

# THE **MOM** EXPERIMENT



**LAURA LOVECRAFT**

# The Mom Experiment

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Artwork by C.J Douglass

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

# Chapter 1

Dr. Joanne Rivers leaned back and rubbed her stinging eyes. Plucking the purple mug which stated, "Asking me how I am is a HIPPA violation!" she chugged the last of its contents.

She grimaced at the fact it was now cold, but caffeine was caffeine and she needed all she could get. Joanne had been up until after one in the morning finalizing her notes for this afternoon's meeting with her partners to discuss her proposal for a clinical study.

In the past, anytime she'd needed to bring in volunteers to collect information, or try a new form of therapy or treatment, it had been a worry free slam dunk. The all but free pass to do as she pleased, stemming from her three partners in the practice all being longtime friends.

Joanne had met Robin and Claire in their first year of Boston University School of Medicine and immediately hit it off. Like her, Robin and Claire had already earned their bachelor's in psychology and now pursuing their medical degree.

After completing the program, the three women remained friends, meeting every Friday or Saturday for a girl's night out as they worked through their four year residencies at different hospitals and practices.

The first year out of medical school, Claire had brought along Amanda to one of their gatherings and she quickly became a member of their tightknit circle of friends. After a year, all four women vowed to one day open a practice together once they had established themselves.

Over the years they had been there for each other through the good and bad. Bridesmaids at each of their weddings, baby showers, supporting each other through their pregnancies and all the while still making it a point to meet once a week.

They'd been there for the bad as well. Death of family members, Amanda's successful battle with kidney cancer, and the eventual end of Joanne and Claire's marriages.

They were best friends, sisters, and as of two years ago, they became business partners when between a combination of their own money, and a great deal on a women in business loan opened a Time for Healing, where they all specialized in different aspects of mental health.

Robin, child psychology, Claire treated depression, PTSD, and anxiety disorders, and Amanda's niche, the difficult topic of trauma and abuse. Joanne's major was behavioral psychology, which left her open to a variety of issues, but her more specific area of expertise were disorders involving sexuality.

Although the group of friends stressed this was a business and they needed to run it as such, there was rarely any drama or conflict. From the time they'd opened they'd established a tradition that the last Friday of the month no one scheduled anyone after noon and they went out for lunch and drinks together with the rule they never talked shop, just fun and family.

The meetings to decide on whether someone could go forward with a study had always been formalities, with only occasional and minor pushback from someone, that in the end would cave anyway out of respect and friendship.

But Joanne had a feeling today might be different because as much as she believed in the importance of proving her theory to be able to go forward with a possible cure, one that would require medication rather than what could be years of therapy, she knew there were potential problems with how she needed to obtain proof. The topic alone was going to raise their eyebrows due to its literally taboo nature.

Genetic Sexual Attraction.

Joanne glanced at her watch and saw it was ten to five and rose from the chair. Stepping out from behind her desk, she walked around her office, telling herself she needed to stretch her legs, but knowing she was trying to pace off nervous energy.

Not that she should have much energy. Four hours sleep, then her usual routine of hitting the gym which she desperately wanted to skip, but she was in tired, but wired, mode and figured a workout would settle her down for the day.

She went back home, made sure Alex was up and moving for his morning classes, Not that Alex ever overslept, but he'd been working until after midnight loading and unloading trucks at Fed Ex freight rather than the ten pm he'd signed on for.

Also working four nights instead of three and Saturdays were taken up with practice and catching up on studying to obtain a degree in engineering. At 21 he was turning into a workaholic. Like mother like son in that aspect. Not like father like son, that was for damn sure.

That lazy slug Ross hadn't held a steady job the last three years of their marriage nor in the decade since their divorce. Odds are the rat thought jumping jobs made it hard for the state of California where he'd fled to catch him for child support.

Not that she cared seeing she'd made an excellent income at the hospital and clinics she's worked for, and their practice was booming for all four of them. Despite her income she'd worried about affording Alex going to college along with maintaining the house she'd borrowed on to get the money to buy his father out of it.

But he'd solved that problem when he's received a full boat athletic scholarship to Boston College after making varsity all four years of High school and all state the last two.

It was a shame Ross had never seen his son play, but Alex claimed it didn't bother him because since he decided to leave and not pay or try to see him, he didn't have the right to brag about him.

When he'd said that he had only been fourteen and already more of a man than his father as far as maturity and responsibility, and already displaying the drive he had taken to higher levels as he grew older.

She wanted neither time nor a dime from Ross, nor did her son. Which worked out well seeing not only did he dodge paying for his son but hadn't spoken to him in close to two years.

They were both better off without him in every way, and Joanne took extra satisfaction in the fact it killed his macho pride that she had never asked him for anything at the divorce or since.

She finished her loop around the room and after grabbing her purse from the floor by her desk. entered the small private bathroom each of their offices featured. She turned on the light and checked herself in the mirror.

"Damn nerd," she muttered.

The white lab coat over her black button down blouse and knee length grey skirt, screamed uptight professional, giving no indication of a body she had no reason to be ashamed of lurking beneath them.

Her oversized black framed glasses she only needed for reading, but wore most of the time at work anyway, didn't allow people to get a full view of her wide brown eyes or the long delicate lashes above them.

Her long curly auburn hair was pinned up over her head which made her appraisal shift from boring professional to frigid librarian. Joanne wore little make up to work, a little eyeliner and lipstick used more to keep her lips soft than she was trying to call attention to them.

Not that she'd need to, Joanne's lips were large and puffy to the point a plastic surgeon who had an office in the same building asked her how much she paid for Botox injections because he'd be willing to undercut them seeing they were neighbors.

He'd given her a skeptical look when she told him they were all natural, but simply nodded and handed her card in case she ever needed any work done, making it sound like she'd be bringing a car to a mechanic.

All the way back in college Robin had told her she had porn star lips, and porn star hair due to the wild unkempt mess her long curly hair tended to be in the morning, or when she unpinned it after a long day.

But especially on the occasions she'd had a wild night of drinking and hooked up, which looking back wasn't as often as it could have been, as even back then Joanne was work hard, work harder, and play very little.

Claire wasn't as kind, saying Joanne had a trashy hot look when she decided to let her hair down-literally-and have some fun. She made up for the left handed compliment by saying Robin was wrong to only mention her lips and hair, she had porn star everything.

Twenty years later, Joanne supposed it was still true, but like in the past, she rarely took advantage of being single the last few years and could count on one hand the amount of men she'd slept with since her divorce.

In her defense, part of the reason was a couple of relationships had lasted over a year, and the others she'd all dated for at least a few months. Joanne only had one, as Amanda called it, "Milf gone wild" moment two years ago.

It was out of town at her cousin's bachelorette party and she'd drank way too much then took the very young, as in a year older than Alex at the time, bartender back to her hotel room and went full blown pent up frustration wild cat on him. Fucking and sucking him so many times he had to grab her hair and push her head away from his sore and exhausted cock because he couldn't handle anymore.

Being they tell each other everything, and tired of being made fun of for being an old lady, Joanne had confessed to her out of character experience and rather than condemning her, she heard variations of why didn't she do that more often?

Joanne had no idea why. She'd never grown up with any sexual hang ups or strict religious background, she just seemed to take things too seriously and put fun behind work.

Claire was the most vocal about her wasting her 'cougar' years and not enjoying the fruits of being single while having an adult son which took away the worries of needing

to come home or feeling like she was being a bad parent for fucking while her young son was at home waiting for her.

For his part Alex never discussed her personal life much, other than occasionally asking why she didn't try to meet someone to spend time and have some fun with. But he wasn't pushy about it, nor did he make any comments on the few occasions she'd spent the night at a boyfriend's once he was 18.

She'd be lying if she said she didn't think about her one night with the boy toy. It wasn't just the spontaneity of it, and the wild sex, it was more about a man half her age finding her hot and appreciating her body in a way she hadn't experienced since her newlywed days with Ross.

Beneath the loose blouse and skirt, Joanne had more than held up over the years. Her ample breasts were for the most part still defying gravity, and her long legs were tight and toned from the treadmill and exercise bike at the gym as well as doing squats and leg presses.

Her thighs were on the thicker side due to the years of working out, but they were firm with barely a jiggle. The same went for her ass which matched her chest as far as being busty.

There was a nice curve to it, and plenty to grab, or during the few times it had happened in her less than stellar sex life, to spank. Likewise, her hips flared out to give her an overall thick curvy form that could best be described as a luxury car rather than a sports model these days, but she was still a nice smooth ride.

A ride that stayed in the garage, she thought dryly while fishing in her purse for her lipstick to touch it up. Not that any of the girls cared, but for whatever reason, Joanne always wore it.

Being a psych major, she wondered if deep down it was the one thing she allowed herself as far as looking sexy. At least outwardly, as despite her professional mode of dress she enjoyed wearing Victoria secret bras and panties, even thongs on occasion, and like today, her sheer black stockings were thigh highs.

A little secret confidence builder and way to reward and enjoy the fact she worked so hard to stay in shape. She could use more confidence than her current black lace bra and French cut panties could give her at the moment as her Apple phone's alarm went off on her wrist, telling her it was time to meet in the conference room.

Joanne went back to her desk, picked up her folders, and gently lifted the small tube rack from her desk containing the four vials of the 'instigator' as she referred to it, she hoped to get permission to use on volunteers.

A formula designed to stimulate attraction between a mother and her son.

## Chapter Two

"There she is!" Robin declared when Joanne entered to see the others already sitting around the small conference table. "The woman of the hour."

"Who better not take an hour," Claire wagged a finger at her. "I have a date tonight."

"When don't you have one?" Amanda scoffed.

"Is it still called a date when it's just showing up at his place and spreading your legs?" Robin asked. "Isn't that just a hook up?"

"Maybe because they call for takeout after the first round, it's called dinner." Amanda posed.

"Haters gonna hate," Claire gave her long blonde hair a toss. "You two suckers are still married, and I need to make up for miss batteries only," she indicated Joanne.

"Rather be called Duracell than free lunch," Joanne retorted while placing her folder and rack on the table then rolling out the chair to sit down. "I have standards, all you need is a pulse."

"Quantity over quality was her thing back in college too," Amanda added while twirling one of the sandy brown banana curls that had escaped from where the rest of her hair was pulled back into a loose ponytail.

Robin rose from the table, turned to the small cabinet along the wall and reaching in, produced a bottle of Captain Morgan. After handing it to Claire, she moved over to the fridge and grabbed four cokes and plucked a stack of red plastic cups from the top of it.

"Traditions must be upheld," she laughed while putting her armful of cans on the table.

"And our latest token meeting in regard to allowing our girl's study must be dealt with in the most professional of manners." Amanda popped a can of coke and poured half in the cup while waiting for Claire to finish making her drink.

While Robin mixed hers and one for Joanne, she took a breath to calm her nerves while watching her longtime friends. As she, and all of them had many times, especially back in their younger days, she thought of the expression taste the rainbow.

The joke originated when Robin had noted they were like a pack of sexy skittles. Her with her shoulder length raven black hair, Claire's golden blonde, Amanda's sandy brown and Joanne the red head.

The sexy still applied as well, as she wasn't the only one to have aged well. Claire was still a living Barbie doll. Blonde, baby blue eyes, tall, slender, but with an impressive chest that seemed bigger in proportion to the rest of her.

Since her divorce four years ago she'd been as easy and sleazy as Joanne had been tame and lame. Her sexploits had gotten to where it had become a point of contention between her and her son's Nick and Max, especially after Max had spotted her at a club flirting with a guy not much older than him.

They were all friends, but Claire and Robin tended to be a little closer when it came to sharing drama and advice whereas Amanda often reached out to Joanna and she did the same.

Robin mentioned speaking with Claire about her midlife crisis in the bedroom but had been told to let her be. Her husband Frank had been caught using escorts when he

was allegedly at his poker night and had been doing it off and on for years. In her mind she was getting revenge.

Amanda was short, barely over five feet, and petite, her shapely legs and small perky breasts in perfect proportion to the rest of her. Her light brown hair, hazel eyes, smattering of freckles around her nose, and slightly crooked smile lent her an adorable girl next door appearance that made her look much younger than her age of 44.

Ironically, behind her sweet persona, Amanda was the one with the adventurous marriage. Bisexual in college, she met, fell in love with, and married Andre not long after she graduated, and it was always assumed that was the end of her being with women.

But a few years ago, Amanda had sent Robin a video of what was supposed to be some highlights of her and Andre's trip to New Orleans to attend Mardi gras. Turns out the video was most likely *the* highlight.

Amanda and her husband, naked but for their festive masks, in bed with an equally naked, and very young, brunette between them. According to Robin, she watched a few minutes of it simply because she was 'in shock' and it was like watching a train wreck.

Whether that was true or Robin didn't mind watching Amanda's very attractive, well built, and verified by Robin, hung like a bull, husband. When Amanda realized she'd sent the wrong video, she came over to Robin's the next day to talk to her.

Since before they were married, she and Andre brought other women into their bed. As time went on, and they grew older, the girls stayed the same age, all of them not just young, but as in barely legal.

Once they'd talked about it, Amanda then confessed to the others on their next girl night, most likely figuring at some point Robin would slip, and she'd rather they heard it from her.

Cute little Amanda, a swinger who craved cougar kitten action, was probably the biggest scandal any of the four of them ever had as a group, and it wasn't that she was doing anything wrong, just surprising.

Until then Claire had been the one the others thought would fall into something like that as she'd always been wild with sex on the brain. Not that she wasn't going all in to try to make up for years of monogamy, but they all expected that when she divorced.

As Robin interrupted her appraisal of her other two friends by handing her a drink, she took a moment to do the same to her. Amanda was girl next door, Claire the classic "hot blonde" and Joanne considered herself attractive, more so on the sadly scarce occasions she allowed herself to be playful, but Robin was a goddamn smoke show.

Standing at five eleven, she had legs that went on forever, a pair of epic tits on her slender athletic build, and an ass that to this day looked as if you could bounce a quarter off it. The neck up was just as stunning. High cheek bones, perfect cupid bow lips, piercing green eyes, all of which led to her getting some modeling work while in school.

Robin's portfolio was mostly fashion; and more about her general appearance than playing up her amazing body. But mixed in with the lower paying more modest gigs were a few nude shoots that as a struggling student whose parents had little money, she couldn't say no to due to how much they paid.

One of them was the "Coeds of the East Coast" edition of a popular men's magazine, which had made her the center of attention on campus and gotten her called

into the Dean's office where she received a lecture about how things like that could hurt her reputation later.

In comparison to her three friends, Joanne was the tame one. The one with no wild stories or spicy secrets, past or present. Her one dalliance a couple years ago with the young bartender was the closest she'd come to an adventure and at this point that was the average Saturday night for Claire.

"Cheers!" Claire leaned over the table holding out her cup. "To the weekend! Which we officially kick off after this meeting."

Joanne joined the others in reaching out and touching cups, then sitting back and taking several long swallows. She closed her eyes, allowing the rum, which had very little coke added, leave a warm trail down her throat and down into her stomach.

"Okay, Jo, what are you selling?" Amanda asked.

"As you know over the years I've dealt with a lot of sexual dysfunction."

"Some of your patients have too," Claire snickered.

"Among more common issues," Joanne ignored the joke. "I've had five cases of sexual desire on the part of a son for his mother."

"Attracted to, or..." Robin's face scrunched up. "Acted on it?"

"Only one that acted on it, but it was after they'd stopped therapy. But for all of them it had reached a point the mothers sought help. In each case it was obvious the only thing holding the son back was the mother's consent.

We weren't dealing with a passing thought, or unnatural crush, but flat out obsession which because the son in each case was old enough to know how wrong it was, led to guilt, frustration, anxiety and a host of other issues.

"By the fourth case I had the thought this seemed to be a lot more common than I imagined. I took an interest in the topic and began not only looking at what few published studies were available but reaching out to others in my field asking if they'd encountered similar cases.

"Going by porn hub it's every other household." Amanda commented, and when the others looked at her, she shrugged. "Hey, we watch a lot of porn, and taboo stuff is everywhere."

"Yeah, but you'd be looking at mother daughter," Claire cracked.

"That's not funny," Amanda's eyes darkened. "I have a daughter."

"And you've had a ton of one night daughters."

"We don't role play that!" she snapped with uncharacteristic heat. "Just because we like young women doesn't mean I want my damn daughter! Neither does Andre."

"Easy," Robin put a hand up to each of them. "It was a joke," she shot Claire a look, "But a tasteless one."

"Sorry, Mandy." Claire said softly. "I was just kidding."

"Not funny, or do you bang all those young guys thinking of your sons?"

"Okay!" Robin clapped her hands together. "We're interrupting."

"Proving a point for me though," Joanne nodded. "Point being for such a taboo topic its closer to the surface than you'd think."

"Because Amanda's right," Robin leaned back and picked up her drink. "It's all over the porn sites."

"Which I'd imagine might be a factor in some of these cases." Claire posed.

"It's absolutely a part of the acceleration of the attraction," Joanne agreed. "But it's not what initially puts it there."

"What does then?" Amanda's eyes narrowed in thought. "Because if you're leading us into GSA, there are very specific conditions for that."

"That is where I'm heading, but to prove that GSA isn't limited to the specific situation most associate it with."

"How so?" Robin asked.

"Right now, GSA is singularly blamed on family members who were separated at a young age from their siblings or parents, then reconnect with them years later. In some instances, one, or both, experience a bizarre sexual attraction to each other.

"This attraction has been described as far more intense than the everyday desire most people feel for someone."

"I read somewhere they think it's because it overrides the conditioning of the Westermarck theory," Amanda tapped her soda can with a long blue nail.

"Which if I recall," Robin's brow furrowed in thought, "States that as early as in the womb we're conditioned not to be attracted to family."

Joanne nodded while sipping her drink.

"Right, now the key to everything else I'm going to talk about is the intense lust people dealing with GSA deal with, and what I think is the answer."

"Why are you interested in this?" Claire asked.

"The same way all of us are interested in helping people who are suffering. GSA has become a joke about trailer parks, a trope in incest porn, and shock value if a case makes the news."

"Like that father and daughter that wanted to get married in Jersey." Robin pointed out. "Made national news."

"And the response was that it was sick," Joanne continued. "And that's true, it is a sickness. But I don't think one that's purely psychological, or as perverted as its made out to be. In fact, I think there is a fair amount of love and affection involved, not just twisted lust."

"They think there's love," Claire corrected her. "That's part of the problem. They don't see it as crossing a line because their wires are crossed."

"Good way to put it, and not wrong, but if we knew what was crossing the wires, we can uncross them, correct?"

"Therapy," Amanda grabbed the bottle of rum and poured more into her cup. "They must learn to see their family member as family only and get over their craving. In my opinion its like an addiction. They need to learn what they crave is wrong and detrimental to them and their loved ones."

"But what if there was medication? A way to take away the cause?"

"What are you medicating?" Claire looked confused. "Think about it, Jo, they can't take the urges away from pedophiles. Sexual desire is ingrained in us at a young age, you know that more than we do."

"Because it's not just desire, there is a combination of things that go into this, and one of them can be controlled medicinally, and when that happens, they will be far more receptive to therapy."

"I'll bite," Robin put her hand out and Amanda slid the bottle across the table to her. "What is it that can be controlled with medication?"

“Everything I say about the cases I studied is here.” She plucked three thin red folders from the main one and slid them across the table to her friends. None of whom made an initial effort to open theirs.

“I feel insulted,” Amanda pushed hers away. “You don’t think we trust you?”

“We all trust each other,” Joanne put her hands up in a placating gesture. “But by the time I’m done, I think I’ll really be testing that trust and want you to see my findings.”

“Great,” Robin muttered and flipped open her folder.

“When I reached out to other doctors who have treated GSA I asked if I could get their help in getting the mothers to speak with me, telling them I’ve begun a study of my own and am trying to find new ways to treat the issue.”

“I was surprised to get over a dozen call backs, and each woman agreed to answer any questions I had over a zoom call, and to let their doctors release the results of their latest lab work.”

“Why would you need their bloodwork?” Amanda wanted to know.

“Let me get there. Right now, what you have in the folder is results of my interviews with 18 women. My previous five patients which is where I began to make some connections, and the others from around the country.

“All have some things in common. One of them is raising their sons, meaning there isn’t the long absence associated with GSA. The next and most important thing is 14 of them had no father figure in the household at the time the son’s interest in his mother manifested itself.

“12 divorced, and two women lost their husbands. One to a sudden heart attack, another to cancer. It bears mention that in the case of divorce, in all instances the father was no longer present.

“Left the state in several cases, in others just went MIA.”

“Real winners there.” Robin noted while perusing her copy of Joanne’s notes.

“Regardless of circumstance, the results of all were the same. Just Mom and son living together, and the son thrust, or thrusting himself into the man of the house role. Important to bring attention to the fact in every case mom never moved on, at least not in a permanent sense.

“Some dated, some played the field a little, others fell into the disgusted and not bothering phase. Grief factored into this with the women whose husbands passed away.”

“I imagine where you’re going with this is that the son begins to feel he’s the real man in Mom’s life and this somehow extends to the bedroom in his mind?” Amanda grunted. “Common plot to incest videos and stories.”

“I think after this meeting we need to ask Mandy why she knows so much about taboo porn,” Claire smirked.

“And every movie, TV show or novel, however fictional, is based on real life circumstances.” Joanne countered. “So if porn is going with man of the house it’s because it strikes a chord with the crowd who watches it, and my guess is, its sons more than mothers.”

“Okay, so mom is lonely, neglected, and the son thinks he’s the only man who can take care of her in every way, including sex.” Robin nodded as if to herself.

“Yes, and often the mothers unwittingly play into it. They spend more time home with their sons. Dinner together every night, they go out to movies, have movie nights in.

“They grow closer, they talk more. Their relationship extends from parent and adult child to friends, partners, and for mom, this is a safe surrogate for a relationship. They’re spending time with someone, even if that someone is their son.

“The son feels them growing closer, but sees it from the angle they could really be a couple, and that’s where I feel the sexual thoughts creep in.” Joanne paused to drain her cup.

“Another thing all these women have in common is they’re very attractive. Obviously in addition to replacing their names in my report with patient numbers 1-18, I can’t include any pictures, but I met all of them through video calls, and all of them live up to the term milf.

“That’s funny in a not funny way,” Claire rolled her eyes. “Even men who want their moms are shallow and stuck on looks.”

“Yeah, ugly mom’s need love too,” Amanda snickered.

“But it is part of the equation,” Joanne insisted. “Young men of this generation are familiar with the term milf, and back to porn, it’s something a lot of them watch.”

“So, it goes from watching a mother he’d like to fuck to his mother,” Robin shook her head. “I just don’t see where all this can lead to wanting to cross that line.”

“Two more factors they all share. The first came to me when I kept thinking about what you just said, it’s a big leap from being the man in mom’s life to envisioning becoming the man in her bed. Where would that come from?”

“This where we circle back to porn?” Amanda asked.

“Seems like you never left it,” Robin quipped.

“I still think the desire is there first, then the porn just gives them more ideas and at the same time catharsis, masturbating to the fantasy until that’s not enough anymore. It occurred to me what if something had happened at some point to plant a seed in the son’s mind of seeing his mother in a sexual way.

Joanne stopped to take a breath, then allowed herself a small, satisfied smile. “All of them could recount a sexual incident with their son.”

“I thought you said never acted on?”

“Fine, sexual in nature, and it’s not uncommon or it to happen.”

“What isn’t?” Claire frowned. “You’re losing me.”

“Anything that would cause, even for a moment, a son to see his mother as a woman.” Joanne tapped her folder.

“Patient three for example recounted her son catching her masturbating with her bedroom door open, because he was supposed to be spending the night at a friend’s and she didn’t hear him come home.

“Patient six I believe had a similar situation where she was sunbathing topless, and again because her son was supposed to be in work and came home early. Another woman’s son discovered a homemade sex tape of her with his father when they were much younger.

“Likewise, another found a bunch of X-rated photos of his mom on his dad’s old laptop.”

“We get it,” Amanda waved her hand. “These mothers all seem pretty careless.”

“Yes and no, if you think about it, things like that happen all the time between family members,” she eyed her friends for a moment. “I bet it happened to all of you.”

“Oh, yeah?” Claire challenged her. “Tell you what, you first.”

“Okay,” Joanne agreed. “Not like we don’t tell each other everything anyway. I took a shower one night and forgot to bring a robe or something to change into. It was after ten, and Alex was in his room, so I decided to just wrap a towel around myself to walk down the hall to my room.”

“Alex had gone into the kitchen to grab a coke, and when he came around the corner he almost bumped into me. I jumped and,” Joanne sighed. “The towel slipped and he saw me topless before I could pull it back up.”

“He might not have seen you, he probably looked away,” Robin suggested, then snapped her fingers. “Westermarck and conditioning, it was reflex for him to not want to see.”

“No,” she disagreed. “It was one of those embarrassing moments that seem to happen in slow motion. I saw his eyes drop to my chest. He got an eye full.”

“Because you have an eyeful,” Claire laughed. “Not that anyone would know the way you dress.”

“Point is, it happened. Just the fact you have people who live together makes things like this inevitable.” She put her hands out. “Anyone else going to fess up, or you going to leave me hanging?”

“I think I’m out on this,” Amanda told her. “I have a daughter, and we’ve been in changing rooms together, tried on clothes in front of each other. There’s nothing I have that she doesn’t. I doubt anything would have the effect on her you’re fishing for.”

“Not true,” Robin pointed to her. “You’re attracted to women and so is Jaime, you do have what she looks for.”

“I’m her mother for fuck’s sake.”

“That’s the point of this topic,” Joanne explained. “This happens, but in most cases, it’s just something quick, unintended and embarrassing that everyone pretends didn’t happen and moves on. In the cases we’re discussing it’s another ingredient in a taboo stew.”

“Taboo stew?” Claire sighed. “Have another drink, maybe you’ll have better jokes.”

“Robin? Claire?” Joanne gestured to them. “Anything like that happen?”

“Fine,” Claire spoke up. “Few years ago, I noticed I was missing a thigh high. Didn’t think much of it. Then it was a thong, the only green one I had so it was obvious it was missing. When it was a \$45 Victoria Secret bra that went missing next, I went into the boy’s room, and snooped around.

“I found all three of them, and let’s say they were, um,” she looked away. “Soiled.”

“Who was it? Max or Matt?” Amanda asked.

“That was back when they were sharing a room for a few months while Robert’s mother was staying with us so we could take care of her after her hip surgery. I found them in a box in the closet.”

“Did you confront them?”

“No. If I went to both at the same time, they’d each deny it. If I took one aside, and he didn’t do it, he’d know his brother did, so I let it go. But I left the box open as a hint that I might have caught whichever one it was so nothing went missing after that.”

“How old were they?”

“I think Matt was 16 so Max had to be fourteen.”

“About the right age for that,” Joanne pointed out. “Especially if neither had sex yet.”

“That is common,” Robin stated. “A Mother, or if they have one, a sister, are the first women in a boy’s life, and when puberty hits and they’re curious, and in that phase where a breeze can get them hard, they sometimes look a little more than they should, and wonder more than they should.”

“But I don’t think that falls under what we’re discussing here.” Amanda smirked. “Just another veggie in the stew.”

“You’re right, there is normal circumstance, and that is fairly normal. When they’re older and have experience with girls and still focusing on a female family member, that’s where it becomes a problem.”

Joanne leaned over and picking up the bottle, splashed some run into her empty cup, the poured the rest of her coke into ft.

“You’ll see in the notes none of these boys had a sister, or even brothers for that matter. Once dad was out, it was just them and mom.”

“Hey, before you get going again,” Claire pointed to Robin. “She didn’t give us any juicy encounters or stories about Zack.”

“Maybe there aren’t any,” Robin replied.

“Nothing?”

“Nothing.” She shook her head, but her green eyes shifted evasively.

“You’re lying.” Amanda accused. “You can never look anyone in the eye when you are.”

“Worst poker face in our sorority back in BU,” Claire added.

“If she doesn’t want to say, she doesn’t have to.” Joanne waved her off, then added. “Even though it’s not fair.”

“I taught Zack how to kiss.” Robin’s face flushed as she lowered her head to stare into her empty cup.”

“What?” Claire looked dumbfounded. “Zack’s gorgeous! I’m sure there were girls lining up to do a lot more than kiss him.”

“You’d be one of them if he weren’t her son.” Amanda cracked.

“Damn straight,” Claire didn’t deny it. “But he is so it stays at me stating the obvious, he’s a really good looking young man, sweet to, not a cocky jerk.”

“And painfully shy, and always has been.” Robin added. “He hasn’t had many girlfriends because he doesn’t have the confidence to match the looks. I’m not going to go on and on about this.

“By the time he was almost sixteen and still no girlfriend I had a talk with him. Chris was beginning to wonder if our son was gay, and I told him to let me handle it, because if that were the case, it would be easier to tell me than his father.

“Turns out he’s not and going by the porn I’d found on his computer and the gross amount of tissues I’d find under his bed; he was a healthy boy with sex on the brain.

“But he said he struggled talking to girls and at his age he still hadn’t even kissed a girl and was worried he’d get made fun of if he tried. I assured him it was easy, and he commented he gets flustered around girls who are very pretty, feels intimidated.

“I told him he’s just as attractive and not to worry, but he was really upset and said he wished there was a way he could learn without making a fool of himself and risking a girl running around telling people he didn’t even know how to kiss.

“So I told him he could kiss me. He was properly grossed out because I’m his mother and said he’d feel more pathetic, but I told him a mother is there to help her son however she can, and I talked him into trying it, so we kissed a few times.”

“A few times?” Joanne’s eyes widened.

“Yes, but just that afternoon. Never after that, and it was a few times because he was so awful the first couple of tries. I needed him to relax and that took a few minutes.”

“Any tongue?” Claire asked

“Good thing he didn’t say he was worried about going down on a girl.” Amanda whistled.

“Both of you can feel free to fuck off,” Robin scowled. “At least I don’t sleep with teens you probably wish were even younger like you,” she pointed to Amanda. “Or spread faster than the plague, like you.” She waved her hand to Claire.

“Hey, hey!” Joanne’s voice rose. “Let’s calm down here, we’re friends, and friends don’t judge.”

“Says the one with nothing to judge,” Robin grunted.

“We’re only joking,” Amanda told her. “You did what you felt was right.”

“Seems to have worked, he’s had some pretty girlfriends.” Claire pointed out.

“They don’t seem to last,” Robin lamented.

“Maybe he’s a player now.” Claire suggested.

“He’s too sweet for that. All I know is he hasn’t lasted more than a few months with anyone, and he’s been single for the last three.”

“Could be picky, looking for the right girl.” Amanda noted.

“Okay, let’s table Zack’s dating life, and get back to this.” Joanne interrupted.

“I’ve given you a list of things that have all factored into these cases.”

She put her hand up, raising a finger for each point.

“Lonely, but attractive mother. The two growing closer as time goes on, the parent child line blurring into a type of surrogate relationship that comforts the mother and unintentionally feeds the son’s fantasy.

“An encounter of some sort that once the attraction begins becomes a constant fantasy during which whatever happened goes further and further in their mind fueling the desire.” She snapped her fingers.

“I’m sorry, I left out that it’s not just the mother who’s single, in each instance, the son has less and less interest in girls as in his mind his mother is the woman in his life and object of love and lust.”

“Love in every case?” Robin asked. “I guess I could see a twisted lust, but they’re in love as well?”

“Love more than lust. A son already loves his mother, and she him, but now he wants to extend that love in every way.”

“All the things you listed in combination still don’t seem to be enough to get to this point. Society has drilled it into our heads about how wrong this is even the popularity of taboo porn is the shock value, and the fact these are actors not family.” Claire leaned back in her chair.

“I can see this leading to some passing thoughts, but not this crazy desire to be mom’s boyfriend.” Robin added. “But I guess that’s why these cases are isolated incidents.”

“The things I mentioned are very common. We all had something happen with our kids. There are plenty of single lonely moms out there and sons who do everything they can to take their father’s place in the house.

“What’s not common is when it takes the leap into sexual and romantic.” Joanne spread her arms out. “So, what is the one thing missing from the common natural situations and the ones that go too far?”

“My guess is going to be teenage hormones that don’t quit mixed with delusion.” Amanda offered. “In a way the same delusion a lot of people experience when they want someone who doesn’t want them. They hold onto hope that somehow it’s going to happen.”

“Close with the hormones,” Joanne smiled. “The difference in these cases isn’t the behavior of the son.”

She picked up her drink, preparing to take a sip.

“It’s the mothers.”

## Chapter Three

“How is that?” Robin asked. “I’m looking through your notes while we’re talking and the mothers were the ones to come in seeking help.”

“This is the point where I feel I can prove this is more than just mental and emotional but driven by a physical characteristic that can be controlled.” Joanne said after taking a long pull from her fresh drink.

“But first, the mother does play into it, just not intentionally because it doesn’t occur to her what she may be encouraging. The four women I treated all admitted to the same things.

“They enjoyed growing closer to their son. They treated him as more of a man than a boy after Dad was gone. Part of getting closer was spending more time together, and when I pushed my line of questioning they acknowledged that they did in a way see their son as a placebo boyfriend of sorts.

“Movies, out to dinner, and going to other places together. These are all things that couples do, but in these circumstances strictly platonic. There is no pressure for sex that could be involved with a boyfriend, no drama, no games.

“They get to have a good time with the safest man in their life. A man who loves them, wants to make them happy, and can fill that lonely void in every way except the bedroom.

“These women all led their sons down this path without meaning to. When I say it, it sounds selfish, and maybe it is, but many of these women’s marriages ended in cheating, a couple due to abuse, drifting apart emotionally and physically, or the death of their husband.

“They craved companionship but were vulnerable and feared being hurt. The women who were cheated on had lost their confidence as a woman and needed to feel wanted and loved.

“These things could all be found to an extent with their sons, who on their part wanted to do whatever they could to be there for their mother. You’ll see in my notes that in the cases of the father leaving there was animosity on the son’s part towards the father for breaking their mother’s hearts.

“That anger towards the father turned into the alpha male ideal of they’re a better man than him, and they could take care of Mom better than he ever could, and eventually all this leads down the path of sex, the one thing a young man knows his mother needs and is going without.

“Still, you can be horny as fuck as the kids say,” Amanda argued. “And still know, okay, this shouldn’t even be on the table.”

“You’re right, and if you were looking through the information, you might have spotted that on their part the sons were all conflicted. They knew it was wrong, were mad at themselves, one of the sons I had as a patient referred to himself as a sick fuck and dealt with a mix of longing and self-loathing, which we know is a potent blend, and can do a lot of internal damage.

“Only two of the sons in this study grew frustrated or bold enough to make a move and were both shot down right away. The others either confessed their feelings or became so obvious in their behavior, the mothers brought it up, all cases sought help.”

“Did they get it?” Claire asked.

“To various degrees. A few ended by pushing the son to find someone his own age, and once he did the situation seemed to correct itself. Some leaving home when they were old enough helped just by putting some distance between them.

“One case, the most tragic ended in suicide.” Joanne raised her hand to cut off the question. “Fortunately, not one of my patients. But that case led me to see how this situation can be a lot more dire than it’s made out to be. Especially with adult film industry making it seem fun and sexy.”

“The physical, or you going to keep stalling?” Amanda prompted her.

“I’m there, and it’s interesting,” Robin spoke up while reading the folder she had open in the desk.

“The reason I wanted the bloodwork from the patients around the country is there was something I noticed the women I saw here had in common. They all had pheromone levels as high as three times that of the average woman.

“Now we know pheromones are a natural aphrodisiac that exist in humans, mammals and insects. In the latter two, the levels are high enough to attract a mate. The expression animal magnetism is a way to describe them.

“In humans it’s much more subtle. Men for example can only exude theirs a few inches from their bodies meaning we wouldn’t feel an effect of them until we’re already being intimate.

“Women extend further, and in combination with other factors like an additional aphrodisiac like Jasmine or other scented incense and of course perfume. But the level of pheromones in these women were strong enough to be an effectual weapon when it comes to being desired.

“Once I began my theory, I called and spoke to all of them, and inquired about their sex lives prior to marriage. None of them seemed to be anything extraordinary, which makes sense because if it were that potent, they wouldn’t have had issues in the marital bed.”

“Maybe not, dogs are dogs, just because they want their wife doesn’t mean they can’t want others,” Claire told them. “Trust me, I know.”

“You’re right, but I persisted because I felt there was something I was missing. Because the amount in their bodies rivaled what you’d find in some species of animals I looked at studies involving mating and attraction among them.”

“Animal planet porn,” Amanda laughed.

“Now unlike us, animals breed within the family unit, and that was the key. The mother’s pheromones worked on a normal level as far as the effect they had on their lovers but affected their sons much more strongly.”

“Are you saying they attracted their sons to them?” Claire scoffed. “Come on.”

“Again, we’re talking abnormal levels, but on its own, it wouldn’t be enough. A man can take Viagra, but if he’s not aroused he’s not just going to get an erection,” she shrugged. “Well, maybe if we’re talking a man our son’s age, but a man around our age, no. You need either mental or physical stimulation.

“What you’re saying here,” Robin tapped the folder. “Is that’s where all these other elements come into play. The attraction begins in the son and once there, the pheromones enhance it.”

“But doesn’t the mother need to be aroused?” For the first time, Claire flipped open her folder, going to the end. “I know pheromones are unconsciously secreted, but generally in the case of it being mating time for animals or sexual stimulation in humans.”

“Like the Viagra situation. No sexy, no emissions.” Amanda remained uninterested in looking at her copy. “For this to make sense, Mom has to be into this.”

“She is, but unconsciously.” Joanne explained. “Arousal has different levels and meanings. In men it’s straightforward. Little head controls the big head. They see a hot woman, they watch porn, touch themselves or just think about sex, their bodies react.

“Women are more complex and things other than physical sex can trigger levels of desire and arousal. The pleasure they take in the company of their son, that, for a lack of better expression, feeling of “This is what I needed, this is what I want,” even though they know there’s a hard line and the reality is its as far as it can go, kicks in the bodies instinct to attract the person they’re with.

“The pleasure they feel, even in the platonic sense causes an increase in dopamine and norepinephrine, which in turn....”

“Augments an already uncommon potency of their pheromones, which are effecting the son much more strongly because of the familial genetic bond, and his interest in her.”

Robin closed the folder. “I’m not completely sold because I believe both nature and nurture should stop this from happening in both parties, but...” she tapped the table with her finger. “I do see the possibility.”

“Nurture is getting taken too far, the mother is nurturing her son’s misplaced interest, but as Joanne said, probably without meaning too.” Claire added.

“As for nature?” Amanda sat up, appearing interested for the first time. “Nature can be environmental, if the dichotomy shifts in their relationship, the male nature turns towards a primal sense of this is now his woman, and on her part, she’s letting him be her man.”

“So, you see where this can be a cause, and if we prove the cause we can create a cure, simply by coming up with a formula to decrease the pheromone output.”

“That would slow it down, but it’s not going to erase the sons urges, and the only way we know there’s an issue is when they seek help.” Robin shook her head. “I’m not sure this is as big of a help as you think.”

“But stopping the mother’s fanning of the flames will take the edge off and help the son be open to traditional therapy by weakening those primal urges Amanda mentioned. “And if he feels any lessening of his desire, it will show him he doesn’t want it as bad as he thought. It’s not a complete cure, but it’s another weapon in the treatment.”

“I think I’ve heard enough that I’d want to see where it goes.” Claire nodded. “Which brings us to how will you prove this in a study?”

“Right,” Joanne glanced at the bottle. This was the moment of truth, and she could use another drink, but her stomach was beginning to churn as it was with nerves.

“I want to get four female volunteers that meet the requirements. Single, just a son at home, attractive, and hasn’t moved relationship wise, at least nothing emotional. An occasional sexual dalliance isn’t going to affect what I’m trying to prove. The son is more about the sex, the mother more about affection and desire to be loved.”

"You taking blood samples to see what their pheromone levels are?" Amanda frowned. "You're going to have a hard time finding them with levels that high and everything else falling into place."

"All I need is their living situation to match, that and some type of incident with their son, which as we proved is not that uncommon."

"But if this whole thing is based on exceptional pheromone levels, they're going to need to have them or it's not proving anything." Claire shook her head. "Seems pointless."

"You're going to enhance them, aren't you?" Robin pointed to the rack with the four small vials.

"Yes," she tried to maintain her confidence. "I, along with some help from the lab at Northeastern where I went to school and fill in for vacationing professors, came up with a formula that can greatly enhance the output of pheromones."

"That's all it does?" Robin looked skeptical, and being she was the one that had paid close attention to her notes, Joanne knew she already had the answer and wanted her to say it to the others.

"There's a dose of female Viagra in there as well because it raises the dopamine levels."

"You're giving them something to get them horny?"

"I'm giving them something to replicate what these women all had in common. As we discussed, just taking something to help with arousal won't get you there without a focal point. What it will do, if I'm correct, is increase their son's interest in them."

"Whoa," Amanda put her hands up. "These women aren't coming to you with this issue. You're trying to create a behavior you're trying to cure?"

"Like all vaccines include elements of the disease they prevent, I need to instill the problem I'm trying to solve."

"What about the five women you treated? Call them back, see if this helps."

"They were spread out over a decade, at this point their sons are late twenties to early thirties and all have families of their own," Her shoulders slumped. "I started there even though I knew too much time had passed."

"So they all got over it with just therapy."

"Two of them moved on, two to this day have strained relationships. One of them is because since a few months of counselling didn't work with me, she tried two others, then decided to sleep with her son to get him over it. Big mistake."

"Jesus," Claire whistled.

"That's the only instance of that I know of, but that's the key word. How many have tried to get help over the years and resorted to something that desperate? I want to prove this, publish my findings, and get this into production to help people in the future that are in this situation."

"But Jo," Amanda's tone didn't help her confidence. "You hear yourself? You want to try to turn four women into objects of desire for their sons. Don't you think there could be consequences?"

"Like literally afflicting them with a condition you want to stop from happening?"

"What do you think the level of attraction would be?" Robin asked.

"We're not talking lust crazed but seeing their mother differently."

“How long would it last? What if they take it, go home, and the son ends up out most of the night or day?”

“Burt, the lab technician who helped me thinks the duration will be twenty four hours, and we added elements of Cialis to the Viagra to increase its range from 12 hours to up to 36.”

“You think in a day the son will exhibit obvious enough interest in the mother for her to notice it?”

“I’m not lying to them. I’m telling them what this is, and why we’re doing it. I’m going to instruct them to...” she paused because at this point even she knew how bad this was going to sound. “Play it up.”

“Oh my god!” Claire’s eyes widened. “You’re going to tell them to hit on their own kids?”

“Not that dramatic.”

“Hey, sweetie, think this top shows off my tits? How about my ass, how’s it look in these daisy duke shorts I wore just for you?” Amanda laughed humorlessly. “I really want to think you’re pranking us, but” she slapped the folder. “There’s a lot of work here.”

“There is and this is the only way to get proof!” Joanne defended herself.

“I feel bad, but I have to say no to this,” Claire folded her arms over her chest.

“But...”

“Figure out another way. Wait until you get another case and try bringing down their levels.”

“No point in spending money on R&D until I know it is a problem. “Burt helped me with this because I tutored his son in developmental psyche three years ago. I can’t ask him for more of his time for free, and I don’t think it’s in our budget right now.”

“I’d rather find the money for that then tell a mother to go Kay Parker on her son.” Amanda told her.

“Who?” Robin asked.

“The woman who played the mother in Taboo, the OG of incest porn movies.”

“Amanda you watch way too much porn.” Joanne muttered.

“Think this would work on a mother daughter?” Robin asked and when Amanda shot her a look, added. “Don’t be defensive, I’m curious. For that matter what about siblings?”

“I think mother daughter, but doubt siblings, a young girl doesn’t have the full package of hormones and chemical balance yet, and I think the bond isn’t as strong.”

“Most cases of incest are siblings, doesn’t seem like they need help. Teenage, hot, and horny is enough.” Claire grunted.

“Explain what you mean by play it up. What would you want these mothers to do?”

“Really Robin?” Claire glared at her. “You’re entertaining this?”

“None of us have ever turned down another. I’m not liking this, but I want to give Joanne as much of the benefit of the doubt as I can.”

“My thought is to go back to whatever incident they may have had and bring it up. For example, in a case like Claire’s mention the missing lingerie and ask after the fact, was that you?”

“Get them thinking about her in that way, and I feel that would leave them open enough for the mother’s enhanced magnetism to get a reaction.”

“What reaction? You want him to pop a rod for his mother? How’s he going to feel about that? Guilty probably, start wondering what’s wrong with him.” Amanda sighed. “This is nothing short of asking for trouble and at the expense of the relationship between two people.”

“Another way could just be dressing a little more revealing. Not trashy but give their son something to think about.” She was grasping at straws and knew it. “Maybe she could sunbathe and let him see her and...”

“You sound like you’re writing a bad erotica story,” Robin said softly. “I’m leaning with the others, Jo. You’re really playing with fire here.”

“Maybe have the sons be part of the study too?” Joanne tried. “That way they know what to expect.”

“Come on,” Amanda’s eyes flashed in annoyance. “You’re going to tell some 18-20 year old boys that you’re trying to get them horny for their mother?”

“What the hell are you offering for this?” Claire asked. “You think a woman goes for this for a hundred dollars? Playing Ms. Robinson and trying an experimental drug?”

“There’s no risk from the injection. thanks to the perfume industry, pheromones are harmless to raise or lower, and Viagra has been on the market for years.”

“Answer the question?”

“I was going to offer five hundred each. If two thousand is too much I’ll drop to three subjects.”

“I don’t care about the money,” Robin gave her a dismissive wave. “I care about the damage this could do. Personally, I want to think this is a goose chase, that even with this sex potion, no son is going to get the hots for his mother because she shows some extra skin and reminds him of that one time he caught a glimpse of her ass.”

“Then let me try it.”

“You didn’t let me finish,” Robin cut her off. “If there is a chance this works, then I agree with the others, you’re causing what could be irreparable damage.”

“I think you’re exaggerating; the effect wouldn’t be that strong and won’t last...”

“What if this works too well?” Amanda spoke up. “What if you’re right, and all these factors get revved up to the nth degree and something happens between them? Imagine that aftermath?”

“None of the mothers I studied had any contact with their sons except for the one that did it after the fact. With no real desire to enhance it wouldn’t be that extreme.”

“Even if it’s minor. I’ll go back to what happens if this kid gets turned on by mom? You said it lasts a day? He gets horned out, then goes to bed and has dirty dreams about her. He’s going to just shrug that off?”

“Like all studies they sign a waiver, and will be made aware of what could happen and if this causes confusion on the part of the son, I will see him for free as a therapist and...”

“Just stop,” Robin put her hand up. “Joanne, this is absurd. Signing a waiver releases us of responsibility legally but won’t do a damn thing to fix the mess you could cause.”

“Vote.” Claire turned her thumb down. “No.”

“No.” Amanda shook her head for emphasis.

“No as well.” Robin chimed in. “Research it as best you can without an actual trial. You want to keep pushing, see if you can figure out a way to find women with matching

levels to these women, then look at why the son isn't attracted to them, because I'm sure they're out there."

"Which would refute all of this." Amanda piled on.

"Not if dad is in the picture or she moved on. Another male in the mother's life prevents the attraction because..."

"Let it go, Jo," Robin said quietly. "Meeting's over."

"In other news,," Amanda piped up, trying to sound cheery. "We're going out for a nice lunch from here. Claire's turn to pick."

"Capital Grill is!" Claire clapped her hands.

"Don't be pouty, Jo," Robin noted the look on her face. "This isn't personal."

"We always swore we'd have each other's backs."

"We're also in the business of helping people, not hurting them." Amanda rose and coming over, slipped her arm around her.

"Imagine how you'd feel if this seriously backfired and even one of these young men ended up distraught and an emotional mess. Could you live with that? We're saving you from you."

"I guess."

"Can I have a minute with Jo, please?" Robin asked.

The other two nodded and after giving her shoulder a squeeze, Amanda left with Claire, giving her a wave on the way out.

"Jo, I didn't want them to hear this, but know why I have doubts any of these ingredients as you call them factor into a real GSA situation?"

Joanne, still upset, simply shook her head.

"Because if it did you'd be having issues with Alex."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Your ex is long gone and neither you nor Alex hears from him or cares that you don't. You've dated some since, but your last serious relationship was two years ago. You're very attractive, and Alex is a damn fine looking boy, yet like my Zack doesn't seem to be the girl magnet you'd think he would be."

"He's full time at school, has baseball practice, and works four nights a week. He doesn't have time for a girl."

"But he spends every Saturday night with you on the couch watching movies and getting takeout, right? You two go out for breakfast every Sunday morning?"

"Yes," she frowned. For some reason even while pursuing this line of research, she'd never recognized it in her own life.

"And according to what you told us, he got a good look at you topless. Everything you want in these subjects you and Alex are. But nothing is going on."

"Because my levels are normal, I'm not subliminally feeling anything." Joanne gave her a small smile. "Meaning you using me to shoot down my theory, makes my theory, the chemistry is the catalyst."

"Glass half full kind of gal," Robin sighed. "But I paid more attention to your notes than the others did. I think you knew what we'd say and why. This comes with too much risk of creating trouble where there isn't."

"When isn't there a risk when breaking new ground?"

"You're not curing cancer, Jo, or any other life threatening illness. Incestuous urges aren't high on the list of dangerous diseases, and counseling does work."

“Way to diminish my work,” Joanne scowled.

“I’m simply using perspective. This condition isn’t common enough or serious enough to run a trial. Unless you want to fund the study on your own, and if you do, A Time To Heals name will not be associated with it. It’s your name and your name only on the line.”

“Understood,” Joanne bristled. The four of them were supposed to be partners and right now she felt as if Robin considered herself her boss.

Seeing the look on her face, Robin’s eyes softened, and leaning in, she kissed her cheek. “I love you my friend, and Claire and Amanda do too, this is just a little tough love, okay?”

“I know, just disappointed. I don’t know how else to prove this.”

“You’ll figure it out. Now let’s forget about this and kick off the weekend right with a nice lunch, and one of those margaritas Capital’s famous for.”

“I think I’m going to stay here.”

“Seriously?” Robin shook her head in disbelief. “And do what? Pout and lick your wounds?”

“About all I lick these days,” Joanne turned and picking up her empty can and cup walked over to toss them in the trash.

“Whose fault is that?”

“Mine, and it’s because I work too much and don’t know how to let up,” Joanne moved around the table, gathering the other empties. “Sucks all that work doesn’t even get me the support of my friends.”

“We can’t be your friends when deciding things like this, Jo, and you know it.”

“Right on strictly business,” Joanne dumped the mess she’d collected into the trash. “But as friends you should know I wouldn’t risk anyone being put through undue grief unless it was important.”

“For fuck’s sake!” Robin snapped, her green eyes flashing. “I just finished saying this isn’t a dire cause you’re dealing with and that was me being respectful, but if you want to go drama queen and stamp your foot like a brat and not even come to lunch over it, then I’m going to flat out tell you how ridiculous the whole thing is!”

Robin folded her arms over her chest, her normally creamy complexion reddening.

“All that time and effort and wanting to screw with women’s hormones and their son’s libido and for what? Because one son in tens of thousands gets a hard on for mommy?”

“It is serious!” Joanne’s voice rose. “In all the cases in that folder, none of those families ever recovered. I told you one young man committed suicide because he couldn’t handle the guilt over his unrequited love for his mother!”

“Sad, but one case.”

“That we know of! This is more common than we think but people are ashamed to come forward, and people like you are why. You’re a therapist and you’re mocking people’s issues.”

“I am not mocking them; I’m telling you there are much more important things you could be working on.”

“The other cases? That woman finally gave in and slept with her son, and made it worse because he couldn’t understand why it had to be once so know what he did? He told his father what happened. Guess he figured dad would toss mom and she’d be his.”

“Jo...”

“Don’t Jo me!” she slapped her palm on the conference table. “All three of them ended up leaving each other, the whole family destroyed. A lot of the others the son ended up moving away and barely keeping contact.”

“One of the young men I treated was caught with nude pictures of his mother he lifted from his father’s computer and the father lost his mind, beat him and threw him out of the house and told him to never come back. This isn’t something to make light of.”

“Fine, but you keep making my argument, because your irresponsible and totally unethical trial could do this to four more women and their sons.” Her eyes bored into Joanne’s. “So tell me, who isn’t taking it seriously?”

“Sometimes you have to break something to know how to fix it.” Joanne wouldn’t back down.

“Wow,” Robin said softly. “That’s about the worst thing I’ve ever heard a fellow doctor say.”

“Now who’s bring a drama queen? You know it’s true, I just put it bluntly instead of using ten dollar words to explain risk reward.”

“I stayed behind because I wanted you to know this isn’t personal and I didn’t want you to be hurt, but that was the wrong move to say the least.” Robin sighed. “Wanting to cure something is admirable, taking it to the point you’d be willing to deliberately fuck with people’s heads is another.”

“It’s not like they’re going to turn into mindless animals and have sex, the attraction would be mild, just enough for the mother to notice a change in the way the son looks at her. He’ll probably just have a moment of what was that, and shrug it off because the effect should only be a few hours and...”

She stopped when Robin raised her eyebrows, her lips turned down into a scowl.

“Enough, we voted and it didn’t go in your favor. The reason I’m pissed is you know it’s wrong, and who knows? Maybe part of you wanted to get shot down, and you being pissed is a knee jerk reaction.”

“But whichever it is, that’s what it is. Now, I’m going to go meet the girls for lunch and forget this conversation happened. I’d like for us to forget this, and for you to join us, but if you want to mope that’s your choice.”

“Well, with an invitation like that,” Joanne bristled. “I’d rather not go. This way the rest of you can talk about me.”

“Now you’re just being a bitch.” Robin sighed. “Joanne, how about instead of playing Netflix and chill with your son tomorrow night you go out to some bar and meet someone. Let someone not named Alex take you to breakfast Sunday morning, or better yet have you for breakfast.”

“Sorry, I’m not Claire, I don’t put out a free lunch sign for boys my kid’s age.”

“Worked for you a couple years ago.”

“How’d we go from my project to my sex life?”

“Because maybe if you had one you’d have something to think about other than work.” Robin frowned and an odd look spread over her face as if her comment made her think of something. “Anyway, seeing none of us have patients tomorrow, I gave Francine the weekend off, so if you decide to pop in over the weekend for some reason, don’t forget to set the alarm.”

“One time I forgot.” Joanne rolled her eyes.

“We have medication here, and people, especially ex-patients with issues know that.”

“I do know that.”

“That goes for today too because we were all supposed to leave so Francine left at noon like she always does on the last Friday.”

“Yes mother.”

“Save that for your study.” Robin smirked, then turned towards the door, still speaking as she walked. “I’ll see you Monday, hopefully you’ll be over being butt hurt by then.”

## Chapter Three

Fuming, at her last remark. Joanne gathered their copies of her research and hurled them angrily into the trash. Grabbing hers, she stalked out of the room and down the hall into her office..

She peered through the blinds and saw her three friends standing by Robin's red BMW. She knew they were talking about her, and quickly stepped back so they wouldn't see her if they looked up.

Joanne was still holding the rack with the vials and sitting down, held it over the small wastepaper basket under the desk. She plucked one from the rack, rolling it between her fingers.

Why bother keeping them? Robin was right both in that the experiment could wreak havoc on a previously healthy relationship, and that Joanne knew it, and had pretty much expected the outcome she'd received.

Right again about the possibility part of her was relieved; letting them make the decision for her. But their rejection, no not just rejection, their blatant contempt and scorn over her subject matter hurt. More than hurt it pissed her off.

They get to decide how important an issue is or isn't? Try telling the mother out in Florida who lost their son to suicide because his knowing he could never have her became too much for him to bare.

The mother who lost her entire family over becoming so desperate she slept with her son to help him. No, GSA, wasn't life threatening in general or as serious as many mental disorders, but it was a more common than people thought because it was so embarrassing and shameful, most never came forward.

The mothers wracked with guilt because they always felt as if they had somehow instigated the situation. That they may have somehow teased their son or did or acted inappropriately and had led him on.

The son thinking they were sick and twisted for having an unnatural attraction to the one woman in the world they shouldn't be attracted to. The taboo porn industry definitely fanned the fires once they started.

Making it seem common and glorifying the lust. Other videos she had seen while trying to determine the added effect of it on her cases, even showed it as romantic, mom and son falling for each other because no one could treat the other better.

The thrill of forbidden sex with the added angle of loving someone you already loved, but now in every way. Joanne continued to stare at the vial while her mind spun as it had been doing so often since she'd come up with what she felt was the correct formula to enhance the average woman's appeal to her son.

But how much appeal?

That was the gray area and why she couldn't fault the others concerns. Regardless of how potent the chemistry aspect could be, there was still free will as well as a lifetime of both nature and nurture.

Getting horny in the presence of one's mother should in no way lead to the son making a move on her. No less than a man could take Viagra, but if the only people who were around were people he had no interest in, would suddenly go after someone like a mindless dog in heat.

Or could it? She was playing off the powerful effect pheromones had in animals. But animals, unlike people, bred with family, so there was no reason there, just age old instincts to reproduce.

The ability to reason is what separated humanity from animals, and that was Joanne's basis to believe nothing could happen more than a son suddenly seeing his mother in the same way he'd check out some hot girl at a club.

Her plan to have the mothers bring up a past event to get them thinking in that direction, and possibly even show off a little would be enough, in addition to the effect of the pheromones to make that happen.

Unethical was the correct word for asking them to do that, but how the hell else could she prove this? She couldn't afford to pay for volunteers to let her draw blood until she found someone with the high levels she's seen in every woman whose son had developed an interest in her.

Not to mention it was about more than the levels, but she needed to be single and have all the other requirements. Joanne put the vial in the rack and placed it on her desk rather than dump them in the trash.

She leaned back in her chair and her eyes fell on a picture of Alex in his BC baseball uniform holding the divisional playoff trophy they'd won this year. Joanne didn't need her ex in her life to remember him because her son could have been his twin at the same age.

Ross may have ended up being a slacker with zero ambition, a lousy husband and barely present even when they were still married father, but the one thing he had going for him was his looks.

Naturally wavy, thick black hair, a strong jaw, perfect cheekbones and the smooth, yet rigged features of a male model right down to the cleft in his chin. Alex possessed all those traits in addition to his captivating steel grey eyes.

They had always reminded her of a wolf's eyes, and in her ex, they fit because he was a form of predator, a leach looking for a free ride off his wife's successful career. When he had worked it was as a car salesman and he made great money at it because he was attractive, smooth and charming.

In a sense that also fit the word predator as he excelled at schmoozing women, and naïve men into buying cars they couldn't afford, and he knew it, but all he cared about was a commission.

But there was nothing predatory about Alex. Despite his looks, his athletic prowess and being popular at school, he was a sweet kid who never let any of it go to his head.

He was laid back, good natured, quick to joke and smile, and slow to get angry. Other than the topic of his father, Joanne couldn't remember ever seeing him lose his temper.

But like Robin's son, he wasn't killing it with the girls the way a lot of the good looking jock type did. She was grateful for that, she didn't raise him to be a jerk to women, but to appreciate and respect them.

On the other hand, she felt he should be having more of a social life than he'd had. Not that he was like Robin's son who was a borderline introvert who panicked when girls talked to him, but he'd only had three girlfriends since he'd started dating, none lasting more than a few months.

Right now, his extracurricular activity was the equal to hers, as in nonexistent. School, work, and baseball. Weekends consisted of movie night with her, and they did go out every Sunday morning, driving as far as an hour away to find a new breakfast place they'd never tried.

Joanne cocked her head as she replayed her last thought but heard it in Robin's voice. Their current existence of being the only real company the other had did sound like exactly like what she was looking for to test her theory.

They both had friends, Joanne her longtime clique, and Alex had guys on the team he hung out with once in a while. But just like at this point her time with her friends was the once a month lunch and occasional drink after work on a weekday, Alex only went out here and there, mostly due to all his friends having a girlfriend.

They'd settled into a routine more befitting an old married couple than a mother and son. Her eyes narrowed as she added the details that his father was way out of the picture that Alex was angry with him for hurting her far more than he was that he'd walked out of his life.

Neither of them had anyone, but that was because neither made the effort. Alex had referred to himself as man of the house multiple times as he did as many chores as he could so she didn't have to and went out of his way to try and spoil her any chance he could.

As if she were a girlfriend.

Joanne didn't for a second think there was anything behind their circumstances and relationship other than they both burned the candle at both ends and spent what time they had together because it was company. No drama, rejection, or heartache, and both seemed content in that for the time being.

The only thing missing from them being a perfect match to any of the cases she researched was the all-important attraction and if her conclusions were right, she could replicate that missing ingredient.

No, this was her son, she couldn't take that risk with him. Or could she? Unlike women who were strangers to her signing up to make some money to partake in a study, she knew herself, and more importantly, Alex.

She knew for sure there was nothing between them, and knew if she followed through on the idea forming in her mind, and he briefly saw her differently, she could explain it.

He knew what she did for work and knew how important her work was to her. She could assure him that anything he might have thought of her was not an intentional reaction, but her...

Slipping herself a concentration of lust inducing chemicals to alter his perceptions of her, in a sense drugging him as well. At that point her confessing to experimenting on him would be worse for him than the confusion some sex related thoughts could cause.

If it even worked at all, and that's what she needed to know.

She could explain it to him in advance, see if he'd be willing to do it, but Joanne felt knowing what to expect could affect the results. As this spun through her mind it drove home just how big an ask it was to expect any woman to do this, even for money they badly needed which was the case in most studies.

But unlike them, Joanne had a reason to do this aside from money, but to help families with this issue remain a family and not have their life ruined by misplaced lust she felt could be a simple product of overactive pheromones.

Also, unlike them, she was an educated professional therapist capable of handling any minor fall out there could be with her son. If this worked as it should, it would be a matter of some strange feelings towards her that should pass in...

She leaned forward and gipping her mouse read the e-mail Burt had sent to let her know the courier was on his way with the test batch. She skimmed the details on what it contained and in what amounts until she found what she wanted.

*"Should take effect quickly, the pheromones already exist in you, and will have an adrenalized reaction to the stimulant, producing larger and more potent amounts. I suspect they may even be detectable by smell.*

*"Not sure what the scent would be, hopefully not body odor, LOL. For full effect I'd suggest not wearing any perfumes or body sprays so the pheromones aren't diluted within the subject's olfactory senses.*

*"Viagra generally takes affect within thirty minutes so my thought is both responses will happen close together. As for duration, Viagra we know lasts 4-8 hours, but the introduction of Cialis to create a stacking effect should add at least another 8 hours, but once the Viagra wears off the effect will be lessened.*

*I feel the increase in emissions will last longer, possibly up to 24 hours, but I don't say that with much certainty, could be shorter or longer depending on the subject."*

Joanne checked the time, it was 12:45. Today was Friday, and Alex only had classes until noon, and his Friday night shift was only 6-10 to help get the trucks rolling so they could travel over the weekend so it was all hands on deck for anyone who wanted to work.

Five hours would put her in the most potent stage of the mixture and plenty of time to see if there was an effect. The benefit of him needing to go to work would be on the chance he did feel or think something, he'd be out the house the rest of the night and not be hanging around dwelling on it.

Also, if there was anything, by the time he got home from work, she'd make sure she was in bed, and wouldn't see him until the following morning. By then she could try to fish around to see if there he'd seen her differently and if he admitted it, she'd find an excuse for it, or flat out laugh it off.

Picking up her cell, she called. Just to check to see if he was on his way home, and to let her know she would be as well. Yes, that was it, not like she could really go through with what she'd been thinking.

"Hey mom!"

"Hey, hon, you on your way home from class?"

"Yeah, going to hit the books for an hour or two then take a nap before work. Kind of tired."

"Because you work your ass off."

"I learned it from watching you!" he laughed, mocking the old kids on drugs commercial.

"Better off watching me than your father," Especially if she could catch him watching her today. No, she wasn't doing that, she chided herself. The doctor took the back seat to being a mother in this, and every instance.

“Screw that prick,”

“You know I hate that word,” she sighed. “And I’d say unfortunately I did, but if I hadn’t I wouldn’t have my amazing son.”

“I already said I’d clean the garage after breakfast on Sunday, so stop schmoozing.”

“You’d do it anyway, because you’re a good boy,” she then added. “Mama’s good boy.”

“Mama?” he snorted. “You start drinking early today?”

Good sign, no hesitation whatsoever to a line that seemed to be a staple of mother son porn, meaning the words triggered nothing in him, but a natural reaction.

“Hey,” he cut her off before she could reply. “Speaking of drinking shouldn’t you be out to lunch with your friends?”

“I decided to sit this one out.”

“Since when do you miss the closest thing you have to fun all month?”

“Says the twenty year old who is going home to study, nap, then work on a Friday night.” Joanne quipped. “Let alone you spend every Saturday night on couch with your mom.”

“I have plenty of time to have fun when I’m done with school.”

“You still have a year left,” Joanne pointed out. “And never play the game of when this happens, then I’ll get that. There are no rules in life, Alex, enjoy the present because it’s the only thing we have for sure.”

“Wow, that’s some deep shit, there, mom.” Alex laughed. “Tell you what, you first. You go have some fun, and then I will.”

“Do as I say not as I do.”

“I’ll give you the point for honesty,” Alex conceded. “But seriously, you’ve never missed a lunch or a girl’s night, something happen?”

“No, I just didn’t feel like going. That’s why I called you, figured I’d catch you before you ate, and we could have lunch together.”

“Too late, I scoffed down a whopper just before you called, and by the way, you’re lying.”

“No, I meant it, I would have made us lunch.”

“Funny,” Alex didn’t sound amused. “That means something happened you’re not telling me.”

Joanne was going to tell him to drop it, then saw an opportunity to be able to spend some time with him before he vanished into his room. Maybe keep him talking long enough to...

“*To what,*” Mother Joanne asked in her head,

“*You know what,*” Doctor Rivers responded to the silent question.

“I’ll tell you when I get home, I’ll be leaving in a few minutes, so try to put off your exciting nap until I see you.”

“Okay, see you at home, love you.”

“Love you too.”

She ended the call, then stared at the vials. No, she wouldn’t, she couldn’t. Yet she found herself fishing her keys out of her purse and using the smallest of them to unlock the bottom left drawer of her desk.

Joanne removed a black bag and removed two plastic bags, one containing a brand new needle, the other a syringe. Leaning forward in her chair, she slipped off her lab coat and pushed her sleeve up past her elbow.

Opening the bags, she put in the needle into the syringe, then, her fingers trembling, inserted the vial into the open end. Plucking the green rubber strap from the black bag, she awkwardly tied it around her arm, tapping her finger against the crook of her elbow to raise the vein.

Joanne picked up the syringe and taking a deep breath, whispered. "No risk, no reward." Then pushed the needed into her arm.

## Chapter Four

Joanne pulled into the driveway next to Alex's two year old Camaro he was killing himself to make the payment on. She had told him she'd put a down payment on a new car for his high school graduation, but he had to cover the payment and insurance.

Of course, he wanted the flashy sports car that came with the higher payment and insurance, and she'd warned him it wouldn't be cheap, but he had his heart set on it, so she caved.

The car was why his 'part time' job was now pushing forty hours, but the car made him happy and it taught him the ethic of hard work and getting something out of it. Shame was they had bought from a dealer Ross knew and if he'd been an actual father she could have asked him to call them and get Alex a better deal.

But it worked out better this way, never take from a snake had always been her motto. On the other hand, it would have been nice if he could have done something for his son.

Joanne wiped at her forehead and grimaced when she looked at the perspiration on the edge of her hand. Halfway home, she'd felt flushed and warm. The warm escalated to sweaty, and even with the AC in her Tahoe blasting, she continued to feel its effects.

She knew it was the shot, but not sure how. In men, Viagra caused flushing and sweating because it opened the blood vessels. But in women the effect was more about releasing dopamine and other endorphins, none of which caused this level of heat.

At least not without arousal being in play, and even then there could be some flushing from excitement, but not to this degree. Joanne pulled a couple of tissues from her purse and dabbed at her face once more.

Pulling out her lipstick, she applied it heavily, wanting her lips to stand out to see if Alex would notice. A son wouldn't think of his mother's lips the way a man would, but Alex was also a man and the point of this was to get him seeing her as a woman.

Feeling like a reject from a porn, and knowing she'd be feeling this way a lot in the next couple of hours, Joanne undid the top two buttons on her black blouse, enough that if she leaned forward she'd be showing off the edge of the black lace bra in addition to her impressive cleavage.

"Christ, this is stupid," she muttered while exiting her car.

Joanne entered the house and dropping her purse on the table in the front hall made her way through the living and dining rooms to find Alex in the kitchen eating a sandwich.

"I thought you said you ate?" she asked while walking past where he was sitting at the small kitchen table.

"I'm still hungry," he mumbled around his last bite. "I'm a growing boy."

"That you are," she agreed while opening the fridge and removing a bottle of water. "I remember when you were a scrawny fourteen year old they wouldn't let try out for football."

"Worked out, I'm better at baseball and the football players at BC are mostly assholes."

"I mean it, you know," Joanne began the game. "You've really filled out," she paused, trying not to wince as she added. "You look good, baby boy."

“Baby boy?” He snorted, rolled his eyes, then stuffed the last of the sandwich in his mouth, and proceeded to wash it down by chugging from a bottle of Mountain Dew.

Alex wasn't exactly putting on the sexy with that last move, but it's not like she'd expect him to. She was the one planning on trying to get his attention, not the other way around.

But she wasn't just blowing smoke, Alex had grown up just fine. He'd shot up early, and at 14 was already 5'10", well on his way to his full height of 6'2". But he'd barely weighed 140 pounds and was all gangly arms and legs.

After being embarrassed after the football rejection, Alex had asked for a weight set and universal gym, using both several times a week. Between that and the natural progression of his body as he grew older, he'd put on fifty pounds and none of it extra.

The tank top he currently wore showed off his well-defined arms as well as his thick forearms. His legs, visible in the shorts he wore, were as well developed as his upper body, the muscles in his calves bulging, and his thighs thick and powerful. The shirt showed some of his upper chest, which was wide and featured enough hair to be sexy, but not the sweater like pelt some men were stuck with.

Normally as fair as Joanne, Alex practiced enough in the sun during the last couple of months to have a decent tan going, and overall, between his beautiful features, and his build, Alex looked damn fine.

Fine enough that if she were on the prowl at a club or bar she'd swoop in and ride him like a prized bull until he begged her to stop. Fine enough to again wonder why he wasn't with anyone.

Having been a horny coed herself at his age, she couldn't imagine the girls not throwing themselves at him. Then again, even back then Joanne had studied, worked part time, and in her free time was never outgoing enough to enjoy herself the way she could have.

Not that she wanted him to be a player, but he was wasting his youth when it came to the opposite sex, just like she had. Wasting that amazing body, and from the bulge in his shorts as he sat there with his legs open, wasting what looked like a damn big...

Joanne's spinning mind stopped. Had she just been staring at and referring to her son's cock? Thinking of him the way she had that good looking bartender she'd hooked up with?

“Hey, Doc, you in there?”

“Huh?”

“I asked you what happened with the girls today.”

“Right, sorry,” she unscrewed the bottle of water and after chugging half of it, placed the cold bottle to her forehead.

“Hey, you feel okay? You're all red and sweaty.”

“Little warm, not sure why,” she told him. “I feel okay.”

“Maybe a hot flash,” he smirked. “You are getting to that age.”

“You want to get to that age, you better watch it,” she warned him, then pressed the bottle against her chest, rolling it back and forth.

The move surprised her, she hadn't planned to do it, but it was blatantly sexual and Alex's eyes followed the movement. She hoped he liked the way the moisture glistened on her chest and noticed her bra and upper portion of her breasts as she opened her blouse further with the bottle.

Joanne wanted him to look at her tits. To think about the night he'd seen her topless in the hall. He'd immediately turned away, but she knew he'd seen them and bet he thought about them.

Thought about what it would be like to touch them. Squeeze and fondle her large milky white tits. Suck on her pale pink nipples, think about slipping his cock through them, titty fucking his mother and covering her tits with a copious load of hot sticky...

Joanne released a sharp breath, as those pink nipples were now erect and the unnatural heat she was experiencing had not only made it between her thighs, but...

It was a wet heat.

"Mom?" Alex rose from his chair, a look of concern on his face. "Seriously, you feeling okay? You have this weird look on your face."

"Fine, I'm fine." *And damn, you're fine too. More than fine, you look good enough to eat, and your mother's been hungry for a long time now.*

"You sure?" He put his hand on her arm, while using the other to pull out a chair from the table. "Here, sit down, and I'll go soak a face cloth in cold water, you look like you're overheating."

"No," she stared down at his large hand that featured rough callouses on the inside from work, and tendons that moved just beneath his skin on the back that spoke of the strength in it. A shiver went through her at the thought of how hard he could grip her, or how easily he could pin her down.

"Did you just shiver?" He put the back of his hand on her forehead as she had done to him his entire life. "Damn, you're warm, but kind of clammy too. You should take a cool shower, then lay down."

"It's okay, Alex," she gripped his wrist and eased his hand from her skin. "I think you're right, might be a hot flash. I felt fine all day."

"There's some Theraflu in the medicine cabinet. It wouldn't hurt to take it just in case. I'll go grab it."

"You're so sweet," she kissed his hand, brushing her lips along the back of it, and fighting off the urge to take one of his fingers into her mouth and suck on it, show him how a real woman uses her tongue, a precursor to what she could do to his...

Joanne settled for kissing the tips of two of his fingers, her dark eyes on his to register his reaction. The expression on his face was one of confusion, but his eyes were bright and his cheeks were flushing.

She reluctantly released his hand, then chugged the water and handed him the bottle. Joanne gave him a flirty smile and walked past him. There was enough room on either side to easily get around him, but she deliberately brushed into him.

Joanne's left hand was by her side and the edge of it grazed his crotch. A soft grunt from him told her he felt it, and what she felt beneath the material of his shorts seemed harder than it should be in the presence of his mother.

She sauntered over to the table, moving slowly to maximize the time he had to watch her take the few steps. Joanne put an exaggerated swing in her hips, cursing the fact that as always her skirt was too loose fitting to show off her ass and its knee length didn't give him much of a view of her legs.

Joanne turned and leaning against the table, pushed herself up onto it. As Alex remained where he was, she used her right foot to push off her left shoe, then repeated the gesture.

Her feet were far more appealing in the sheer black stockings than the sensible low heeled pumps she always wore to work. She playfully kicked her feet back and forth and watched her son's eyes follow the movement.

She glanced down at her feet, her pink toes visible through the material. Joanne always had her fingers and toes painted, as well as a weekly mani-pedi to spoil herself.

Just like the thigh highs and playful underwear she always wore, she did it to feel sexy and confident beneath her professional to downright boring outfits. But why didn't she let others see that sexy?

Why didn't she let her son see it? Show him she wasn't just his boring mom, but a playful and sensual woman who craved attention. The attention of a good looking young man eager to please an attractive older woman.

Especially when that older woman was his mother.

"Come on over, and I'll tell you about my day."

"I...can hear you from here." There was a slight tremble in his voice and he swallowed hard after he spoke.

A thin line of perspiration was now visible and his head cocked to the side, his nostrils flaring as if he thought he smelled something.

"But I like it when you're close to me." Her voice had changed as well, from her normally light clear tone to lower with a raspy quality to it.

It was a tone she used far too infrequently. Her bedroom voice, the one she enticed and talked dirty in. The one that helped transform her from the stiff uptight Dr. Rivers to a sex crazed woman that needed it and needed it bad.

The way her clit throbbed between her legs told her she needed it bad right now, and using a pink tipped finger, beckoned her son. "Come on over, baby, I don't bite."

He nodded slowly, and stepped towards her, but hesitantly as if he wasn't sure he wanted too. But his eyes continued to move, working from her toes to her chest and lingering there, before dropping back to her lower legs.

With an air of someone wading into cold water, he shuffled his way over to the table, but when he put his hand on the chair, she caught his other arm, and tugged him over to her.

"Here," she pointed. "Right in front of me."

Just opening her legs forced her to bite back a sigh as he allowed her to ease him over between them. Alex leaned over, putting his face close to hers and she felt a wave of heat flowed through her when it appeared he was going to kiss her.

Instead, he sniffed.

"You wearing a new perfume?"

She wasn't wearing anything but a spritz of French Vanilla body spray and she'd put that on just after she'd showered before work.

"I am," she smiled. "You like it?"

"I do," he returned the smile, and seemed less nervous than he had been. This time he inhaled deeply, his face even closer, and she had to link her hands together in her lap to resist the urge to grab him and press her lips to his.

"MMM," he breathed. "You know strawberry is my favorite," another quick sniff. "You smell sweet."

"Not feeling sweet," her voice now a smoky purr that oozed sex and promise. "But know what's good with strawberries?" her smile matched her sultry tone. "Cream."

“Yeah,” he snapped his fingers. “Strawberries and cream. Shauna used to wear that scent, loved it.”

Joanne bristled at the mention of his ex-girlfriend, he should only be thinking about her. But she couldn't blame him, he didn't know any better than to chase those little sluts because she'd never shown him how a real woman treats their man. Their man who was also their boy.

“Do you like it on me?” She asked, her face flushing even hotter and her nipples aching in anticipation of his answer.

There was a slight pause and his smile faded, as if he were thinking of something, but he answered softly. “I really do.”

“Does it make you hungry?” she pushed the tip of her tongue out between her red lips, then sucked on the lower one. “I'm so hungry right now.”

His eyes widened as he leaned back, and he gave his head a quick shake, like he was trying to clear it.

“Hungry,” he repeated, then pointed to her. “Yeah, so what happened with the girls?”

She took a breath to relax. No need to be impatient, he was hers for the taking, and she could take him because he was hers, because deep down it's what they both wanted... and needed.

“We had an argument,” she explained, then pushed her lip into a pout. “They all ganged up on your poor mom.”

“Really?” he asked dubiously. “Since when do you guys fight?”

“Since today.”

He gave her a sly smile. “Was there wrestling and hair pulling, any clothes get ripped off?”

“No,” she returned the smile in kind. “But I'll let you know if it happens.”

“Pictures, or better yet video, or it didn't.” Alex laughed. “Damn your friends are fine.”

“You do call them the milf club sometimes,” she reminded him. That wasn't her playing. As Alex grew older he had taken notice of how attractive the others were and commented on it more than once.

This despite the fact he'd known them his entire life and they were unofficial aunts to him and he'd grown up with their kids who he saw as cousins. But boys were boys and Alex wasn't wrong in seeing how hot her friends were.

He'd even taken to some playful flirting on the occasions he'd stop by the practice. Robin rolled her eyes, and Amanda either didn't notice or pretended she didn't. Claire, as part of her reliving her wild youth, would flirt back, but Joanne didn't care, she knew it was harmless.

But she wanted him to have sex on the brain right now, and although she'd prefer him thinking of her, whatever got, and kept him, in the right frame of mind to do some seriously wrong things was fine with her.

“They are all hot, aren't they?” she teased.

“I wish I could go to lunch with you guys,” he nodded. “Some great choices of desert.”

“Bad boy,” she reached out and teased one long nail down his arm. “Tell me something,” she ran her finger back up and smiled at the way he shuddered and the goosebumps her touch raised on his bronzed skin.

“What?” he asked while he watched her rest her hand on his bicep.”

"If you had the chance, which one would you fuck?"

"I...can't answer that," he blinked rapidly, another move that made it seem he was fighting something.

"Sure you can," she told him.

"You're my mother." He said it as if he were trying to stress that point to himself as much as he was to her.

"I'm a woman and you're a man. So man to woman, who would you want most? Robin's hot as fuck, Claire's into guys your age, and Amanda is a sexy little spinner isn't she?"

When he looked surprised at that remark, she added. "You're so big and strong, and she's so tiny, you could bounce that tight little package all over the place couldn't you?"

"I don't think I'd pick any of them." He told her.

"Be that way," she chided and playfully flipped his lip, earning a startled look from him. "Okay, we'll keep it light, who's the hottest milf in the club?"

"Well," a smile played about the corner of his lips. "I shouldn't say."

"Aw, don't tease," she put her hands on his shoulders and tugged him towards her. "Remember when you were a kid and was afraid to tell me something, I'd have you whisper it in my ear?"

He nodded and didn't fight her, leaning into her until his face was next to hers. She could feel his now heavier breathing in her ear, and her heart and breathing picked up. He lowered his head more and her fingers gripped his shoulders tighter when he nuzzled his face in her neck.

She heard him take a deep breath, and her ears picked up a moan so soft she could only hear it because of how close he was. His shoulders tensed beneath her fingers, and he whispered softly.

"You are."

He eased back from her and she saw his beautiful gray eyes were not just bright, but glossy as if he were drunk or stoned.

"Me?" she repeated. "But I'm your mother."

"But you're a woman too, right?" he played into her previous statement, and it was now her fingers that trembled as they rested on his strong shoulders. "Maybe that's why, because you're not just a Milf, but my milf."

"You really think I'm hotter than the others?"

"I know so, know why?"

"Tell me," her voice shook in anticipation.

"Because you don't try to be," he reached out and gently removed her glasses from her face. "Always covering these gorgeous eyes."

"You like my eyes?"

"Big wide doe eyes," he spoke softly and she picked up the same tremble in his voice as she heard in her own. "They look all sweet and innocent, but you're not, are you?"

"No, your mother can be a bad girl when she wants to be," she wanted to be bad right now and in every sense of the word considering who she was with.

"Bet guys like those wide eyes looking up at them from your knees don't they?"

His words caused her to squirm. Her clit throbbed painfully and she could feel the puddle in her panties as she ground her hips in circles on the table.

"From under those long lashes," he flipped her glasses behind him where they slid across the counter. "And the way you never let your hair down."

"Ohh," Joanne released a low moan when his left hand slid behind her and tugged on the clip in her hair. Gripping his right wrist, she brought his hand to her face and this time did suck his middle finger into her mouth.

"Like this?" she whispered around it, while looking demurely up at him through her lashes. She eased the full length of his finger into her watering mouth, and moaned softly, while swirling her tongue along it.

"Just like that," his upper chest was now as red as his face and his breathing as heavy as hers.

He fumbled with the clip, but a moment later, she felt it release and heard it hit the floor when he tossed it behind him. He ran his hand down through her hair, helping it flow down her shoulders and sending a shiver through her.

"This long curly wild looking hair," she gasped when he wrapped his hand in it and yanked her head back so she was looking up at him. "Made to pull and look good anywhere on me."

On him! His words caused her cunt to flood and she yanked his hand from her mouth and put it on her heaving and now sweaty chest just over her breasts.

"Oh, yeah," he nodded. "That body that you try to cover up. Try to make it look like there's nothing going on under there, but I know what you're hiding."

"Because you saw mommy's tits, didn't you?" *God, touch them! Please touch them!*

"You know I did because you showed them to me," he trailed a finger down between her breasts. "That wasn't an accident that night."

"No?" She lowered his hand and placed it directly on her right breast, and even through her blouse and bra, the contact made her moan and her aching nipple yearn for his direct touch.

"You knew I was home, and you let that towel fall in purpose, didn't you?"

Had she? She hadn't thought so, but she of all people knew the subconscious was where all inhibitions ended and secret desires remained hidden, and at times rose to the surface without the waking mind being aware of it at first.

"Yes," she whispered, pressing his hand harder to her now heaving breast. "I wanted you to see them."

"Because you're a tease, aren't you, mom?" he gripped the edges of her blouse and she cried out in surprise when he tore it open, sending the buttons across the room. "You don't think I see all these sexy things you wear? These trashy bras and slutty thongs?"

His hands went to her breasts, squeezing them hard through the lace bra, and her hands went over his, her fingers curling into the backs of them, nails digging into his flesh in her excitement.

"How do you know what I wear?" she asked breathlessly. "You look in mommy's things?"

"When you were sick a few months ago, I did your laundry, and I saw some of nasty things you wear under those baggy ass outfits." He leaned over her and whispered in her ear. "You're a closet slut, aren't you, mom?"

"Yes," she whimpered when he curled his fingers into the cups of her bra, his fingers hot against her smooth white flesh.

“You dress like that in case you get lucky? Some guy comes on to you thinking he can warm up the nerd, then he unwraps you and finds out you’re the whore he was looking for all along.”

“Your whore,” she yanked his hands down, pulling the bra down and causing her tits to pop out. “Your tits!”

“Jesus,” his eyes widened as he took in her bare breasts. “They’re perfect.”

“Just like you remember them?” Joanne pushed his hands away and rolled her throbbing nipples between her fingers. “You got a good look at them, didn’t you?”

He nodded, and she groaned when his hands cupped her tits, fondling them while she toyed with her nipples, a look of absolute lust on his face.

“Thought about them that night,” she continued, her voice husky with desire. “Thought about touching them, sucking them, seeing them bounce while your mother rides your hard fucking cock.”

“Bet you thought about coming on them, painting your mommy’s big tits with... Hmmm!”

Alex’s lips pressed to hers as his hands went to her face, holding it between them. Not that he needed to because she had no plans to resist him. The kiss was far from gentle, his lips roughly crushing hers beneath them.

She moaned deep in her throat, as her hands left her breasts to drop to his waist. She slipped them under his shirt, her palms sliding up and down his hard flat stomach and chest as he continued his effort to devour her mouth with his.

Joanne returned the kiss with equal fervor, her soft red lips waging war with his, sliding around and over them. When she opened her mouth wider to keep in contact with his lips, his tongue drove into her mouth, causing her cunt to gush.

His right hand slid behind her head and up into her hair, gripping it tightly and yanking her head back. She gasped into his mouth as her tongue whipped over and around his.

His other hand dropped to her right breast and she squealed when his fingers captured her nipple. Joanne returned the favor, finding his beneath his shirt and giving them a sharp pinch.

His breath hissed between her lips, then his mouth left hers. He pulled her head further back and Joanne moaned in pleasure when he fastened his lips to the soft skin of her throat.

She dropped her hands and grabbing his shirt tugged it upwards. Alex didn’t move his arms right away, instead focused on now kissing and sucking on the right side of her neck.

She whimpered as he sucked harder, then harder, bordering on painful and she knew it was going to leave a mark, but didn’t care. Her son could do anything he wanted to her because she was his. His mother, his lover, his everything.

As it should be.

She yanked upwards, and he removed his lips from her neck and straightened. Grabbing the shirt, from her he quickly removed it, throwing it behind him. Alex moaned when before it hit the floor, her lips were on his right nipple, her tongue swirling around it.

Her hands roamed, marveling at how hard his body was. She sucked his nipple harder, then moaned when once again used her hair as a handle to pull her back. The

moan turned into a whimper of excitement when he leaned over her, sweeping his arm over the table.

Joanne heard a clatter as the napkin holder, salt and pepper shakers and the other random items on the table hit the floor. He released her hair, then shoved her in the chest.

“Oh!” she gasped when her back hit the table and Alex stepped up between her legs.

He leaned over her, grabbing her tits, and sucking her left nipple into his mouth.

“Yes, oh, yes!” she cried, her hands gripping his shoulders as his tongue danced over her swollen pink flesh.

She lifted her legs, wrapping her stocking clad flesh around his waist. She could feel his hardness through his shorts as her skirt rose and his crotch pressed into hers. Alex switched to sucking her other nipple with an eagerness that bordered on urgency.

Like his kiss, and everything so far, she wasn't going easy, sucking her nipple hard enough to make his lips smack. Joanne groaned and sighed, working her hips and grinding her soaked panties into him.

Alex moaned around her nipple, continuing to lick and suck while his fingers teased the other one. His large hands gripped her soft flesh firmly, fondling her breasts as he switched to give the other nipple some sorely needed attention.

“Suck them!” she breathed. “Show mama how bad you want them!”

He thrust his hips, pushing his cock into her aching cunt, and she worked her hips harder while locking her ankles behind his back, pulling him as close to her as she could.

“Oh, oh, honey!” she sighed as she dry humped him like a horny teenager. “Please don't tease!” she released a high pitched moan as he moved his hips, sliding his trapped cock along her throbbing clit.

“Fuck me!” she begged him. “Please fuck me! Mommy needs her baby's cock inside her!”

At her words, Alex straightened and slipped his hands up her skirt. Joanne felt another wave of wet heat between her legs as his hands moved over her stockings, then encountered her bare quivering thighs.

“Thigh highs,” he whispered, his eyes so bright they appeared lit from within. “Makes it easier to get fucked wherever you are, doesn't it?”

“Like right here on the fucking table!” she lifted her hips when his hands moved over them and his fingers hooked the sides of her panties.

Her eyes rolled back when she felt her panties resist before peeling away from her sticky cunt. She lifted her legs and watched breathlessly as Alex slid her panties along their length before slipping them from her feet.

He pressed the panties to his face, taking a deep breath and the way his eyes closed in pure bliss and the sigh he released caused her to drop her legs, sit up, and grab his shorts.

She tore them open, the snap making a pinging sound when it struck the metal microwave stand to their right. Joanne tore down his zipper then his shorts and boxers, shoving them down his thighs.

His cock sprang free, and it was as perfect as the rest of him. Long, thick, and not just hard, but hard for her. Hard for his mother. His wide tip was swollen to an angry

purple and precum oozed from the tip, strands of it dangling from it, both things a testament to how long he'd been hard.

"Oh, fuck, oh, mom!" Alex called out when with no hesitation, she gripped his cock at the base, and hunching over, opened wide and took him into her mouth.

They both moaned as her full red lips slid down his shaft, and she experienced just how thick he was as her lips were forced wider as he filled her mouth. Her tips of her fingers barely touched around him and it had her imagining what it would feel like inside her.

Joanne bobbed her head rapidly; her excitement overriding her urge to take her time and enjoy her boys mazing cock. She turned her eyes upwards, meeting his. Giving him the look, he'd mentioned, she widened them and whimpered softly while staring up through her lashes.

His left hand went to her head, shoving her mouth downward. She gagged when the tip of his cock hit the back of her throat, spit squirting from the sides of her mouth, but the move had her cunt leaking, and her hips moving.

She opened wider, angled her head, and moving slowly at first, held her breath and eased him past her gag reflex. He gasped when she then drove her mouth down until her lips touched his pubic mound.

She shook her head, working his tip around in her warm wet mouth, spreading precum on her tongue, and insides of her cheeks. Joanne cupped his balls, rubbing them as she resumed sucking.

"Shit," Alex breathed as she went into overdrive, repeatedly deep throating him with an ease that surprised even her. "Damn, you can suck cock!"

She eased him from her mouth, precum and drool flowing down her chin to splash on her upper chest and tits. "I'm not one of your little skanks, baby boy, your mother knows how to please a man." She fluttered her tongue around his spongy head "Please her boy."

She took him back into her mouth and resumed her porn star quality sucking. The room filled with the sound of her sloppy slurping and nasty retching sounds as she forced him deep down her throat as rapidly as she could.

Her eyes began to water, and her already flushed face, turning a deeper crimson as at this point she took it beyond a blow job and into throat fucking territory. Alex's hand remained on her head but wasn't pushing because she was doing what she knew he wanted.

Choking herself on her son's cock.

She yelped in surprise when he pulled her hair, removing his cock from her mouth amidst a spray of sticky fluid that splattered all over his thighs and her chest. He shoved her back onto the table.

Joanne winced as her elbows hit the table, but her brief grunt of pain was replaced by a loud squeal when her son dropped to his knees, shoved her legs open and buried his face between her thighs.

Her squeal was followed by another when he plunged his tongue inside her. He moved it side to side, and sucked hard, making a loud slurping sound as her cunt gushed into his mouth.

She lifted her legs, placing her feet on his shoulders as he placed his hands on her thighs, slipping his fingers between her lips he spread her wide, and pushed his tongue deeper.

He pressed his face to her sticky pink slit and she both felt and heard him inhale deeply, as he continued to lap up her juices from her cunt which was flowing in a way she'd never experienced.

Alex eased his tongue from inside her and when it flicked over her clit, her hips jerked as an electric jolt of pleasure shot through her. He traced a fast circle around her protruding clit, then sucked it hard.

Joanne moaned and let herself fall back on the table, her hands going to her breasts. She lay back, moaning and squirming, her fingers rolling her nipples. She closed her eyes envisioning the position she was in.

Still dressed, her blouse open and bra beneath her tits, skirt up to her hips while her son knelt on the kitchen floor, his tongue busy on his mother's pulsing clit, her sopping slit pressed to his face.

"Lick it," she whispered, her hips rocking into his flickering tongue. "Eat that red haired cunt," she added in reference to the patch of deep auburn hair over her slit. "Make mama come!"

Alex was already close to doing just that. Joanne had been wet within minutes of being in his presence and gushing and squirming on the table long before he'd kissed her.

She couldn't recall her clit ever being so sensitive, each soft lick of his tongue or brush of his lips making her whimper and her hips twitch. Her thighs tightened and trembled beneath his hands and her feet pressed harder into his shoulders as her back arched.

Her ass rose a few inches off the table, pushing her cunt harder into his face. Like everything else they'd done, Alex wasn't lingering or playing around. His tongue blurred rapidly over her, working in every direction while mixing in several hard slurps.

A long low whimper escaped her as her toes curled into his shoulders and she lifted her hips, her entire body tensing and awaiting its much needed release. A release that came when Alex plunged two fingers deep inside her.

Joanne, tugged hard on her nipples at the same time he roughly introduced a third finger, stretching her cunt open and sending her over the edge. She yelped and moaned, her hips bucking as her cunt clenched around his fingers.

Alex kept sucking her clit she moved her legs, drumming her feet on his shoulders as she threw her head back and howled from the force of the orgasm crashing through her.

She wasn't sure she'd ever come this fast, and knew she'd never come this hard. She thrashed on the table, screaming in pleasure the way porn stars faked it, but every bit of it was real.

Joanne's cunt tightened, then released, and she felt a warm gush of sticky juices flow into his face as he kept her coming with his lips, tongue and fingers. Her body jerked several more times as if someone were hitting her with a cattle prod, then went limp, her legs falling from his shoulders and her arms dropping to her sides.

Alex shot to his feet, and grabbing her ankles held her legs wide and plunged into her still twitching cunt.

“Fuck!” Joanne cried out as his thick cock plowed into her, stretching her open so quickly it hurt.

Alex reared back his hips and she yelped repeatedly as he went to town, tearing into her with the same frenzied energy he’d displayed while going down on her. Joanne’s arms went out to her sides, gripped the edge of the now rocking kitchen table as her son plundered her recently neglected cunt with his battering ram of a cock.

But she was so wet, the discomfort quickly turned to pleasure as her cunt adjusted to him, her hot flesh clutching to his hard shaft. Alex shifted her feet to his chest, and leaned forward, bending her knees back and lifting her ass so he was penetrating even deeper.

Joanne’s eyes took it all in. Her stocking feet on his chest. His chest red, glistening with sweat, his muscles bulging from effort. His eyes were wild and his lips parted from the heavy breathing his effort of seemingly try to drive his cock through her caused.

She had never been fucked this hard or by someone this strong, and she wondered what would give out first, her cunt or the rocking table.

Her breasts bounced wildly and shoving his hands between her legs he grabbed them, squeezing and leaning some of his weight on her while he continued his assault. Joanne grabbed his forearms, her nails digging into him and leaving small red crescents in his flesh.

He didn’t feel it or didn’t care as his relentless thrusts plundered her helpless twat. Helpless, but now fully appreciating the way he was completely stuffing her sopping slit. She could feel her flooding around him, her thighs as well as his wet and sticky from the mess.

She pushed herself up on her elbows and admired his glistening snake of a cock entering her in ever harder and faster thrusts. God he was hard, and strong and so... young and eager.

He was giving it to her in a way even the young bartender hadn’t and she was now caught up and loving every minute of it.

“Look at you fucking mommy! Giving that cock teasing slut what she’s been begging for!”

“What you wanted the night you showed me your tits,” he moaned between his heavy breathing. “You played embarrassed, but you wanted to rip that towel off, and drag you into your room and fuck you!”

“Like you’re fucking me now!” she hissed, and balancing herself on her left elbow, slipped her right hand between her legs, her fingers rubbing her once again aching clit inches from his plunging cock. “I want to come on my boy’s cock!”

He made her yelp when he slapped her hand away, then made her moan when replaced it with his left hand, pressing two fingers to her clit and working it side to side. His right hand gripped her ankle moving her left leg out to open them while leaving her other foot on his chest.

Joanne pushed herself further forward so her ass was barely on the table, and leaning forward, grabbed his shoulders to hold herself up. Alex shocked, and thrilled, her by switching from rubbing to peppering her clit with sharp taps of his fingers, spanking it.

Each time she yelped in pleasure even as she wondered where he'd picked up that trick. When he resumed rubbing it was now harder than before, roughly working his hand side to side.

Her flesh made wet slapping sounds and with no warning, a second orgasm caught her by surprise. Her head went back as she howled at the ceiling, her cunt convulsing around his still thrusting cock.

Alex lowered his head, sucking on her neck as she came on his incredible cock. She went into a series of high pitched yips as she bucked her hips as much as she could in her awkward position was waves of intense pleasure had their way with her.

Alex was breathing heavy into her neck, and his thrusts were becoming shorter and less smooth as he grew close to his own climax. Joanne, the last of her orgasm flowing through her, grabbed his hair and lifted his head from her neck.

She leaned her forehead into his as they hunched together, her right leg now straight in the air between them as he held her other to his hip. The two of them, their eyes an inch apart, grunted and gasped, sounding like animals as he fucked her still quivering cunt.

"Give it to me," she hissed. "Come for me. Come for mama, show her the big hot load you been saving for her."

Alex's grunts turned into a long low, and absolutely adorable whimper, and she could feel his cock twitching inside her.

"That's it, baby, let it go, let me have it."

Alex pulled back, reaching for his bobbing cock, but Joanne's hand got there first. She gripped him hard and leaned back, angling his cock over her still gaping cunt. She felt him throbbing in her hand and he whimpered again as she squeezed him hard enough to hold him back a few seconds.

"P...please mom," he moaned, giving her exactly what she wanted to hear.

She released his cock and her head jerked back when the first tremendous spurt splashed directly onto her face, splattering across her right cheek and chin, some of it getting between her lips and into her mouth.

The second long thick spurt struck her between her breasts, and she angled his cock so the next one was a direct hit on her right breast. She got the left with the next one and kept pumping.

And her son kept coming. As her orgasm has been the most powerful she could remember, he was coming like a horse, long thick white strips of cum across her breasts and all over her stomach.

Even his last dribbled made a sizable puddle and a sticky mess in her now damp patch of pubic hair.

"Okay," Alex grabbed her wrist to stop her from moving.

She released him and as he turned the kitchen chair and fell into it, Joanne likewise, flopped back onto the table, her red, sweaty and now cum splashed tits heaving.

"Oh my god," Alex groaned, staring at her, his eyes still wide, but no longer as bright. "That...what was that?"

Joanne didn't answer right away, instead she stared at him where he sat with his jeans still on, just shoved down to his knees. His cock was still completely hard and as she watched, a long pearly white drop oozed from his tip and slid down his shaft to his balls.

"I...we..." What had just happened?

She'd fucked her son is what happened.

Joanne remained in stunned silence as she lay there legs splayed and dangling off the table, her sons cum warm and sticky from her cunt to where some of it was sliding down her cheek and onto the table.

There was some on her tongue and she sucked it off, swallowing it. The taste of it sent a shiver through her, and her eyes once more settled between his legs. He was still fucking hard, his cock twitching.

He was also staring at it, as if he couldn't believe it either. It was as hard as it was when he was fucking her. She knew youth had its perks, but it was if he were the one who'd been dosed with Viagra.

"Mom?" he looked at her. "I..." he looked confused for a moment.

"You what, baby?" she asked, her nipples once again stiffening as she couldn't stop looking at his sloppy wet cock, which featured several red smears of his mother's lipstick.

"I..." he blinked, then smiled. "I want more."

He rose to his feet and she yipped when he grabbed her ankles and hauled her off the table. The second her feet hit the floor she staggered towards him, her weak knees giving way.

Alex's hands grabbed her shoulders and she cried out when he easily spun her around until her back was to him. He reached around, grabbing the sides of her shirt and yanked it down her arms so hard she heard it rip.

He pulled it away from her and bracing his hand in the middle of her back shaved her forward, bending her over the table. Grabbing her hips, he pushed his foot against hers, forcing her legs open and plowed into her now sloppy cunt with one long smooth thrust.

"Oh my god!" she called out as he hammered into her, fucking her as hard as he had the first time.

"You're right, I've been waiting for this, and so have you." He dealt the left side of her ass a slap that was so hard she squealed and could immediately feel the heat in her cheek.

"Role reversal!" he laughed, then slapped the other side of her ass even harder. "You like that, mom? You like being punished for being a bad girl? A bad mom who fucks her son?"

"Yes!" she yelled when he gave her two rapid fire slaps. "Make me pay for teasing you! For making you wait all this time to get those tits I showed you!"

"I saw more than that!" he hissed and she squealed as his hands went wild, striking both sides of her ass, sometimes both at the same time.

The stinging and burning made her squirm and each time he hit one side of her ass she'd lift her foot as if she were trying to get away. But each stinging slap was accompanied by a surge of joy and her cunt clutching his plunging cock.

"That towel fell to the side too! You were so worried about your tits you didn't know I saw that red headed bush and that pink cunt. You showed all of it to me!" he stopped spanking her, but now gripped her red and swollen ass hard enough to make her whimper.

“Didn’t yank it up right away either,” his voice was a low growl and she heard frustration in it as well as lust. “No, you gave me a few seconds to really get a look.”

“And you looked!” she turned her head to peer over her shoulder as she rested on her elbows. “You liked what you saw, you wanted what you saw!”

“Then why didn’t you give it to me?” he demanded and releasing her ass, caught her by surprised when he grabbed the backs of her arms and pulled them out from under her.

Joanne’s breasts cushioned the short drop to the table and she groaned, her pussy gushing around his cock when he pinned her arms behind her back, gripping her wrists in one of his large hands.

“Maybe I wanted you to take me!” she hissed; her hot sticky cheek pressed to the cool surface of the table. “Show me what mothers who cock tease their son’s get!”

“They get this!” Alex’s other hand went to the back of her head, holding it down. “Get bent over, face down and ass up and while their son fucks them senseless.”

His hand shifted and she groaned when he grabbed her hair and yanked her head up. He pulled harder, forcing her upper body to rise from the table and she felt cum peel from her body to stick to the table.

Alex’s words became reality when he proceeded to fuck her so hard her eyes rolled like a slot machine and all that came out of her now wide open mouth was a series of yips, gasps and weak attempts to form words.

The table rocked once more as he hammered into her, his balls slapping hard against her aching clit. Joanne’s eyes went wider when she felt the stirrings of another orgasm deep within her.

She had never cum just from penetration, but the feeling was growing stronger, and her thighs and knees trembled to the point if she weren’t over the table she wouldn’t be able to stand.

Alex let her hair go and leaning over, gripped her left leg behind her knee and lifted her leg, placing her knee on the table. She moaned when the change in angle had him pounding her prone pussy even deeper and more forcefully.

“Y...I...Ke...Oh....” she stammered while pushing back and grinding her hips into his thrusts. “Plea...please...”

Alex unceremoniously plunged a finger hard into her ass and Joanne exploded. She came like an animal, head raised, mouth wide and howling like a she-wolf as her holes convulsed around his finger and cock and her body thrashed beneath him as he still had her arms pinned with the strength of just one of his hands.

Her eyes rolled back and her cunt contracted tight enough to make him gasp. She cried out when her body released and something warm and sticky flowed down her right thigh.

Alex released her arms and bracing both hands in the middle of her back, forcing her down to the table, fucked her with a power that bordered on brutal. Her arms remained by her sides and she was barely moaning despite the savage fucking she was enduring.

She lay on the table like rag doll, exhausted and spent from three orgasms. Just there, letting her son have his way with her for the second time with barely a minute in between.

Her cunt ached from the beating his cock was giving it, and his finger was still in her tight ass which hadn't seen any action since one drunken night in college when she let her boyfriend at the time take her through the back door.

Joanne's legs felt like rubber, she was hot and the last orgasm had left her lightheaded and dizzy. At this point the room seemed to be slowly spinning in front of her. Behind her, Alex groaned and removed both his finger and his cock from inside her.

She released a soft sigh as she felt his hot come spray across her back. Like the first load, she felt the initial spurt between her shoulder blades, a good distance for a second load and could feel it getting into her hair where it lay across one side of her back.

The next spurts left a trail down the middle of her back down to where he had her skirt shoved over her hips. When she no longer felt anything warm and wet hitting covering her, she heard him groan and once again, he staggered into the chair.

With him not behind her, Joanne tried to stand and ended up sinking to her knees, her legs too weak to hold her up. She knelt on the floor, her hands on her knees and skirt still around her waist, and her bra under her tits.

Both her front and back wore his cum and her entire body ached as if she'd just finished a good hard work out. Well, she had gotten something hard and damned good as well.

This time Alex's cock was mercifully deflating because there was no way she could take anymore.

"You good, baby?" she asked him. "I can always suck you off if you need more."

"Huh?" he blinked and she did too. How the hell could she still be thinking about his cock when she was this worn out?

Sex drunk. A term she'd heard Claire and Amanda use. Needing more of the snake that bit you, even though you'd had plenty. Sadly, nothing Joanne had ever experienced, until now.

Because just now had by far been the best sex of her life in every way.

"He looks tired," she breathed, but sucked on her lower lip. "But I bet mommy could wake him up if you let me try."

"Mom."

The way he said that one word got her attention away from his still dripping semi hard cock, and to his face. He had his head in his hands rubbing his temples as if he had a headache.

"What is it, baby? You want some water?" She wasn't sure she could get up yet, but she'd try.

"No, I want," his head jerked and when he looked at her his eyes were wide and there was a stunned look on his face. "I...I just fucked you."

"Twice," she smiled, but it faded when he shook his head rapidly, his expression turning to one of alarm.

"My god! I...we had sex! I just had sex with my mother!"

"I know, and it was..."

"You wanted it!" he pointed to her and his finger was shaking. "You were begging me to...to treat you bad."

"Bad felt good," she assured him. "It's okay, honey, we..."

"Not okay! I don't even know how it happened!" He looked down at his cock and jumping to his feet pulled his jeans and boxers back over it.

"You don't know?" His words finally cut through her lust induced fog.

"I asked what happened with the girls and then," he trailed off.

"Then?" She prodded him because she her own lust had faded, but rather than his state of apparent confusion, she could remember every detail of what they did.

What she'd done was have sex with him. Not just sex, but nasty rough sex and... twice.

"I just...wanted you. All I could think of was how good you looked and smelled. I wanted to fuck you like you weren't my mother, but some girl I met at a party." He swallowed hard. "No, I wanted to fuck you because you were my mother. I...I kept thinking it's what you wanted, and I needed to make you happy."

"You did, three times," she smiled through her sticky lips.

"What...what's wrong with you? With us?" He looked around and spotting his shirt, picked it up and slipped it on. "How the hell did this happen?"

Joanne frowned when it dawned on her what had happened. She had; the injection not only worked but worked too well. The exact thing the others had warned her about.

"Okay," she grimaced as her awakening to reality seemed to cause the same headache he seemed to be dealing with. "Let's uh," Let's what?

She lowered her gaze and when she saw her bare breasts, some of her son's drying cum still plastered to them, she yanked her bra up over them. Grabbing the table, she hauled herself to her feet, and shoved her skirt down.

"I...I feel hung over," he looked around the room. "Like maybe someone slipped me something, but it would have to be you too. Oh my god!" he pointed to the water bottle he'd dropped after she handed it to him. "I had water too! Maybe someone....no. What the hell could anyone give you to make you want your mother, that's impossible."

"Alex, calm down." She eased herself into a chair and pointed to the one he'd risen from. "Sit and let's talk."

"I can't!" he yelled; his face distraught. "I can't talk to you! I can't even look at you!"

"Honey, please, we can work this out. You just have to listen to me."

"Work it out? Like we can just forget this?" He wagged a shaking finger at her. "I don't know what happened, but..." his eyes narrowed. "You don't seem to be that upset."

"I am," but she had a feeling nowhere near as much as she would be when the shot fully wore off. "But one of us needs to be rational and..."

"Rational? Jesus Christ, Mom we had fucking sex! I ate you out on the damn kitchen table! There's nothing rational about that!"

"Alex!" she rose from the chair and approached him, her arms out. "Come here, give me a hug. We're okay, we really are. This wasn't your fault."

"Yeah, it was," his shoulders slumped and his voice lowered. "It's all my fault."

"Why would you say that?" she beckoned to him, but he backed away from her.

"Because I..." he looked away from her, his throat working and she saw a single tear flow from his eye. "I wanted you."

"No, you didn't." She told him.

"I told you how I felt! I wanted you! All I could think of was you and that damned towel and I...I decided I was tired of thinking about it and wanted it to happen."

"But..."

"I kissed you first!" he shouted. "I ripped your damn blouse open!" He released a choked sob. "Oh my god, mom, I'm so sorry!"

"I let you!" Her voice rose with his, her own emotions now getting the better of her. "Don't you see that? I let it happen! That means its..."

"You...you let me because you were afraid of me! I was rough with you and I was nasty and calling you names!"

"Honey, I know you'd never hurt me. Believe me, this is my fault."

"No, you're trying to take the blame because your my mother." He stopped his breathing coming in rapid gasps. "This was me. Me and my sick thoughts and..."

He turned away and stalked out of the kitchen.

"Where are you going?" Joanne demanded, following him through the dining room.

"To work. I need to get out of here, think about this!"

"It's only two!"

"They start at noon; they won't care I'm early."

"Alex, please don't go."

"I have to, mom. I can't do this right now because I can't even believe what this is and how the hell you think it will be okay."

"Because I know why it happened!"

"Your son being a sick freak." He told her. "I don't know how you can look at me."

Joanne began to protest, then caught herself. She'd only given herself the injection two hours ago. What if its effect ebbed and flowed, and it came back? Maybe the best thing was for him to get away from her for a few hours. By the time he got home, it would be ten hours, and if she felt anything she'd go right into the bedroom and deal with him tomorrow.

"Promise me you're going to work and that you'll come home," she put her hand up. "Right home, you're upset and I'll be worried about you."

"I promise," he told her.

"Okay, then go ahead, but please Alex, come home to me."

"I will," he gave her a sad smile as he plucked his fed ex shirt from the hook by the door. "You really know how to make me feel bad, you know that?"

He didn't know the half of how she'd just made him feel, but aloud she asked.

"What do you mean?"

"I pull that sick stunt on you, and you're worried about me. You really are a better mom than I deserve."

"Don't talk like that," she went up to him and this time he didn't move and let her put her arms around him. "I love you, Alex, and I know you love me, and there's nothing the two of us can't get through, got it?"

"Got it and love you too." he relaxed into her and she felt her eyes well up in relief. It was going to be rough explaining this was her fault, and moving on from what happened, but her son still loved her and that's what mattered.

"Hey, Mom?"

"What is it, Alex." He eased back and smiled at her. "You smell really good, you know that?"

"Thank you,"

“Yeah,” his eyes met hers and she saw them glossing over again. “But you tasted even sweeter.” He laughed as she held back a sob of frustration. “Strawberries and cream, right?”

“Alex,” she pushed herself back from him as casually as she could without showing how upset she was.

“Mom?” he displayed the same sly flirty smile as he had earlier.

“Go to work. You can smell me when I get home, promise.”

“Wow, tough crowd,” he laughed. “But hey, guess I’ll be giving a new meaning to hard at work.”

Before she could react he kissed her on the mouth, but mercifully made it a quick one. The kind you gave to a familiar lover when you left or came home.

“Better wait up for me,” he told her and gave her breast a playful squeeze through the bra. “Or maybe it will be more fun to wake you up.”

He eyed her longingly as her heart pounded, but he spun on her heel, grabbed his hat from the table next to her purse and left the house. As soon as he door was closed, Joanne sank to her knees, put her head in her hands and burst into tears.

## Chapter Five

Joanne opened her eyes, staring up at the pattern the flickering candles made on tiled ceiling above her. Her head remaining on the small pillow she used to prop her head up on the edge of the tub, she slipped her arm from the warm water and rubbed it on the towel on the floor to dry it before fumbling for her phone.

She held it up to see it was after seven thirty. She'd slept for hours which would explain the extreme drowsiness she still felt, a common side effect of when she took too long of a nap.

Or maybe a side effect of the shot because there was no way she should have been able to sleep at all after what happened with Alex. Then again, she hadn't had three orgasms in a half hour before either.

Or fucked that hard, or sucked a cock that big that easily, or come just from being fucked. That was because she'd never been fucked by her son before. Her nipples stiffened beneath the water.

"Stop it!" she snapped out loud.

She was disturbed by how hard it was to turn her mind from that train of thought. There were no positives about what just happened, just the disastrous possibly life changing event it had led to. Sliding her finger across her phone she found her recorder app and thumbed it.

"Close to eight hours after injection still experiencing lustful thoughts about what happened, and my body continues to react to them." She lowered the phone, but kept it in her hand, resting her arm along the edge of the tub.

Continued as in she drew herself a bath because she felt it might relax her and clear her head because in the hour and a half after Alex had left, she kept thinking about what they'd done.

Each time started off with her properly upset, then went into sex crazed thoughts of not only how good it was, but how bad she wanted more of him. One of the times she'd grown so horny she'd entered her bedroom, removed her vibe from the draw and lay back on the bed, hiking her skirt up while imagining her son doing it and spreading her legs.

She'd stopped herself just before she placed the humming toy to her clit and broke it when she threw it across the room. Joanne had figured a soak would help, but almost got out when she settled into the warm soapy water in the candle lit bathroom and her clit began throbbing as she imagined Alex by the side of the tub.

Washing her back, easing her down, then soaping up her breasts, his hand vanishing under the water, seeking her warm pink cleft, his fingers delving deep inside it while his thumb....

"Oh, fuck me," she whispered. Awake five minutes and already going full taboo. No, full taboo was the actual acts she'd committed, not entertaining the thought of more of them.

The only time her head had been completely clear was when Alex had snapped out of it and been upset. That had gotten her out of Mommy porn mode and into actual mother mode.

Fortunately, that lasted even when he fell under the spell of her obviously hyperactive and powerful pheromones. The ones that smelled like strawberries. At least to him, as she smelled nothing, which made sense.

She thumbed the recorder again.

“Would every subject smell strawberry, or did Alex smell them because it’s his favorite scent? Possibility it will smell different to each person affected.” She lowered the phone once more.

Subject. The subject was her damn son. But she still needed to document everything because right now it was her and her son who she needed to figure this out for. Back to the phone...

“Viagra lasts eight hours for most people. I’m just past it, yet thoughts still as sexual. Cialis must still be in effect,” she frowned and added. Cialis which can last up to thirty six hours.”

God that would be until Sunday. But the pheromone boost had to let up by then, right? With a sigh, she lay there trying to remain relaxed, taking deep breaths to inhale the calming scent of the lavender candles and what remained of the same scented bath salts.

When she’d removed the bath salts from the sampler Claire had gotten her as a stocking stuffer, she’d seen strawberry and promptly threw them in the trash. God, she never wanted to smell them again.

But smell like them, maybe, but only because her boy liked....

“Clean thoughts only.” She whispered. “Everything else must go. Think about something else.

Like how her entire body ached from hard use. Her cunt still felt the effects of two brutal fuckings and even her throat was sore from stuffing his huge cock repeatedly down it

But like the good work out she compared it to, it was a good pain. A satisfying pain: a pain she endured to please her son, and good mothers always...

“Please stop,” she moaned, but even in her frustration went back to recording. “Not just sexual thoughts, but taboo, words I’d never use. For that matter I said things I’d have never said during the encounter.”

Encounter, you mean when you fucked your son? Which time you fucked him?

“Possibly this is from the mother son porn I watched that was on the computers of my patients. Or this could also be the injection fueling the language as Alex kept saying mom this mom that as well and he doesn’t watch...”

Or did he? She assumed know, but now when she got her ass out of the tub she’d check Course just because it wasn’t there didn’t mean he didn’t watch, just deleted it.

There were other observations she needed to make, but her mind was still groggy. It was always best to get fresh results, but she also was afraid too much detail would trigger the other thoughts.

Sleep on it, hit it hard in the morning. Hard like my boy’s cock, hard like how he fucked me.

Joanne eyed the medicine cabinet where she had a prescription for a low dose of Lorazepam, for when she suffered the occasional bout of insomnia. She wasn’t one to medicate unless necessary, but she needed to sleep this off and it needed to be a

dreamless one, not full of replays of today or any fantasies it inspired in her still influenced mind.

She looked at her phone, sliding to the main screen and saw a text from Alex.

*"Hey, Mom, its seven and I'm on break. Wanted to tell you again how sorry I am, and I promise it will never happen again. I love you!"*

She immediately went back to the recorder.

*"Several hours out of my presence and fully regretting what happened. Need to see him when he gets home to see if it's worn off completely, or close proximity triggers him again."*

Ride the tiger again? She had to, and seeing she resisted when he was about to leave she could do it again. Maybe its effect was initially as powerful in her, but now gone, and it was her affecting him, which is how it should have been from the start.

Why had it ignited the thought and lust in her? One's own pheromones shouldn't affect them. Or could they? That would validate her theory the mothers were spurring this on. But....they hadn't lusted for their sons.

Were they all lying? No not that many would be.

Loop, she was in an endless loop.

*"Love you too, and we'll talk when you come home. Everything will be fine."*

She sent the reply to Alex then saw a text from Robin sent at five.

The girls. They shared everything no matter how personal or even embarrassing, but no way could she ever talk about this, even to them, she closed her eyes, playing the conversation in her mind.

*"Hey, Joanne, dosed yourself didn't you?"*

*"Why, yes I did!"*

*"Nothing burger, huh?"*

*"Nope, I was right all along!"*

*"Seriously? Alex acted different around you?"*

*"I'll say! He ate me out on the kitchen table after I went Linda Lovelace on his cock, and he fucked me twice!"*

*"Oh, well....we told you this could happen! See what you did? Now what's going to happen?"*

Joanne opened her eyes, tuning out imaginary Robin's lecturing, and opened the text, her eyes widening at the first sentence.

*"Hey, Jo, we went back to the office after lunch and looks like you used yourself as test subject #1. I'd expect no less! LOL"*

Joanne continued to read and felt a sinking feeling in her stomach.

*"Reason we came back is we felt awful about the way we acted. You're right that we should support you. We broke the rules and talked shop at lunch and we decided that even if this works, what's the worst it could do? Get a couple of odd looks from our kids?"*

*"Suppose we're thinking like you, we're professionals who can handle our own kids if they have some confused thoughts. So, on that note, seeing you had four doses, your three friends and sister took the other doses and we'll let you know if anything of interest occurs."*

*Oh, and Amanda can let you know if it has any effect on her daughter. Hey, just think if this concoction works, we might have some interesting stories on Monday! Love you my friend!"*

"Oh my god," Joanne let the phone fall from her nerveless fingers. "What the hell did I do?"

***To be continued in The Mom Experiment Two: Aftermath! On sale in November!***