when I recalled that night, I swore I was seeing it his way. I didn't yank it right back up. And watched him watch me and was hoping he looked."

“The time I kissed Zack!” Robin snapped her fingers. “I started seeing it that I enjoyed it more than I should have and even used a little tongue on the last one. It seemed so real; I doubted my own recollection of it since it happened.”

Robin looked to Claire who nodded.

“I thought back on when I found out the boys were masturbating into my things, and after the shot I recalled being flattered. Liking that my sons thought I was that hot, and...I saw myself as doing the wrong thing by not talking to them.”

“It may have avoided this you mean?” Jo asked.

“No, as in I...I should have let them have me. I kept thinking they were wasting what should have been mine. It was so lurid in my mind, like a damn taboo fever dream and I kept thinking all this crazy shit about how I let them down by allowing some young tart to be their first sex, and it should have been me.”

“Oh,” Amanda said softly, but when they looked her way, she shook her head and didn’t offer anything else.

“Same here,” Jo added. “I was saying these things that I imagine are straight out of those movies. Calling myself a mommy slut, talking about draining my son’s balls.”

“Jeez, TMI,” Robin grimaced, but slumped back in her chair. “But me too.”

“No idea where it came from. I’m not even a dirty talker unless I’m drunk, let alone to be spewing all that nasty mom dialogue. I don’t understand how the hell the shot could alter my behavior to that degree, not to mention the memories being skewed we were just discussing.”

“It stripped every inhibition away,” Claire suggested. “Raw, primal, animal lust.”

“I get it, if it was random dirty talk or thoughts.” Jo argued. “But all the mom son talk, and like Claire said, this “A mother should be her boy’s lover,” schtick. How can it create that.”

“Because we were all talking about it for an hour during your pitch. You’ve been studying it for months, so your subconscious was building that reality, then you passed it onto us and had us thinking about it, including what happened with us and our kids, so there was something to feed on.”

Robin had spoken slowly, her eyes narrowed as if she were formulating the idea on the fly. “You read a horror novel or watch a scary movie and you go to bed and have nightmares. Have amazing sex, or even watch porn, you’ll have wet dreams. Talk taboo and take a shot to enhance the sex drive and you and I were looking to tease a little and see if there was a reaction, you were in the mode so to speak.”

“God,” Jo leaned over the table and put her head in her hands. “This really is my fault; I not only came up with the shot but put the trigger in your minds.”

“That’s just a guess, Jo,” Claire told her. “There has to be more there, I just don’t think we can see it.”

“Right,” Robin agreed. “I feel like there’s an explanation for some of this, but it’s eluding us.”

“I know what it is.” They all looked at Amanda and for the first time, her eyes met theirs as she surveyed the table, and Jo was surprised to see tears in them. “I do, and its because you’re all wrong about something.”

“Do share,” Claire rolled her eyes.

“It’s not Jo’s fault this happened. It’s mine.”

## Chapter Four

“What are you talking about?” Robin asked. “How can it be yours? Claire’s right to a point that you didn’t...”

“It’s my fault because I lied!” Amanda shouted, stunning them all into silence. “I...I lied by omission! I lied by not opening my mouth and telling you that I knew what could happen, and I did that because I didn’t want you to know!”

“Know what?” Jo asked.

“That...” Amanda startled them by surging to her feet as her voice rose even higher. “That I know how dangerous it is to play with incest because I...I’m a victim of it, and I never told you because I didn’t have to, but the other day I needed to and I was so ashamed and I...I sat here and let Jo keep going, and let you take that fucking shot!”

She slammed her small fist onto the table.

“Claire’s right, we all have secrets and mine’s the sickest, and the worst, and...and,” she tried to keep going even though she was shouting herself out. “That’s not even the worst part!”

“Honey, calm down,” Robin rose and went over to her, trying to put her arm around her shoulders, but Amanda moved away from her.

“Know what the worst part is? I...I took the shot because I wanted it! I wanted it to happen!”

“You wanted...?” Jo trailed off. She couldn’t be saying what it seemed like she was.

“I wanted my daughter, and I took the shot hoping it would work!”

“You’re saying you and Jaimie were together?” Robin asked, her eyes wide.

“Yes, and I fucking lied about that too!” She pointed a shaking finger at Jo. “You called me, and I lied to you right over the phone, I even got angry with you for asking! You’re all feeling awful about what you did, and I did the same thing and wouldn’t tell you!”

“It’s okay, Amanda,” Jo also came around the table to console her. “We’re going to work this out.”

“You...you don’t understand! You didn’t want what happened! I did! I wanted Jaimie before any of this happened, and she wanted me, and that’s my goddamn fault! Like mother like daughter, one broken fucking woman breaking another! She...thinks she...” Amanda broke down into sobs, and this time Robin did get her arm around her shaking shoulders.

“Easy, easy, sit down, Mandy.”

“She just thinks she wanted me because of what she saw, and she wouldn’t have seen it if I wasn’t so fucked up!”

“Robin’s right,” Jo put her hand on her arm and gently pushed, getting her to sit in the chair Robin had eased out for her. “You need to calm down, and when you do, we’re here for you, honey.”

“But I wasn’t here for you! Even now I just sat here while you all admitted things you wouldn’t have said before, and I still wouldn’t say anything!” She looked up at Jo, tears on her cheeks, and clutched her hand.

“I couldn’t let you keep blaming yourself when it was me that did this.”

“You didn’t make Jo study this,” Robin assured her.

“And you didn’t make us take the shot,” Claire appeared with a bottle of water from the fridge and put it in front of Amanda before going back to her chair.

Jo gave her a dirty look, she should have been there comforting Amanda as they were, instead Claire picked up the notebook and appeared to be reading through her notes.

“But I could have spoken up and told you what happened to me, and how it never left me. Show all of you what could happen if this thing went to far, and it did! I could have at least stopped Robin and Claire from taking the shot, but know why I didn’t?”

“Tell us,” Robin plucked a couple of tissues from the box on the table and dabbed at Amanda’s cheek as if she were a little girl.

“Because I wanted to take it, so I had to let you two do it so it wouldn’t look funny.”

Amanda took the tissue from Robin and wiped her eyes.

“I’m so sorry about this, all of this, even down to never telling my best friends about what happened.”

“You can tell us now.” Jo squeezed her hand. “You want to do that? Remember, no judgement.”

Amanda opened the water and after chugging half of it, nodded.

“Okay, I...I was in my teens and found myself thinking of girls. My parents were church goers and on the conservative side so I knew I couldn’t ask them and was afraid to approach any girls I thought might be interested because if I was wrong, it would have gotten all over school.

“That and I had no idea what to do. I’d had sex with a couple of guys, but I didn’t know how to please a girl. I used to spend weekends with my aunt Valerie. She decided to show not tell and seduced me. I guess I knew it was wrong, but she felt so good. My uncle worked nights, so I slept with her in her bed, and it was amazing.

“We had a few nights like that, then my uncle comes in and I thought I was so screwed, then he says if he can play too, he won’t say anything.”

“Oh, Mandy,” Robin slid her chair over so she could sit by her friend and put her hand over hers. “I’m sorry.”

“I found out it was a game, Valerie’s plan all along was for them to have me. But it wasn’t like they were making me, and I...I liked the attention, and the sex was crazy. It wasn’t until I got older that I

realized how they used me. A lot of time the sex was kind of rough and humiliating, but I really got into it.

“But as much as I liked it, I kept thinking it wasn’t right and told Aunt Val, I didn’t think I should anymore, and that’s when they started paying me. Every weekend a check for Five hundred dollars. My parents didn’t have much and I wanted to go to college so I earned some extra money by being their little fuck toy.

“Once I went away, I tried going back to just guys, but then figured why choose, and went with both, and I would talk other women into letting me play with them and their boyfriends.

“Fast forward and I’m so in love with Andre, and god, he was good in bed. Liked to play rough, would play any game I wanted, but when I mentioned another woman, he was put off. I ended up replaying my aunt’s game and letting him catch me with a young girl and well, he wasn’t able to resist.

“But I still needed it to be more extreme, so I started getting him to be okay with them calling us mama and daddy, just an age play role play, that’s it, and to him that was it. But as Jaimie grew older and began having sex I...I started thinking things no mother should.

“Jaimie was just like me. A guy, a girl, and I never told any of you, or her father, but another parent came home to find her daughter in bed with Jaimie and a boy. Already having threesomes, she was mama’s girl.

“She found one of those damn videos that I sent Robin, and I didn’t know it until Friday night when the shot was working, and I was thrilled it was. She was acting like she wanted me already, I woke up one night when she slept in my bed while Andre was away, and she was masturbating with her leg over mine.”

“Oh, boy,” Jo whistled.

“She smelled tanning oil when the shot took effect because there was a day by the pool, she was rubbing it into me, she straddled my leg, and I could feel she was wet. I didn’t talk to her because I was afraid I...I’d be just like my aunt.

“But I wanted it, and so did she, and I don’t think that injection needed to do much.”

“Four for four and gender not an issue.” Robin sighed.

“You’re not listening, I already wanted it, you guys didn’t. But there’s more.”

“Okay, no need to try and top us,” Jo attempted to joke.

“I mentioned Jaimie is just like me.” She stared at her trembling hands around the water bottle.  
“She wants Andre.”

“Oh my god,” Robin breathed.

“Wants to be our permanent plaything. Our daughter being our live in baby girl and wanting us to take her the way we do the young girls we find or pay when we’re out of town.

“Just like no matter what I did was never enough until I hit the ultimate taboo, which was Jaimie, she is already wanting to go next level, and I’m afraid she might go after Andre.”

“But the shot...” Robin blinked. “Has nothing to do with Andre because he’s not home, right?”

“Comes home in a couple of days and I told Jaimie there is no way she can talk about this, but she keeps bringing the three of us up, even tells me this twisted plan as to how we could do it.

“I think she’s going to try even without me. Try to seduce her own father, and I’m to blame for that too.” Amanda took a sip of water, then described the game she’d played with Andre on the phone while Jaimie was with her.

When no one around the table had anything to say, Amanda sighed. “See, even now, I’m looking to push what should have never happened to begin with. I don’t completely trust myself that I wouldn’t try to get Andre in bed with her if this keeps going.

“Amanda, what happened to you was wrong,” Jo began. “You’re right, they broke something in you, crossed your sexual wires, but that experience isn’t hereditary, and Jamie’s behavior doesn’t mean she learned it from you.”

“She saw the damn home movies and that was the trigger that you talked about with your sons. All the sexual incidents that happened between us occurred after that. She confessed the threesome with the girl and guy were to practice, she’s been with boys just so she can get better at head so she can make daddy happy.”

“This is...” Robin put her hands in the air. “A fucking mess and a half.”

“I should have told you about what happened to me before and how it affects me, Jo would have realized you don’t play with this because it can really screw you up.”

“You know, Claire,” Robin glanced over to where Claire was now writing in the notebook. “You could be a little more sympathetic.”

“Sorry, I was already thinking about something, but Amanda’s story really drives it home.” She looked over in her direction. “I knew you were lying Amanda. I knew today by how you were acting, but mostly because of what happened to the rest of us.”

“What do you think you figured out.” Jo asked nervously.

“Remember when you discussed the experiment with us, and how you laid out all the things the cases had in common?”

“What about it?”

“At one point you did this dramatic thing where you said it wasn’t the sons instigating it.”

“Are you saying...?”

“It’s us, Jo, we all wanted this.”

“What are you talking about?” Robin demanded. “Are you saying we all wanted our sons?”

Claire shrugged. "More or less, and Amanda's confession just proved it. She openly admitted what she wanted."

"But I had a reason," Amanda explained. "What happened to me was..."

"Is why you realized it and to an extent came to terms with it. You knew the devil that drove you, knew that if any person came to you with the same issue, you'd show them how to cope, but you embraced your warped sexuality, and made it your norm."

"Claire!" Jo yelled at her. "Enough! She's already guilt ridden and upset."

"She's right," Amanda cut her off. "I didn't get help, I just recreated my past, but with me being the older lover. I became Aunt Val and got Andre to play the role of my uncle. Only difference was the girls we played with weren't family."

She lowered her head.

"But I wanted them to be."

"Let's concede you're right about Amanda, what about Jo and I? You?"

"I see it." Jo walked back over and dropped heavily into her chair. "I see where she's going. But..."

"But?" Claire gestured to her. "Let's see if you're following, Doctor Rivers."

"The serum was designed to stimulate our pheromones to attract our sons. But and Alex even said this to me, but I ignored it."

"Because its so simple it doesn't seem to be true." Claire told her.

"Can you two stop playing, because I'm not sure where you're going." Robin complained.

"Animals project pheromones naturally, and for the purpose of breeding. Humans have sex recreationally and for lack of a professional term, we project them when we're horny."

"For the formula to work it had to first trigger our libido to generate the enhanced attraction we needed to draw our sons to us. Women, much more than men, equate arousal with more than just physical desire. Even when we're flat out randy as fuck, we want something emotional as well."

Claire tapped her chest.

"For me with the young guys it wasn't emotion as in I wanted affection or romance. I wanted reassurance, I wanted to know I was still desirable and by men half my age. That is an emotional over physical need."

She waved towards Robin.

"You felt like you were somehow less than a woman because of Tom's infidelity. You did crave affection, and attention, even love as your marriage had grown cold."

“I just wanted someone,” Jo said softly. “Someone who I could let my guard down around, who I could trust enough to cut loose and have fun, something I always struggled with, and who appreciate me the way my prick ex never had.”

“You’re saying that was projected onto your sons?” Amanda balked. “They could pick up on that, and in addition to the sex knew how to give you the feels you needed? Not buying it.”

“Something else.” Robin frowned. “And troubling. There are four of us, and somehow all four of us had some type of need that the drug showed us could be filled by our kids?”

“Meaning could it work on anyone, or are the four of us some insane statistical coincidence?” Amanda asked.

“When I worked on this study I didn’t watch movies,” Jo began, “But there’s a site that has some taboo stories, they have a category, incest romance if you can believe it. Someone on there posted an essay about the topic and said its far more common than people want to think, and the only reason it doesn’t happen more is the same reason most people don’t steal or kill, because we’re convinced its wrong and has awful consequences.”

“Incest Yoda speaks.” Claire slapped her forehead.

“But look at us. The shot gave us the push, caused us to go after our kids, and help them respond, and when you think about it, drug or not, how easy did it happen for all of us? None of us put up a big fight, and not much from our kids.”

“Except for Mark,” Robin pointed out. “Who, and I apologize for saying this, Claire, is truly disgusted with you for your behavior and you said his father’s been feeding that since before you even separated, referring to you as a bad mother. Maybe that led to only the first outbreak as we put it earlier had enough power to compel him.”

“And even then, you called it a hatefuck.” Jo reminded her. “Now he’s even more appalled it happened, and unlike Max who wanted it, once the affect wore off completely, he was able to walk away.”

“The opposite of this is Max, Alex, and Jamie wanted us.” Amanda twirled a stray curl along side her face.

“And all three did have a trigger. Alex seeing me nude, Zack seeing your movies, and then the kissing lesson, and Jamie finding those movies.”

“Physical triggers.” Claire stressed. “But also, emotional ones. Alex doesn’t want you to be alone and is the cliché of being the man in your life in all ways but one, and the serum removed that barrier.

“Zack already sexually enamored with you,” She pointed to Robin, “Then discovering his father is cheating you, and knowing you deserve better. He already desires you, it progresses to wanting not just your body, but all of you. Supplanting Tom as the man in your life who will always love you and never hurt you.”

“Now you sound like Incest Yoda.” Amanda pointed out.

“We can all now speak from experience,” Claire continued. “Not just case studies, but everything Jo brought to us about her research has been spot on. As for you, Amanda?”

“We all know that we can project things onto our kids whether we mean to or not. Things like having the same habits, likes, dislikes, personality quirks are all things they can mimic, but often children can develop the same ways they process emotions and react to situations.

“You made a comment like mother like daughter. To prove my point, up until she saw those videos, did Jamie know you’re bi?”

Amanda furrowed her brow as she thought on the question before responding.

“When she came to me and mentioned being attracted to girls even after having had a boyfriend, I didn’t want her to feel there was something wrong with her, and mentioned I’d been with women before I married her father.”

“Okay, so that could have instilled another trigger in her. She imagined you with women, even if it wasn’t in a sexual way. But your telling her, which I understand why you would, was a green light for her to explore women, but you said yourself, she was pushing boundaries.”

“I see,” Robin nodded. “Its one thing to date who you want, but the wild streak is something different, and a trait Amanda has always had.”

“But nothing happened to her to cause that like it did with me.” Amanda argued.

“Genetics.” Claire stated. “Mark is his father through and through, Max is much more like me. Jamie is you, and the seed was there and growing. Finding your home movies did the rest.”

“We can keep going on all this,” Jo spread her hands out to them. “But what we need to figure out is what the hell do we do now?”

“Like I said to you at your house,” Claire responded. “What if this drug permanently enhanced our pheromones? And if it did? Our children will always be attracted in this way.”

“By the way?” Robin cut in. “Attracted is an understatement. I know Zack’s young, but my God, he just keeps wanting more. Its like he took Viagra.”

“Who are you telling?” Claire sighed. “At the risk of TMI, my twat hurts just sitting here. I lost track of how many rounds we went, and this morning Max could barely get it up and wanted more, said his balls hurt when he...”

“TMI!” Amanda exclaimed.

“Right,” Claire muttered. “But Robin’s right, even for young men it seems unnatural.”

“But it makes sense.” Jo explained. “Remember, at its core the issue with genetic sexual attraction is when its triggered, the desire for family is far stronger than the average desire one has for another.

“Can pheromones be lowered?” Robin asked. “Maybe we can create something to bring them down and stop this effect?”

“Not an expert,” Amanda tapped her notes. “But I wrote that down while you were telling your stories, and off the top of my head, forms of steroids can do it, but even then, its minimal.”

“You’d be screwing with the chemical balance in both the brain and the body.” Claire posed. “We’re focusing on the arousal facet of them, but they affect mood and emotion. To try and shut them down would be to seriously alter behavior, and short of someone dealing with some form of psychosis, that’s never recommended.”

“Even if we could, what’s done is done, and can’t be undone.” Robin slumped back in her chair. “Even if we stopped this effect cold, Pandora’s box has been opened.”

“Especially in our kids,” Claire agreed. “They’ve had us multiple times and with little to no resistance from us. That is not just going to be shut off like a switch.”

“We would have never done it without the shot, so maybe if we can rev this thing back, we’d be able to say no.” Amanda suggested.

“You don’t want to,” Claire told her, and put her hands up. “That’s not an insult, Amanda, it’s the truth as you uttered it. Your only real issue is guilt over Andre and fear Jamie will make a move.”

“Okay!” Jo slapped the table. “Stop on that. Why does Jamie want Andre? She didn’t take the shot. He hasn’t. Why the taboo desire for her father?”

“Because she wants what her mother has?” Robin offered.

“Its misplaced love,” Claire stated. “Amanda said Jamie was upset her and Andre went and found other young girls to play with and it should have been her. She sees this as a twisted polyamorous family dynamic.”

“She’s broken like me,” Amanda whispered. “And I broke her.”

“She wants Andre because she knows it’s the only way she can have you and she needs to remove your one reason you might break it off with her. Your marriage.” Jo rubbed her temples. “I feel like I’m on a Jerry Springer episode.”

“Before I left, Zack was upset I was coming here to talk about this. He’s afraid you were going to fix this, and I wouldn’t want him anymore.”

“Great,” Claire slapped her forehead. “He knows we all did this?”

“So does Alex,” Jo told her. “I’m sure Max does too. We all told our kids about the experiment, and they know we’re one for all, and all for one and would all take it.” She tapped her pen on the table.

“Robin said Zack was pissed after the first time and even threatened to leave, but after the next time he’s been fine with what’s happening.”

“And Mark was pissed, and still is.” Amanda paused. “Meaning the formula did wear off because Claire was no longer able to have him under her sway.”

“If that’s true, Max, Alex, Jamie, and Zack are now doing this of their own free will.” Claire took it further. “There’s no coming back from this other than us deciding to stop it from continuing.”

“And fucking with their heads even more.” Amanda said gloomily. “Hey, we took something to make you hot for us, but okay, experiment over, move along and find someone else to fool around with.”

“Its not you, its me,” Claire laughed harshly. “Damned if we keep doing, damned if we don’t.”

“Maybe there’s nothing wrong with us doing it.” Jo said quietly.

“What did you say?” Robin and Claire spoke in unison.

“Jaimie, Zack and Max admitted to wanting this before the shot. They’d never try, they knew it was wrong, but it was there. An unrequited taboo desire resided within them, especially in Jamie, and Max paid a woman to be you,” she pointed to Claire. “That’s right out of one of my cases.”

“What about Alex?” Robin asked with a tone. “Your son is innocent?”

“I didn’t say that. He confessed to me he’d thought of me in a sexual way after that towel incident. It wasn’t all the time, but what was growing within him a closeness that went beyond a normal maternal bond, he was seeing us as a strange form of couple, and the trigger event added seeing me as desirable into that man of the house fantasy.”

“I’m following you,” Claire said slowly. “But on motivation, what are you on about that we don’t stop?”

“They say every fantasy is grounded in reality. A desire that for whatever reason we can’t or feel we shouldn’t explore. Most couples don’t have threesomes like Amanda and Andre do. They may think it could be a hot scenario but would never risk it.

“Women fantasize about gang bangs but would never do it. Taboo, thanks to porn, only seems to be equated with incest these days, but there are countless societal taboos. Sleeping with your best friend’s wife isn’t illegal, but it is seriously sleazy and wrong.”

“Many women have rape fantasies.” Robin said. “But obviously would never want it. There are two sexual fantasies that have to remain that way. Rape and incest, and because its not about being extreme, they’re crimes.”

“Rape is a crime because its assault.” Jo countered. “Same for most cases of incest. Its not the movies and stories, its unwanted and sexual abuse. But in these fantasies, there is none of that, and as strange as it seems, a lot of the stories, more than the videos, go beyond rule breaking lust, but forbidden love.

“There’s so much of it out there, and as we told our stories, I heard every recurring plot device in them.”

Jo touched her chest. “Alex and I are the mom son who were abandoned by his father and have grown closer through the years, and he’s assumed the role of man of the house. Only one thing was missing, and that was sharing my bed in addition to the rest of my life.”

She swung a finger to Robin.

“Cheating husband, cold marriage, son knows dad’s a dog and mom is hurting. He wants better for you, wants to see you treated the way you deserve. Also begins to desire you and in his mind, and his heart, he has transferred your needs to his and he’s the one that can fulfill them.”

She glanced at Amanda.

“Your past has caused you to embrace an extreme sex life, and you admitted you had the next extreme already in mind, your daughter. Jaime found your movies, saw what you and Andre enjoy, and wants to make you both happy to a taboo level. You didn’t break her, Amanda, you simply awakened her to her own sexuality, one that eschews rules and wants what she wants, she wants you, and you want Andre.

“Unlike Alex and Zack and Claire’s boys, you have a good man in the home, and you love him and so does Jamie. She doesn’t want to be a taboo homewrecker; she wants the three of you to be close and happy. She wants to give you what you know you already wanted.”

“Oh, do me next!” Claire rolled her eyes.

“Two sons, two motives. You fall under the lustier incest trope. The hot cock teasing mother that has her sons thinking things they shouldn’t, and creating a bizarre jealousy, over those young men you let bed you.

“Mark was far angrier, and being more aggressive, simply took his lust out on other girls but never got his lust for you out of his system, but he saw it in a negative light. No love in your encounter, he was punishing you for what in his mind he saw as you making

him want you and how wrong that was.

“Max, on the other hand, being younger, shy, always closer to you, took his infatuation in a different direction. He wanted you for more than sex but knew how bad that sounded and tried to chase it down by finding an older woman to play out his mommy fantasy.

“You telling us he said that he would never leave you even if there was never to be another time, speaks volumes. He does love you and wants to be that young man in your life so you don’t need others, much like Jamie with Amanda, no more girls, because she’s now your girl.”

Jo took a breath and surveyed her friends. She’d expected them to be rolling their eyes, being skeptical or outright mocking her. Instead, all three were watching her intently, completely focused on her words, and a theory more bizarre than the one that had led to this.

Not just bizarre but a complete 360 on her original feelings on the matter of GSA.

“It had me thinking that we just proved that these tropes we brush off as absurd ideas used to cater to people with a fetish for incest porn, aren’t that, but created to be catharsis for people with those feelings.

“In other words, what I’m saying is on the surface, society wants to brand these as sick fantasies and condemn them, but beneath that “What’s wrong with these people,” posture, more people than care to admit it has had these thoughts to some degree of another.

“So, as a whole, do we call it wrong, treat people who confess these desires like it’s a mental health issue, deem people who have crossed that line sick and deviant, because it truly is, or because we’re supposed to?”

“Most cases of incest are abusive in nature, Jo.” Robin stated quietly. “Look at Amanda, her aunt and uncle seduced and corrupted a young girl, even paid her when she wanted to stop.”

“I’m not talking about those instances. I’m talking about it being consensual. I looked at these cases and saw it was a problem that needed solving.”

“You saw that because it’s true.” Claire affirmed. “The sons were obsessed with their mothers, but it wasn’t reciprocated.”

“Was it really?” Jo glanced away, knowing her next words may not be received well. “Were they all appalled because it was a natural reaction, or something they knew could never happen because it wasn’t supposed to and they’d be a bad mother for indulging their sons desire?”

“You think they wanted them and were lying?” Amanda scoffed. “That’s pushing it Jo. You said that the one mother who did let her son sleep with her ended up blowing up the entire family.”

“Father was in the picture, and he found out. Just about all the other cases dad wasn’t around.”

“Jaime and Zack’s fathers are in the picture.” Claire reminded her.

“Robin said Tom cheated and could be again, Jaimie is a unique situation even in this already extreme subject.”

“Tom is still cheating,” Claire said softly, causing the others to all gasp and look at her. “I found out from a friend who started at Mass General a month ago.” She turned her eyes to Robin.

“I’m sorry, I was trying to get up the nerve to tell you, but seeing you brought this up in front of everyone, and after this there should never be any secrets between us, I want you to know you’re right.”

“My god,” Robin put her face in her hands. “I..I knew, but I didn’t want to know, and...” she trailed off when, as Robin had done for her, Amanda rose, went over to her friend and hugged her from behind the chair.

“If you’re hinting at why not let this continue,” Claire began softly. “This isn’t a victimless scenario for anyone but you because your husband is MIA. Robert is in the state and in the boy’s lives, Andre is with Amanda and Tom, well, regardless of what Robin does with what I told her. Tom isn’t going to be an awol father to Zack.”

“I’m not saying this is something that we could shout from the roof tops because of the reasons I just stated. We’d be branded as sick. Mothers abusing their power and position even though our kids are legal adults.”

“What are you saying, then?” Robin wiped her eyes as Amanda remained behind her, her hands resting on her shoulders.

“I’m saying that the pheromone increase could be permanent. I’m saying that we agree this cannot be taken back or forgotten. I’m saying all our kids other than Mark had levels of desire for us that

were both physical and emotional. I'm saying that they're all talking of being with us and not just sexually."

Jo took a deep breath and pushed on.

"The last two mornings I woke up in my son's arms and..." she felt her eyes beginning to fill. "I don't care how awful this sounds, but I swear I have never felt so loved. Going back to having no real regrets, I'll admit that unlike Amanda I'd never thought of it, but since it happened? I...I like it."

When her comment was meant with silence, she shrugged.

"I know the drug is what kicked this off, and Alex may have never acted on his feelings for me, but since it has? No man has ever looked at me the way he does. He lusts for me, and for the first time in my life I can return that lust with no inhibitions, I'm completely wanton with him.

"But he adores me as well, he's made love to me, and I had damn tears in my eyes at how amazing it felt. He makes me feel like a woman in every way, and I don't think I ever had that before, and now that I have it? Son or not, I...I don't think I want to give that up."

"Thank you for being brave enough to say it first," Robin replied. "I feel that with Zack, it's just complicated for me. I can't stop thinking I committed adultery."

"Is cheating on a cheat really cheating?" Claire scoffed, then sighed. "I have to admit, I'm not sure I feel exactly the same as the two of you. Max is very sweet, and I love him dearly, the taboo of the sex makes it thrilling, but I'm hesitant to say I'm in love with him in that way, or could be, but he feels that way for me, and yesterday morning was all about wanting him to be happy with me and stay."

"Not saying this to be mean, but Robin and Jo are open to love, you've been closed off to that since things went sour for you and Robert," Amanda now walked over behind Claire, and rested her hand on her arm. "I think the drug did help clarify, and maybe amplify, some existing emotions, and for you, I think lust may rank a little higher at this point."

"And you?" Claire asked but put her hand over Amanda's to show she wasn't being snarky with her longtime friend.

"Unlike the rest of you, I love Andre. He's an amazing husband, great father, fantastic lover. I have everything in him. I do love Jaimie and now having been intimate with her, my love may extend somewhat beyond that of a mother and daughter, but she isn't my true love in that sense as Alex and Zack could be, or Max would like to be."

"I keep coming back to the fact its all four of us." Robin said. "If you were to have a study and get four more women to take this, what do you think would happen?"

"Depends on the person, remember I had certain requirements. No father around, Mom still single, the close bond, some type or sexual or emotional trigger."

"You made a point in your presentation that its common to have some type of incident where a son sees his mother as a woman, even something brief like your towel drop." Robin recalled.

"Are you heading where I think you are?" Amanda asked her.

“If you mean could this happen to any mother and son?” Robin responded. “I’d have said no a couple of days ago, but I’m buying into Jo’s theory there really is more of this out there than we suspect. Only way anyone will know is if someone comes forward.”

“How many mom son couples could be out there is what I wonder now.” Amanda added. “And daughter, or even siblings even though Jo wasn’t focused on that.”

“Question is how many do we have in this room?” Claire asked. “Because Jo is making it pretty clear she doesn’t mind what’s happening. Robin either.”

“You’re not sold, I take it?” Jo glanced her way.

“My sticking point is the enhanced pheromones pushed this and may be continuing to do so. How do we know for sure; this isn’t us having our kids under a chemically enhanced aphrodisiac that makes us irresistible to them? We’re now the drug and they need their fix.”

“Zack made the comment when he was upset about me date raping him.” Robin frowned. “That’s something that I can’t quite brush off.”

“I want to go with this just opening them up to what they wanted. If there was nothing on their end, this experiment would have gone nowhere. Our circumstances led to the dramatic results.” Jo defended herself.

“Back could this happen to another group?” Amanda posed.

“No way we subject anyone to this.” Claire declared adamantly. “We know it works; do we need to bring others into the mix? End of the day, Jo proved herself right, and in hold my beer style.”

“And the back half of the experiment was if this worked, it would mean the pheromone theory was right, and a cure could be found. Now we sit here and say there’s no way to stop it?”

“No way, or no desire?” Amanda asked in a subdued tone. “None of us are toxicologists. There could be ways to suppress the pheromones, we would just need to have someone with expertise pursue it for us.”

“And back to square one, we take it, and our kids snap out of what could be a taboo lust spell, and come back to reality, what are we looking at? Maybe they take Mark’s path of being disgusted and leaving.”

“Mark!” Amanda slapped the table. God, we’re so messed up we’re not thinking. He is proof that pheromones or not, it might have kicked off the first round, but a day later he was completely resistant. If the others still want us it’s because...”

“They want us,” Robin’s relief was obvious. “All I want to know is I’m not manipulating or hurting him.”

“I want him to want me for real.” Jo stated. “I’ll repeat at the risk of judgement, I don’t want this to end. I should. Everything I’ve been taught as a psychiatrist, everything I was raised with in society, and everything I know as a mother tells me I should.”

There was an air of defiance as she looked at each of her friends in turn.

“But I don’t. Take away the fact he’s my son, and I’ve never been this excited, this happy, this loved and desired. I...I am not giving it back, and breaking his heart, or risking him giving me his heart.

“I am going to be unethically, and immorally selfish on this.”

“You can afford to be, you’re the only one with no conflict other than morals and ethics.” Amanda noted. “The rest of us have other people this affects.”

“As we said, nothing can be undone.” Robin repeated. “All we can do is move forward, and Jo hit on the most important thing. Whether our kids would have felt this way about us with or without the drug, to try to find that out with some type of anti-T-virus would be catastrophic because right now? Other than Mark, they’re all as happy as we are, and unlike us, they are not questioning it.”

“And for you and Amanda,” Jo pointed with both hands. “Your concern is not the new relationship with Zack and Jaimie, but what about your husbands. Meaning there is no regret over your feelings for them, just how can it work with your husbands?”

“We stop, we hurt our kids, we keep going we hurt our husbands.” Amanda muttered.

“Tom isn’t worth worrying about,” Claire quipped. “Mark is though, he’ll know Max will be carrying on with me. He could end up saying something to his father or disowning his brother.”

“We’re looking for an answer that suits the four of us,” Jo sighed. “But I think in the end? We all have to handle this whatever way we feel is best for our kids, and in each case but mine, your families as a whole.”

“Funny, you get us into this and have the easiest way out.” Claire grunted.

“I’m sorry, Claire, his was never supposed to...”

“But, you’re right.” Claire looked around the table. “Tell you what, all these years that we’ve been friends turned family, we’ve done everything together,” she laughed softly. “Right down to screwing our kids.”

“Alex calls us the Milf Club.” Robin said with a tired smile. “Has a whole new meaning now.”

“The M-Milf club,” Amanda rolled her eyes. “My mother I’d like to fuck.”

“My mother I did fuck.” Jo continued the joke. “Guess we’ve officially shared everything at this point.”

“No,” Amanda tapped her chin, a thoughtful look on her face. “We could share our kids, have a taboo swinger night and...”

“Amanda!” Claire snapped.

“Kidding!” She put up her hands. “Oh my god, you think I’d do that?”

“You’re the one who keeps pushing the bar, little miss pervert.” This time Robin’s smile was bigger. “If anyone could find a way to take this up another notch, it would be you.”

“She’s right,” Jo and Claire said at the same time, causing all three of them to laugh while Amanda folded her arms and tried to look indignant.

“How are we joking about this?” Amanda asked even as she lost the battle and smiled.

“The same way I stood outside Jo’s bedroom yesterday morning and heard her son screwing her brains out. Experience changes perspective,” Claire explained. “What’s the saying? Nothing I’m not used to, but you’d be amazed at what you can get used to.”

“Good thing we all have pretty kids is all I can say.” Robin continued to try to lighten the mood. “We’re all doing okay in that regard.”

“Pretty and half our age.” Jo chimed in.

“We’re a pretty hot lot ourselves,” Amanda beamed. “Let’s here it for the sexy skittles.” She clapped her hands. “Taste the rainbow!”

“I’m asking Alex if you’re a real redhead.” Robin smirked.

“Crap, what about our kids?” Claire asked. “For real, no jokes.”

“We just discussed...”

“No, not as far as our relationship with them. But them talking. They all know we took this together. What happens next time Alex hangs out with Zack, they going to swap dirty stories about us?”

“Hey,” Amanda chirped. “My mom really likes it doggy, what about yours?”

“Oh, for fucks sake!” Jo slapped the table. “This really doesn’t get any easier, does it?”

“Maybe once we all resolve our own situations, we all get together for a talk?” Robin suggested. “Just come clean? We all know, and no one can say anything outside of us?”

“Or just see what happens.” Claire shrugged. “They’re all smart enough to know this can’t be discussed with anyone outside our extended family. If they do talk among themselves maybe it will make them all feel less wrong.”

“I agree,” Jo declared. “That, and this isn’t something that’s cut and dried in anyway. We all excel at research, but doubt there’s any sources we can look up for this.” A

“Of course there is,” Amanda had her phone out, and turning it to face them, showed them the Porn Hub website.

“Surprised you and Andre aren’t already on there.” Robin scowled.

“Like we do with everything, I say we vote.” Claire suggested.

“What are we voting on?”

“Whether we let things run its course however we deem we should as individuals, or do we try to attempt another drug to counteract the first and see where the chips fall as to it working, and the aftermath of it if it does.”

“In other words, our vote is an admission of whether or not we are going to continue with our kids.” Amanda said, then looked around. “Who’s first?”

When no one immediately responded, Jo raised her hand.

“I’ll say it again, wrong as it is, I don’t want to lose what I gained through this. I won’t seek a cure,” she looked around the table as if daring them to argue. “Even if you all vote the other way.”

“You don’t have to worry.” Robin rose from her chair and coming around the table stood by Jo with her arms out. “I’m with you, my friend. I have a chance to be happy, and even though I’d never thought it would be with my son, I won’t turn away someone who loves me the way her does.”

Jo pushed her chair back, stood and embraced Robin.

“Thank you,” she whispered.

“Considering I admitted I was thinking about this before the shot,” Amanda came over, her arms out, and slipped under Robin and Jo’s as they extended them to her. “You know how I feel. How this will work with Andre, I don’t know, but I do know my baby girl is going to be mine for as long as she wants to be.”

Jo looked at Claire who had stood and slowly made her way over but didn’t look convinced.

“I know you lost Mark over this,” Jo told her. “I can’t tell you how sorry I am, and I know all of our hearts break for you, Claire. We’re here for you, and if you’re not sure with Max, we’ll help try to develop a cure, and you can see where that goes.”

“I think I lost Mark the night I fucked his damn friend, and the kid went around telling everyone about it. This was an extreme straw that broke the camel’s back, but it was coming.”

With a sad smile, she put her arms around Robin and Amanda, completing their group hug. “I don’t know where my feelings are with Max, but he loves me, he wants me, and he can have me. Not to sound like a reject from one of those movies, but as a mother, I screwed him up, and I’ll do whatever I need to for him to be happy, even if that keeps being me.”

“Think of it this way, Claire,” Amanda grinned. “You don’t have to go to clubs to find a cub anymore.” She snickered. “Your son will make an honest woman of you.”

## Chapter Five

Claire waved at Amanda as she drove past and pulled out of the center's parking lot which being Sunday, had been empty other than their cars. Her attention went back to her phone which she'd shut off during the meeting.

Three texts from Max. The first two asked when she'd be home, the third asked her to please call her. Between the drive over, and their long talk over what happened and their eventual decision to surrender to either legitimate taboo love, or a permanent chemical influence over their kids, she'd been gone just over three hours.

His first text had come barely more than an hour after she'd left, the next two an hour apart. Jealous? Did he really think she had left to find someone else to fool around with?

Or, and just as bad, needy. Claire couldn't stand needy...or jealous for that matter. It was why she'd taken up the hit it and quit it lifestyle since her marriage had ended. Drama free fun and sex, and never having to explain herself to anyone.

Except of course her sons, and now her youngest was also her lover. But to what extent? It hurt her listening to Jo profess her newfound, but powerful taboo love for Alex, and Robin just as hung up on Zack.

Amanda had long been the envy of her and Jo, and now she knew for sure Robin as well. Happily married to a man who loved her, treated her like a princess, and fucked her like a whore, then helped her relive what they all now knew what their friend's dirty secret was, a taboo affair with an older couple.

The fact this hadn't been Amanda's first encounter with incest was a shocking revelation, yet at the same time, if anyone had experienced something that extreme before, it would be their cutesy, yet sexually deviant friend.

But as they proved, Andre and happy marriages were more and more the fairy tale Robin said she was trapped in as Jo and Claire divorced, Robin was in a token relationship, and many of their other friends and clients were divorced or unhappy.

Claire saw herself as smart for not committing again, not even to the level of a boyfriend, just the 4 F's. Find them, feel them, fuck them and forget them as the old song went.

As honest as they had been with each other, Claire had withheld one concern about her new and confusing situation with her youngest son, yet Amanda had unwittingly hit the nail on the head with her joke of him making her an honest woman.

Claire was not lovestruck as Jo and Robin were, nor had a pre-existing desire to bed her child like Amanda. Not that sex with Max wasn't good, and the taboo aspect made it all the hotter, but after the rough sex of the first night, Max proved not to be the physical degrading type.

He was fun, didn't mind being somewhat dirty, but he was softer and sweeter than what she'd craved the last few years. Could she limit herself? Should she? But if she strayed from Max, would she lose him not just as a lover, but as a son?

Claire looked up at the sound of a beep and put her window down when Jo pulled alongside her.

“Are you okay?” Her friend asked.

“Fine, just reading some messages from when I had the phone off.”

“Okay, you know if you want to come over, you’re welcome to. Or maybe we could grab some lunch.

“No, you go. I don’t want to keep you from being with your newfound love.”

“Not nice to mock me, Claire.”

“I’m not. Somehow this cluster fuck worked out for you more than anyone else, and all around pretty good for all of us.” She shook her head. “Part of me just can’t get over how fast it happened and how easily we’re all accepting it.”

“Alternative would be worse, and...” Jo shrugged. “Like you said, we adjusted pretty quick.”

“Proves your point GSA is a powerful thing. If it feels good, do it, right?” Claire gave her a sly smile. “Alex looks like he feels pretty good.”

“Well...”

“Got a good look at him before you closed the door. If I’d known he was hung like that, I’d have taken him up on his flirting.”

“Really Claire?” Jo’s eyes flashed. “We going to go there?”

“Wow, already jealous and protective.” She curled her fingers into a claw and raked the air while meowing. “Cat-ty!”

“Sorry, I know you wouldn’t even if this weren’t happening.”

“I know right? I could keep my hands off your son but not my own.” Claire gave her a wry smile. “But seriously, I’m okay, and if I’m not, I’ll call your or one of the others. No more secrets, promise.”

“Same here,” Jo chuckled. “The rest of you always made fun of me for being a dud. I go and do the dirtiest thing imaginable, and not only did you all do it, but I have the easiest situation for it. I just can’t win, can I?”

“If you’re as happy with Alex as you say, then you won what count’s, Jo.” Claire extended her hand out of the car, and when Jo did the same, squeezed her hand. “Be happy.”

“I am, I just hope...”

“I said, be happy!” Claire exclaimed, gripping her friend’s hand hard enough to make her wince. “That’s a direct order from Doctor Fields.”

“Yes, ma’am!”

“Good now take two loads and call me in the morning.” Claire winked, playfully slapped the back of Jo’s hand, and smiled when, with a laugh, Jo pulled away. She put her hand on the keys to start the car, then rolled her eyes when her phone pinged.

“For fuck’s sake, Max,” she grouched, then froze when she saw the text was from Mark.

“Don’t pull away, I’m two lots down, I’ll be right there.”

Claire looked to her left where a block down was a medical center, and as it usually was, the parking lot was close to full. She spotted Mark’s black Silverado pulling out and got out of the car as he pulled up a couple spots to her left.

Mark exited the truck and came around to her as she leaned against her car, her stomach twisting. She wasn’t sure she could handle another confrontation with him. As he got closer, Claire noticed the bruising under his right eye, Max had gotten in at least one good punch yesterday morning.

“Hey, Mom,” he said softly, and with a trace of nerves in his voice that caused her to relax somewhat. At least he wasn’t angry.

“Hey, yourself. You stalking me?”

“Sorry, I went by the house, but parked on the corner, trying to get up the never to come in and I saw you pull out. Kind of figured you were either going shopping or maybe breakfast with the girls so I followed you.”

“You waited all this time over there?”

“Nah, I saw Aunt Robin and Amanda there so I knew you guys would be yapping for awhile and went and grabbed a coffee and something to eat.” He replied. “But I got back an hour and a half ago, you guys can talk.”

“Lot to talk about.” Claire was happy he wasn’t in attack mode, but his last two conversations with her had been exceedingly nasty and she wasn’t going to let him forget it, and for now kept her responses to a minimum.

“You talk about me?” Contrary to his normally cocky and confident body language he shifted from one foot to the other while awaiting her response.

“Why would I?”

“Come on, Ma,” Mark put his hands out. “You told me you took something as part of some fucked up experiment. If you did it, my aunts did it.”

“Even if that’s true, its not my place to speak for them, now, is it?” Claire remained cool and impassive.

“I…” Mark hesitated as if he were also trying to stay calm. “Look, I guess I just want to know if it happened to their kids like it did to us.”

“Why would that matter one way or another?”

“Because maybe I wouldn’t have spent the last day wondering if I’m really that much of a freak, or if it wasn’t all my fault.”

Claire stared down at her feet, clad in her worn out running shoes. The conversation she’d just left spinning through her mind. For the most part Zack and Alex knew, and it would be a matter of time before they met up with her sons. Would it be best for Mark to hear it from her, or let them start talking?

“I’m sorry, mom,” Mark cut into her thoughts. “I’m sorry about everything. What happened, how it happened and what a world class dick I was to you. I shouldn’t have kept running you down, shouldn’t have lost it on Max, and sure as hell shouldn’t have walked

out on you.”

Claire lifted her head and her cool exterior wavered when she saw there were tears in his eyes.

“Whatever happened, why it happened, all of it. It was a shit show and I...I should have manned up and figured it out and not put it all on you. Instead, I stormed out like a bratty little bitch, and I said some really hurtful things.”

Claire threw her arms around him, hugging him tightly.

“Thank you, Mark,” she whispered. “That means the world to me.”

“You mean the world to me too, and I’m sorry I’ve been a prick the last few months, not just for this weekend.” He kissed her cheek. “And I’ll talk to Max, too. Tell him I’m sorry.”

“He’d like that.” Claire eased back but kept her hands on his arms. “To answer your question, yes, and everyone.”

“Goddamn.” Mark ran his fingers through his blonde hair. “Bet they weren’t mean to their mom’s though.”

“No, they weren’t.” Claire said, but when she felt him tense beneath her hands added. “But none of them have a father that is constantly running their mother down.”

“Or a son who buys into it.” Mark turned and leaned against the car next to her.

“Going to be honest, Ma, I am upset with the way you act. Its your life but you made it hard on me and Max. Especially Max. Part of why I was so mad is after what happened, I figured it didn’t matter about telling you what that kid did.

“All that mommy porn, trolling hook up sites for older women, then couldn’t even make that work because he was so hung up, he kept asking them if they could play mom for him. Then when he told me about the hooker, Jesus.”

“I know,” she said solemnly. “I was wrong to behave the way I did, and that led to part of why you were so upset. Your father couldn’t talk smack if I didn’t give him all the ammo.”

“I guess, but I was way out of line. I don’t know what came over me that night.”

"I know what came all over me," Claire gave him a small smile when she saw him blink in surprise. "Well, you did and quite a few times."

"Yeah, and when I woke up in the morning I was so freaked out and I went down there to see you were going to just walk out and I lost my mind again. I'm sorry if I hurt you."

"You didn't hurt me as far as sex goes," she told him. "I egged it on because I...well, I like to be treated that way."

"So I heard at school," Mark grunted.

"I didn't know, and I wish it hadn't happened," Claire took his hand, holding it between them. "You're right, Mark. I'm a bad mother. I mocked your father, but I went into, and I'm still in the midst of a mid-life crisis. Bad look for me in my profession as well. What if some kid who saw me at a club comes to the center as a new patient?"

"True," Mark told her. "But, it is your life, and I need to get that through my head too."

"Everything in moderation doesn't seem to be my thing," she chuckled. "Hey, look at it this way, your aunts think its insane they slept with their kids, but I said hold my beer and got doubled up by mine."

"Ouch," Mark grimaced. "This is Twilight Zone shit, right here. Seems like its not real."

"If it wasn't real I wouldn't have been walking funny all day yesterday," she lamented.

"Can I ask a question?"

"Mark, two nights ago you came in my ass. I think at this point, nothing is going to be more personal than that."

"So, um, after I left. You and Max, did you guys, you know, sleep together last night?"

"Yes, and this morning."

"Oh," Mark looked away. "Good for you guys. Its what he's wanted for a long time. I wonder about Zack and Alex," he whistled. "Them with Aunt Robin and Jo, crazy. But good for them too, those too are smoking hot milfs."

"Don't forget Amanda."

"Little Jaimie with her mom," Mark turned his head to face her. "Honestly? Not as out there as us or the others, that girl looks innocent, but she's wild. Trust me, there's some stories out there about her."

"But the one that was a lie, you beat the snot out of that kid." Claire squeezed his hand. "And we all appreciated it even though it was wrong."

"That kid was, still is, a tool bag." Mark observed.

“They’re your aunts and cousins, family by choice, not blood, and you, no, all of you, need to tread lightly with this. If Alex or any of them bring it up because they want to talk, we don’t judge, got it?”

“Who am I to judge?” Mark asked. “I did it too, except they sound like they’re going to keep going. I’m on the outs.”

Claire raised her blonde eyebrows.

“Isn’t that what you want? I seem to remember you telling me you’d never want to admit to anyone you were with a skank like me.”

“That was a horrible thing to say,” Mark lowered his head. “I said a lot of horrible things. You’re not a skank, you’re a beautiful woman, and a sexy milf yourself. Not sure how you don’t know that you’re going through guys my age like a knife through butter.”

“Because I’m easy,” she said softly. “You hit home on some things, Mark. I am desperate, I do need sex with random guys to make me feel like I still have it. I even let treat me trashy because I like it, and part of why I do is I see myself that way.”

“You’re not, you need to know that. Look behind us,” he pointed his over his shoulder. “That’s your center. You’ve helped God knows how many people and made their lives better. Look in the mirror, you’re pretty, your sexy, you’re educated, and you act snarky and bitchy sometimes, but you care about people, or you wouldn’t do this.

“Want to be shallow and toss in money? You make that too. You have a lot to offer, Ma, and I guess it sucks you don’t see it.”

Claire leaned over and kissed his cheek.

“Thank you, Mark. That’s very sweet. I like this side of you. But speaking of sides? I think I’ll always want to be that lady in the street freak in the sheets type.”

“That line is older than me,” he sighed.

“But the philosophy behind it is timeless,” she laughed. “Your father didn’t want a freak, at least not as a wife or mother. But the word woman goes along with those two words, and some women are sweet, and some are…” she winked. “Nasty cumsluts who have sampled half the state.”

“Okay, I know what I said, stop making me feel bad.” Mark went to remove his hand from hers, but she held onto it.

“Here’s the thing, Mark. In the right context and heat of the moment?” she put her lips to his ear. “I like it.”

“You do?”

“I like being verbally put down during sex, gets me hot. But only then, saying things like that outside of the bedroom is insulting and unacceptable.”

“Right, so I guess I won’t be saying them anymore,” he nodded. “Max is the good kid and it paid off. Mama’s boy now, and for real.”

“Mark?” Claire pushed away from the car, and still holding his hand stood in front of him.

“Yeah?”

“Do you want me?” When he wouldn’t meet her gaze, she took his other hand. “It’s not a trick question, and there’s no wrong answer. “Yes, or no?”

“Yes,” he said in a barely audible whisper. “Wanted you as bad as Max, but it was more about sex. He wants the whole mom girlfriend experience. I love you, you need to know that. But when it comes to sex, maybe I take after you, sweet can be okay once in a while, but I just like to fuck.”

“Like mother like son,” Claire told him thinking of Amanda and how Jaimie was just like her, even down to her extreme sexual desires. “Not a bad thing.”

“Depends. It’s why I don’t stay with girls long, they tell me all I want is for them to act like a porn star, and I treat them that way. I’m not trying to be crude or anything, it’s what I like, and sex I supposed to be fun, you can show love in other ways, right?”

“Right.” Claire’s heart raced, and beneath her plain T-shirt, her nipples stiffened. “Max is a sweet kid. Rough as you that first night because he was caught up, and he doesn’t mind some dirty talk or porn sex, but I have to lead him into it. He can love a woman just fine, not great in the taking department.”

“He’s a good boy.” Mark’s eyes met hers, and she could see her own mounting excitement reflected in them. “I’m not.”

“No, you are a good boy, no, a good man. But you know how to be a bad boy when it counts. Like kicking the ass of someone who told lies about your cousin or talked shit about your mother at school, and...” she lowered her voice to a sultry purr. “Treating good

girls like the little sluts they are.”

“They weren’t very good at being slutty though.”

“Aww,” she forced herself not to press against him, they were out in public. “My bad boy need a bad girl?”

“A bad woman.”

“Mark?”

“Mom?”

“Would you like to go inside, rip these boring clothes off me and fuck your skanky whore of a mother over her desk, then eat my cunt on the conference room table?”

“Lead the way!” He laughed, and Claire, leading him by the hand tugged him away from the car and walked towards the entrance of the center.

“Shit,” he stopped. “What about Max?”

“What about him?”

“Well, he thinks like you’re his now. This is going to piss him off and maybe hurt his feelings so...I guess we shouldn’t.”

“See, Mark? You are a good man. Want me, but worried about your brother. But I’m going to tell him, and you, the same thing I’ve been telling you since you were little kids.”

“What’s that?”

Claire slowly ran her tongue over her lips.

“To share your toys.”

## Part Three

### Chapter One

#### One Month Later

Robin sat at the kitchen table; her unfocused stare directed into the mug of coffee in front of her. Her hands cupped the warm mug and other than blinking or robotically taking a sip of coffee, she remained still.

Her calm exterior belied the butterflies in her stomach, her racing mind, and occasionally rapid heartbeat when her eyes would shift to her phone placed on the table next to the mug.

Each time she saw it slowly growing closer to nine, her stomach clenched. After a month of conflict, of guilt and shame over carrying on an affair with her son, and anger and hurt over knowing Tom was sleeping with others, she had made her decision, and now there was no turning back.

Others...no, Tom was not sleeping with others. It's what she'd suspected. That he was hopping from one young, pretty, and infatuated women working on her residency, or even younger nursing interns.

That's what he'd been doing in the past, but the day after the meeting, when they'd all come to the office trying to act as if their lives hadn't drastically changed, Claire called her into her office.

Her friend told her that a doctor she had kept in touch with since med school who had moved to Texas had come back to Boston and working at Mass General, she recognized Tom and Robin from pictures and posts on Claire's Facebook page and had discovered through the endless gossip that was a hospital that Tom had been carrying on with an ICU doctor for at least eight months.

The nurse, also married, was younger than Robin, but not by much. This wasn't an older man chasing young tail for some meaningless sex on the side. This was a full blown affair with a mature woman, who was much closer to a peer professionally.

A woman who also had an unwitting spouse at home as well as two kids in high school. Not that any infidelity should be accepted, but an actual relationship that at this point had to have some emotion invested in it was even worse.

Claire told her to say the word and she could get proof. One of her long time patients worked as a PI and always telling her that if she ever needed any help, or someone looked into, to let him know.

Robin, as she had the previous two years, did nothing other than cry when no one was around. Difference was this time, as Tom was sleeping with another woman, most likely slipping off during twelve hour shifts to find a room to screw in, she was lying in her son's bed.

Once in a while they would have sex in her bed, but when they slept together it was in his with the door locked in case Tom came home unexpectedly. She could figure out an excuse to be in Zack's room, after all, who would suspect their wife was fucking their son?

But to be caught in their bed would be the end of her career, and her marriage, and after all his cheating, it would paint her as the villain. Robin could never let that happen, not just for her life and career, but his relationship with his father, and if it ever got out, his life ruined. The kid who'd been banging his mother would be bullied out of school, and only if the school didn't kick him out first for deviant behavior.

Robin could no longer live this way, and a few days ago made up her mind to do what was best for not just her son, but for the first time in a long time, what was right for her.

Because the night's Tom didn't work, she could no longer lie in bed next to him without being disgusted with him, with herself, and knowing her son was down the hall, upset she was his father, and longing for her.

Wrong as it was, Robin was going to choose the man that loved and truly wanted her. The one that would always be good to her, and never hurt her. Who would respect her as a parent, a woman, and a now a lover.

Her eyes went back to her phone. She'd received a text at ten PM last night confirming it was done. The point of no return had been reached. Nothing from Tom, and after she and Zack had followed their pattern of a round of torrid raunchy sex followed by a slower more sensual and loving encounter, he'd fallen asleep, but she couldn't.

Other than a few minutes of dozing here and there, Robin remained awake and anxious, her phone in her hand next to her, waiting for it to ring, or even worse, Tom to come home early.

Or maybe he wouldn't come home at all at this point. Or if he did, when she was at the center. Part of her would prefer it that way to avoid a confrontation, but she knew that conversation had to happen, as a therapist she knew that in all situations people needed closer, the act of facing the source of their pain and having their say.

It was just before eight, If Tom had stayed in work for his regular shift, he'd just be getting out and be home around nine. She took a deep breath. One more hour and..."

"You okay?"

She flinched at not just Zack's words, but his hands on her shoulders.

"Scared me."

"Sorry, I don't think I was that quiet. I thought you were sleeping."

"No, just thinking."

"Yeah, tough morning coming up." He began rubbing her shoulders, working her tense flesh which was exposed in the plain white tank top she wore along with a pair of loose fitting pajama pants featuring Peanuts characters all over them. It's a sad day, Charlie Brown, she'd thought as she'd slipped them on after getting out of bed.

“That feels good,” she leaned back in the chair and rested her head on his hard stomach as he stood behind her.

“You feel good. You sure you don’t want me to stay with you for this?”

“Yes. I told you; I want you to leave before nine, go hang out with a friend or get something to eat. I’ll call when we’re done.”

“I hate leaving you alone for this.”

“It’s my choice, honey. But I’m sure your father will want to talk to you, and when he does, I won’t be involved. We have to handle these conversations on our own. At least at first. The three of us will sit down at some point.”

“No question who I’m staying with.” Zack bent over and kissed the top of her shoulder. “You have such beautiful skin,” he whispered against it.

“Coffee and cream,” Robin tried to ignore the shiver his lips on her flesh sent through her. “That’s what the modeling agency called my skin tone.”

“I’ve put some cream in that coffee,” he snickered, then pushing her hair to the side, kissed her neck.

“Please don’t do that,” she tried to move her head, but his hand wrapped in her hair, and tugged to the side, exposing more of her neck to him.

He hadn’t done it roughly, but the confidence, the move itself, and his lips now gliding along her sensitive neck had her squirming in the chair.

“Zack, please, he’s going to be home, and..ohh,” she side when he switched to gently sucking on her neck, and his arm slipped around her, cupping her left breast, fondling her through her shirt and the plain white bra beneath it.

“In an hour,” He let her hair go and was now fondling both her tits as he peppered her neck, then shoulder with tiny teasing kisses. “You need to relax.”

“I don’t know, I think you’re making me more tense.” She put her hands over his with the intentions of moving them, but instead, pressed them more firmly to her tits.

“Pretty tense myself.”

“Hmm, do tell,” she turned her head, tilted it upward and parted her lips.

Zack, his gorgeous green eyes, the same shade as hers, shining with lust and excitement, eagerly kissed her. The kiss was the end of resistance and her arms rose to wrap around his neck as their lips parted and their tongues met.

A month after the shot, and the level of lust, and how quickly it rose hadn’t diminished in either of them. Whether it was there, as of a week ago and the last test, their high level of pheromones, or GSA’s inherent powerful attraction the shot had unlocked, none of them were sure.

They just knew they loved it.

Robin put her hand on the edge of the table and pushed. Zack eased back so she was able to turn the chair and face him. Zack wore only a pair of Soccer shorts, and it was obvious he was feeling the same tension she was.

She kissed his hard flat stomach as her hands went to his sides and yanked down the shorts. Her tongue trailed down his stomach, then along the top of his shaft, fluttering it along his full length as she gripped it in her hand.

Zack sighed in pleasure when she took him into her mouth. He still tasted of her cunt, and she moaned as she bobbed her head in a slow steady rhythm. He grabbed the edge of her shirt, and she raised her arms, letting him pull it up.

She released his cock long enough for him to get the shirt over her head, then resumed sucking on his long sticky cock. Robin reached behind her undoing her bra and sliding it off.

It had barely fallen away when his hands were on her now bare tits, his fingers teasing her caramel shaded nipples. Robin sat up higher and releasing his cock, wrapped her large soft breasts around his cock.

She squeezed them together as her son moved his hips, tit fucking his mother. Robin pressed her chin to her chest, her mouth open to give his tip a hard suck each time he slipped it through her tits.

She wanted nothing more than to let him keep going, fuck her tits until he came, giving his mother a hot creamy pearl necklace, but they didn't have a lot of time. She rose from the chair and stepped to the side.

"Sit," she told him, while grabbing her pants and putting her back to him, pushed them down.

Robin gave him a show, bending over and wiggling her ass at him as she worked the pants to her feet and slipped them off. She yelped when he gave her ass a playful slap, then turned to see his shorts also on the floor and him sitting down, his cock bobbing in anticipation.

She swung her leg over his hips, gripped his cock and lowered herself onto it. They moaned in pleasure as she impaled herself on his flesh, and she worked her hips in slow teasing circles, reveling in the feeling of her cunt being stuffed with her son's dick.

Robin put her hands on his shoulders and bounced on his lap, riding him. Zack put his arms around her waist and eagerly sucked on her left nipple before switching to give the right some attention.

Right there at the kitchen table with her husband on the way home. This is why she had to decide. Soon there would be no more fear, no more conflict. It would just be her and Zack, mother and son turned cougar and cub, fucking and loving anywhere they wanted, any time they wanted.

Her son sleeping in her bed, her knew one, because she would want it to be theirs and theirs alone and going to sleep and waking up in his arms.

"Oh, honey," she moaned while she bounced faster and harder, pounding herself down on his full length. "I can't wait for this to be all the time. Just us, baby, just us from now on!"

She yelped in surprise when Zack gripped her ass hard in both hands and surged to his feet. He placed her on the edge of the table, and Robin leaned back, resting on her elbows, her legs going around his waist.

Zack tore into her, fucking her with short, but deliciously hard strokes that had her eyes rolling and the table rocking. Robin fell back into the table, and sliding her hand down her flat toned stomach, found her clit.

“Watch Mommy play with herself,” she told him, her eyes on his. “Watch your mother make herself come on your cock.”

Zack leaned over, reached out and cupped her tits, his thumbs playing with her nipples as he fucked her. Robin yipped and moaned, her fingers roughly working her clit in hard circles while watching his glistening shaft penetrate the dark lips of her cunt.

“You going to give mommy some more of that cream, baby? Going to fill your mother’s thirty cunt with another big load?”

“Yes,” he groaned. “It’s mine, isn’t it?”

“All yours, honey! All of me is all yours, no more sharing, no more sneaking! You want to fuck me on the couch in the middle of a movie, you do it. Want to bend me over the damn washing machine, you do it! Any time, anywhere, and anyway you... Yess!”

Robin’s head fell back, and she howled like an animal as she came, her legs wrapping tighter around Zack and her cunt contracting around her son’s pounding cock. Another lasting effect of the shot laced with GSA as her orgasms had continued to be powerful and longer lasting than anything she’d experienced previously.

She writhed on the table, crying out in a pleasure that was increased when Zack, with a long slow moan, erupted within her. His cock sent several long spurts deep into his mother’s quivering twat.

He thrust his hips, shooting even deeper as he emptied his balls inside her recently insatiable cunt. When the last of the orgasm flowed through her, Robin dropped her legs from around his waist, and smiled as she contracted around him, squeezing another few drops from him as he whimpered and squirmed.

He eased back from her, and tightening her muscles, Robin pushed some of his cum back out, shuddering as it oozed between her legs.

“Gave your mother a cream pie, you bad boy.”

“Damn, Mom,” Zack tried to look offended. “You sound like a porn star, oh, wait, you were.”

“Stop that!” She laughed and sitting up, forced herself to slide off the table and grab her pants.

“Going to have to watch them together some time.”

“We’ll see. I’m not proud I did that.”

“You’re screwing your kid, you going to worry about some twenty year old movies?”

“Touche’!” Robin winced. “Get dressed and go.”

“I see how it is, use me and lose me.”

“Yeah, its awful. Now seriously,” she spoke while putting her bra back on. “You need to leave, I’ll call when its clear, okay?”

“Yeah,” he hugged her and kissed her forehead affectionately. “You need me before that, you call.”

“I will.”

“One more thing,” Zack told her as he turned to leave the room. “You might want to wipe off the table. That’s not coffee creamer on the edge of it.”

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Robin jumped, her heart skipping a beat when she heard the sound of a car door slamming in the driveway. She took a deep breath and put her hand on the manilla envelope on the table.

She’d waited until Zack had left to bring it out. Robin understood his anger towards his father for being unfaithful to her but didn’t want him to hate him. She hoped they’d still be able to have a decent relationship after this, and what was in the envelope could hurt the chances of that happening.

The door to the back hall slammed and a moment later, Tom came through the door that led into the kitchen.

“Are you fucking kidding with his?” he angrily waved the papers in his hand. “You had me served, and at the damn hospital in front of people?”

“They told me to name a place I knew you’d be.” She sounded calmer than she felt.

“I’m home when I’m not working.” He slapped the papers on the table. “You did this to make a fool of me in front of other people, didn’t you?”

“You made a fool of me.” she said softly.

“Oh, here we go again! That’s why you’re doing this? You’re serving me divorce papers over what happened two years ago?”

“No,” she shook her head. “Not for two years ago.”

“Bullshit!” he slammed his palm on the table as he dropped into the chair across from her. “Know what? Know what it means when someone decides to overlook a mistake, but suddenly down the line changes their mind?”

“They woke up?”

“No, it means they found someone. Who are you fucking, Robin? Who comes here when I’m not home and bangs you while I’m saving lives?”

Robin kept her expression neutral. There was truth in his words. If this hadn’t happened with Zack, odds are she’d still be choosing to live the way she had. But he couldn’t know that.

“No one. I’m not the cheat in this family.” Like the old, twisted jokes went is kissing your sister actually a kiss, and is it cheating when its family?

“You didn’t even tell me something was wrong? Hell, a month ago you even got all frisky with me a couple times. I thought we were moving forward!”

“Why? Because you got your dick in my mouth, you thought our marriage was saved?”

“Crude,” he rolled his eyes. “Let me guess, one of the girls got to you? Or all of them? Have a little we need to save Robin intervention?”

“Funny thing to say seeing I told you I never told anyone you cheated. I chose to let my humiliation stay to myself.”

“Bullshit. The four of you tell each other everything. Who was it? Jo or Claire?”

“Why not Amanda?” She was stalling and felt her fingers trembling as they rested on the envelope.

“She’s happily married, the other two are divorced and bitter. The type to tell others to leave their husbands.”

“My friends? We’ve all known each other for years; their kids call you uncle. Good to see you think so highly of them.”

“I didn’t say I don’t care about them, but you know the saying birds of a feather flock together. They’re marriages are over, and they’re jealous of...”

“But your bro code where other guys know you’re dogging on your wife and don’t say anything? That’s okay? Its better to watch someone be wronged than to call out garbage behavior?”

“In some matters people need to tend to their own backyard.” Tom insisted.

“But what if there’s another man in your backyard, Tom? You’d want to know, right?”

He frowned, and knowing this was going nowhere, she undid the clasp on the envelope and slid it over to him.

“What’s this? Your list of demands in the divorce? Tell you right now, we sell this house and split the...” he had dipped his fingers into the envelope as he spoke, and when he saw what he’d removed stopped in mid-sentence.

Robin watched him look through the first three of the dozen pictures before he put them face down on the table, his hands, always as rock steady as a surgeon needed them to be, were trembling.

She knew each picture by heart, had forced herself to keep looking at them after Claire’s PI friend had delivered the envelope to her, who passed them on to Robin without looking at them.

Tom may have been catching quickies in the hospital, like so many did, but more proof this was serious was the fact he'd been slipping out to motels with this woman. The pictures were all a little grainy as if taken through a window, and a few of them the white lines of the blinds were visible.

Tom lying back while a woman with long blonde hair knelt between his legs. The reverse with him going down on her. The woman riding him, then a shot of her on her knees with Tom fucking her from behind.

Taken from behind, but their reflection clear in the mirror in front of them as they watched themselves, not knowing they were being watched. Another photo of her going down on Tom in his car, a sign for the emergency room reflected in his windshield.

The woman was attractive, on the short and petite side, smaller breasted, but they were perky and sitting high and proud, cute little round ass, and, very visible as she gripped Tom's cock a white gold wedding band with an impressive diamond behind it.

At that visual, she reached into her pocket and produced a ring box containing her gold band and the very expensive diamond Tom had given her for their tenth anniversary.

"You can have these," she slid the box over to him. "Pawn the diamond or give it to your friend." She snapped her fingers. "No, she already has a very nice one. Does her husband know you're in his yard and have been for months?"

"You had me followed." he said numbly, his eyes on the stack of pictures.

"I did. Now let's drop your indignant behavior and get to it." She raised a finger for each item she proceeded to list.

"First, Zack knows what you did. He's a smart kid and already suspected, kept asking me about so I told him the truth when I had proof."

"You..."

"Needless to say, but I will anyway, he will be staying with me."

Tom scowled, but she kept going.

"In this house because we will continue to live here. I am not selling but will look into buying you out of it. Remember, your wife is a doctor as well and I make good money myself."

"Good, because you're not seeing a dime in alimony." He shoved the pictures back at her.

"You don't want to show them to your friend? She could keep them," she sighed. Dr. Elizabeth Howell. Head of the ICU trauma unit on the night shift and head giver to married men."

"Leave her out of it, Robin." He warned her. "Don't you dare try to send these to her husband."

"Yes, but with a deal. You have those movies I made on your PC. I worked hard getting them taken down anywhere I could find them years ago, but I know you have them. You're to delete them in front of me, and if you ever, even if its ten years from now, try to find them again and use them against me? These pics go to that man whose wife is banging you."

“I wouldn’t have done that to you, Robin.” He told her, trying to look offended. “So it’s an easy deal.”

“I don’t want alimony. But you continue to help Zack through school.”

“Of course, he’s, my son. If he needs anything else, all he has to do is ask.”

“Good to hear. Unless you have something to add, I’ll go out on the deck while you pack up some things. Please call Zack later today, so the two of you can talk. I have no desire for him to alienate you, he needs his father.”

“Nice of you,” Tom muttered.

“Come by one day next week while I’m at the center and get the rest of your belongings. After that day, I change the locks.”

“Yeah,” he grunted. “You’re fucking someone. You’re way to confident and stone cold to just be doing this without having a plan B. Bet if I keep coming by I’ll see him coming over or leaving.”

“Tell you what, Tom.” Robin sat back in the chair and gave him a cold smile. “I invite you to do that. You can have a PI follow me everywhere, and stake out this house, and I assure of one thing.”

“That is?”

“That the only man you’ll ever see coming and going is your son.”

## Chapter Two

“I love your accent, wonder what it’ll sound like when you come,” Claire sang along to Haelstorm’s Vicious. “And bring your girlfriend because three is better than two!”

She finished teasing out her blonde hair and smiled through her black coated lips.

“Looking trashy, Dr. Fields,” she remarked as she took in her reflection.

Being blonde, Claire didn’t think she could really pull off the goth look but had to admit that having done her eyes in heavy black mascara, eyeshadow and liner, the black lipstick was an effective look on her, the black making her baby blue eyes pop even more.

She donned the black leather choker, playfully flicking the small pendant that dangled from it. The word slut was engraved on one side, ‘Your’ on the other. She rose from the chair and smoothed down the one piece black imitation leather dress, her breath hissing between her teeth when her hands went over her aching nipples.

The dress fit so tightly she could barely get it to her hips, before having to wiggle and squirm to raise it a few inches at a time to cover her large breasts. But the end result was stunning.

The form fitting dress hugged every curve she had, flattering her impressive chest as well as showing off how flat her stomach was. It traced her hips, fit snugly to her upper thighs and traced the sweet curve of her ass.

The dress didn’t go more than a scant few inches past her ass, and putting her back to the mirror, she bent over. Looking over her shoulder, she could see her pink slit winking out from between her thighs.

Claire looked down to the black knee high stiletto boots which she’d found on line, and featured an open toe which displayed her black painted toes while covering the rest of her foot.

Her ebony nails matched, and she’d donned a bunch of cheap silver rings she’d picked up at a thrift store, two of which were small skulls and added a pair of dangling silver bat earrings.

“Okay, Elvira,” she told her reflection, as she took in her ample cleavage. “Show time.”

She left the bedroom and walked past Mark’s room, smiling at the piles of clothes, the unmade bed, and his other belongings strewn about. Kid was a slob, but she’d been overjoyed that he wanted to move back in with her and Max.

Claire walked down the stairs, still humming the sexy song she’d last heard on her Friday night, getting amped up to be dicked down, playlist. Her heels clicked on the stairs, and she tilted her head when she reached the bottom of the stairs and saw the living room was empty.

“Boy’s I’m leaving, probably be back in the morning,” she called out.

“Are you fucking kidding?” Mark’s voice directly behind her, made her jump. He must have slipped around the dining room and down the hall to sneak up on her. “Jesus, his dress is slutty even for you?”

“Your disapproval is duly noted, I’ll see you...hey!” she gasped when he grabbed her arm and, stepping around her, pulled her towards the dining room. “What are you doing? Let me go!”

Her protests sounded convincing considering the way he’d grabbed her arm had sent a rush of heat through her already wet pussy.

“Max!” Mark said as he pulled her into the dining room. “Do you believe this shit? Discount Elvira here thinks she’s going out like this.”

“Jeez, Mom,” Max did a good job with the look of disapproval on his face. “That’s really short.”

“What do you care,” even as she pulled her arm away from Mark as if she were angry, her eyes roamed over her oldest son, taking in the fact he was shirtless and in a pair of sweatpants, and going by the way the look of the bulge in them, was going commando.

Just like his mother.

“You two losers want to stay home and whack off, that’s your problem,” Claire glared at Mark who looked as if he were trying not to laugh in the face of her fake outrage. “But me? I’m going out to get some cock. More than one if I can’t choose.”

“Fucking whore,” Mark sneered, and she heard Max snicker.

She turned to look at him to see he’d risen from the table and dressed only in a pair of shorts. He looked as hard as his brother, and her clit began to throb in time with her aching nipples.

“If you want you can blow your pathetic loads in this whore’s thongs like you’ve been doing,” she returned his nasty look. “By the way, which one of you two sick puppies came in my damn shoe?”

“Him!” Max pointed. “Weirdo likes your feet.”

“Those were crushed velvet,” she gave him a smack on the arm. “Use the cheap ones next time.”

“Or maybe,” Mark smirked. “This time we just use you?”

“What?” she tried to feign shock. “I’m your mother!”

“What do you think, Max? Ready to show this cum dumpster to be careful of what she wished for?”

“That’s kind of nasty,” Max frowned. “Can we...”

“Time!” Mark snapped. “Stop fucking up the game! It’s my turn to pick, and we were all nice and sweet last night.”

“Play by the rules, Max.” Claire chided him. “Is treating me bad, really so bad?”

“Um,” Max grinned ruefully. “No.”

“Then let’s get back to it,” she snapped her fingers, then went to turn around, but Mark slid over in front of her.

“I said you’re not going anywhere like that.”

“I’m the parent around here,” she gave him a gentle shove. “I do as I please.”

“You’ll do us is what you’re going to do you cock teasing skank.”

Claire caught movement out of the corner of her eye and saw Max in the mirrored shadow box coming around the table to stand behind her. Her heart pounding and her mouth and cunt watering, she tried to step around Mark.

“Tell you what, Mom. How about you get on your knees, suck us off, then we’ll let you go suck off your loser of choice.”

“Yeah,” Max said behind her. “You can practice on us.”

“She doesn’t need practice,” Mark grabbed her by the collar, pulling her face to his. “She’s an OG cock sucker, been swallowing loads since middle school.”

She winked, acknowledging the crude insult as being a good one.

“I can think of two loads I should have swallowed.” She retorted.

“Ouch!” Max laughed softly behind her and Mark looked so taken aback she had to hold back one of her own.

“Think your funny, slut?” Mark’s eyes bored into hers. “Let’s see if you have jokes when you have your mouthful.”

“Please, I could probably talk around that...oh!”

He let her collar go and shoved her hard. She staggered back, then cried out when Max slipped his arms beneath hers and pulled them behind her.

“Let me go! I’m your damn mother!”

“Act like a whore, get treated like one.” He grabbed the top of the sleeveless dress and ripped the top down, causing her tits to spring free.

“Oh my god!” she cried out. “What are you do...ow!”

Mark dealt each of her tits a hard slap, then lowering his head, sucked her left nipple hard enough to make his lips smack.

“Stop!” she struggled against Max who worked his arms higher under hers to be able to grab her breasts, squeezing then roughly as his brother sucked on her other nipple.

“Surprised you even know that word.” Mark gave her tits another smack, and Max added to the pleasure laced pain by pinching her nipples hard enough to make her squeal.

“Get her on her knees.”

Mark demanded, and Claire gasped when Max shoved his knees forward, forcing hers to bend. He was getting much better at this, she thought then whimpered when Mark caught her shoulders and pushed down, driving her down to kneel on the floor.

Max grabbed her by the hair and her cunt flooded when he yanked it hard to the right, making her turn on her knees so she was now between them, staring up at them smiled down at her.

“Open wide,” Mark pushed his pants down, revealing his long thick erection.

“No!” she raised her arms, and whimpered when they grabbed her wrists and pushed them to her sides, holding them there.

Max had his shorts down and his cock out and in his free hand. He whipped it across her face, making her yelp, then winced when Mark hit the other side of her face with his.

“Please...please,” she begged, her eyes wide, her lips trembling, but her hips grinding as her clit ached with need.

Her sons beat her face with their cocks, getting her sticky while she begged and pleaded for them to stop. Mark reached down and pinched her nipple and when she yelped, lowed his cock into her mouth.

Claire gagged for effect, and angling her head, got her tongue beneath him, and took a deep breath, inhaling his full length, and displaying her impressive deep throating skills.

Mark grabbed her head, and ruthlessly fucked her face, causing her eyes to water while she made wet choking sounds, drool flowing from the sides of her mouth.

“Like that don’t you?” He moaned. “Grab that fucking dick, you pig. His too, you know this isn’t the first ski job you’ve given.”

He yanked her head back, causing a sticky mess to flow from her lips, but she obediently grabbed both their cocks and stroked them.

“My turn,” Max, using her hair as a handle pulled her face to his cock. His tip was an angry purple and oozing precum, which she eagerly sucked down her throat as she took him deep with an expertise that proved Mark’s comment to be more than an insult, Claire had been sucking cock since high school, and her skills were second to none.

Max brutally worked her mouth while she cupped his balls, rubbing them as he used his mother’s face. Mark yanked her back to him and held his cock up. Taking her cue, Claire opened wide and noisily slurped on his swollen sac.

For the next few minutes, the room filled with the sounds of her choking and gagging as they took turns pounding her face. Her face flushed, streaks of black down her cheeks and a sloppy warm mess flowing from her mouth and down onto her tits, Claire was in a lust driven frenzy sucking their cocks as well as working their balls with her hands and tongue.

“Christ, I got better head from the drunk bitch at the bar.” Mark grabbed her arm and hauled her to her feet.

He said something to Max she didn't catch, then spun her around and pushed her in the back. Claire grunted in pain when her hips hit the dining room table, then cried out, "N...no more! Please stop doing this!"

Max appeared at the other side of the table and grabbing her wrists yanked her completely over the table. With the added height of the absurd heels, her face was only a few inches from his cock, which he promptly shoved in her mouth.

Behind her, Mark pulled her dress over her hips.

"Fucking slut isn't even wearing underwear! Going to go to the club flashing her twat at everyone." He dealt her left cheek a hard smack. "You might be the parent, but you're the one that needs a spanking."

Claire yelped then again when he hit the other side. Weeks into their twisted game, and there was no getting used to the force of her oldest son's slaps. But aside from the stinging pain the fact her cunt was close to dripping down her thighs was a sign she really didn't mind much.

His hand blurred behind her, beating her ass red and swollen as she yipped and whimpered amidst her attempt to beg around Max's thrusting cock. Her jaw and throat was already beginning to get sore, and it was a reminder of just how fake hardcore porn was when they made it seem like women could take an hour of this level of use.

Also why she only played this game on Friday because she'd be in no shape on Saturday to see patience with a sore throat, among other sore things. Mark spread her cheeks, and plunged into her with one long hard thrust, causing her to cry out around Max.

"Hmm-mmm! Hmm-mmm!" She gurgled.

"Take your cock out, I want to hear her."

Max pulled it from her mouth and she gasped.

"Please, boys! Please stop! You're being mean to me!"

"Heard its what you like," Max slapped his sloppy wet cock across her face, then slipped back into her mouth.

Claire whimpered and whined as her sons spit roasted her over the dining room table. Mark, as always was hammering mercilessly into her gushing cunt, and now her thighs were coated with her own warm juices.

Mark pulled out and grabbing her hips, hissed across the table.

"Get her on her back."

Mark pulled from her mouth, gripped her shoulders, and she yelled in surprise as her two sons easily flipped her over onto the table. Mark dropped to his knees, and she squealed when he buried his tongue in her sloppy cunt.

Max pulled her towards him until her head was hanging off the table and promptly fed her his cock.

“Glug, glug glug!” Claire gurgled around him while whining in pleasure as Mark sucked on her twat, eagerly slurping up his mother’s sticky mess.

His tongue worked through her lips before fastening to her clit and sucking it hard enough to make her squeal. He plunged two fingers into her as he swirled his tongue around her pink button.

Max grabbed her tits, stroking her nipples as his brother went at his mother’s cunt like a starving man at a buffet. Claire lifted her legs, putting her heels on his shoulders and pushing them into him.

He moaned as they points gouged into his flesh, and responded by pushing a third finger into, stretching her cunt around them. Claire would up since she’d come home and hopped in the shower and gotten dressed for tonight’s game was already feeling the first twinges of orgasm deep within her.

Max was going much slower in this position, easing his cock a few inches out than easing it back in, feeding his mother’s greedy mouth. She reached back, playing with his balls, while wrapping two fingers around his cock, stroking as he fucked her mouth.

Without warning, Mark shoved a finger hard into her ass, and Claire came like an animal. She jerked her head up, slipping Max’s cock from her lips and wailed like a banshee as her legs kicked in the air and her hips bucked wildly, grinding her hot flesh into Mark’s face.

Max twisted her nipples, causing her cries to rise in pitch, and the waves of pleasure crashing through her to become even more intense. She thrashed on the table as Mark curled his fingers inside her, finding her G-spot and causing her eyes to roll back as she screamed in ecstasy.

His lips remained on her clit, and a second orgasm followed the first sending her into another bout of squealing and squirming.

“Oh...oh my god,” she moaned as her body jerked, electric shocks of pleasure still flowing through her. “I...the damn ceiling is moving.”

She struggled to catch her breath, but after a few seconds, Mark grabbed her by the collar and hauled her into a sitting position. Max came around and slipping his hands beneath the sore and puffy cheeks of her ass, lifted her up and deposited her onto his cock.

“Oh, oh!” she yelped as he effortlessly bounded her up and down the length of his cock.

She wrapped her arms and legs around him, and bucked up and down, riding him even harder. Mark put his hands on her shoulders, and Claire braced herself for what was coming.

He lowered his hips, then rose, plunging his cock into her ass.

“Oh, noooo!” Claire howled in protest as her pink rosebud was violated, again, by her son’s hard flesh.

Max didn’t seem much of a fan of fucking her that way, but Mark loved it, and she loved him doing it.

“Oh my god, oh, no oh...” she laughed. “Forget it! Fuck mama in the ass, baby! Both my boys fucking me! I love it!”

She lifted her head, crying out in taboo joy as her son's pressed her soft body between their hard sweaty chests, their thrusting cocks plundering their mother's holes. She turned her head and seeing the three of them in the mirror jerked between them, contracting her holes and grinding on their cocks.

Her face was a red mass of sweat, tears and make up from choking on cock, and her blue eyes so bright they appeared lit from within. Her dress rucked up around her waist and her fuck me boots wrapped around Max she truly looked like a MILF porn star being taken by two horny cubs.

Except these were her cubs, her studs, her men, her sons, and they were showing their mother just how much they wanted and needed her. Just as they had been for the last month.

Claire squealed as Mark fucked her harder, his cock driving into her burning ass, and she felt her body tensing between them. The lasting, and pleasant effect of Jo's T-virus was a drive that bordered on hypersexual, and often multi orgasmic.

Max moaned in her ear, and seconds later, his cock twitched and erupted within her. His climax triggered hers, and she exploded between them, crying out in pleasure as her orgasm tore through her.

Behind her, Mark gasped, and her eyes went back when he came, his hot cum spurting into her quivering asshole. The three of them moaned and whimpered as their hips jerked and their cocks filled her convulsing holes as she cried out in sheer taboo joy.

"Jesus," Mark moaned as he eased from her, keeping his hands on her back.

It was a good thing he did, because when Max lowered her to her feet, her knees were so weak, she staggered back into him. He pulled over a chair, and Claire gratefully sank into it.

"God bless date night," she breathed as she fought to catch her breath.

"Just getting started," Mark promised as he sat down next to her while Max vanished into the kitchen.

He returned with three bottles of water and passed them around. They all chugged the cold water, Claire staring past the bottle at her well built son's cocks still twitching and semi hard between their legs.

She lowered the bottle, and cooed as she felt their cum dripping from both her holes. Have to wash the cushion tomorrow, that was for sure.

"Yeah, well if you want more, I'm going to need to shower unless you boys want to stick your cocks in each other's cum."

"Hard pass," Max grimaced.

"That's what I thought." Claire forced herself to her feet. "How about you boys wait in my bed. I'll shower and be in there so you can punish me some more."

"How about I shower with you?" Max asked, then looked to Mark. "That okay with you?"

Mark knew the same thing as Claire did. That in the shower Max would slowly wash her then want her again, but this time much slower and far more sensually. It was as if he always felt as if he had to make it up to her for being rough when they played this way.

“Fine with me, if I fall asleep, I’m sure mom will wake me up.”

“Bet on it, you boys haven’t worn me out yet.”

“We’ll keep trying.” Max took her hand, “Let’s go get you clean.”

“And be dirty while we do.” Claire smiled and allowed him to lead her towards the stairs.

Looking over her shoulder she said teasingly to Mark.

“See honey, your father’s wrong, I’m not so bad, am I?”

“Nah,” he waved his hand. “He was right, you are a slut.”

“That’s not nice,” she pouted, but when he pointed and said.

“Your damn collar says your slut, remember.”

“No, baby,” she slipped her arm around Max’s waist while flickering her tongue at Mark. “You remember that.”

## Chapter Three

Amanda sat on the edge of the bed, clad in a short red robe, eyeing the restraints she'd affixed to the bedposts. Was she really going to go through with this? It was only her marriage and family at stake.

And for what? To finally quench her craving to further push the sexual bar? To say she had finally achieved the ultimate taboo. If it were just her, maybe she would continue to abstain, but over the last month, Jaimie had been increasingly vocal about wanting Andre.

Going so far as to say they were "cheating on daddy", and it wasn't fair. She played on Amanda's guilt because she wasn't lying. The two of them had been fooling around behind his back for three weeks now.

Slipping into Jaimie's room late at night when Andre was asleep, having some morning glory when he went to work in the morning, and Jaimie didn't have classes until later.

Amanda had even rescheduled appointments, seeing people past five so she could go in later and have some time with her daughter. The guilt affected her when Andre had sex with her, and even more so when she'd curl up into him when they were done and fall asleep.

But the guilt was being overwhelmed by Amanda's extreme desire for more, and she found herself playing dangerous, and dirty games in her mind. She'd kissed her daughter after swallowing her father's load.

She had Andre come inside her, then quickly say she needed to go to the bathroom and met Jaimie in there, locking the door, and sitting on the sink while her daughter ate daddy's cum from her mother's cunt.

Jaimie's eagerness to do so should be appalling, but what about this situation wasn't to most people. Jamie claimed she wanted to taste daddy 'right from the source' and Amanda feared her daughter was getting closer to making a mistake.

Blatantly trying to seduce her father and exposing everything she'd been doing with Amanda. Jamie couldn't do that, not just in the sense of it being wrong, but no way would Andre succumb to her temptation.

Jaimie was technically the perfect girl for their games, right in Andre's wheelhouse of young, succulent, and delightfully bratty. But this was his daughter, not some tart they met online or paid for, or found while on vacation.

But if she were in Amanda's presence, it could happen.

The how was something that occurred to her last week, when they'd all had bloodwork done to confirm their pheromones were still off the charts. It was appearing more and more this was permanent, and the effects of it, were nothing any of them would complain about.

They were all lustier than ever, came harder than ever, and their kids couldn't get enough of them. The moral dilemma of it possibly being them under permanent sway of their mother's enhanced

sexuality, or their true heart's desire was getting discussed less and less, as they were all so happy, they didn't want it to end.

Not like their kids were suffering. As a fan of the female form, Jaimie was well aware that Jo, Claire, and Robin had plenty to offer their sons and were taking care of their boys like no other woman ever could.

But last time out as they once again joked about Jo creating a sex enhancer that could blow away anything on the market, a theory formed in her mind. Robin had wondered if it were limited to their kids.

What would happen if they went out, like Claire used to do, and try to get picked up? Would the pheromones work and make them more attractive to any man? Would the sex be as insane as it was with their kids?

Consensus was no. Genetics was why it worked so strongly between parent and child, and GSA itself known to be a form of forbidden aphrodisiac, all documented cases featuring men and women who said they had never desired someone so strongly.

The word desire was the key.

Amanda and Andre had an amazing sex life. Twenty plus years together, and they still fucked like newlyweds and sharing young girls wasn't their only game. Role plays, bondage, rough sex, even rape play.

They kept it fresh and lusted for each other as much now as they did when they'd met. Because Amanda loved and desired him, her pheromones should affect him, and the way they had been fucking even more than usual the last month seemed to prove her correct.

By extension, if his already strong libido had been pushed higher by being in bed with her, and Jaimie was all on board, could her augmented sexual magnetism, affect him to the point his inhibitions would lower, just as they had in their kids.

Well, the sons of her friends, as Jaimie had about as many as Amanda, which was to say pretty much none. Could she use his lust for her, and their strong mutual desire to share young girls be enough to get him to accept his daughter as a lover?

One thing she knew for sure was it would only take once. If Jaimie and Amanda put on a show for him, if his daughter got her mouth on him, and daddy's cock inside her tight ripe little peach, there was no way he would ever say no.

But there had to be a first time.

"Mama!" Jaimie, clad in a short black robe that belonged to Amanda, but she'd taken as her own burst into the room. "Daddy's home!"

"Then get your ass in your room, baby girl, you're not supposed to be home."

"You left him the notes, right? He's going to play, right? He won't be in a bad mood, will her?"

The words came out in an excited rush, and Amanda took in her daughter's wide eyes, her slender petite build and the way she was bouncing as she spoke, like an excited child.

Excited to fuck her father.

And at 18, she often did act as much as a child as she did an adult.

“He’ll play. I told him today you were staying with a friend, and that I had a treat for him tonight.”

“Two treats!” Jaimie giggled. “I’m so excited, and I’m so wet!” she sighed. “I feel like I could pop!”

“You’ll pop plenty later. Now get out of here! Remember, you don’t come out until I text you and when you come in, not a sound.”

“Thank you, mama!” She kissed Amanda briefly on the lips, then skipped out of the room.

Amanda rose from the bed and going to the nightstand opened the bottom door. She looked at an assortment of sex toys that could give Adam and Eve a run for its money and removed the blindfold.

She slipped it into the pocket of her robe and listened for the front door. On it, she’d taped an envelope with a note telling Andre to shower, then come into the bedroom where she had a new game they could play.

She had a moment of déjà vu as she recalled the night, she’d hired a young female escort to come over and play with her and let Andre ‘catch’ them in bed. It was like tonight in that she could no longer resist her craving for hot young cunt and needed him to play too because she wouldn’t cheat on him.

He’d been upset at first, but she’d remained playful, touching and kissing her young guest and having her join Amanda in begging him to come play. He’d caved and it had been game on ever since.

Had he managed to resist it could have been the end of her marriage. Now here she was years later and doing a new version of the same stunt, one that was far more dangerous.

But the reward if, no, not if, when, it worked would be so much sweeter. She heard the door and Andre’s footsteps coming down the hall. She closed her eyes and smiled when she heard the bathroom door close, and the water turn on.

Amanda dimmed the light until it was barely a glow and went around the room lighting the candles on the nightstands and the two on her bureau. She was pleased to note that although she’d been anxious all day, she felt an odd calm flow over her.

Close to twenty five years since her aunt and Uncle seduced her and turned her into a plaything, Amanda was on the verge of not only fully recreating their game but taking it next level.

She heard the water shut off, and opening the bedroom door, Jamie had shut on her way out, froze when she saw her daughter poking her head out of her room. She pointed to her and waved her hand, and Jaimie ducked back out of sight.

Amanda slipped off her robe and tossed it aside. Beneath it she was naked, her deeply tanned flesh glowing in the candlelight. Her small perky breasts had no tan lines from sunbathing topless since

the neighbors would be away, and her tiny, adorable pink nipples that featured a cute little upturn, were erect in anticipation.

Her petite, but toned, supple body bare, except for the silver pendent dangling from her naval, and the small patch of light brown fuzz she'd shaved into the shape of a heart, was Amanda's first weapon in her attack on her husband's will to resist.

The bathroom door opened, and Andre appeared in the hallway. With only a towel around his waist, he walked to the room and when he was a few feet away, whistled.

"Hmm, that is a treat. God, I married a fine woman."

"I didn't do to bad myself," she replied, and wasn't kidding.

Andre was the definition of tall dark and handsome. Over six feet, and broad shouldered, his skin the olive tone of the Mediterranean where he was born, and his body all lean hard muscle. His raven black hair, piercing brown eyes, neatly trimmed beard lent him an imposing look, that was quickly dispelled by his quick and genuine smile and the soft, but still noticeable French accent he'd developed when his parents moved there when he was still a baby.

Her eyes trailed down his still damp body, licking her lips at the droplets of water on his hairy chest and hard flat abdomen. Beneath that towel, was as perfect as the rest of him.

Hung like a bull, and with the stamina of a man half his age, he'd left his hot little spinner of a wife walking funny on many occasions. None of Amanda's holes were off limits and he made use of all of them, especially when it was his turn to dominate her.

"What's the game my lady?" His eyes fell on the restraints on the bed. "Am I your unhappy master, or your disobedient slave in need of punishment?"

"Lose the towel," she said, her normally light voice lowered and there was an incongruous air of command in her tone. "I don't recall telling you that you could be covered."

"That's an answer," he laughed, then stopped when she raised an eyebrow.

"You going to mock me?"

"Apologies mistress."

He dropped the towel, and Amanda forced herself to remain indifferent to his long thick cock. She stepped back and sat on the bed.

"Here," she pointed to the floor.

"Yes," he took a step, and she shook her head.

"Crawl."

He nodded and getting on all fours crawled up to her. When he'd reached her, he lowered his head and kissed the tops of her feet. Amanda wanted him on the bed, but also wanted him immersed in the game he thought they were playing.

She lifted her foot.

“Worship it.”

“Yes, mistress.” He took her small foot in his large hands, and she bit back a moan when he sucked her big toe between his lips. She stayed silent, pretending she wasn’t on the verge of squirming as he licked and sucked each of her toes, before lifting her foot and licked her from heel to toe.

“I have two,” she told him, and watched him stoically, at least on the outside, as he worked her other foot with his mouth and tongue.

“Pathetic, I didn’t even moan.”

“I’m better when it comes to…”

“After that sorry showing, you think I’d let you lick my cunt?” she laughed. “Maybe I’ll let someone else do it, and you can watch and learn something.” Someone like your daughter?

He lowered his head.

“I am not worthy of even your beautiful feet, mistress.”

“At least you know that,” she pointed. “Get on the bed, legs spread, arms out.”

“Yes, Mistress,”

She rose and walked away, putting her back to him to show he wasn’t worth looking at.

“Are you as I asked?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

She turned and leaning over, slipped his wrist through the cuff and tightened it. As she did, her nipple was inches from his mouth, but he knew better than to try and lick it.

“Good boy,” she walked around the bed and fastened his other wrist.

Grabbing the black rope in the middle of the headboard, she yanked it hard, causing his arms to raise higher and the ropes to tighten.

Picking up the blindfold, she slipped it over his head, making sure the thick black material was completely over his eyes.

“Can’t let you see your treat.”

“I’m not worthy of…”

“You can stop,” she playfully tweaked his nipple. “Different game, I just needed you bound and blindfolded.”

“I’m intrigued. Your dirty mind has never let me down.”

“Nor will it tonight.” She leaned over and kissed him fondly, hoping he’d still want to kiss her a few minutes from now. Or ever again. “You just relax and enjoy, my love. Your adoring wife is going to make you very happy.”

“I’m already happy.” He laughed, then groaned when she grabbed his cock.

He looked even bigger in her small fist, and Amanda realized she was a minute away from seeing it in her daughter’s hand, mouth, and if it worked...

She bent over and teased her tongue along the sensitive ridge beneath his head, smiling as his body tensed and his hips rocked, pushing his tip to her soft lips.

“Soon enough.” She picked her phone up and texted Jaimie.

“Come in, and not a peep!”

Amanda, still in that eerie calm watched her daughter leave her room and walk to her room. Her already wide eyes looked as if they were going to fall out of her head when she saw her father naked and ready on the bed.

Amanda put her finger to her lips, and stepping up to Jaimie, undid the tie to her robe. She slipped it from her slim shoulders and smiled at the sight of her daughter’s perfect body.

The same build as her mother, small, tight, deliciously suckable pink nipples and not very big on top, she was everything Andre loved in their young playmates. Because they resembled his wife who wasn’t that much older than Jaimie was now when they met.

“You look good, baby.” She spoke. “Good enough to eat. You mind if I get your cock nice and wet for me?” she moaned. “Having it in my mouth gets me nice and wet too.”

“Do what you must,” he sighed, smiling away. “I will endure it as best I can.”

Amanda gestured to the bed, and Jaimie, moving slowly, a look of surprise on her face as if she couldn’t believe this was happening crawled up on the bed. She slid up between Andre’s legs, and sliding down on her stomach gripped his cock.

Amanda’s swallowed hard, her clit throbbing and her heartbeat picking up as she watched her daughter slowly pump her father in her small hand. Jaimie looked at her and mouthed “So big!”

Amanda smiled and approached the bed, standing next to it, her eyes locked on Jaimie who had parted her full pouty lips and lowering her head. She took Andre into her mouth, and Amanda felt a surge of heat between her thighs that almost caused her to lose control and moan.

“Hmm,” Jaimie did moan as she bobbed her head, taking her father about halfway each time before working her way back up.

Her eyes closed and there was a look of lustful bliss on her face that had Amanda’s hand straying between her thighs. Jaimie opened wider and took him deeper until she gagged when she’d gotten about two thirds of him in her mouth.

“Stop pretending,” Andre said softly. “I know you can take all of it.”

Jaimie shook her head with his cock still in his mouth, and he moaned. "Or tease, whatever you want, I'm yours for the taking."

Jaimie bobbed her head faster, and cupped his heavy balls, fondling them as she sucked. Andre sighed and lay there, his body relaxed as he enjoyed what he thought was his wife's mouth.

Jaimie worked her lips up to his tip, then down one side of his shaft then the other. Her eyes were now open, and fixed on Amanda's as she fluttered her soft pink tongue along her dad's hard flesh.

She lowered her head and first licked then sucked on his balls, bending her knees, and kicking her feet playfully, as if he could see her. Jaimie's small, sweet ass moved up and down as sucking her father's cock had her worked up.

Amanda leaned over, and slipping her hand between Jaimie's thighs stroked her clit. Jaimie whimpered into Andre's balls, then ran her tongue up to his tip and took him as deep as she could.

She moaned and whimpered as Amanda teased her clit, then slipped two fingers into her daughter's cunt. She wasn't just wet, she was sopping, and so was Amanda at this point.

"Damn, you give good head," Andre said.

He'd give her the opening she needed to take it further.

"She does, doesn't she?" she asked and getting on the bed, slid up next to him, her head resting on his arm.

"She..." Andre's mouth opened in surprise. "You little minx! You brought us a friend!"

"I did," Amanda purred.

They had a hard rule about bringing anyone here, but Andre wasn't about to protest with his dick in her mouth, and Amanda hope she could count on that in a little while.

"You should see her, baby." She is sooo perfect!" she leaned over and licked his nipple.

"Scrumptious little tits, pretty nipples, and she's got a nice smooth slit, all tucked up nice and tight.

"Young, ripe, and begging to be plucked by your big cock."

"Oh, you tease! I want to see her!"

"Maybe," Amanda teased. "God, baby, our little girl looks so good with your dick in that precious mouth."

"She is a good girl," he fell into their game, the one he'd had initial reservations about, but Amanda had assured him it was nothing more than age play and didn't mean anything regarding their own daughter.

Who now, several years later, was indeed the one working her father with her precociously talented mouth.

"You like sucking daddy's dick, baby girl?"

“Hmm-mm!” she exclaimed as she continued to suck.

“Imagine what its going to feel like in that pretty kitty of yours.”

“Uhh-uhh!” she shook her head making Andre groan as she worked him around her mouth.

“Aww, you think its too big? Going to blow open that tight little snatch?”

“Hmmm!” Jamie whimpered, her eyes wide and focused on Andre’s face as she pleased him.

“I want to see her,” he breathed. “Let me see Mama’s good girl making daddy happy.”

He didn’t know his words were the truth, and Amanda felt her first wave of nerves. It was seconds away. Or...she could let Jamie hop on, take him for a ride, let him cum for her and send her away. Letting him have her father, but him not knowing and...

No, that was beyond unfair to him. Not that what she was doing wasn’t the ultimate dirty trick, but soon he’d know who was between his legs, and hopefully she could get him to let her stay there.

“Come on, Mandy,” he implored her. “Let me see daddy’s good girl.”

“You want daddy to see you, baby girl?” Amanda’s voice trembled. “Mama wants you too. I want to see him smile when he sees who’s doing such a good job sucking his big cock.”

“Hmmm,” Jaimie’s glance flicked her way, and for a moment, Amanda saw the same apprehensive look she knew was on her face. But then she winked, and taking a breath, Amanda slid down the bed, until she was next to Jaimie, with Andre’s leg between them.

Amanda reached up, gripped the edge of the blindfold while gripping his cock with her other hand, holding his base as Jamie continued to suck on him.

Go big or go home, Mandy.

Amanda flipped off the blindfold.

“Oh my god!” Andre shouted. “God no!”

Not the reaction wanted, but Jaimie appearing undaunted, slipped his cock from her mouth and chirped.

“Surprise, daddy!”

“Amanda! Jaimie!” Andre tugged on the ropes causing the headboard to creak. “Stop, Jaimie, don’t touch me!”

“But you said I gave good head!” Jaimie pouted, then flicked her tongue over Andre’s head.

His cock was softening in her hand, and in desperation, Amanda took him into her mouth, sucking hard and fast, using her skill as a lover to keep him hard.

“Amanda!” he gasped. “Stop, what...what is this?”

“I love you daddy,” Jaimie told him. “I want you too! Me and Mama have been playing for awhile now, and we both want you to play with us!” She pushed out the pout again. “Please don’t be mad! Think of all the fun we’re going to have together!”

“Oh,” Andre squirmed on the bed, but Amanda felt a flicker of hope when his cock was once again stiffening in her mouth. “I...no, wrong, so wrong! Amanda, what’s wrong with you?”

She pulled him from her mouth, and pushed his cock to Jaimie who eagerly took over, noisily slurping on his cock while Amanda spoke in a rush.

“Look at her, Andre! She’s so perfect, and she’s all ours! All she wants to do is make you happy! All I want is for us all to be happy!”

She put her hand on his balls, rubbing them and the whimper of frustration he released increased her optimism.

“Look at your wife and daughter between your legs, sharing your cock!” She tugged it from Jaimie and sucked on it before passing it over to her. “Don’t tell me we don’t feel good and look just as good.”

“Sick,” he moaned. “You...need help... Mandy, you did this, you wanted this. Our own daughter!”

“You’re hard in our daughter’s mouth, my love.” Amanda smiled at him. “You can lie, your cock can’t.”

“No, I...I can’t help it, she...”

“Is damn good with her mouth. Mama’s girl through and through. Now, just stop with its wrong, and watch.”

She leaned over, her lips parted, and Jaimie, lifted her head from Andre’s cock and kissed her. They both gripped his shaft, stroking it as their tongues slid over one another and they moaned into their taboo kiss.

Amanda lowered her head, flicking her tongue over Andre’s head, and Jaimie did the same. Amanda took the lead, and Jaimie followed, working their tongues up and down his long shaft before meeting over his tip for another kiss.

Andre’s breathing grew heavier, and he was no longer struggling against the bonds. He kept muttering words like wrong, and stop, and twisted, but his cock was throbbing in their hands.

Amanda turned her head, slipping his shaft between her lips and Jaimie did the same. They moved their heads in unison working his cock between them. Andre whimpered and Amanda’s heart leapt when his hips began to gently rock.

“Yes,” she purred. “That’s it, my love. Let it go, surrender to it. We love you, and you love us. This isn’t wrong honey, no one is hurting or abusing anyone.”

“Want you so bad, daddy!” Jaimie took him back in her mouth, this time sucking with teasing slowness, to give Amanda time to keep talking and not taking a chance of her father losing his erection.

"I've wanted this my whole life, Andre, the game we started was the closest I could get, but now its our daughter who's licked my cunt and who I've made squeal, and now we want you to play with us.

"No more hookers," she placed her hand on Jaimie's head, sliding it through her hair and pushing down, then pulling on her hair, guiding her along her husband's dick. "No more young girls who need money, or little skanks at clubs.

"From now on its our daughter who's going to share your cock with me. Think of fucking her while she goes down on me. Fucking me while she rides my face. Your two girls loving and lusting with you every night."

"Oh, Amanda," he was sweating and his body still tense, but his eyes were locked onto their daughter gobbling on his cock like it was the best thing she ever tasted. "This...it can't be happening."

"It is, and its going to keep happening." Amanda rose to her knees. "Baby girl, its time to go for a ride on Daddy."

Jaimie slipped to her knees, and Amanda gripped the base of Andre's cock, squeezing it ensure he stayed hard. Their daughter swung her leg over his hips and as Amanda guided her husband to her daughter's hole, smiled.

"Let daddy see how tight his little girl is."

"Yes, Mama," she paused, and in an oddly sweet voice, whispered. "Love you, daddy."

She then sat down hard, impaling herself in her father's cock

"Ow!" Jaimie squealed. "Oh, god, he's big!" she squirmed on his lap, whimpering as her tight cunt was spread around her father's thick shaft.

"Fuck," Andre's eyes went wide.

"Tight isn't she?" Amanda slid up the bed until she was kneeling by his head. "Tight, and wet, and...young. Our own barely legal jailbait, baby. And she is as eager to please as your wife is."

Jaimie whimpered, but sliding her feet up until they were flat on the bed, rose to her knees and using her legs, began to bounce on Andre's long cock.

"Been pleasing me the last few weeks. We even fucked each other with the strap on. The whole time, all she talked about was this."

"Shouldn't..." Andre groaned, but when Jaimie leaned over to brace her hands on his chest and ride him harder, his hips began to move in time with hers.

"Says who?" She placed her lips to his ear. "Our dirty secret, baby. We come home and we play with our sexy nympho of a daughter. You want time alone with her? You can have that, still want nights with just me, that's fine too.

“But the three of us? Hmmm,” she licked his ear. “You fuck her and flood that young twat with your load then I slurp it out of her. We play while you rest. Think of how she’ll squeal between us? Squeal for daddy, come on daddy’s cock, come under your wife’s tongue while you fuck my ass.

“She’s a nasty thing like her mother, my love. We can both take her. She can ride my rubber cock while you take her ass! Everything we did with those girls we’ll do with our girls.”

She kissed his neck, then smiled as she watched His sticky wet shaft sliding in and out of Jaimie’s pink slit. “You’re so hard, my love. She feels good, doesn’t she?”

“She,” Andre’s dark eyes met hers and with an air of surrender, he whispered. “I’m a bad man for doing this?”

“No, baby,” Amanda kissed him. “You’re a good man who married a bad woman and had a bad girl,” she swung her leg over his head and lowered her cunt to his face. “But bad girls need love too,” she giggled, then moaned when Andre’s tongue entered her flooded pussy.

“Yes,” she rocked her hips, grinding her hot sticky flesh in his face. “That’s it, baby, make your girls happy!”

“Yes, daddy!” Jaimie squealed, as she pounded harder onto his cock. “Fuck me! Fuck your little girl!” she laughed, her eyes bright and wild. “Thank you, daddy! Thank you for...mmm!”

Her next words were muffled by Amanda leaning over and kissing her. She grabbed Jamie’s small tits, playing with them as she plunged her tongue into her daughter’s mouth.

Jamie returned the favor, cupping her mother’s breasts as she bounced on her father’s now boldly thrusting cock. Amanda’s hand dropped between them, and Jaimie squealed into their kiss when she found her throbbing clit and rubbed it.

Beneath her, Andre moaned into her pussy, his lips encircling her clit and sucking on it. Amanda’s hips ground into his face, but she continued to kiss Jamie while her fingers worked her daughter’s clit.

“Oh, oh!” Jamie whimpered.

There was a cracking sound behind her, and Amanda flinched when Andre’s hands, the cuffs still attached to them, slipped past her. She had a moment of panic that turned into a cry of joy when her husbands’ hands went to their daughter’s slender hips.

“Oh, daddy!” Jamie cried as he pushed on her hips, helping her ride him.

He moaned louder between Amanda’s thighs, but his lips continued to work her clit, sucking her in a steady rhythm. His hips rocked much harder and faster, and Jaimie yelped when he held her down and now plunged up into her with short powerful strokes.

Jaimie couldn’t hold the kiss, and her and Amanda were now face to face, gasping and moaning as they rode Andre’s cock and tongue. Andre groaned loudly into her cunt and in front of her Jaimie’s eyes went wide.

“Oh my god! Oh, Mama! Daddy’s coming inside me! He’s...ahhh!” Her head went back and she wailed as Andre’s coming and Amanda’s manipulating her cunt triggered her own orgasm.

Her husband and daughter coming, Andre shooting inside her daughter, sent Amanda over the edge. The room filled with Jaimie and Amanda's high pitched squeals and cries as Andre writhed beneath them gasping and groaning as he was pinned to his wife's quivering cunt.

"Oh...oh." Jaimie, whimpered, and still dealing with the last waves of pleasure coursing through her body, Amanda grabbed her daughter and pushed her to the side.

Jaimie fell onto the bed, and lunging forward, Amanda buried her face in her daughter's cunt. Jaimie gasped, then whimpered, her hips rocking as her mother plunged her tongue into her cream filled cunt.

Amanda moaned, her eyes rolling as she eagerly slurped her husband's cum from their daughter. It was the moment she'd fantasized about since the first time with Jamie. She licked and sucked, aware of Andre sitting up and removing the cuffs as he watched his wife eat his load from his daughter.

Amanda rested her head briefly on Jamie's sweaty thigh, licking her sticky lips, then sat up. She looked at Andre whose face was a mass of sweat and his wife's juices. Between them, Jaimie lay there breathing hard, a stunned look on her face, as if she couldn't believe it had happened.

"I'm sorry," Amanda whispered, putting her hand on Andre's cheek. "I...I had to, my love. I had to have the three of us together. If you're mad its my fault, please don't take it out on..."

She stopped when he put his finger to her lips.

"Shh," she kissed her forehead. "This is...a lot, but it...god, this was so wrong, but..."

"Just say it felt good, Daddy." Jaimie stretched between them, and Amanda saw Andre's eyes roaming over his daughter's nubile young body. "All that other stuff, is just drama."

"Come up here, young lady," Andre beckoned her with his finger.

A nervous look on her face, Jaimie sat up between them.

"Closer," he told her.

After a quick look at Amanda, Jamie leaned her face towards Andre.

"You, my girl," he took her face in his hands and Amanda smiled when he gently kissed Jamie on the lips. "Are your mother's daughter."

## Chapter Four

“What an amazing night,” Jo said softly as she sat in the lawn chair sipping rum from the straw stuck into the hollowed out coconut.

Sitting on the beach less than fifty feet from the ocean, the small cabin she’d rented behind her. The night was warm enough for her to still be in her bikini, with just a towel around her waist, but featured a light caressing breeze that was just enough to keep it from being too hot.

Jo glanced to her left, watching the bonfire that had been built between her cabin and the one a hundred yards or so away. The semi-circle of beach that curved around the ocean, featured a half dozen cabins of different sizes, all far enough away from each other to afford some privacy.

There were four bon fires each between two cabins, and she watched with a smile as several college age kids laughed as they danced around the fire closest to them. She turned to her left, and her smile broadened.

Alex in the chair next to her, his chin on his chest as he dozed. Clad in just a pair of shorts, his skin bronzed from spending the last few days basking in the hot Floria sun, he looked damn good.

Reaching over, she pushed his arm.

“Huh?” he looked up. “You say something?”

“I said what an amazing night,” she rested her hand on his arm. “Don’t you think?”

“They’ve all been amazing.” He stretched his arms over his head. “The whole week.”

“It has been,” she sighed. “So this is what its like to take an actual vacation.”

“Yup, non anally retentive workaholics do this all the time.”

“Then I’ll have to keep the pole out of my ass and do this more often.”

“You didn’t mind that pole up...ow!” he yelped when she slapped his thigh.

“Enough with that, it was one time, and I was drunk.”

“Not that drunk,” he smirked, and she smacked him again. “Okay, you were drunk, jeez.”

“I can’t believe we did this.”

“Back to most people do this.”

“I mean us walking around like a couple. Holding hands, kissing in front of people.” She frowned. “You calling me Jo, which still seems wrong to me.”

“Let me get this right, us having sex is cool, me calling you by your name in front of other people isn’t.” He shrugged. “Priorities, am I right?”

“You were right to suggest this. I haven’t taken more than a day or two off from the center in years.”

“Let’s make it so you never say it again,” he winked. “Okay, Jo?”

“Smart ass.”

“Jo the red haired cougar, prowling the beach with her young boy toy.” He tipped his base ball cap to her. “You’ve come along way, doc.”

“I feel like Claire.”

“Nah, there’s only one of me.”

“Stop that,” she told him. “We shouldn’t talk about it.”

“Why not? We know it’s happening.” He chuckled. “Zack told me Max asked him what Aunt Robin was like in bed.”

“Ugh, this is why none of us should be talking about it.”

“I guess, but have to tell you, the idea of Jamie with Aunt Amanda is pretty hot.”

“Alex, we came to get away from real life, let’s not talk about it, okay?”

“Sorry. I mean everyone seems happy right? Especially Aunt Robin after she left Tom. Can’t believe he was cheating on her; she’s got it all going on.”

“Its still an odd thing to talk about so casually.” Jo finished her drink and put it next to the other three empties. She had a warm comfortable buzz going and didn’t want to get into anything serious.

“But not doing it makes it seem worse,” he told her. “You guys talk about it?”

“Alex, I just said...”

“I know you, doc. You’re still thinking of this as an experiment and wondering if its real or not.” When she turned to look at him, he looked away. “Okay, I’m not that smart, Mark mentioned he overheard his mom on the phone with you once.”

“Great.”

“You all wonder if we’re really happy or we’re some kind of slave of a Jedi Mind trick.” He told her. “I keep saying, and I’m sure the others do, that I’m pretty damn happy it happened.”

“Glad to hear that, but it could be the...”

“La La La,” I’m not listening.” Alex put his hands over his ears.

“When do you ever?” she quipped.

“Tell you what though,” A serious look came over him, but when he spoke it was in an exaggerated deep voice with a bad Italian accent. “Yo, if this is sposed to be wrong, then youse know, I don’t ever want to be right!”

Jo burst out laughing.

“Oh, Alex,” she kissed his cheek. “You are what’s amazing. You make me so happy.”

“Then that’s all you need to think about,” he nodded. “Know what’s amazing though, and it makes me pretty damn happy?”

“What’s that?”

“You walking around in those bikinis this week. God, you look fine.”

“Oh, please, there’s a half dozen girls your age to the left that look far better.”

“Bullshit, they’re skinny little girls. You, doc, are all woman and you been letting it show, and I am a fan!”

“Glad you like it, its all you get from now on.”

“All I need,” he shook his head. “I’m not kidding, its so good to see you toss that frigid dud nerd look away and show off the goods.”

“I’m doing that for you, and we’re states away from anyone we know. I wouldn’t walk around like this at home.”

“Then more reason to get away more.”

“Honey, you have seen everything I have, what’s so sexy about a bikini?”

“That you’re showing other people, and...whoa!”

He’d been looking past her, and she asked.

“What’s the matter?”

“Two of the girls over there took their tops off.”

Jo turned to see he was right. Not that she could get a really clear look from that distance, but it was obvious they were topless. The boys clapping as they pranced around the fire, shaking their tits.

“Little bitches, wait until gravity hits.”

“Hasn’t hit you yet,” Alex smiled. “They’re not really that big on top, yours are way better.”

“Stop it, its okay for you to look and think they’re hot.”

“I have better right here.”

“I’m a sure thing, honey, you can stop,”

“You should prove it.” He smirked. “Take your top off.”

“I will not!”

“I dare you.”

“Dare all you want, there’s a half dozen guys your age over there.”

“Come on, doc, you’ve lightened up so much. Do something wild.”

“I suck my son’s dick just about every night, I think I’m wild enough.”

“That’s behind closed doors. Do something crazy, just once.”

“Alex, please.”

“I’d think it’s hot.”

“You see my tits all the time.”

“But you showing them off? That would be even hotter, and them not knowing you’re my mother? Even better.”

“Whatever.”

“Here’s what we do.” He rose from the chair and removed his hat. “I’m going to run down and jump in the water. You come down too and while you’re walking, take your top off then jump in the water.”

“No,”

“Okay, nerd, I’m going for a swim.”

“Have fun.” She leaned back in the chair.

Alex rolled his eyes and walked towards the water. He’d taken a few steps when a young girl called out. “Hey, sexy! How about you come over here and have a drink with us?”

Alex waved but continued to head toward the water.

“What’s the matter?” Another girl called. “You don’t want to party with a hottie?”

“Ouch!” Alex called out. “Work on your lines, that was cringe!”

Several of the other kids over by the fire laughed, but one girl yelled.

“Your loss, I’d be way better than that woman you’re with, what is she, your sugar mama?”

Alex stopped and glared in their direction, and Jo also stared as one of the topless girls shook her tits for him. She heard one of the guys over there tell her to chill out, but the others all laughed.

“Keep walking, Alex.” Jo told him. “I’ll meet you in there.”

Alex shook his head, then ran the rest of the way in and dove into the water. Jo rose and untied the towel, exposing the minimal black bikini bottom, one that she honestly would never wear in front of her son if he wasn’t already her lover.

It was something Claire would wear, which told her it was too much, or not enough, but it excited her that Alex loved what she had, and she wanted to show off here where she could.

She slowly made her way, and when he popped up from the water and was watching, she reached behind her, untied the top and flipped it away.

“Hot damn!” One of the guys to her left whistled. “Check that out, Deb, that’s what real tits look like!”

“Fuck you, Bennie!”

Jo smiled and sauntered even slower, swinging her hips, her large creamy tits bouncing as she walked. She could feel the guys to her left looking, but her focus was on her son, and the look of shock, and desire on his face.

Jo ran the last few steps and dove into the pleasantly cool water, going under and kicking her feet until she emerged a few steps to Alex’s left. They were chest deep and when Jo made her way over, she put her hands on his shoulders, and pressed her partially submerged tits to his chest.

“Hey, hot stuff,” she kissed him hard, and when she reached beneath the water discovered he was hard as well. “Those kids watching?”

“Some of them.”

“Then they can watch this.”

Jo took a deep breath and dropped under the water. Fumbling beneath it, she found Alex’s shorts and pulled them down to his knees. She gripped his cock, and pressing his tip to her lips, slowly parted them.

She kept them pressed tightly to his shaft as she took close to his full length. Putting her hands on his hips, she bobbed her head. She’d never tried this before, but didn’t find it difficult, to the contrary it was hot as hell.

Alex’s hand went into her hair, and she bobbed her head faster and kept it up until tiny bubbles escaped her nostrils and she could no longer hold her breath. She popped up from the water and took several deep breaths before wrapping her arms around his neck.

Raising her legs, she hooked them around his waist and reaching down between them, tugged her suit to the side. She found his cock, guided it to her and moaned when he thrust into her.

She kissed him, her tongue entering his mouth as he fucked her beneath the water. Jo shifted her hands to his shoulders and pushing on them rose higher and descended harder onto his cock.

Her breasts were completely out of the water, and it was obvious to anyone watching what they were doing, and what she had been doing under the water. Jo pushed away from him, spreading her arms, and allowing her upper body to float as Alex gripped her hips beneath the water.

Her ears were beneath the water, but she could make out people yelling and knew they had an audience. Alex fucked her as hard as he could, and Jo moaned and sighed as her son fucked her in full view of a dozen kids on the beach.

Jo thrashed in the water, pushing her hips into his thrusts and driving him deeper. Alex slid his hands along her sides, getting them under her back and keeping her afloat as his cock plundered her cunt beneath the water.

His thrusts grew shorter and faster, and Jo purred when he let loose, his hot cum filling her red haired slit. Alex kept fucking her painting the walls of his mother's cunt, until when he had nothing left, he lifted her from the water.

Jo leaned forward so she was back in his arms and kissed him deeply as she dropped her legs from his hips. She eased back from him, and with a laugh, threw herself backwards into the water and rolling over, swam towards the beach.

She let herself drift with the small waves until she her hands touched the sand, then stood, and as slowly as she'd walked to the water, walked back, her breasts shamelessly exposed.

There were whistles and applause from the kids and turning, she gave her breasts a shake, then bowed to them before making her way back to the chair. She dropped into it, watching Alex make his way towards her, stopping to grab her top from the sand.

"That wild enough for you?" She asked when he stopped in front of her.

"Goddamn, Mom, I mean, Jo, that was..." he laughed. "Epicly hot! No more prude nerd jokes, promise. Here," he tried to hand her the top.

"No, they've already seen them, so I'll just sit here topless."

"You sure?"

"What's the matter, don't like other boys staring at your tits?" she asked with a coy smile.

"My tits?" Alex said softly. "Hearing you say that is almost as good as seeing them."

"Hey, that was fan-fucking-tastic!" One of the guys yelled over to them.

"Yeah," A girl chimed in "Good for you guys!"

"Yeah, Mom," Alex sat down and kissed her cheek. "Good for you,"

"No, baby," Jo rested her head against his, their eyes inches apart and both smiling ear to ear. "Good for us."

## Epilogue

Jo opened her eyes and found herself staring up at the spinning ceiling fan above her. From the screen door on the deck, the pleasant breeze persisted, and with it came the faint smell of burning wood.

She could see an orangish flickering light past the deck outside, and could faintly hear music playing, and occasionally loud laughter from the kids still partying in the next cabin.

Jo glanced over to her left to see Alex next to her. Lying on his back, his arms by his side, and a look of peace on his sleeping face. She smiled as she took in his ruggedly handsome features and her eyes drifted down to his bare chest.

The sheet was pulled up to his waist, and she could make out the bulge of his cock. For as much as she'd had of her son's large, and seemingly inexhaustible cock, she knew if she kept looking, she'd want even more.

Flip the sheet back, take him into her mouth...

Instead, she was content to remain on her back, her bare breasts exposed, as she slept naked. For years, even when she was married, always wore something to bed, but since her taboo relationship with Alex started, she went to bed naked every night, eager for the sensation of her flesh against his.

She reached for her phone on the nightstand and saw it was just after two am. She should be sound asleep but felt wide awake. She knew how she could get herself feeling sleepy again, but chose to leave Alex be, after all, there was always tomorrow morning, and every morning for the rest of their lives.

Easing out from under the sheet, Jo rose, picked up the white button up shirt she'd worn over her bikini when they'd strolled down the road that ran along the beach to have lunch.

Donning it, she grabbed her phone and walked out onto the deck. Jo made her way down the short staircase, and over to the chair she'd been sitting in earlier. After taking a moment to appreciate the refreshing night air, the sound and scent of the ocean, and the crystal clear star, and moonlit sky.

Enjoying a perfect night, while the young man she was madly in love, and lust with, slept blissfully behind her.

Lifting her phone, she turned on the recorder.

"Five weeks since we injected ourselves with the T-virus, and all of us are happier than we have been in years, perhaps ever. Robin's divorce will be final shortly, and her and Zack have been living happily together as lovers.

"She has expressed some remorse. She still feels that she betrayed her husband and her vows, but he had broken those multiple times before she did. As Amanda explained to her, Tom betrayed his marriage out of lust and just for sex, Robin did it with, and for, love.

"Claire is living her dream. Still sleeping with young men, but her young men. Existing in an incestuous polyamorous relationship the type of which a month ago we'd have only thought could exist in porn.

“She says she has the best of both worlds. Max is sweet, loving and affectionate, treating her as much as his love as a lust crazed milf sex partner. Mark is no longer angry with her and has shown surprising moments of being loving and romantic.

“But he also shares Claire’s love of rough, and sometimes demeaning sex, and she now spends some nights with him, some with Max, and the weekends all three are together.

“Crazy as it sounds, its working for them. Amanda may be the happiest of all of us. Spending her entire adult life being plagued with a desire she knew was wrong but had instilled in her by her twisted and manipulative aunt and uncle, she felt she’d never be truly satisfied.

“Yet here she is also living in a forbidden and permanent threesome with her daughter and husband. All of them loving, lusting, playing and enjoying what society frowns upon, but part of Amanda always knew wasn’t as wrong as we’re told it is.”

Jo paused, staring down at her red tipped toes nestled in the soft sand.

“Then there’s me. Completely and shamelessly in love with my son who loves me as both his mother, his lover, and who appreciates me in a way no other man ever has. But...

“As happy as we all are? I still wonder how much of it is us, and how much the influence of the T-virus. Weeks in and our pheromones are still at a high level, and even though our kids no longer smell anything or feel confused or guilty, I still feel we could have them under some type of spell.

“But what of us? It should have never affected us as it did, but is it a case of the influences on our sex drives being so overwhelming it removed all societal conditioning? Or, did we all, deep down, have some type of unrequited desire for our kids?

“On that note, is all of this the result of the drug, or did our children want us already? Their lust born of pseudo sexual encounters that they struggled with and repressed, and the virus turned loose?

“Our desire is still in hyperdrive, all of us acting as if we can’t get enough. For the boys, even taking into consideration their youthful enthusiasm and ability to rise to the occasion multiple times, their desire seems unnatural.

“Is it spurred on by the pheromones we continue to emit? Is it that all documented cases of GSA have reported an unnatural attraction between the two family members who claim to have experienced a lust so powerful it drove them to commit taboo acts?”

Jo released a long sigh.

“As a professor, I find myself undecided on whether or not our experiment inspired relationships are the result of the drug breaking the seal and all of us realizing how much we wanted each other, and how right this allegedly wrong act feels?

“Or, are we all still being influenced by everything the drug enhanced and being compelled to continue to commit incest? Is what we feel real, or a long term, and perhaps permanent side effect?”

Jo looked over at the sound of laughter and saw two young couples holding hands and dancing happily in circles around the dwindling bonfire.

“Those questions are that of a professor,” she rose from the chair as she spoke. “But as a mother, and as a woman?” She made her way back to the stairs to rejoin her son in their bed. “All that matters is we’re together, and I deem the Mom Experiment to be a success in every way.”

The End