

Wonder Lover by MadMF

The living room was bathed in the flickering glow of the television, casting shifting shadows across the walls. Victoria sat slumped on the couch, her voluptuous figure hugged tightly by her Wonder Woman costume. The deep blue and gold fabric clung to every curve, the plunging neckline pushing her ample chest upward, the swell of her cleavage barely contained by the star-spangled top. The costume ended high on her hips, more like a swimsuit than a superhero's attire, leaving her smooth thighs completely exposed. The red and gold accents shimmered under the dim light, the fabric taut against her rounded hips, the costume's bottom half cutting sharply across her upper thighs like high-cut underwear.

She wasn't really watching the TV. Her mind was elsewhere, her full lips pressed into a disappointed pout. The adult Halloween party had been her one night out, a chance to dress up, to feel desired, to let loose. But Bob had canceled last minute—another business meeting, another excuse. Now she was stuck at home, her costume wasted, her mood sinking deeper with every passing minute.

The sound of footsteps made her glance up. Robbie, her eighteen-year-old son, wandered into the living room, his lean frame barely filling out his loose t-shirt and pajama pants. He was small for his age, his boyish face and slight stature making him look more like a teenager than a young man. His dark hair was tousled, his expression curious as he took in his mother's dramatic outfit.

“Whoa,” he said, blinking. “You look... uh... different.”

Victoria sighed, shifting slightly on the couch, the costume riding up even higher on her thighs as she crossed one leg over the other. “I was supposed to go to a party,” she muttered, her voice thick with disappointment.

Robbie scratched the back of his neck, his eyes darting between her face and the costume—lingering just a second too long on the way the fabric strained across her chest. “Yeah, Dad mentioned something about that. He said he couldn’t make it?”

“Of course he couldn’t,” Victoria huffed, her fingers absently tracing the golden emblem between her breasts. “Work, work, work. That’s all he cares about lately.”

Robbie hesitated before sitting down beside her, careful to leave space between them. The couch creaked under his slight weight. “That sucks,” he offered lamely.

Victoria turned her head to look at him, her dark eyes softening. “You’re sweet,” she murmured, reaching out to ruffle his hair. The movement made the costume shift, the neckline dipping even lower for a brief moment before she adjusted herself.

Robbie’s cheeks flushed, and he quickly looked away, clearing his throat. “So, uh... you’re just gonna sit here all night?”

She shrugged, the motion making her chest rise and fall dramatically. “What else am I supposed to do?”

It's not like I can go alone."

"You could hand out candy," Robbie suggested, though his voice lacked conviction.

Victoria scoffed. "In this?" She gestured down at herself, the costume leaving very little to the imagination. "I don't think the neighborhood kids need to see their friend's mom dressed like... this."

Robbie swallowed hard, his gaze flickering over her again before he forced himself to stare at the TV. "Yeah, maybe not."

Silence settled between them, the canned laughter from the sitcom on screen feeling hollow in the heavy air. Victoria sighed again, shifting restlessly, the costume's material pulling taut against her hips. "I just wanted one night," she admitted quietly. "One night where I didn't have to be just a mom or a wife. Where I could feel..." She trailed off, shaking her head.

Robbie glanced at her, his expression unreadable. "Feel what?"

Victoria met his eyes, her own filled with something bittersweet. "Desired," she admitted softly.

Robbie's breath hitched, his fingers twitching against his knees. He opened his mouth, closed it, then finally managed, "You, uh... you definitely look the part."

A slow, knowing smile curved Victoria's lips. "Oh? You think so?"

Robbie's face burned. "I mean—yeah. It's a good costume."

Victoria chuckled, the sound low and warm. "You're blushing," she teased, leaning slightly toward him.

"Am not," Robbie muttered, but the pink tinge spreading down his neck betrayed him.

Victoria watched him for a long moment, her smile fading into something more contemplative. The air between them felt charged, heavy with something neither of them dared name.

Then, with a sigh, she leaned back against the couch, breaking the tension. "Well," she said, forcing lightness into her voice, "I guess I'll just have to eat all the Halloween candy myself."

Robbie let out a breath he hadn't realized he was holding, nodding quickly. "Yeah. Yeah, that's... that's a plan."

The TV droned on, the two of them sitting in silence once more, the unspoken words hanging thick in the air between them.

Robbie shifted on the couch, his fingers drumming nervously against his knee. The silence between them stretched, thick with unspoken thoughts. He glanced at his mother again—her Wonder Woman costume hugging every curve, the way the golden accents shimmered under the dim light, the way her crossed legs made the high-cut fabric ride even higher up her thighs.

Swallowing hard, he blurted out, "We could still go."

Victoria turned her head, her dark eyes locking onto his. "What?"

"The party," Robbie clarified, his voice a little too high. "You and me. I could go with you."

Victoria blinked, then let out a soft, disbelieving laugh. "Robbie, it's an **adult** party."

"Yeah," he said, shrugging. "And?"

She arched a perfectly sculpted eyebrow, her full lips pursed. "And you're not."

Robbie rolled his eyes, though his cheeks were still warm. "Mom, I'm **eighteen**. Legally, I **am** an adult."

Victoria opened her mouth to argue, then paused. A slow realization dawned on her face. "...Oh."

"Yeah, 'oh,'" Robbie echoed, a smirk tugging at the corner of his mouth. "You keep forgetting that, don't you?"

She huffed, crossing her arms—which only made her chest push up even more against the tight costume. "It's hard not to when you still look like you're fifteen."

Robbie scowled. "Gee, thanks."

Victoria sighed, uncrossing her arms and leaning forward slightly, her cleavage straining against the star-spangled fabric. "I just mean... it's not exactly a *family-friendly* party, Robbie. There's going to be drinking, suggestive costumes, people getting...

handsy."

Robbie's smirk returned, a little more confident now. "So? I've been to college parties. I know how adults act."

Victoria gave him a skeptical look. "Do you?"

"Mom," he said, leaning back against the couch, "I've seen you drink wine and dance on tables at weddings. I think I can handle a Halloween party."

She narrowed her eyes, but there was a flicker of amusement in them now. "That was **one time**."

Robbie grinned. "And yet, I remember it vividly."

Victoria shook her head, but she was fighting a smile. "You're impossible."

"Come on," Robbie pressed, his tone turning earnest. "You spent all this time getting ready, you look amazing—why waste it sitting here being miserable?"

Victoria hesitated, her gaze flickering over his face. There was something in his expression—something eager, something **hopeful**—that made her chest tighten.

"You really want to go with me?" she asked softly.

Robbie held her gaze. "Yeah. I do."

For a long moment, she just studied him—his lean frame, his boyish features, the way his eyes held a quiet determination. Then, with a slow exhale, she

uncrossed her legs and stood up, the costume clinging even more scandalously as she stretched.

"Alright," she said, smoothing her hands over her hips. "But you're **not** drinking."

Robbie groaned. "Mom—"

"And if anyone gets too rowdy, we leave immediately," she added, pointing a manicured finger at him.

Robbie threw his hands up in surrender. "Fine, fine. Whatever you say."

Victoria smirked, then turned toward the hallway, her hips swaying slightly as she walked. "I'm gonna grab a jacket. You might want to change out of those pajamas unless you're going as 'Boring College Student.'"

Robbie looked down at his clothes, then back up at her retreating figure—the way the costume hugged the curve of her backside, the smooth expanse of her thighs, the golden lasso bouncing against her hip.

"Yeah," he muttered under his breath. "Like anyone's gonna be looking at *me*."

Victoria paused mid-step, a mischievous glint flashing in her eyes as she turned back to Robbie. "Wait a second," she said, tapping a finger against her lips. "If I'm going as Wonder Woman, you can't just show up in normal clothes. You need a costume."

Robbie groaned. "Mom, I don't have anything—"

"I have an idea," she interrupted, her voice laced with playful scheming. "You should be **Wonder Lover**."

Robbie blinked. "*Wonder what?*"

"Wonder Lover," Victoria repeated, grinning. "Wonder Woman's dashing, devoted sidekick. It's perfect!"

Robbie's face flushed. "That's not a real thing."

"Neither was 'Batman vs. Superman' until someone made it," she shot back, waving a hand dismissively. "Come on, it'll be fun! We'll put something together from what you've got."

Robbie hesitated, eyeing her warily. "What exactly does a 'Wonder Lover' wear?"

Victoria's grin widened. "Something *dashing*." She strode toward his room, her hips swaying, the high-cut costume leaving little to the imagination as she moved. Robbie followed, trying—and failing—not to stare at the way the fabric clung to her backside.

Inside his room, Victoria immediately began rummaging through his closet, pulling out shirts and tossing them onto the bed. "Too plain... too boring... *aha!*" She held up a deep red button-up. "This is perfect. It's got the right colors—just needs a little *accessorizing*."

Robbie crossed his arms. "Accessorizing?"

Victoria ignored him, already digging through his drawers. She pulled out a gold belt from an old Halloween costume and draped it over the shirt. "See? Now it's heroic."

Robbie raised an eyebrow. "That's just a shirt and a belt."

"*Details*," Victoria said, waving him off. She then snatched a pair of his dark blue jeans. "These'll work for the pants. And—" She paused, eyeing him critically. "Do you still have those fake leather boots from last year?"

Robbie groaned. "You're really committing to this, huh?"

Victoria smirked. "Absolutely. Now, the *pièce de résistance*." She reached into her own closet (because of *course* she knew his wardrobe better than he did) and pulled out a golden headband with a tiny red gem glued to it. "Ta-da! Now you've got the Wonder Lover crown."

Robbie stared at it. "That's a girl's headband."

"It's *heroic*," she corrected, plopping it onto his head before he could protest.

Robbie scowled, but the effect was ruined by the ridiculous accessory perched on his forehead. "I look like an idiot."

Victoria stepped back, hands on her hips, admiring her handiwork. "No, you look *dashing*." She smirked. "And *devoted*."

Robbie rolled his eyes, but a reluctant smile tugged at his lips. "You're enjoying this way too much."

"Of course I am," Victoria said, adjusting the belt around his waist. "I never get to dress you up anymore. You used to **love** wearing costumes when you were little."

"Yeah, when I was **five**," Robbie muttered.

Victoria's expression softened. "And now you're eighteen. And **still** humoring me." She gave his cheek a playful pinch. "My sweet, devoted Wonder Lover."

Robbie batted her hand away, but he was grinning now. "You're **insufferable**."

Victoria laughed, the sound warm and rich. "But you love me."

Robbie sighed, shaking his head. "**Unfortunately**."

She winked. "Good. Now put the rest of this on. We've got a party to crash."

The engine hummed to life as Victoria adjusted the rearview mirror, her Wonder Woman costume stretching taut across her chest as she reached up. Robbie slumped into the passenger seat, fiddling with the golden headband still perched awkwardly on his head.

"Ugh, this thing keeps slipping," he grumbled, pushing it back into place.

Victoria smirked, glancing over at him as she backed

out of the driveway. "A true hero never complains about his accessories."

"Yeah, well, a true hero also probably doesn't get dressed by his mom," Robbie shot back, but there was no real bite to it.

Victoria laughed, the sound warm and rich in the enclosed space of the car. "Oh, please. You **loved** it."

Robbie rolled his eyes but couldn't suppress a small grin. "So, what's this party even like? You never actually said."

Victoria's fingers drummed against the steering wheel as she considered. "Hmm. Imagine a bunch of tipsy adults in costumes that are **way** too tight, bad karaoke, and at least one person who thought 'sexy fast-food worker' was a good idea."

Robbie snorted. "Sounds classy."

"Oh, **incredibly**," Victoria deadpanned. "Last year, Bob had to stop Dave from trying to pole dance using the coat rack."

Robbie blinked. "**Dave?** From accounting?"

"The very same."

"That's... horrifying."

Victoria grinned. "And yet, you're still coming with me. What does that say about **you**?"

"That I have terrible judgment," Robbie muttered.

"Or excellent taste in parties," Victoria countered, shooting him a wink.

Robbie shook his head, watching the streetlights flicker past the window. "Are you **sure** I'm not gonna be the only teenager there?"

Victoria's expression softened. "First of all, you're **not** a teenager—you're a **legal adult**, remember?" She nudged him with her elbow. "And second, half the people there will be so drunk they won't even notice. Besides, you're with **me**." She struck a mock-heroic pose as best she could while driving. "Wonder Woman **and** her dashing sidekick? We'll be the hit of the party."

Robbie groaned, but his shoulders relaxed. "If anyone asks, **you** forced me into this."

"Deal," Victoria said cheerfully. "But just wait—once you see Linda from HR dressed as 'sexy Gandalf,' you'll thank me."

Robbie choked. "**What?**"

Victoria nodded solemnly. "Last year, she committed **fully** to the staff twerk."

Robbie buried his face in his hands. "I regret everything."

Victoria reached over and ruffled his hair, ignoring his half-hearted swat. "No, you don't. Admit it—you're having fun."

Robbie peeked through his fingers. "...Maybe a

little."

Victoria's smile turned triumphant. "Knew it."

The car rolled to a stop at a red light, and she took the opportunity to adjust the golden cuff on her wrist, the one part of her costume that *hadn't* been trying to strangle her all night. Robbie watched her, then suddenly frowned.

"Wait. If Dad bailed, does that mean people are gonna think *I'm* your date?"

Victoria burst out laughing. "Oh my *god*, I didn't even think of that!"

Robbie looked horrified. "*Mom.*"

She wiped a tear from her eye, still giggling. "Relax, relax. I'll just introduce you as my *sidekick* and let them assume whatever they want."

Robbie groaned, slumping back in his seat. "I should've stayed home."

Victoria reached over and pinched his cheek. "But then who would protect me from drunk Dave and his coat rack?"

Robbie sighed, long-suffering. "...Wonder Lover, I guess."

Victoria grinned. "*Exactly.*"

The car rolled smoothly through the darkened streets, the hum of the engine blending with the low murmur of the radio. Victoria's fingers tightened

slightly around the steering wheel, her earlier playfulness giving way to a more hesitant tone.

“So... you’re **sure** you’re okay with this kind of party?” she asked, keeping her eyes fixed on the road ahead.

Robbie shrugged, picking at the gold belt around his waist. “I mean, it’s just people drinking and being dumb, right?”

Victoria chewed her lower lip for a second before answering. “Well... yeah, but it’s also... a little more than that.”

Robbie turned his head, studying her profile. “What do you mean?”

She exhaled slowly, as if weighing her words. “These parties can get... **flirty**. Like, adults flirting, dancing close, sometimes sneaking off to—” She cut herself off, shaking her head. “Never mind. You don’t need to hear this.”

Robbie’s eyebrows shot up. “Wait, are you saying people **hook up** at these things?”

Victoria’s cheeks flushed, but she kept her tone light. “I mean, it **is** a party. And adults get... carried away sometimes.”

Robbie blinked. “So, like... **how** carried away?”

Victoria shot him a look. “**Robbie.**”

“What? I’m just asking!” he protested, though his own face was turning pink.

She sighed, relenting. “Okay, fine. Yeah, sometimes people pair off. Sometimes they dance a little *too* close. Sometimes they disappear into a spare room for a while. Happy?”

Robbie’s mouth opened, then closed. “Uh. Wow.”

Victoria smirked, despite herself. “What, you thought adults just sat around talking about mortgages all night?”

“I mean, kinda?” Robbie admitted, rubbing the back of his neck.

Victoria laughed, shaking her head. “Oh, sweetheart. We have *way* more fun than that.”

Robbie shifted in his seat, suddenly hyper-aware of how short her costume was, how much of her legs were exposed as she worked the pedals. “So, uh... have *you* ever... you know. At one of these?”

Victoria’s grip on the wheel tightened slightly. “That’s a *very* personal question.”

Robbie immediately backtracked. “Right, sorry, forget I—”

“Once,” she admitted quietly. “A long time ago. Before you were born.”

Robbie’s eyes widened. “Wait, *what?*

Victoria shot him a wry smile. “Your father and I weren’t always married, you know.”

Robbie's brain short-circuited. "So you—with someone else—at a party—"

"*Robbie.*"

"Right, right, sorry," he muttered, sinking lower in his seat.

A beat of silence passed before Victoria chuckled. "You're *adorable* when you're scandalized."

Robbie groaned. "I'm not *scandalized*, I just... didn't need that mental image."

Victoria's grin turned wicked. "What, me being *desirable* is such a shocking concept?"

Robbie's face burned. "*Mom.*"

She laughed, reaching over to ruffle his hair. "Relax. I'm just teasing. Mostly."

Robbie batted her hand away, but he was smiling despite himself. "You're *insufferable*."

Victoria's eyes sparkled with mischief. "And yet, you love me."

Robbie exhaled, shaking his head. "Unfortunately."

The car turned onto a dimly lit street, the distant thump of bass growing louder as they approached their destination. Victoria's expression softened slightly as she glanced at him.

"Seriously, though," she said, her voice quieter now. "If anything makes you uncomfortable tonight, just

say the word. We'll leave."

Robbie nodded, swallowing hard. "Yeah. Okay."

Victoria reached over and squeezed his hand briefly before returning hers to the wheel. "Good. Now brace yourself, Wonder Lover. Things are about to get *interesting*."

Victoria pulled into a parking spot, the car's headlights cutting through the darkness before she turned off the engine. The bass from the house thrummed through the closed windows, a steady pulse that promised the kind of wild night she'd been craving. She turned to Robbie with a slow, mischievous grin, her eyes gleaming under the dim glow of the dashboard lights.

"You know," she murmured, her voice low and playful, "if I'm sneaking off with *anyone* tonight... it'll definitely be my Wonder Lover."

Robbie's breath hitched. His fingers twitched against his thighs, his pulse suddenly racing. He opened his mouth—closed it—then swallowed hard. "You—you don't mean that."

Victoria leaned in just slightly, enough that the swell of her chest pressed against the golden emblem of her costume. "Don't I?"

Robbie's throat went dry. He couldn't tear his eyes away from her lips, painted a deep, tempting red.

Then, just as suddenly as she'd teased, Victoria pulled back, laughing. "Oh, *Robbie*, your face!" She reached over and pinched his cheek. "You're *too*

easy."

Robbie exhaled sharply, running a hand through his hair. "*Jesus*, Mom."

She winked, then pushed open the car door. "Come on, sidekick. Let's go make an entrance."

The party house was a sprawling two-story home, its front porch decorated with flickering orange lights and fake cobwebs. The front door was propped open, spilling laughter, music, and the clink of glasses out into the night.

As they stepped inside, the full force of the party hit them—bodies packed close, the air thick with the scent of spiked punch and perfume. A disco ball spun lazily overhead, scattering fractured light across costumed guests. There was a "sexy" nurse grinding against a "sexy" fireman in the corner, a couple dressed as cowboys making out against the wall, and—

"Victoria! *Finally!*"

A woman in a skintight black vampire dress slithered through the crowd, her blood-red lips curling into a grin. The plunging neckline of her costume left little to the imagination, and the fake fangs glinted as she spoke. "I was starting to think you'd stood me up!"

Victoria laughed, pulling the woman into a quick hug. "Linda, you *vixen*, I wouldn't miss this for the world."

Linda's sharp eyes flicked to Robbie, lingering appreciatively on his costume. "And who's *this* delicious little sidekick?"

Robbie stiffened, but Victoria smoothly draped an arm over his shoulders. "This is my *Wonder Lover*," she said, emphasizing the title with a smirk.

Linda's grin widened. "Oh, I *like* that. Much more creative than my ex over there." She jerked a thumb toward a man in a wrinkled Superman shirt chugging beer by the snack table.

Victoria snorted. "Classy."

Linda shrugged, then grabbed two shot glasses from a passing tray. "Here. You *both* need to catch up."

Robbie hesitated, but Victoria took the shots with a grin. "Down the hatch, sidekick."

Robbie took the glass, his fingers brushing hers. Their eyes met—hers sparkling with mischief, his dark with something hotter.

Then, in unison, they threw back the shots.

The liquor burned, but the way Victoria licked her lips after made Robbie's stomach tighten.

Linda clapped her hands. "Oh, this is going to be a *good* night."

Victoria's fingers curled around Robbie's wrist, her grip warm and firm as she tugged him deeper into the pulsing heart of the party. The air was thick with

laughter, bass-heavy music, and the cloying sweetness of spiked punch.

"Come on," she said, leaning in so her lips nearly brushed his ear. "Let's see what trouble we can find."

Robbie swallowed hard, his pulse jumping under her touch. "Yeah. Okay."

They wove through the crowd, past clusters of costumed guests whose revelry ranged from tipsy to downright indecent.

The Dance Floor

Near the living room, a makeshift dance floor had formed, bodies pressed tight under the strobe lights. A woman in a barely-there cat costume was arching against a man dressed as a devil, his hands gripping her hips as they moved in a rhythm that left little to the imagination.

Robbie's steps faltered. "*Jesus*."

Victoria smirked, squeezing his hand. "What, never seen people grind before?"

Robbie tore his gaze away. "Not when one of them's dressed like *Satan*."

Victoria laughed, low and throaty. "Oh, honey. That's *mild* for these parties."

The Kitchen

The kitchen was a mess of red plastic cups and half-empty liquor bottles. A couple dressed as cops had a woman in handcuffs bent over the counter, her skirt hiked up as one of them whispered something that made her giggle wildly.

Robbie's eyes widened. "*Are they—*"

Victoria nudged him sharply. "Nope. Just *flirting*." She paused, then added with a grin, "Probably."

Robbie groaned. "This party is *deranged*."

Victoria winked. "And you love it."

The Hallway

Down a dimly lit hallway, a man in a ripped Spartan costume had a woman pressed against the wall, her legs hooked around his waist as they kissed like they were trying to devour each other.

Robbie nearly walked into a potted plant. "*Mom*—"

Victoria tugged him past, amused. "Relax. They're just... enthusiastic."

Robbie dragged a hand over his face. "I need a drink."

Victoria hummed, her thumb tracing idle circles on

his wrist. "Careful. Last time you drank, you cried over a goldfish."

"That was *one time*—"

"And it was *adorable*."

The Backyard

The backyard was quieter, lit by strung-up fairy lights. A few couples lounged on outdoor furniture, some tangled up in ways that blurred the line between cuddling and foreplay.

Robbie exhaled sharply. "Is there *anywhere* in this house that's safe?"

Victoria turned to face him, her back against the porch railing. The golden accents of her costume shimmered under the soft light, her cleavage rising with every breath. "Where's the fun in *safe*?"

Robbie's throat went dry.

She tilted her head, studying him. "You're not *actually* uncomfortable, are you?"

Robbie hesitated. "No. Just... adjusting."

Victoria's smile softened. She reached up, straightening his ridiculous golden headband. "Good. Because the night's just getting started."

The backyard stretched out before them, a hazy oasis of flickering lanterns and tangled limbs. A

raucous circle had formed near the firepit, where a group of Victoria's friends lounged on scattered cushions, their laughter carrying on the warm night air.

"Victoria! Get your *fine* Wonder Woman ass over here!" called a woman in a barely-there pirate costume, her cleavage threatening to spill free as she waved a half-empty wine glass.

Victoria grinned, tugging Robbie along. "Took you long enough to notice me, Jess."

Jess's eyes flicked to Robbie, her smirk widening. "And who's *this*?"

Robbie stiffened, but Victoria smoothly draped an arm around his shoulders. "This is my *Wonder Lover*," she purred, emphasizing the title with a playful squeeze.

The group erupted in whistles and catcalls. A man dressed as a cowboy tipped his hat. "Damn, V. Didn't know you upgraded."

Victoria laughed, sinking onto a cushion and pulling Robbie down beside her. "Jealous, Mark?"

Mark winked. "Maybe a little."

Robbie's cheeks burned, but the attention wasn't entirely unpleasant—especially when Victoria's thigh pressed against his, warm and firm through the thin fabric of his jeans.

Jess leaned forward, refilling her glass. "Alright, new rule: fresh meat *has* to play Truth or Dare."

The circle cheered in agreement.

Victoria shot Robbie a conspiratorial glance. "You in?"

Robbie swallowed. "Yeah. Sure."

Jess clapped her hands. "*Perfect.* Mark, you're up first."

Mark's Turn

The cowboy grinned. "Dare."

Jess's eyes gleamed. "I dare you to swap clothes with *someone* in this circle for the next three rounds."

Mark's gaze swept the group—then landed on Victoria. "Well, well. Wonder Woman *does* need a cowboy hat."

Victoria arched a brow. "Try it and lose a hand."

The group howled with laughter as Mark instead turned to a giggling woman in a nurse outfit.

Robbie leaned closer to Victoria. "They don't know I'm your son?"

Victoria's lips brushed his ear, her breath hot. "Where's the fun in *that*?"

Jess's Turn

Jess smirked. "Truth."

Mark didn't hesitate. "Last time you had sex—where was it?"

Jess took a leisurely sip of wine. "Boss's desk.
During lunch break."

The group erupted in cheers. Robbie's eyes widened.

Victoria nudged him. "Told you it gets wild."

Robbie's Turn

All eyes turned to him.

Jess twirled a lock of hair around her finger. "Alright,
Wonder Lover. Truth or Dare?"

Robbie hesitated. "...Truth."

Jess's grin turned wicked. "Biggest fantasy you've
ever had about someone in this circle?"

The air left Robbie's lungs. Victoria stiffened beside him—but then her fingers slid subtly up his thigh,
squeezing in warning.

Robbie's voice came out rough. "I, uh—"

Victoria cut in smoothly. "He *dares* you to rephrase that, Jess."

Jess cackled. "Fine, fine. *Hypothetically*—if you *had* to pick someone here, who'd it be?"

Robbie's gaze flicked to Victoria—just for a second.

The group *exploded*.

"*Ohhhh shit!*"

Victoria's lips curled, her eyes dark with something unreadable. "Careful, sidekick. That almost sounded like a confession."

Robbie's heart hammered. "Just playing the game."

Victoria leaned in, her breast brushing his arm. "Mm. *Good answer.*"

Victoria's Turn

Jess was practically vibrating. "Victoria. *Dare.*"

Victoria stretched lazily, the movement making her costume strain in *fascinating* ways. "Hit me."

Jess's smile was pure devilry. "I dare you to sit in *Wonder Lover's* lap for the rest of the game."

The circle *erupted*.

Robbie's breath caught as Victoria turned to him, her eyes gleaming. "Well? You *did* volunteer to be my sidekick..."

Robbie's throat worked. "Yeah. I did."

Victoria's smirk deepened as she shifted—then settled into his lap, her weight warm and intoxicating.

The game continued.

But Robbie wasn't listening anymore.

Robbie's world had narrowed to a single, searing point of contact—the way Victoria's body molded against his, the heat of her pressed along the length of his thighs, the intoxicating scent of her perfume drowning out the smoke and liquor around them. Every time she laughed at someone's crude joke or dramatic retelling of a scandalous truth, the vibration traveled through her, through *him*, sending sparks shooting down his spine.

And then—

A shift.

A subtle roll of her hips as she adjusted her seat, her plush backside settling more firmly against him. The hot and mighty length settled between her crack perfectly.

Robbie's breath hitched. His hands, which had been hovering awkwardly at his sides, clenched into fists against the cushion beneath them. He was *painfully* aware of the way his body was reacting, the tightness in his jeans becoming impossible to ignore as she nestled deeper into his lap.

Victoria went very still.

Then, slowly, deliberately, she leaned back until her lips brushed the shell of his ear.

"*Someone's* enjoying the game," she murmured, her voice a velvet purr meant for him alone.

Robbie's stomach dropped. "I—"

She cut him off with a soft *tsk*, her fingers trailing absently along his knee as if she were merely adjusting her position. "Relax, sidekick. No one's looking."

As if to prove her point, the group erupted in laughter at something Mark had said, their attention firmly elsewhere.

Robbie swallowed hard, his pulse roaring in his ears. "This isn't—I didn't—"

Victoria chuckled, the sound low and knowing. "Didn't *what*? Didn't expect your *mom* to feel so good in your lap?"

The words sent a jolt through him, equal parts shame and dizzying heat. His fingers dug into the cushion. "*Victoria*."

She hummed, unbothered, her thumb tracing idle circles on his thigh. "Mm. I like it when you say my name like that."

Robbie's jaw clenched. "*Stop.*"

"Make me," she whispered back, a challenge laced in her tone.

Before he could respond—before he could even *process* the dangerous invitation—Jess’s voice cut through the haze.

"*Helloooo*? Wonder Duo? Your turn!"

Victoria straightened, her smirk never fading as she turned back to the group. "Sorry, got distracted." She tilted her head. "Dare."

Jess’s eyes gleamed. "I dare you to let *Wonder Lover* give you a neck kiss. Right here. In front of *all* of us."

The circle *erupted* in cheers.

Victoria’s fingers tightened imperceptibly on Robbie’s knee.

Then she turned to him, her smile slow and sinful.

"*Well*," she murmured, loud enough for the group to hear. "You *did* promise to be my devoted sidekick..."

Robbie’s fingers trembled where they gripped Victoria’s hips, his breath coming in ragged bursts against the curve of her neck. "You’re *killing* me, Victoria," he growled, the words so low they were lost beneath the music and laughter around them.

Victoria shivered—*actually shivered*—at the rough edge in his voice. Slowly, deliberately, she gathered her dark waves in one hand, sweeping them over her shoulder to bare the delicate line of her throat. The golden cuff on her wrist glinted in the firelight as she tilted her head, exposing the smooth expanse of

skin just above her collarbone.

"Then *kill me back*," she murmured, arching just enough to press herself more firmly against his aching hardness.

Robbie's vision tunneled.

He didn't hesitate.

His mouth crashed against her skin, teeth scraping before his tongue soothed the sting. Victoria gasped, her fingers flying to his thigh, nails biting through the fabric of his jeans. The taste of her—salt and expensive perfume—flooded his senses as he sucked a bruise into her flesh, his free hand fisting in the golden belt at her waist.

"*Fuck*—" Victoria choked out, her back bowing.

The group *exploded* in cheers, but Robbie barely heard them. He was too busy drowning in her—the way her pulse jumped under his lips, the hitch in her breath when he bit down just shy of *too hard*, the sinful roll of her hips against his trapped erection.

Jess's whistle finally cut through the haze. "*Damn*, Wonder Lover! Save some for the rest of us!"

Robbie pulled back, panting, his lips glistening. Victoria's neck was a mess of red and teeth marks, her chest heaving. For one terrifying, exhilarating second, their eyes locked—and the hunger in her gaze mirrored his own.

Then she blinked, and the moment shattered.

Clearing her throat, Victoria smoothed a hand over her hair, though her voice was still breathless.

"Happy?"

Jess fanned herself. "**Ecstatic**. Alright, Robbie—your turn. Truth or Dare?"

Robbie's tongue darted out, catching the lingering taste of Victoria on his lips. His blood was **roaring**.

"Dare," he said hoarsely.

Jess's grin turned feral.

Jess leaned forward, her pirate costume straining as a wicked grin spread across her lips. The firelight flickered in her eyes, casting shadows that made her look positively devilish. The circle had gone unnervingly quiet, everyone holding their breath for whatever she was about to say.

Then—

"I dare **both** of you," she purred, her gaze flicking between Victoria and Robbie, "to go into the house, find the first **unoccupied** bedroom, and—" She paused for dramatic effect, her voice dropping to a husky whisper. "**Lock the door for five full minutes.**"

A beat of stunned silence.

Then the group **exploded**—hooting, clapping, whistles cutting through the night air. Someone threw a handful of popcorn at them.

Robbie's entire body went rigid. His grip on Victoria's

hips tightened instinctively, his pulse roaring in his ears. *Five minutes. A locked door. Alone.*

Victoria, for once, looked genuinely caught off guard. Her lips parted slightly, her cheeks flushing a deep pink under the golden glow of the party lights.

Jess wiggled her eyebrows. "What's wrong, V? *Too much* for Wonder Woman?"

That snapped Victoria out of it. Her eyes narrowed, then flashed with something reckless—something *dangerous*. She tilted her chin up, her voice dripping with challenge. "*Please.* Like I'd back down from a dare."

Robbie's stomach swooped. "*Mom—*"

Victoria twisted in his lap, her fingers curling into the front of his shirt. Her breath was warm against his lips as she murmured, "*You in, sidekick?*"

The way she said it—the way her thigh pressed deliberately against his still-throbbing arousal—left no room for hesitation.

Robbie exhaled sharply. "*Yeah.*"

The group *howled* as Victoria stood, pulling Robbie up with her. His legs felt unsteady, his blood burning under his skin as she laced their fingers together and towed him toward the house.

Whistles followed them. Someone yelled, "*Five minutes starts* now*!*"

Victoria didn't look back.

The inside of the house was a blur—bodies pressed close, music thumping, laughter echoing down the hallways. Robbie barely registered any of it. All he could focus on was the way Victoria's hips swayed in front of him, the way her fingers tightened around his as she pushed open the first unlocked door she found.

A guest bedroom. Dimly lit. *Empty.*

Victoria yanked him inside and slammed the door behind them. The *click* of the lock was obscenely loud.

Silence.

Just their ragged breathing, the distant thump of bass, the creak of the bed as Victoria backed him toward it.

Her eyes were *dark*, her lips parted. "*Well,*" she whispered, her voice rough. "*Technically, we just have to stay in here.*"

Robbie's hands found her waist, the golden belt of her costume digging into his palms. "*Technically,*" he echoed, his throat tight.

Victoria's smirk returned, slow and sinful. Then—

She *pushed.*

Robbie's knees hit the edge of the bed, and he collapsed onto it, Victoria following him down in a tangle of limbs. Her thighs straddled his hips, her chest heaving against his as she leaned in, her breath hot on his neck.

"*Clock's ticking,*" she murmured.

Robbie didn't hesitate.

His hands slid up her bare thighs, gripping the swell of her hips as he rolled them **hard**—pinning her beneath him on the mattress. Victoria gasped, her nails scraping down his back as he buried his face in the curve of her neck, teeth grazing her pulse point.

She **arched**, a breathy moan escaping her lips—

And the door handle **jiggled.**

"*Time's up!*" Jess's singsong voice called from the hallway, followed by raucous laughter.

Robbie froze.

Victoria's chest rose and fell rapidly beneath him, her lips swollen, her hair mussed. For a long moment, they just stared at each other—both realizing, at the same time, just how **close** they'd come to crossing a line they couldn't uncross.

Then Victoria exhaled shakily, her fingers brushing his cheek.

"*Damn,*" she whispered. "*We're good at this game.*"

The door creaked open, revealing Jess's grinning face and half the truth-or-dare circle crowded behind her, their expressions a mix of amusement and curiosity. Jess leaned against the doorframe, her pirate costume slipping dangerously off one shoulder as she wagged her eyebrows.

"Well, well," she drawled, her voice dripping with mischief. "You two **actually** came out. Should I be impressed—or disappointed?"

Victoria smoothed a hand down her costume, her cheeks still flushed but her smirk firmly back in place. "Oh, Jess, don't be jealous. Five minutes was **plenty** of time."

The group erupted into laughter and whistles. Robbie's ears burned, his head still spinning from the weight of what had **almost** happened in that room—the heat of Victoria's body beneath his, the way her breath had hitched when his teeth grazed her skin. His pulse hadn't slowed, and the way Jess was looking at him—like she **knew**—made his stomach twist with something between guilt and dizzying anticipation.

Jess flicked her gaze to Robbie, her smirk widening. "And what about **you**, Wonder Lover? You look like you could've used fifty more minutes in there."

Robbie opened his mouth—closed it. His throat was too dry for words.

Victoria saved him, looping her arm through his and tugging him forward. "Alright, alright, enough interrogation." She shot Jess a wink. "We've got

more party to conquer.”

Jess fake-pouted. “*Boo.* You’re no fun.”

Victoria leaned in, lowering her voice to a stage whisper. “Oh, honey. You have *no* idea.”

Then she was pulling Robbie away, her fingers tight around his wrist as she navigated them through the crowd, leaving Jess’s laughter and the group’s catcalls behind.

The house throbbed with energy, every room offering a different flavor of chaos. The living room had devolved into a drunken dance-off, the kitchen was a mess of spilled shots and whispered dares, and the hallway—well, the hallway was *occupied* by a couple who clearly hadn’t gotten the memo about privacy.

Victoria steered Robbie past them, her grip unrelenting. “*Nope,*” she muttered. “Not that.”

Robbie swallowed hard, his skin still buzzing from the bedroom. “What *are* we looking for?”

Victoria glanced back at him, her eyes dark and unreadable. “Something that doesn’t involve me explaining to my friends why my *sidekick* looks like he’s about to spontaneously combust.”

Robbie groaned. “*Victoria.*”

She laughed, low and throaty, and tugged him into a quieter corner near the stairs. The music was

muffled here, the shadows deeper. She turned to face him, her back against the wall, and for a heartbeat, they just stared at each other—her chest rising and falling rapidly, his fists clenched at his sides.

Then Victoria exhaled, her smirk softening into something almost **apologetic.** “Okay. Maybe that dare was... a **little** too much.”

Robbie’s voice came out rough. “You think?”

She reached up, straightening his crooked golden headband with exaggerated care. “I **did** warn you it was an adult party.”

Robbie caught her wrist, his thumb brushing the delicate bones there. “You didn’t warn me **you’d** be the most dangerous part.”

Victoria’s breath hitched. For a second, he thought she might pull away—might laugh it off, might remind him **exactly** why this was a bad idea.

Instead, her lips curved. “**Oops.**”

Then she pushed off the wall, dragging him toward the basement stairs. “Come on. I heard they set up a beer pong table down here. Less **temptation**, more **competition.**”

Robbie let her lead him, his heart pounding.

He wasn’t sure which was worse—the temptation, or the fact that he **wanted** it anyway.

The basement door swung open to reveal a scene

straight out of Robbie's most fevered teenage fantasies—dim lighting, tangled limbs, and the unmistakable sounds of lips smacking, breath hitching, clothes rustling. A couple near the beer pong table (which was decidedly *not* being used for beer pong) had the woman bent backward over the table, her skirt hiked up around her waist as her partner kissed down her neck.

Robbie's feet rooted to the floor.

Victoria let out a low whistle. “*Wow.* Mark really upgraded from the cowboy hat thing.”

Robbie's brain short-circuited. “We're *leaving*.”

Victoria laughed but allowed him to steer her back toward the stairs. “You're *adorable* when you're scandalized.”

Robbie dragged a hand over his face. “I'm not—it's just—” He gestured wildly at the basement. “*That's* a lot.”

Victoria's smirk softened as they reached the stairwell landing. “Fair.” She leaned against the banister, the golden accents of her costume glinting in the low light. “Second floor?”

Robbie nodded, eager for *any* distraction—until Victoria's fingers suddenly wrapped around his wrist, stopping him mid-step.

“*Wait.*”

He turned. “What?”

Victoria's expression was unreadable. "Second floor's... different."

Robbie frowned. "Different how?"

She exhaled sharply, then met his eyes. "It's a free-for-all up there. No rules. No closed doors. Just... people. Doing whatever they want. With *whoever* they want."

Robbie's pulse spiked. "*Oh.*"

Victoria's thumb traced idle circles on his inner wrist. "Yeah. *Oh.*"

Silence stretched between them, thick with everything *unsaid*—the heat of the bedroom, the way her breath had hitched when he pinned her, the *five minutes* that had somehow rewritten every boundary between them.

Robbie swallowed hard. "So... what now?"

Victoria studied him, her gaze flickering over his face like she was searching for something. Then, quietly: "Do you *want* to go up there?"

The question hung in the air, loaded.

Robbie's voice came out rough. "Do *you*?"

Victoria didn't answer immediately. Instead, she stepped closer, her body a breath away from his. When she spoke, her words were barely audible over the thumping bass.

"I think," she murmured, "we've teased this enough

for one night.”

Robbie’s breath caught.

Then Victoria squeezed his hand and tugged him back toward the first floor. “Come on. Let’s find our coats.”

The stairwell was dim, the noise from the party muffled enough that Robbie could hear his own heartbeat pounding in his ears. Victoria still held his wrist, her thumb tracing slow, absent circles over his pulse point—a touch that was equal parts soothing and maddening.

Robbie swallowed hard, then forced the words out before he could overthink them.

“I like this party,” he admitted, voice low. “And I... I wouldn’t say no to doing something with you here. Just—” His eyes flicked upward toward the second floor. “Not *that* open. Not yet, anyway.”

Victoria went very still. For a long moment, she just stared at him, her dark eyes searching his face. Then, slowly, her lips curved into that familiar, dangerous smirk.

“*Yet?*” she echoed, raising an eyebrow.

Robbie’s face burned, but he held her gaze. “You know what I mean.”

Victoria stepped closer, her body nearly brushing his. The scent of her perfume—something warm and vanilla-sweet—wrapped around him. “Enlighten me.”

Robbie exhaled sharply. "I mean—" His fingers twitched at his sides. "If we're gonna... *explore* whatever this is, I'd rather not have an audience the first time."

The second the words left his mouth, he regretted them. *First time.* As if there would be more. As if this wasn't some insane, one-night fever dream.

But Victoria didn't laugh. Didn't pull away. Instead, her fingers slid up his arm, over his shoulder, coming to rest at the nape of his neck. Her touch was feather-light, but it sent a shiver straight down his spine.

"*First time,*" she repeated, her voice a husky whisper. "You've been thinking about this."

It wasn't a question.

Robbie's throat worked. "Haven't you?"

Victoria's smirk deepened. She leaned in, her lips brushing the shell of his ear as she murmured, "What exactly do you *imagine* us doing, Robbie?"

His breath hitched. The images flooded his mind unbidden—Victoria beneath him on that bed upstairs, her golden headband askew, her nails scraping down his back. Victoria on her knees in some shadowed corner, looking up at him with those dark, knowing eyes. Victoria pressed against a wall, his hand between her—

"*Christ,*" he choked out.

Victoria chuckled, the sound vibrating against his skin. "That good, huh?"

Robbie grabbed her hips, partly to steady himself, partly because he couldn't *not* touch her anymore. "You're *evil*."

"And you love it."

He did. God help him, he *did*.

Victoria's hands slid into his hair, tugging just hard enough to make his breath catch. "Tell me," she demanded, her voice dropping to that throaty purr that went straight to his groin. "One thing. *One* thing you'd do to me right now if no one was watching."

Robbie's grip tightened. "I'd—" His voice cracked. He tried again. "I'd get on my knees for you. Right here. See how long it takes before you *beg* me to stop."

Victoria's breath stuttered. For the first time all night, *she* was the one caught off guard.

Then her nails dug into his scalp. "*Fuck.*"

The sound of footsteps on the stairs above them shattered the moment.

Victoria pulled back, her chest rising and falling rapidly. Her lips were swollen, her pupils blown wide. Robbie had never seen anything more beautiful.

"Coats," she said abruptly, grabbing his hand. "*Now.*"

Robbie didn't argue.

The car door slammed shut, sealing them in a cocoon of shadows and silence. The party's distant bass still thrummed through the windows, but here—in the backseat, knees brushing, breaths mingling—it felt like they were the only two people in the world.

Victoria didn't hesitate.

She lunged forward, her fingers tangling in Robbie's hair as she crushed her lips to his. The kiss was *hungry*, all teeth and tongue and pent-up frustration, her nails scraping against his scalp as he groaned into her mouth.

Robbie's hands found her waist, gripping the golden belt of her costume like a lifeline. The fabric was slippery under his fingers, but the heat of her skin beneath was intoxicating. He pulled her closer, their chests pressing together, her breasts soft and heavy against him.

Victoria broke the kiss just long enough to whisper, "*Fuck*, you're good at that," before diving back in, her teeth nipping at his lower lip.

Robbie's hands slid lower, palming the curve of her ass through the thin material of her costume. "*You* started this," he muttered against her mouth.

Victoria laughed, the sound dark and breathless. "And I'll *finish* it." She rolled her hips deliberately, the friction making him hiss. "*If* you can keep up."

Robbie's grip tightened. "Try me."

Victoria's fingers made quick work of his shirt buttons, her nails dragging down his chest as she leaned in to lick a hot stripe up his neck. "I *dare* you," she breathed, "to fuck me right here."

Robbie's vision blurred. "*Jesus*, Victoria—"

She cut him off with another searing kiss, her hand sliding down to palm him through his jeans. "*Say it*," she demanded. "Tell me you want to."

Robbie's hips jerked into her touch. "*God*, yes—"

Victoria's smile was pure sin as she unbuckled his belt with one hand. "*Good boy.*"

Victoria's fingers fumbled with the button of Robbie's jeans, her breath coming in short, impatient gasps. The moment the fabric slid down his hips, pooling at his feet, she froze—her gaze raking over his exposed length, her lips parting in a silent *oh*.

Robbie shuddered, his hands hovering awkwardly at his sides. "*Victoria*—"

She didn't answer, too busy staring—her eyes dark with hunger, her teeth sinking into her lower lip as she debated. One hand reached out, then stopped halfway, curling into a fist.

"Fuck," she muttered. "I can't decide if I want to *taste* you or *climb* you."

Robbie's hips jerked involuntarily. "*Jesus*—"

Victoria's gaze snapped up to his, her pupils blown wide. "What do *you* want?"

Robbie's throat worked. "I—I just want *you*. However."

Victoria groaned, dragging a hand through her hair. "*Ugh.* That's *not* helpful."

Robbie moved closer, his voice rough. "Then flip a coin or something."

Victoria's eyes narrowed. "*Flip a—* Are you *serious*?"

Robbie gestured wildly at himself. "*Do I look like I'm joking?*"

Victoria stared at him for a long moment—then burst out laughing, the sound bright and startled. "*God*, we're *pathetic*."

Robbie's lips twitched despite himself. "Yeah. *Yeah*, we are."

Victoria's laughter faded into a breathless sigh as she stepped into his space, her palms sliding up his chest. "Okay. *Fine.*" She tilted her head, her voice dropping to a whisper. "How about... I start with my mouth—"

Robbie's breath hitched.

"—and *then*," she continued, her nails scraping lightly down his stomach, "I ride you until neither of us can *think* straight."

Robbie's knees nearly gave out. “*Fuck.* Yes.”

Victoria grinned, victorious. “*Finally.* A decision.”

Then she sank to her knees.

The car's interior was thick with the scent of leather and Victoria's perfume, the dim glow of passing streetlights flickering across their flushed skin. Robbie's breath hitched as Victoria shifted between his legs, her curves barely contained in the tight space. The rustle of fabric, the quiet creak of the seats—every sound was amplified in the charged silence between them.

“Just relax,” Victoria murmured, her voice low and honeyed, sending a shiver down Robbie's spine.

Then her mouth was on him, hot and wet, and he couldn't hold back the groan that tore from his throat. His fingers tangled in her hair, not guiding, just needing to touch, to anchor himself as pleasure coiled tight in his gut.

The slick, rhythmic sounds of her movements filled the car, punctuated by Robbie's ragged breaths and the occasional deep, satisfied hum vibrating from Victoria's throat. Every flick of her tongue, every soft suck, had his hips twitching involuntarily, his muscles tensing. The wet slopping sound filled his ears like a sweet melody.

“Fuck—Victoria—” His voice was rough, broken, his head falling back against the seat as heat pooled low in his abdomen.

She answered with a muffled moan of her own, the

vibrations making him curse under his breath. The wet, obscene sounds of her mouth working him only drove him higher, his fingers tightening slightly in her hair.

When the climax hit, it ripped through him like lightning—his back arched off the seat, a choked cry escaping him as pleasure pulsed through every nerve. Victoria swallowed every drop, her lips lingering until he was trembling with oversensitivity.

She finally pulled back with a soft, wet pop, licking her lips with deliberate slowness. Her eyes gleamed in the dim light, dark with satisfaction.

“Still thinking about the party?” she teased, her voice husky.

Robbie could only laugh breathlessly, his chest still heaving. “I’m not thinking at all.”

Victoria smirked, crawling up to settle against him, her body warm and pliant. The car was quiet again, save for their slowing breaths and the distant hum of the city outside.

But the tension between them? That hadn’t faded at all.

The leather seats creaked softly as Victoria reclined across the backseat, her golden wrist cuffs catching moonlight through the windows. The Wonder Woman costume clung to her curves, the star-spangled fabric stretched taut across her chest with each breath.

"Let me take this off," Victoria murmured, fingers toying with the costume's edge.

Robbie caught her hand, pressing a kiss to her knuckles. "Not yet," he whispered, voice rough with desire. "You look... incredible like this."

Victoria's answering smile was both pleased and predatory as she watched Robbie position himself between her legs. The costume's high-cut design left little to imagination as he pushed the fabric aside, revealing smooth skin that glowed in the dim interior light.

A sharp inhale escaped Victoria's lips at the first touch of his fingers, her back arching slightly off the seat. When Robbie's mouth finally found its mark, her hands flew to his hair, not guiding but simply holding on as sensation overwhelmed her.

The car filled with quiet sounds - Victoria's breathy moans, the soft slick noises of Robbie's devotion, the occasional creak of leather as bodies shifted. Her thighs trembled on either side of his head, the golden lasso at her hip swinging with each involuntary movement.

"Robbie, I..." Victoria's warning came out strangled, her fingers tightening in his hair. He responded by doubling his efforts, until with a cry she shattered beneath him, her costume's tiara slipping askew as pleasure claimed her.

As the aftershocks subsided, Robbie rested his cheek against her thigh, both of them breathing heavily in the aftermath. Victoria's fingers traced lazy patterns through his hair, her satisfied sigh

filling the space between them.

The car's interior was warm, their bodies pressed close in the dim glow of distant streetlights. Victoria's fingers traced Robbie's jaw as they caught their breath, their foreheads nearly touching.

"What now?" Robbie murmured, his voice rough.

Victoria smirked, shifting slightly—only for her knee to bump the gearshift. She hissed, laughing. "This car was **not** made for this."

Robbie chuckled, trying to adjust. He lifted her slightly, attempting to maneuver her beneath him, but the ceiling was too low. His elbow hit the window, and he groaned. "Okay, **not** happening."

Victoria bit her lip, amusement dancing in her eyes. "Maybe if you—" She tried twisting, only to nearly knee him in the ribs.

They both burst into quiet laughter, the tension momentarily broken.

Then Victoria paused, a slow, wicked grin spreading across her lips. "Sit up."

Robbie raised an eyebrow but obeyed, settling back against the seat. Victoria straddled his lap, her hands braced on his shoulders. Their eyes locked, breaths mingling, the air between them charged.

Anticipation coiled tight in Robbie's stomach as she positioned herself above him. He exhaled sharply as she sank down, inch by inch, their bodies connecting in a slow, searing slide.

For a heartbeat, neither of them moved—just stayed there, locked together, eyes closed, breaths held.

Then Victoria let out a shuddering sigh, her fingers tightening on his shoulders.

Robbie's hands found her hips, his thumbs tracing circles on her skin. And then— They began to move.

The car's interior hummed with their shared heat, the windows fogged from their ragged breaths. Victoria's fingers tangled in Robbie's hair as their bodies moved together in a slow, intoxicating rhythm. Every shift of her hips sent sparks dancing along his spine, his face buried against the soft warmth of her chest.

She chuckled, the sound low and throaty, as she tugged at the top of her costume. The fabric slid down, revealing smooth skin that glowed in the dim light, her massive tits bouncing out. Robbie didn't hesitate—he pressed hungry kisses along her collarbone before taking one peaked nipple into his mouth, sucking gently before grazing it with his teeth.

Victoria gasped, her back arching. "God, *Robbie*," she breathed, her voice trembling with pleasure.

He hummed against her skin, his hands gripping her hips tighter as they found their pace again. The friction between them was maddening, each roll of her body against his drawing out deep, shuddering moans.

"You feel *incredible*," Robbie murmured against

her breast, his words muffled but fervent.

Victoria tipped her head back with a breathy laugh. "Look who's talking." She raked her nails lightly down his back, making him groan. "Such a *good* boy for me."

Robbie nipped at her skin in playful retaliation, earning another gasp. Their movements grew more urgent, the car's seats creaking softly beneath them. Every touch, every whispered praise, every shared breath stoked the fire between them higher.

Victoria's teasing melted into breathless encouragement as pleasure coiled tighter inside her. "Just like that—*yes*—"

Robbie's grip on her hips tightened, his own control fraying with every delicious roll of her body.

The world outside the car ceased to exist. There was only this—only them, only heat and hunger and the promise of release.

The car's windows had long since fogged over, sealing them in their own private world. Victoria's fingers traced the lines of Robbie's shoulders as she rolled her hips, her breath coming in soft, uneven gasps.

"You feel *so* good," she murmured, her voice husky with pleasure.

Robbie's hands tightened on her waist, his thumbs brushing the underside of her breasts, which strained against the star-spangled fabric of her costume. "You're perfect," he breathed, his voice

rough. "So damn perfect."

Victoria arched into his touch, a shiver running through her. "You're bigger than I imagined," she admitted, her cheeks flushing even as she said it.

Robbie groaned, his grip on her hips tightening. "And you're so tight," he countered, his voice dropping to a whisper. "So hot—so *wet* for me."

The words sent a fresh wave of heat through Victoria, her body clenching around him in response. She leaned forward, her lips brushing his ear. "You like these?" she teased, cupping her own breasts, the fabric of her costume straining. "Plump. *Juicy.* Just for you."

Robbie's breath hitched, his hips jerking upward involuntarily. "Fuck, *yes*," he growled, his hands sliding up to replace hers, kneading gently.

Victoria moaned, the sound low and throaty, as their movements grew more urgent. The compliments—raw, unfiltered—only stoked the fire between them, each whispered praise another spark in the growing inferno.

"You're incredible," Robbie panted, his forehead pressing against hers.

Victoria's answering smile was wicked. "And you're *mine*," she whispered back.

Victoria's body tensed, her fingers digging into Robbie's shoulders as the first wave crashed over her. A breathy gasp escaped her lips—sharp, surprised—before melting into a low, trembling

moan.

"*Oh—Robbie—*"

Her hips stilled entirely, overwhelmed by sensation, her thighs quivering around him. Every nerve burned white-hot, pleasure radiating through her in deep, pulsing waves. She clung to him, her forehead dropping against his, her breath coming in ragged, uneven bursts.

Robbie held her firmly, his own movements slowing to gentle, shallow thrusts—just enough to draw out her pleasure without overwhelming her further.

"*That's it,*" he murmured, his voice rough with admiration. "*Let go.*"

Victoria whimpered, her nails scraping lightly down his back as another shudder rolled through her. Her moans turned breathless, punctuated by whispered fragments of his name—sometimes pleading, sometimes praising, all of it raw and unfiltered.

"*God—yes—just like that—*"

Her body arched slightly, then sank back against him, boneless and spent. For a long moment, she simply breathed against his skin, her heartbeat a wild, fluttering thing against his chest.

When she finally lifted her head, her lips curved into a dazed, satisfied smile.

"*Damn,*" she whispered, voice wrecked.

Robbie grinned, brushing a loose strand of hair from

her damp forehead. "*Yeah.*"

The air inside the car was thick with heat, their bodies slick with sweat as Robbie's movements grew more urgent. Victoria could feel the shift in him—the way his breath hitched, the way his fingers dug into her hips just a little tighter. His rhythm became relentless, each thrust deeper, harder, driving her back against the seat with enough force to make the leather creak.

Victoria held her breath, her nails biting into his shoulders as she braced herself. The sensation was overwhelming—the friction, the heat, the way his body moved against hers with such desperate need. She could *feel* how close he was, the tension coiling tight in his muscles, the way his groans grew rougher, more guttural.

"*Robbie—*" she gasped, but the rest of her words were lost as his hips snapped forward one final time, burying himself deep inside her.

His release hit him like a wave, his entire body shuddering as he came with a broken groan. Victoria felt the pulse of him, the way he trembled against her, his forehead dropping to her shoulder as he rode out the last of his pleasure.

For a moment, neither of them moved. The only sounds were their ragged breathing and the distant hum of the city outside.

Then, slowly, Victoria's eyes fluttered open. Reality seeped back in—the car, the costumes, the fact that the man still buried inside her was *her son*.

A sharp laugh burst from her lips, half-disbelieving, half-hysterical. "*Shit,*" she muttered, dragging a hand over her face. "*I forgot you're my son for a second there.*"

Robbie lifted his head, his expression dazed but amused. "*Yeah. Kind of hard to remember when you're—*" He gestured vaguely between them.

Victoria snorted, shaking her head. Then, softer, she added, "*Doesn't mean I didn't love it.*"

Robbie's grin was slow, satisfied. "*Yeah. I know.*"

Exhaustion settled over them both then, the adrenaline of the night finally ebbing away. Robbie shifted carefully, pulling her into his arms as he slumped back against the seat. Victoria went willingly, her body boneless against his, her head resting on his chest.

They stayed like that for a long moment, just breathing, just existing. Then, almost without thinking, Robbie tilted her chin up and kissed her—softly, lazily, like they had all the time in the world.

Victoria sighed into it, her fingers curling into his hair.

And for the first time that night, everything felt *simple*.

The party was long behind them, the adrenaline of their reckless decisions fading into something quieter, something more *real*.

Victoria traced idle patterns on Robbie's chest, her mind still hazy with pleasure and the lingering disbelief of what they'd just done.

"*We're fucked up,*" she murmured, but there was no real regret in her voice.

Robbie chuckled, pressing a kiss to the top of her head. "*Yeah. But at least we're fucked up together.*"

Victoria laughed, the sound warm and genuine. "*Fair.*"

Outside, the first hints of dawn painted the sky in pale gold. The night was over, but something new had begun—something complicated, something *theirs*.

And for now, that was enough.

The haze of their shared pleasure still clung to them, the air inside the car thick with the scent of sweat and skin. Victoria's fingers lazily traced circles on Robbie's chest, her body still draped over his, neither of them in any hurry to move. The world outside the fogged-up windows seemed distant, unimportant—until a sharp *tap-tap-tap* shattered the quiet.

Robbie tensed beneath her, his head snapping toward the sound. Victoria blinked, slow and languid, before turning to look.

Jess's face was pressed close to the glass, her breath clearing a small circle in the condensation. Her eyes—sharp, knowing—darted between them, a wicked

grin spreading across her lips.

Victoria sighed, rolling her eyes, but didn't make any move to dislodge herself from Robbie's lap. Instead, she reached over and unlocked the door.

Jess didn't hesitate. She yanked it open and slid into the backseat beside them, her vampire costume rustling as she settled in. The door clicked shut behind her, and with a deliberate *snick*, she locked it again.

"*Well, well,*" Jess purred, her voice dripping with amusement. "*Looks like you two *really* needed that room after all.*"

Robbie's face burned, his grip tightening slightly on Victoria's hips. He wasn't sure whether to cover himself or lean into the absurdity of the situation.

Victoria, however, just smirked. "*Jealous?*"

Jess barked a laugh, crossing her legs as she made herself comfortable. "*Please. I've seen better.*" Her eyes flicked to Robbie, and she winked. "*No offense, kid.*"

Robbie groaned, dropping his head back against the seat. "*Oh my god.*"

Victoria chuckled, shifting slightly in his lap—just enough to make him suck in a sharp breath. She shot Jess an unimpressed look. "*You done being a voyeur?*"

Jess held up her hands in mock surrender. "*Hey, I'm just here to make sure you two didn't *die* in here."

The party's winding down, and people were starting to wonder where the guest of honor disappeared to.*"

Victoria snorted. "*Guest of honor?*"

"*You *are* Wonder Woman,*" Jess said, gesturing to Victoria's disheveled costume. "*Or what's left of her.*"

Robbie buried his face in Victoria's shoulder, his muffled voice barely audible. "*Kill me now.*"

Jess leaned forward, resting her chin on her hand. "*Aw, don't be shy. I'm *happy* for you two. Really.*" Her grin turned sly. "*I mean, who *wouldn't* want to tap that?*" She gestured vaguely at Victoria.

Victoria rolled her eyes but didn't disagree. Instead, she tilted her head, studying Jess. "*You're not freaked out?*"

Jess shrugged. "*Eh. Weirder shit's happened at these parties. Remember when Mark and his *cousin*—*"

"*Okay!*" Robbie interrupted, his voice strained. "*We don't need to—let's just—*can we *not*?*"

Jess cackled, reaching over to pat his knee. "*Relax, kid. Your secret's safe with me.*" She paused, then added with a smirk, "*Unless I get *really* drunk later.*"

Victoria sighed, but there was no real annoyance in it. "*You're the worst.*"

"*And yet, you love me,*" Jess shot back, grinning.

Robbie exhaled heavily, his body slowly relaxing beneath Victoria's weight. The initial shock of being caught was fading, replaced by a strange sort of acceptance. Jess wasn't judging them. If anything, she seemed *amused*.

Victoria shifted again, this time deliberately, and Robbie's breath hitched.

Jess raised an eyebrow. "*Oh, *wow*. You two are *really* not done, huh?*"

Victoria smirked. "*You're welcome to leave.*"

Jess pretended to consider it, then shrugged. "*Nah. I've got front-row seats to the best show in town.*"

Robbie groaned.

Victoria just laughed, leaning down to kiss him—slow, deep, and utterly unbothered by their audience.

Jess whistled. "*Damn. No wonder you needed the whole car.*"

And as the first light of dawn crept over the horizon, the three of them sat there—two tangled together, one watching with gleeful amusement—the night's secrets safe between them.

The car's interior was still warm, the air thick with the scent of sweat and lingering desire. Robbie shifted beneath Victoria, his body already responding to the teasing way she rolled her hips—

slow, deliberate, as if they didn't have an audience.

Jess watched them with unabashed interest, her elbow propped on the center console, chin resting in her palm. “*Seriously*, V,” she drawled, eyes flicking over Robbie’s flushed face. “Where’d you even *find* this one? He looks like he should still be in high school. Is he in high school? I would love a piece of a high school kid anyway.”

Victoria laughed, her fingers tracing idle patterns on Robbie’s chest. “Wouldn’t you like to know?”

Jess leaned closer, her grin sharp. “*Yeah*, actually. I *would*.”

Robbie tensed, his grip tightening on Victoria’s hips. He opened his mouth—to protest, to deflect—but Victoria beat him to it.

“He’s *legal*,” she purred, dragging a nail down Robbie’s sternum just to watch him shiver. “That’s all you need to worry about.”

Jess snorted. “Uh-huh. And what, did you kidnap him from outside a highschool or did you just picked him up at some bar? *You?*” She gestured at Victoria’s disheveled costume. “Wonder Woman doesn’t do one-night stands.”

Victoria’s smirk turned wicked. “Who said anything about *one night*?”

Robbie groaned, tipping his head back against the seat. “*Oh my god.*”

Jess cackled, reaching over to poke his side. “Aw,

don't be shy. I'm just *curious*." Her eyes narrowed playfully. "You're not some runaway rich kid, are you? Because *that* would explain the baby face."

Robbie shot Victoria a desperate look.

Victoria just sighed, rolling her eyes. "*Fine.*" She shifted in his lap, turning slightly to face Jess. "You really wanna know?"

Jess's grin widened. "*Duh.*"

Victoria took a breath—then dropped the bomb. "He's my *son*."

Silence.

Jess blinked. Once. Twice.

Then—

"*No fucking way.*"

Victoria shrugged, her expression unreadable. "Way."

Jess's mouth fell open. She looked at Robbie—*really* looked at him—then back at Victoria. "*Holy shit.*" A beat. Then, slowly, a grin spread across her face. "That's the *hottest* thing I've ever heard."

Robbie's face burned. "*Jess—*"

"*No, no,*" Jess interrupted, waving a hand. "I *get* it now." Her eyes raked over Victoria with newfound appreciation. "No *wonder* you've been so smug all night."

Victoria preened, arching a brow. "Told you he was special."

Jess laughed, shaking her head. "God, I **wish** I had a son like this." She winked at Robbie. "You up for adoption?"

Robbie buried his face in Victoria's shoulder. "**Kill me.**"

Victoria chuckled, running a hand through his hair. "**Later.**"

Jess sighed dramatically, flopping back against the seat. "Ugh, **fine**. But if I can't have him..." She trailed off, her gaze sliding to Victoria. "How about **you**?"

Victoria paused, tilting her head. "**Me?**"

Jess's grin turned predatory. "Yeah. You." She reached out, tracing a finger along Victoria's bare thigh. "I've **always** wondered what you taste like."

Robbie's head snapped up. "**What.**"

Victoria just smirked, catching Jess's wrist before her hand could wander further. "Tempting," she murmured. "But I don't share."

Jess pouted. "**Boo.**"

Victoria leaned in, her voice dropping to a whisper. "**Unless you ask *really* nicely.**"

Jess's eyes lit up.

Robbie made a strangled noise. “*Are you—are you *serious* right now?*

Victoria laughed, kissing his temple. “Relax. I’m just *playing.*” She shot Jess a look. “*Mostly.*”

Jess sighed, but she was still grinning. “Damn. And here I thought this night couldn’t get better.”

Victoria shifted in Robbie’s lap, her body pressing flush against his once more. “Oh, it *can*,” she murmured, her lips brushing his ear. “But you’ll have to *watch* to find out.”

Jess’s grin turned feral. “*Deal.*”

Jess exhaled sharply, her fingers drumming against her thigh as she watched Victoria roll her hips in slow, deliberate circles. “What I wouldn’t give to be sandwiched between a mother and son right now,” she murmured, her voice thick with fascination. “I *still* can’t wrap my head around this being your actual *son*.”

Victoria’s lips curled into a smirk as she braced her hands on Robbie’s shoulders, her body moving with practiced ease. “Believe it,” she purred.

Robbie’s breath hitched as Victoria’s movements grew more purposeful, his fingers digging into her waist. His eyes flicked to Jess—watching them with rapt attention—then back to Victoria. The mix of embarrassment and arousal was dizzying.

Jess leaned forward, her elbow propped on the center console. “So how the hell did this even

start?" she asked, her gaze darting between them. "Like, was this some long-time fantasy or—"

"*Jess*," Robbie groaned, his head falling back against the seat.

Victoria laughed, the sound low and throaty. "Let's just say... the party *escalated* things."

Jess arched a brow. "Uh-huh. And this is your *first* time?"

Victoria's hips stuttered slightly at the question, her breath catching. "*Yeah*," she admitted, her voice rougher than before.

Jess's eyes widened. "*No* fucking way."

Robbie gritted his teeth as Victoria ground down harder, his grip on her tightening. "Way," he managed, his voice strained.

Jess let out a disbelieving laugh, shaking her head. "*Damn.* And here I thought *I* was adventurous." Her hand drifted absently to her own thigh, her fingers tracing idle circles as she watched them. "So what, you just *looked* at him tonight and thought, *Yeah, I need that inside me*?"

Victoria's answering moan was all the confirmation Jess needed.

Robbie's hips jerked upward involuntarily, his control fraying with each filthy word out of Jess's mouth. "*Fuck*," he breathed, his fingers flexing against Victoria's skin.

Jess bit her lip, her own breathing growing uneven as she watched them. "God, you two are *something else*," she murmured, her hand sliding higher up her thigh.

Victoria's movements grew more erratic, her body trembling with the effort to keep her rhythm. "You—*ah*—you talk too much," she panted, her nails scraping down Robbie's chest.

Jess grinned, unrepentant. "And you *love* it."

Robbie couldn't argue—not when every word out of Jess's mouth sent another jolt of heat straight to his core. His hips moved on their own now, meeting Victoria's thrusts with increasing desperation.

Jess's breath hitched as she watched them, her fingers working in slow, teasing circles. "*Shit*," she muttered, her voice barely above a whisper. "I don't know what's hotter—watching you two, or knowing *exactly* who you are to each other."

Victoria's answering moan was muffled against Robbie's shoulder, her body tightening around him as pleasure coiled low in her stomach.

Robbie wasn't far behind, his release barreling toward him with terrifying speed. "*Victoria*," he gasped, his fingers digging into her hips.

Jess's laugh was breathless. "*Yeah*, that's the stuff."

And as the first light of dawn crept through the windows, the car filled with the sounds of their shared ecstasy—rough moans, whispered praise, and

Jess's occasional, *highly* inappropriate commentary.

Jess exhaled sharply as she watched Victoria roll her hips in slow, deliberate circles atop Robbie, her fingers gripping the headrest for balance. "Jesus, V," she breathed, her own hand trailing absently along her thigh. "You ride him like you were *made* for it."

Victoria smirked, tossing her hair over one shoulder. "Maybe I was."

Robbie groaned beneath her, his fingers digging into her waist as she ground down harder. His face was flushed, his breath coming in ragged bursts—but his eyes kept flicking to Jess, to the way her fingers teased along the hem of her skirt.

Jess noticed. Of *course* she noticed.

"*Ohhh,*" she drawled, grinning. "Someone *likes* being watched." She leaned closer, her voice dropping to a husky whisper. "You wanna put on a show for me, kid?"

Robbie's throat worked, but before he could answer, Victoria pinched his chin, forcing his attention back to her. "*Eyes on me,*" she murmured—then rolled her hips in a way that made his back arch off the seat.

Jess laughed, delighted. "*Damn.* You've got him *wrapped*, V."

Victoria hummed, her nails scraping lightly down Robbie's chest. "I *know*."

Jess bit her lip, watching the way Robbie shuddered under Victoria's touch. After a moment, she sighed dramatically. "*Ugh.* I *need* a night with him. Just *one.*" She pouted, batting her lashes. "Come *on*, V. Share the wealth."

Victoria chuckled, slowing her movements just enough to drive Robbie *crazy*. "This is *my* first night with him, Jess. You really think I'm giving him up that easy?"

Jess groaned, flopping back against the seat. "*Fiiine.*" She shot Robbie a look. "How long do I have to wait? A week? Two?"

Robbie's breath hitched—not just from Victoria's teasing, but from the *idea* Jess was putting in his head. Another woman. One who looked at him like *that*.

Victoria noticed the shift in him, the way his body tensed with interest. Her smirk deepened. "*Months*, Jess. At *least*."

Jess whined, but her eyes sparkled with mischief. "*Months?* You're *killing* me." She reached out, tracing a finger along Robbie's knee. "You *sure* you can't be persuaded, kid?"

Robbie opened his mouth—closed it. His gaze flicked to Victoria, silently asking for permission.

Victoria arched a brow. "*Really?*"

Robbie swallowed hard. "I—I didn't *say* anything —"

Victoria laughed, leaning down to nip at his earlobe. "***You didn't have to.***"

Jess watched them with rapt attention, her own fingers drifting higher up her thigh. "God, this is ***better*** than porn." She tilted her head. "So. How long has ***this*** been going on?"

Victoria shrugged, her body still moving lazily against Robbie's. "Tonight was the first time."

Jess's eyes widened. "***No shit.***" She grinned. "Who made the first move?"

Robbie groaned, covering his face. "***Jess—***"

Victoria just smirked. "***He*** did."

Jess cackled. "***Of course*** he did." She shook her head. "I ***knew*** you were trouble the second I saw you, kid."

Robbie peeked through his fingers. "You ***literally*** just met me tonight."

Jess waved a hand. "Details."

Victoria chuckled, her hips picking up speed again—just enough to make Robbie's breath stutter. "You're ***really*** enjoying this, aren't you?"

Jess sighed, her head falling back. "***Uh, yeah.***" She gestured vaguely at them. "This is ***art***. You're ***art***."

Robbie groaned again, but his hips lifted to meet

Victoria's, his body betraying just how much *he* was enjoying Jess's attention.

Jess noticed. "*Ohhh,*" she purred. "Someone's *close*."

Victoria's grin turned wicked. "I know."

Jess lounged in the backseat, her dark eyes gleaming with voyeuristic delight as she watched Victoria and Robbie move together—slow at first, then building into something desperate, something *hungry*.

Victoria's back arched, her fingers digging into Robbie's shoulders as the first tremors of her climax began to ripple through her. A low, shuddering moan escaped her lips, her hips grinding down against him in slow, deliberate circles.

"*Robbie—*" His name spilled from her in a breathless gasp, her voice trembling with the force of her pleasure.

Robbie's own control was fraying. His hands gripped her hips hard enough to bruise, his breath coming in ragged bursts as he fought to hold on—just a little longer, just until she—

Then Victoria's body *clenched* around him, her release crashing over her in waves. Her head fell back, a broken cry tearing from her throat as pleasure burned through her, white-hot and all-consuming.

That was all it took.

Robbie's hips jerked upward, his own climax hitting him like a punch to the gut. A guttural groan ripped from his chest as he spilled into her, his entire body locking up, then shuddering violently as the intensity rolled through him.

For a moment, neither of them moved—just clung to each other, lost in the aftershocks, their shared breaths loud in the quiet of the car.

Jess let out a slow, appreciative whistle from the backseat. "*Damn.* That was *almost* as good as the real thing."

Victoria cracked an eye open, her lips curling into a lazy smirk. "*Almost?*"

Jess grinned, stretching like a satisfied cat. "*Well, I *did* have the best seat in the house.*"

Robbie, still dazed, just groaned and dropped his forehead to Victoria's shoulder.

Victoria got off him and sit on the side. Robbie slumped between them, his chest rising and falling rapidly as he tried to catch his breath. His limbs felt like liquid, his mind pleasantly hazy from the intensity of their shared release. Victoria lounged beside him, one leg draped casually over his, her fingers tracing idle patterns on his thigh. Jess mirrored her on the other side, her elbow propped on the center console as she studied Robbie with amused fascination.

"Look at him," Jess murmured, reaching out to brush a damp lock of hair from Robbie's forehead.

"Absolutely *ruined*."

Victoria smirked, her thumb stroking the inside of Robbie's knee. "I did warn him I don't go easy on my partners."

Robbie groaned, his head lolling back against the seat. "I think... I might die."

Jess laughed, low and throaty. "Oh, honey. If you were going to die, you'd have done it **during**, not after." She leaned closer, her breath warm against his ear.

Robbie shivered, too spent to even blush properly.

Victoria hummed, her fingers trailing higher up his thigh. "He held up better than I expected, though. For someone so... **inexperienced**."

Jess's eyes gleamed. "Oh? **How** inexperienced are we talking?"

Victoria tilted her head, considering. "**This** was his first time."

Robbie groaned again, covering his face with his hands. "**Oh my god.*"*

Jess cackled, prying his hands away. "Aw, don't be embarrassed! We've all been there." She shot Victoria a look. "Well, **most** of us have."

Victoria just smirked, unrepentant.

Jess turned her attention back to Robbie, her gaze speculative. "So. Now that we've established you're **legal**," she drawled, "and **definitely** Victoria's

type... what's next?"

Robbie blinked, his foggy brain struggling to keep up. "Next?"

Jess gestured between them. "This. *Whatever* this is. You can't tell me you two are just going to pretend this never happened."

Victoria's fingers stilled on Robbie's skin. For the first time, her expression turned serious. "No," she said quietly. "We're not."

The weight of her words settled over them. Robbie turned his head to look at her, his breath catching at the intensity in her eyes.

Jess watched them both, her smirk softening into something almost... *approving*. "Good." She reached for the door handle. "Then I'll leave you two to figure that out."

Victoria arched a brow. "Leaving so soon?"

Jess winked. "Oh, don't worry. I'm sure I'll be *hearing* all about it later."

And with that, she slipped out into the dawn, leaving them alone with their thoughts—and the promise of whatever came next.

The first light of dawn painted the car's interior in pale gold as Victoria lazily twirled a strand of Robbie's hair around her finger. He sat slumped against the seat, still catching his breath, his body humming with the aftershocks of pleasure. The air between them was thick with unspoken questions,

the weight of what they had done—and what they *were* now—hanging heavy in the silence.

Victoria exhaled, her thumb brushing his temple. “We should go home,” she murmured, her voice low and rough from the night’s activities. “Take a shower. And then...” She trailed off, her fingers stilling in his hair. “Then we should talk about what this is.”

Robbie turned his head to look at her, his eyes searching hers. “Yeah,” he agreed quietly. “We should.”

The reality of their situation settled over them. This wasn’t just some reckless, heat-of-the-moment mistake. It was *more* than that. And they both knew it.

Robbie reached for his discarded clothes, his movements slow as he pulled his shirt over his head. Victoria watched him, her gaze lingering on the way the fabric clung to his damp skin. She adjusted the straps of her Wonder Woman costume, the golden accents now slightly tarnished from the night’s adventures.

“Do you... regret it?” Robbie asked suddenly, his voice hesitant.

Victoria arched a brow. “Do *you*?”

Robbie shook his head immediately. “No.” The word came out firm, certain. “No, I don’t.”

A slow smile curved Victoria’s lips. “Good. Because I don’t either.”

Robbie let out a breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding. "So... what *do* we do now?"

Victoria tilted her head, considering. "Well," she said, her tone light but her eyes serious, "we could pretend it never happened. Go back to how things were."

Robbie's stomach twisted at the thought. "Do you *want* to do that?"

Victoria's fingers returned to his hair, her touch soothing. "No."

Robbie swallowed. "Then what's the other option?"

Victoria's smile turned wicked. "We could *keep doing it.*"

Robbie's pulse jumped. "Just... like that?"

"Why not?" Victoria shrugged, though her casual tone didn't match the intensity in her gaze. "We're both adults. We both want it. Who says we have to overcomplicate things?"

Robbie hesitated. "It's not *that* simple, Mom."

"Isn't it?" She leaned closer, her breath warm against his ear. "Tell me you don't want this. Tell me you don't want *me*—exactly like this—and I'll drop it."

Robbie's jaw clenched. He couldn't lie to her. Not about this.

Victoria smirked, victorious. "That's what I thought."

Robbie exhaled sharply. “And what happens when someone finds out?”

“Who says anyone **has** to find out?” Victoria countered. “This is **our** secret. **Our** choice.”

Robbie studied her for a long moment. “You’re serious.”

“Deadly.”

The car fell silent again as Robbie processed her words. The idea was terrifying—and exhilarating. To have **this**, to have **her**, without pretending, without guilt...

“Okay,” he said finally, his voice barely above a whisper.

Victoria’s smile softened. “Okay?”

Robbie nodded. “Okay.”

Victoria leaned in, pressing a slow, lingering kiss to his lips. When she pulled back, her eyes were dark with promise. “Then let’s go home.”

And as the sun rose over the city, they drove back—not as mother and son, not as strangers, but as something entirely new.