

# A Mother's Lapse

## Chapter 1

It was a Christmas holiday party like a lot of others. Families from the upscale subdivision descended upon the subdivision clubhouse, and laughter and music filled the air. Champagne, wine, drinks and beer flowed. It was as if the tension from the entire year was being diffused by this annual gathering, happening as it was on the Friday when work was mostly over for several days in favor of celebration and tradition. In the party, Julia Monroe flitted about effortlessly. There were the neighbors she wanted to see and say hello to. There were the young adult or teenage children of her neighbors who she wanted to ask about and catch up with. She just loved being social, and it showed. She was vibrant and personable. She was also clearly well-liked. Every cluster of people she encountered welcomed her openly and easily.

She saw her husband, Bill, across the way, and she was disappointed he seemed to be sticking with just a couple of the other men. She didn't understand why it was that he didn't move about or use this party as the occasion to mingle. These were people they'd mostly known a good while, and she thought it best he be friendly and more open.

This Christmas holiday party was one of the social events she always looked forward to. She had picked out her form-fitting black dress weeks before, and her black heels were her favorites. She liked especially when her friends noticed her choices, and she in turn appreciated theirs. A couple of her friends were even very complimentary to her this year. One had been so flattering

as to compare her to the actress Anne Archer, and the way the actress had looked in a popular movie from years ago.

Julia was guardedly aware of the comparison but didn't say much about. She did take good care of herself, and she thought her bright eyes and full lips did accentuate whatever appeal she carried. At 5'5" and 120 pounds, she worked out regularly and ate carefully, and she was proud she had maintained herself as she had. This was regardless of whatever popular comparison was made of her to an actress.

A few minutes after nine o'clock, Julia was near the front entrance of the clubhouse when she heard a newcomer being welcomed inside. Her attention was piqued when she heard that deep, distinctive voice. She'd recognize that voice anywhere, she knew.

She stepped quickly around a hall to the front entrance and then she let out a shriek.

"Heeyyyyyy!" She exclaimed upon seeing him.

The young man's face brightened into a beaming smile, and he instantly embraced her. "Hey Mom!" He answered as excitedly back to her as she had done with him. They hugged each other tightly, and those around them all smiled at their joy in seeing each other.

She pulled back to look at him, and she talked of how he had already seemed to change. He had not been able to get back home from college the past semester with his last classes he was finishing up and an internship he was diligently pursuing. They continued to hold onto each other as they quickly talked and started catching up.

After a few minutes, she took him by the arm. She ushered him on into the party and started showing him around. Her first stop was with his dad, and while they may not have shown quite the excitement that Julia and her son had, it was still clear to her that he was glad to see Jack, their only son.

Julia slowly drifted back and let Jack see others and mingle on his own. She kept a watchful eye, as he easily roamed around seeing others just as effortlessly as she always managed. She of course attributed that to herself and not to Jack's more socially stunted and reserved father.

Julia also, for probably the first time, took notice of just what a man her son had grown into as well. He clearly seemed more mature and more grown than she could ever remember seeing before. He stood up straight and tall, which at 6'1" and 200 pounds cut an imposing figure to her. He had kept lean and athletic, and he was certainly handsome, making Julia reassured that he was popular with the girls back at college.

A friend of Julia's ambled beside her and also looked over to Jack. "Wow, Julia. He's really grown up, you know?"

Julia couldn't get out a spoken response, and the truth was that she was probably a little oft put by having a friend of hers make such an adult comment about her Jack.

Julia just shrugged, but the friend offered more. "I mean, he's turned into such the stud." Julia paused as the friend added something Julia would have never expected to hear. "Just look at the arms and hands on him."

Julia half-turned to her friend and playfully slapped at her. "Ahh!" Julia gasped at the remark and they both snickered. But as Julia turned her attention back to Jack, she did exactly as the friend had suggested and she took in Jack's arms and hands. They appeared strong and noticeably so. Julia mentally examined his hands and she felt a queasiness inside, as it registered with her that her friend had perceived correctly. His hands did look larger than normal.

She turned back to her friend and she wondered if her friend had watched her eye Jack. They just chuckled to one another, and they went for another drink. Julia didn't know if the wandering observation meant she needed more to drink or whether it signaled she should stop. It took but an instant for her to conclude that it meant for her to have another one.

As the evening wore on, she enjoyed her friends and neighbors, and she kept her glass refilled. She felt such an excitement and happiness that she also replenished her husband's glass and Jack's as well. She knew she was getting buzzed, but she also

knew this was one of the few parties she really let herself relax at. Besides, they were just a short walk from home.

During the party, she kept an eye on her husband, and she tried to see for herself just how much he actually did socialize. She found herself regretting that he didn't seem to try harder socially. She believed that he would get more out of things like this party if he just put more effort into it.

Much to her tipsied surprise, she also found herself keeping an eye on Jack. She liked how he did make the effort, and she was sure that he and she were so very alike at how they were both so social. More than once, she found herself just watching him. A couple of times, he caught her watching him, too. He would just smile over at her and give some gesture. Whether a small wave or a knowing nod, he never failed to acknowledge her.

Julia felt an unusual mix of pride in him maturing as he had, together with a new-found appreciation for what an impressive young man he had become. She wondered if he must have overnight reached this age where he was such a man rather than just a young college student any more. She partially understood her take of him was influenced by the alcohol, and she warned herself to slow it down.

She made her way carefully to the kitchen, and she poured the remaining drink she had into the sink. She went to rest against the counter when she was pleasantly surprised by Jack moving right up next to her.

"Hey lady," he smiled to her as if they shared a secret and she found herself feeling charmed by him. "Have you been a good girl this year?" He openly laughed, and she did, too.

She felt herself practically blushing and she let herself imagine he was almost flirting with her. "Well, unfortunately, yes. I have." They laughed more at her playing along, and she shook her head at him.

She was definitely feeling the lightness from the wine when one of the guests in the kitchen chuckled and pointed towards her. The few guests in the kitchen looked above Julia's head and looked back down at her again, all of them smiling at what they'd seen. Julia was perplexed at first, and she looked overhead to see what they were looking at. She found herself looking right up at a twig of mistletoe.

She looked back down and then over next to her. She looked up at Jack, and when he grinned back at her, she just kept looking up to him. Without really thinking why, she knew she was looking at him too long. She was sure she was confounding him by putting him on the spot with herself under the mistletoe, but he surprised her right back.

It was like he didn't miss a beat in answering her gesture of looking to him when he moved to her and took her into his own arms. To her shock, he brought his face to hers and he kissed her directly on her lips. He let it linger briefly, and she heard a couple of people reacting with 'ahhhs'.

As soon as he pulled back, she decided she wouldn't be outdone. She reached up and brought his face down, and as she did, she planted a full kiss directly on his own lips. This time she lingered and she was surprised when he didn't pull right away.

When he did break their connection, she felt an exuberant rush she didn't expect. She pulled his face back, and gave another quick kiss. This seemed to challenge him, and amid some audible reactions from the guests who were watching, he kissed her right back and a bit more urgently. This time she thought of his lips on hers, and she thought of his seemingly upping the ante, and she decided to do the same. She slightly opened her mouth and she let her tongue dart forward. His tongue was there and urgent itself, and it was the sounds of louder reactions from the other guests that finally prompted her to release him.

They both laughed and she knew her face was flush with the craziness of what had happened. The other guests were buzzing in the background, but all she could do was look at Jack and quietly shake her head in amazement. He smiled broadly, and he took a long, confident pull on his drink. She could only stare openly and feel a giddiness.

Without saying anything more, Julia headed over to the hallway. She was still dazed as she made her way to the stairs and headed to a bathroom. Jack had certainly surprised her. She figured she had surprised him, too.

Julia was still feeling a lightness from her kisses with Jack, as she freshened herself in the upstairs bathroom before coming

out. She checked her hair and make-up in the mirror, and she was pleasantly amused when she realized she had to re-apply her lipstick. She was incredulous that she was using more lipstick because of kissing Jack. She chuckled to herself as she carefully dabbed at her full lips with the red gloss. When she was contented with her composed look once more, she opened the door and started back out to the party.

As she got into the hall she flinched as she came directly in front of Jack. He was standing right in front of her and grinning down at her. She started grinning right back, and she drew a sharp intake of breath when he took her by the arm and pulled her into an adjoining room. He closed the door behind them where they were then alone in the dark.

She felt shock as he was once again bringing his face to hers, and she shocked herself when she decided to just go with what he did. He was kissing her again, and this time it was he who was opening his mouth to hers. His tongue entered her mouth and wrestled with hers, and she started pulling back from him, only to feel him stay on her mouth. She felt herself relent to his kiss. She felt the same giddiness she had started to feel in the kitchen only this time it was intensified.

The feel of him and the complete surprise of it caused her to stand there and just receive his forceful, full kiss. She brought a hand to his chest and she was about to press it to his chest when he took her hand. She felt his mouth move fervently on her own, and she thought he was about to break the kiss since she'd brought her hand up. Instead, she felt him move her hand. He

brought it down, and in a one smooth motion it went right on top of his crotch.

She immediately tensed and she shrieked into his mouth. She pulled at her hand to bring it away, but he kept it pressed to him. His tongue worked about in her mouth, and she felt herself instinctively react. She had felt hardness in her hand, and when she couldn't remove her hand, she'd done something else instead. She squeezed at him there and held it. The realization of its length and thickness overwhelmed her and she let herself move her hand up and down him as if to be sure she was feeling what she was feeling.

She then felt his hand go quickly up under her dress and between her legs. Complete shock hit her as she felt his hand cup her mound. She absolutely could not believe he had his hand on her panties and was feeling her there. As if the reality came in a jolt, she knew to stop.

"No," she snapped, "no." She yanked his hand from between her legs. She looked to him and his face looked intense where he was clearly aroused and focused on her. She smiled and shook her head, and he managed a smirk back. She pushed to his side and escaped out the door, looking back over her shoulder to him as she moved away. She wished she hadn't been grinning as she was, but she couldn't help it. He grinned back as he watched her drift off to others at the party.

It wasn't much longer before the three of them left the clubhouse and walked the couple of blocks home. They arrived home, and

it was as if Bill couldn't wait to make it upstairs and collapse onto the bed. Julia noticed Jack stealing glances her way repeatedly, no doubt emboldened by what had happened between them.

Julia felt a strange fascination with the feelings between them and with Jack's forwardness, but she made herself be the responsible one and not permit it to go further. As Bill started climbing the stairs, Jack looked to her once again as she went to follow Bill to bed. She looked back at Jack, and there was a conspiratorial smile between them.

When she kept going up the stairs to follow Bill to bed, Jack fell along behind them to climb up the stairs. The three of them marched up the stairs, and Julia felt an uneasy vulnerability knowing Jack was behind her and no doubt looking up at her rear as she stepped. She looked over her shoulder down at him, and sure enough his eyes had been glued to her bottom.

They got upstairs, and Bill and Julia started in one direction with Jack going the other. They said their good nights, and Julia again looked to a grinning Jack and shook her head as if in disbelief. Jack kept her look as she went into the bedroom with Bill.

Julia hadn't yet started to undress and she felt compelled to say something to Jack. She wasn't sure what exactly, but as she gave Bill time to undress and ready himself for bed, she decided to go and speak to Jack.

Bill was falling into bed and into a certain stupor when she told him she'd be right back. She mentally gathered herself to confront Jack and tried to compose her thoughts as she went down the hallway. A mix of feelings swirled within her, as she knew she had to be the authoritative voice of reason, but yet she was also still enjoying the playful side of whatever was going on.

She got to Jack's bedroom door and she took a deep breath. Usually, she might knock first, but she decided just to let herself in. She quietly pushed the door open and slipped just inside. She closed it back, but she didn't move further, staying where she was leaning back against the door.

When she entered, he turned to her from where he was across the room. They both froze and stared at each other. He was in a t-shirt and boxers, and she managed to stay focused on his face.

"Hey." She said meekly, when she had intended to come across as authoritative.

"Hey," he responded and his voice sounded deep and rich to her.

Her mouth parted to say something, but at first no words came. She instantly knew she'd made a mistake. She surprised even herself at feeling so disinclined to act firmly with him.

"Um, I'm not sure what happened back there," she started but he interrupted her, sounding clearly more certain than her.

"You're not?" He sounded disbelieving of her. He crossed his arms and leaned back himself this time, using a desk in his room to prop against.

"No, um," she hated sounding so unsteady as she heard her words come slowly. Then, against better judgment, she let her eyes look downward and they surveyed his barely clad body. Her eyes noted the thin boxers he had on, and there was a large, considerable lump in the middle of them. She looked quickly back up to his face, but he was grinning appreciatively at her apparent interest.

She shook her head and tried to change her tone. "I was out of line tonight. ..."

"It was both of us who felt what we did."

"Well, we shouldn't have done that." She sounded a bit more firm and resolved, she figured.

He seemed to relax his stance just a bit, as his arms unfolded and he simply put them at his sides. He softened the look on his face and spoke as if to reassure her.

"It's okay. Really it is. We were both into it, you know?"

Julia stood more forward and the concern now came through in her voice. "Jack, no. No, it's not okay. For goodness sake, I'm your mother. And... I'm married after all." She immediately regretted she'd added such an obvious fact, but she was feeling shaken by his attitude about this.

Jack leaned just forward, too. He looked at her caringly and spoke softly as if trying to calm her. "Hey, we are both adults. And... ."

He paused and they both were aware she hung on his words for his thought. He continued in a slightly more hushed tone.

"And we both liked it." He grinned.

She closed her eyes at his saying that aloud, and then looked back at him and replied.

"Well, we got carried away with all the alcohol and all. But nothing like that can happen again." She said it in a gentle way and with a slight smile, and she started opening the door to leave.

She had the door ajar, but had yet to leave, when his movement gave her pause. She looked to him, and he was stripping his t-shirt away. He let it slip to the floor and then he stood straight, facing directly at her.

His abdomen was lean and defined, and she didn't try to hide her gazing at him. She stood still and absorbed what she saw. No words came from either of them, but a couple of moments passed. He watched her intently and they both knew she hadn't just walked on out. It was clear to both of them now that there was a distinct tension.

She spoke softly but clearly. "We have to act responsibly here. You know?" He just looked at her, and she felt a vulnerability with him. Then she spoke again and immediately regretted what she chose to say. "I have never cheated on your father."

She was turning again to leave when movement again got her attention. She looked back and froze in place. She watched his hands at his waist. Her eyes followed his thumbs as they hooked into the band of his boxers and start them down. She didn't look away as he worked the fabric over his hips.

There was the black patch of pubic hair that first was revealed, but just afterwards there was the release of him at his crotch as the boxers fell on away. His long, engorged shaft hung between his legs, and the large head pulsed where he was now fully exposed to her.

They both heard her gasp. She took in the sight of him, and he savored watching the effect he had on her. Her face tightened with intensity as it was clear she was flustered by him.

She swayed just a bit back and forth, and he wondered if she was showing some kind of indecision about whether to leave. He felt himself twitch and harden more, and she looked to his face and then back to his crotch. With an unsteady awkwardness, she slipped back out the door. Jack slumped in disappointment as she left.

Jack laid down and brought himself relief, thinking over the night and everything that had ensued. He relished the forbidden nature of it all, but he especially liked and was titillated by how he had accomplished such an effect on his usually poised mother.

Julia was stunned and confused in a way she had never experienced. She tried to get to sleep and just chalk the strange evening up to the drinking, but the rational thoughts kept getting overwhelmed. She went from reminding herself that she'd tried to make things right to the other part of the spectrum, where she knew she'd felt an incredible excitement at seeing him as she did. Even more, she felt exhilarated at how turned on she had become by all of it---the kisses, the groping and the confrontation at the end. She tossed and turned, but eventually she had to admit to herself that she just couldn't calm down.

In a last effort to assuage her restlessness, she let a hand pass to her middle. Maybe she could just briefly comfort herself. Her fingers found herself wet and hot to her own touch. She swung her legs off the bed and launched onto her feet.

She padded her way over the carpet to the master bath, and closed herself inside. Desperately, one hand reached to the sink counter for support, and the other hand went straight into her

panties. She stood fixed that way, as her mind reeled off the images of Jack standing in front of her showing her the biggest cock she had ever seen.

Her hand worked at herself in her panties. She told herself the obvious---that he wanted to give it to her---and her head snapped back and she climaxed as hard as she had ever reached. She gave multiple whimpers as she kept herself from screaming as she really wanted. The next morning brought the inevitable fog and hungover misery. All three of them moved about slowly. No doubt there were some others from the party suffering that morning, too. But in their own household, the Monroes all felt the damage from their party. Julia slowly made her way to the kitchen. Her head pounded, and she felt queasy. She saw Jack at the table and they exchanged quiet looks.

"Here, have a seat," he politely gestured for her to take his seat, and he went to get her a cup of coffee. She pulled her robe to her and sat down carefully. "You hungover, too?" He asked.

"Oh yeah. Sure am." She muttered. He brought her the coffee, and he thought of something to say to try to lessen any embarrassment from the night before. His father always played golf on Saturdays, and Jack knew he'd soon be leaving, so maybe he'd wait to bring it up until after his father left.

As if on cue, Bill could be heard coming down the stairs. He sounded like he was racing down them. Julia reacted as if perplexed by what they heard, and they both turned to watch him appear.

Bill charged into the room. "Don't let me interrupt anything."

Jack and Julia looked to one another frightened, and they quickly looked back to Bill who was clearly upset.

Bill's hands went to his hips and he talked in the mimic of someone repeating what they had heard from someone else. "Yeah, Julia was drunk enough she was kissing on her own son." Bill's face contorted into horror. "I couldn't believe what I heard. 'Kissing'? Each other?"

Bill stood transfixed and his anger was palpable. Julia was sitting straight in her chair and visibly alarmed.

"What in the hell were you possibly thinking?" Bill's voice rose with each word. His head jutted with rage as he looked at his wife. "Have you lost your mind? Tell me---have you gone crazy?"

Julia didn't speak and she just looked up at him. Her bottom lip quivered.

Bill shook his head in utter disbelief and then he spat more words. "We have to live here, Julia! For twenty years, we HAVE lived here. Do you give a damn what anyone thinks of us? What in the hell do you think of yourself?"

Jack felt horrible and helpless, but he had to say something. "Dad, it was really not like it sounds. It wasn't anything bad. We were just kidding around is all."

Bill shot his attention over to Jack. "WHAT? Yeah? And just what were YOU thinking?" Julia stood from the table as if relieved when Bill looked to Jack, and she hurried from the kitchen and off to go upstairs.

Both Jack and Bill watched her make her escape, and then Bill continued with Jack. "I cannot even begin to tell you how disappointed I am with you. I thought I had raised you better. I really did."

Bill stormed from the room, his disgust not the slightest bit dissipated, it seemed. He slammed the door to the garage as he couldn't leave fast enough.

Jack stood in shock now alone in the kitchen, trying to process what had just happened. The whole situation seemed surreal. How angry his father was, the fact that there'd been the kissing at the party, as well as the other stuff---it all seemed like it couldn't really be happening to him. Yet it was, and it had.

His father had left as angry as he could remember him, and his mother had run upstairs obviously mortified. Jack tried to assess how he felt at it all, but he found himself in a numb fog from the hangover. As he stood there reeling, he found an

irrational feeling within himself. Inside him was an overwhelming desire he felt driven by.

Jack thought of her upstairs, and he immediately went bounding up the stairs to her.

She was laying on the bed in hers and Bill's bedroom. She was turned onto her left side and facing away from him as he stood in their doorway. He walked slowly into the bedroom and to the bed. He paused for a moment. She didn't look over to him, but she did seem to bring a hand to her eyes, as if she were dabbing at her eyes.

He eased onto the bed, and she still didn't turn to him. He laid next to her on his side and faced her back. He thought of what he should say or do, but he stayed silent. After some time, he brought a hand to her back and he started just rubbing her back. His hand moved gently over her upper back, trying to soothe her, and her shoulders did relax some with his touch.

Neither of them spoke. He wanted to say something to try to reassure her, but he kept rubbing her instead, bringing his hand to also massage her shoulders. He liked that they were just silently being there together. Even though his father had just left to go play golf in the routine he always kept, they probably both thought this risky just the same. His father had been very angry, and if there was a time when he might break his routine, then this could be it. Jack thought it unlikely.

Julia stayed still, except for the way her back responded on its own to his gentle strokes of her. She thought of just how gentle and good his hand felt on her back. She had several thoughts swirl through her own mind as they laid there. She was aware she was still in a fog from her hangover, and she felt a tired and resigned effect from the drinking. She also felt a vulnerability laying there. His hand moved easily over her, and they both no doubt noticed the thin, smooth fabric of her robe and slip she had on.

She had a warmth pass over her as she thought about that slip. Black and somewhat discreet, it could nevertheless be revealing if she turned over, she realized. This thought together with her awareness of them being on her bed gave her a nervous excitement she liked but was leery of at the same time. Just the same, she didn't move. She let him be there with her.

Then, as she had accepted his presence there, the dynamic changed. Her eyes widened as she felt his hand clutch her shoulder. She knew it felt as though he was urging her to turn onto her back. She didn't at first turn completely over, but she did look over her shoulder to him. She knew she must have looked concerned and maybe even afraid when she did.

He was looking directly into her eyes, and he was showing no concern. He seemed sure. She was acutely aware of his confidence and also of his proximity. He was laying closer to her than she had expected.

She felt his hand at her shoulder pull at her, and at once her shoulder was lowering onto the bed. She kept his eyes, but she also knew that she wouldn't for long. She knew the robe was apart. The black, thin satin of her slip underneath the robe curved into her cleavage and it was only a matter of time before attention went there, she knew. She felt her nipples harden and swell. She fought the instinct to try to cover her chest.

She opened her mouth to speak, but at first she said nothing. Then, weakly she spoke in just above a whisper. "We can't be here like this." Her eyes looked pleadingly to him.

He looked back at her with his expression seemingly set. She knew this look. He looked determined. She simply inhaled deeply. When she sighed, she shut her eyes. He closed the distance between them and he kissed her. She only let the kiss go a couple of seconds before she was moving her face away from him. To her surprise, his hand urged her face and lips back to him and he kissed her more urgently.

She focused on the fullness of his lips and the sensation she felt, and his lips parted hers. His tongue passed her lips, and she felt herself tighten her mouth to his kiss. She gave a shrill sound into his mouth and then it was like she let herself respond. Her mouth moved about his vigorously, as she sucked at his tongue. Emboldened by her, he kissed her harder, pushing his tongue further into where she was opening wider. They stayed locked and embraced, twisting on each other.

As her mind swirled, his face went to her neck. She felt his lips kiss and suck at her, as he made a wet trail down her neck. He kept going lower to where his face met her open chest. The kisses continued and she could feel her top being opened. One of his hands manipulated her top to where her left breast was openly exposed.

He couldn't help but stare at the large brown, hard nipple angled at him. It practically covered the pointed end of her, and he kissed it there, taking its swollen texture at his lips and then strongly sucking inward to bring it straight into his mouth. They both heard her grunt at this. He sucked at her soft, full flesh, and it was like he was trying to fit as much of her as he could into his mouth.

She squirmed at the roughness of his taking each breast back and forth into his mouth and trying to devour them. She panted at his urgency, as jolts seemed to shoot from her nipples throughout her body.

Abruptly, she then felt his hands at her panties. A fear seized her, and she reached for his hands as if suddenly trying to stop him. He batted her hands away instinctively, and she started lurching up the bed as if in a panic. They both heard her give frantic cries as if frightened.

His hands stripped her panties down and off, and she clinched her legs together. She was still panting and with her eyes clenched shut, when she realized he wasn't moving any more.

She eased her eyes open to see him sitting back on his legs and heels and just peering down at her.

The only sound to be heard was of her breathing slowing, and she laid still there before him. The top of her slip was still apart, and both breasts still laid open and bare. She thought of her waist as being similarly exposed, and he must have reached the same thought, as his eyes went to her there.

She had brought her legs up and together during their scuffle, and she still had them pressed together. The slip though stayed raised to her torso. Her stomach was uncovered as was her waist. Even though her legs blocked the view of her crotch, the inverted triangle of trimmed, black pubic hair was readily apparent. She saw his eyes stare at her there.

For a moment, she felt like he seemed contented to take in the sight of her. It was like he was absorbing her with his eyes. He looked to her still erect nipples, and he brought his eyes down her body to where she had little left hidden.

His hands moved, and she flinched a bit. She soon saw that his hands went to his own shirt. He lifted it up and off of himself. Then, they both knew that it was she who was doing the looking, as her eyes surveyed all over his abdomen. He was closer than the evening before, when she had seen him in his room. This time there was a closeness that enabled her to see his tan skin taut over muscle and showing an apparent firmness.

He was watching her eyes follow over him, and he was still looking at her eyes when she returned to his face. They silently studied each other. She became very aware of how she was laid in front of him. This together with his bare chest in front of her, affected her. She felt a warmth throughout, and she felt herself react between her legs. She felt herself uncontrollably moisten her lips with her tongue.

Jack moved up off his heels to where he was now kneeling before her prone figure on the bed. Slowly and assuredly, he moved his sweats down his hips. He again watched for her eyes, and he saw her eyes widen when his sweats released himself and it jerked up and down once it was away from the clothing.

He felt self-consciously aware of how completely exposed he was to her, but even more, he had a surge of emotion from seeing her stare wantonly at his erect cock bobbing before her. Her mouth had parted open and her eyes looked fixed. She only refocused on him when his hands went to rest on her knees.

Just as his abdomen had appeared differently the night before, his crotch now impressed her more with its jutting thickness protruding in her direction. Her belly churned with the thoughts and emotions roiling within her. She was at once struck by his maleness and by his closeness.

When his hands came to her knees, she looked back to his face and she wondered how she must have looked to him. Her hands had been at her sides, but she brought them to rest on his at her knees.

There was a moment where they both looked at each other with her hands atop his at her knees. Then, her eyes blinked quickly a couple of times, and they both felt her move. Her legs slowly lowered to where they were straightening out onto the bed. As her legs lowered and her feet moved toward him, they encountered where he was still kneeling on his knees. When her feet reached his knees, each foot moved to the opposite side of his knees to where they would be open and apart.

She saw his eyes dart down to where her thighs relaxed. She saw his eyes stare at her between her legs and she noticed him pulse there over her. Then she felt herself even wetter when she moved her legs further open and away from where he still knelt.

And with that, he was moving forward and over her. His arms propped on each side of her and she put her hands to his chest. He felt very solid to her touch, and she sensed heat on his skin.

She lifted her head slightly from the pillow to look down their bodies and view him. Her eyes darted from his crotch to his face and back again. She seemed to stare as if to try to comprehend. Several moments passed and he just waited. He liked observing her and seeing her react. While still looking down there at him, she clenched her eyes shut, and then she let her head fall back to her pillow. Her chest rose and fell with her breaths. She opened her eyes and she looked forlornly at the ceiling.

Sensing her concern, he took her hand from where she had rested it at his chest. He was going to take her a step at the time,

he figured. He wanted to relish her reaction at each step of the way.

When he took her hand in his, she automatically remembered the night before and how he had done the same thing. Then, they had been clothed, but it had been startling. Now, he was exposed, and it was even more so.

Without looking back downward, she followed in her mind her hand being drawn by his straight down between them. He placed her palm on his shaft, and she at once noticed how hard he was. He carefully made her fingers encircle him, and they both heard her audibly gasp. While she had seen his girth, her hand wrapping him now showed her just how endowed and very thick he actually was.

She again clenched her eyes, and she gave a little shake of her head. No, she thought, there was no way this 'thing' was going inside of her. Her mind spun with her thoughts. She had never had such an experience, she knew. Her mind searched for some kind of a reference, and all she thought of was a large fruit or a club.

Suddenly, there was another sensation though. He brought her hand up and down slowly, and she was then stroking him. She felt her fist hold onto him, and it hit her that she did so to make it feel good for him. She felt her body flush at this realization, and there was dramatically increased warmth again inside her.

She flashed her eyes open and up at him. He still had this intense, determined look on his face. He looked down at her and he didn't seem to be reacting. Julia sensed some kind of power or control about him, and it flooded her even more. She had him in her hand stroking him, and he wasn't showing a thing.

Jack maneuvered over her, while her hand held him, and she felt him move his hips back. He eased forward and she heard herself cry out feeling the head of him at her lips. She immediately brought her legs back towards her to where her feet planted flat behind her buttocks. She was suddenly keenly aware at how very open she was to him.

He moved further forward, and she yelped with her lips being splayed by him. He stopped and he savored how tightly she gripped at him. Her hands frantically pressed on his stomach as if to stop him in place. He gave her a moment and he kissed her.

She kissed him back, and then she spoke very softly. "Please... please be gentle."

With his face very close to hers and their eyes gazing into each other, he answered her and nodded. "Yes, absolutely I will."

She kissed at his cheek several quick times, and she rubbed her hands from his stomach to around his sides and then up to where his shoulders were. One hand went to the back of his neck and cradled him there, while the other went into the hair at the back of his head and pulled his head beside hers.

She nestled her cheek to his, and then he felt her legs move again. This time she brought her legs straight back, and she tilted her hips up. He felt her thighs grip his sides, and her feet came to rest at the small of his back.

The realization that she had readied herself for him sent a charge through him and he felt his cock stiffen even harder lodged at her lips. He started his hips forward and he could sense her lips cling to him and pull inward as he moved slightly into her.

She started with what sounded like an 'ahhh' in her throat as he flexed forward, and she instantly felt herself stretch with him as he moved into her. Her body was pushed upward on the bed as he gave her more, her head tilting back and her scream getting louder.

He stopped deep inside her, and she drew a sharp inhale. She grunted, and he wondered if she could feel him plant himself better on the sheet. When she had taken a couple of breaths, he brought himself barely back but then thrust much more than before, and this time she screamed and shook violently. He held her, and he felt her inner walls convulse on his hard cock. Her whole body pulsed several times before he tried to move again.

Once she seemed to adjust, he moved back and then thrust again, and her head tilted further back as her upper body writhed underneath him. Her hands clutched him. She moved her hips to try to create more space but she was filled.

He moved just off her chest to speak to her as she was panting at his ear. He asked quickly. "Are you okay?" He wanted to be sure.

Her head nodded a couple of quick times. "Yeah, yeah."

He withdrew himself by half and stopped to wait. She still clung to him inside. Her legs tilted to come further back.

He went slow and he moved forward, and her head responded with her body taking him in. She seemed to release some tension with getting more used to him. She felt herself still overwhelmed and seemingly impaled with him, as thick and as hard as he was inside of her.

He stayed moving only slightly as he shifted up and back some, her wet walls feeling so very warm to him. Though going only a bit at a time, he was still going back further and inward more deeply with each stroke, and she was moaning and writhing even more.

He didn't think he could go more carefully when she again started to shake and whimper under him. He kept moving but he spoke into her ear.

He was concerned. "Want me to stop?"

He noticed her freeze with his question. She thought for a moment, and then her own hips started moving more with his.

"No, no, no." She answered and moved with him.

He felt relieved and he also felt rejuvenated.

He looked toward her face which he could see at an angle from where she still cradled him. "No?" He asked it teasingly this time.

She grinned slightly back to him. "Noooo."

He knew she was getting more used to him and he moved more inside her. He increased his pace.

She still reacted to his thrusts with her body being pushed forward each time, but she wasn't seemingly out of control any more. He liked how much she was getting more and more into it, her hips moving more against him now.

He looked to her, drawing her attention to his face. He liked how she was moving with his thrusts each time. "Tell me." He said it with a firmness.

She looked at him a moment unsure. "Wh... , what?" Her face was rocking up and back based on his moving in her.

He spoke a little louder to her and it was obvious he was teasing her. "Tell me what you want."

With her face still reacting with each stroke from him, she smiled back at him. She spoke very urgently to him this time. "I want... I want... you... to fuck me." He picked up his pace, and she spoke in broken phrases back at him. "Please... please... please fuck me, okay?"

Her mouth opened widely as he propped his arms straighter and moved more weight onto his hands. His hips gave long, full strides that started with his head at her lips and pushed deep into where his base would get close to her lips and his balls slapped at her.

"AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!" She exclaimed as his hips started slapping faster at her.

He loved it when she moved her legs wide and higher, her legs swaying back and forth high in the air with the strokes he gave her.

"YYYYEEEEEEAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!" He grunted down to her, another wave washing over her that made her clench her eyes shut hard.

Once this orgasm subsided, he eased himself back and he took each of her calves in his hand right above the ankle. She looked

directly up and at him startled. He moved her legs to where they could rest on his chest and now her butt was lifted off of the bed.

"OOHHHHH!" She sounded shocked by this, and he started pumping quicker into her at this angle.

"Oh, oh, oh! Jack! Oh Jack!" Her voice was high and shrill, and he started contorting to where both of them knew what was about to happen.

She brought her legs down to his sides once more, and he intensely moved his entire body over her, trying to thrust even more than he had.

"Yeah, yeah, Jack," she urged him on. She pushed back at him now. "C'mon, c'mon baby." He was moaning louder himself now, and he was closer to release.

She looked up at him, and this time it was her getting his attention. She held his eyes on hers and she spoke clearly to him. "Jack, come in me. I want you to come in me."

He bolted up and tensed hard, strokes still coming but slowing in pace. He pushed against her. She let him feel her legs wrap tight to him. "Yeah, baby, yeah, give it to me."

He shook and screamed, as she took him in and she felt his cock surging deep inside her.

He slowed to a stop, and then he gave sporadic jolts of spasms as he finished his climax.

They exchanged the knowing looks of shock and satisfaction each of them felt. They both panted, trying to calm themselves. Neither spoke at first. Finally, she reached up and pulled at him, bringing him into an embrace. They hugged tightly as he stayed lodged inside her, both of them joined.

"I love you." He said to her.

"I love you, too." She replied. --- In the afternoon, Julia tried to busy herself with the anticipation of her husband on his way home. She felt such relief at having talked to him and he having said all was well. She'd thought it would be, but still she felt much better knowing it was. The fact that he had also talked to Jack during the day made it that much better. She knew that they all could have a certain comfort level again, once they were altogether at home soon. It was strange, she knew, but true.

She found herself lost in thought in the kitchen, staring out the window and thinking over her day with Jack. A warmness and giddiness filled her. She could not even remember how long it had been since she had felt such pleasure, such satisfaction. She found herself wondering if she had ever felt that kind of pleasure. She had felt so overwhelmed and so completely taken. She also couldn't believe she had let this amount of time go by without feeling such excitement, such pleasure. She decided she wouldn't ever let life go by like that again. She had determined

she liked sex and sensuality, and she had come to the realization that she didn't have to do without it.

She had also made another discovery for herself. She had not worked out all of her qualms and problems with what had happened with Jack, and with what that meant she had done, but at the same time, she knew she should not have gone this long without physical love or appreciation. She just absolutely should not have. This was a consequence of both her and Bill getting complacent, but she knew she had tried. And moreover, she'd keep trying. She decided that Bill needed to decide what he wanted for himself and his own life as well.

As for Jack, she and he had talked candidly and straightforwardly later in the day. She was surprised, and very relieved, to learn how assuredly that Jack said he could be trusted and that nothing would ever, ever be said about what they had done. In Julia's thinking, she believed Jack, and there was the added aspect that Jack would be horribly at risk if anything were learned of their time as well. As a result, she figured that this was all actually under control.

Then, with the hopefulness that there didn't have to be awkwardness shortly, she enjoyed a new confidence. She kept thinking about Jack, and she admitted to herself that she continued to be enthralled by their tryst. The incredible intensity she'd felt, and how very much he had thrilled and satisfied her, was something she had never known possible, and now she felt she wouldn't trade anything for it.

As she stood lost in thought in the kitchen, she let herself wonder about something else. As intense and as satisfying as the sex had been with Jack, she now had also determined that she would trust him. Given this, she thought of another idea. She wondered whether it should happen again. When she had talked to Jack, she had discussed it as if it was 'over and done'. Now, as she stood and reflected, she let herself reconsider that.

She played back over in her mind the party where it had started. His kisses, his charm and his eagerness. She thought of how she had come to view him as a man. And with that thought, she let herself go a step even further. She thought of how he was as a man. He had such an endearing smile. He was young and handsome. She thought of how she and her friend had admired him. 'Yes', she was now able to admit, 'yes he has such arms and hands'. She smiled to herself. She had never seen a penis anything like his, much less felt it and felt it as he had given it to her.

Julia had to admit standing there in her house that she had lost count of how many orgasms her son had given her as they'd made love. Rather, as they had made love and actually fucked. She admitted to herself that she had let him fuck her, and she was now not only okay with it. She had liked it very much.

She choked at her next thought. She had actually loved it, she admitted to herself. She knew that if it was up to her that she was going to let him have her again. She felt dizzy at the thought of what she was concluding to herself, but it was true. She had decided she would try to seduce her son again, and if he was interested, then she was going to let him fuck her again.

She shook her head silently as she found herself moving from the kitchen to the stairs. She smiled even though she told herself she should resist seeing him again and with Bill on his way home at that. She climbed the stairs anyway.

She took several deep breaths as she walked the few steps down the hall to Jack's room. She took a moment to listen at his door, and upon hearing silence, she tapped his door lightly.

"Yes?" He answered.

She eased the door open and stepped just inside. He was laying on his bed reading and looked up at her. They both smiled knowingly at one another.

"Your Dad will be home soon." She held his look with her own.

"Uh, yeah. Okay." He didn't know what more to really say.

She continued to stand there, but her look went from pleasant to one of concern. She looked down and spoke haltingly.

"I know what we did was so wrong. ..."

He took her to be starting some sort of apology or confession of sorts, and he wanted her to stop thinking that way. He jumped from bed and he interrupted her.

"Hey, everything's fine." He stood right in front of her. His face peered down into hers. He found her eyes showing a sparkle rather than a darkness. He had affected her with his reaction. "Don't apologize."

She tilted her head slightly as she thought of the best way to explain. She spoke softly back. "No, no. I wasn't going to apologize."

"No?" His relief was clear in his tone.

She took a step closing some space between them, and she placed a hand gently against his chest. "No, honey. Not at all." She took in a breath, needing some effort to explain. "Actually, I was going to admit. ...Um, I was going to admit that, even though I know it was wrong, I just loved it. That's all. I was downstairs, and I could not stop thinking about it."

He grinned appreciatively and brought her to him. She continued what she wanted to say even as he embraced her. "Oh Jack, I could not stop thinking about you, really."

She kept looking up at him, and even though he didn't feel certain whether he should, he brought his face to hers. He kissed her fully, and he was relieved when he felt her kiss him back.

Her soft lips were yielding easily to him, and he let his tongue enter her mouth. He felt her moan into his mouth and he kissed her passionately.

They pressed themselves to each other tightly and she felt lightheaded and overwhelmed with excitement. They kissed hard, and she felt his tongue work about urgently in her mouth. She broke free of him and pulled back.

She looked up at him, and she adored the lust and heat he focused on her. She felt very aroused, and at the same time, she felt a compulsion to please him.

"I can't even describe the effect that today with you has had on me, Jack." Then, she seemed to decide something, and she acted on one of the most carnal of thoughts to enter her mind.

She drifted down to her knees. She brought her hands to his jeans, and as she undid them and worked the zipper, she glanced back up to see the utter shock on his face.

She pulled his engorged shaft from his jeans and the thickness again amazed her. Her fist worked around him and she stroked at him. She hadn't felt this emboldened, or this invigorated, in years, she knew. She glanced up.

"Do you want this?" Her voice was meek but clear.

"Yeah!" His response was quick and sure. They both chuckled.

With her still looking up into his face, she kissed the head of him. Her right fist moved determinedly on his shaft. They both knew she was shocking him with this, but they both also knew she was liking doing this and being shocking.

She kissed his head again, and as he moaned and looked down at her, she opened her mouth wide, pushing it down over his head and to where several inches went into her mouth. She started sucking at him fervently, with her small fist pumping away at his length. Her cheeks were reacting with each stroke of him she made.

He wasn't going to last long and they both knew it. He gripped her hair in his hands, and he started showing that he was close. He narrowed his eyes and his brow tensed.

A sudden familiar sound startled them both. The grinding sound of the garage door sliding open reverberated. He flashed a panicked look at her.

"Hey, hey, hey! That's Dad!" He snapped.

Much to his shock, she didn't even slow. She just kept looking back at him and pumping him into her mouth. She may have even picked up her pace, but otherwise she continued to suck his cock.

A car door slammed, and Jack's face twisted with concern.

"We have to stop." He urged.

The kitchen door opened downstairs and swung closed.

"Honey, I'm home." Bill's voice called out from downstairs.

Julia still did not take Jack out of her mouth, and now Jack seemed to be pulling at her hair. Jack's eyes gave a look like he was surrendering to something within him.

They could both hear Bill at the foot of the stairs, and Jack spasmed violently, exploding into Julia's mouth. First, one full stream of sperm shot into her mouth and throat, and then two more quick loads spurt about. Jack's body contorted and a third spray released. Julia gazed up at him with half-closed eyes. Her lips were still around him.

Steps could be heard making their way up the staircase, and Julia let Jack's cock pop out of her mouth. The long, thick member remained semi-hard and a last release spilled to the floor.

Jack shakenly worked his jeans up and started fastening them. He looked to Julia, and she looked unsteady on her feet as she

gave him a mischievous smirk and wiped at her mouth with two fingers.

Bill could be heard getting to the top of the stairs, and Jack watched Julia dab the two fingers between her lips, licking them clean.

Jack watched in utter shock, as Julia opened his bedroom door and stepped into the hall. Jack stood at his door and watched Julia go the few feet to where Bill was heading into their bedroom.

"Hey honey," Julia said to Bill, as she tilted Bill's face towards hers. Julia planted a big, full kiss on Bill before Bill walked on into their bedroom.

Jack stood looking at Julia dumbfounded, as she looked back to him before joining her husband in their bedroom. Julia made a point of looking in the direction of Jack's crotch, and then she smiled. She pointed to his jeans and then made an up and down motion with her fingers.

Jack looked down to see what she was referring to, and Jack then realized his jeans were unzipped.

He looked up and back at Julia, who smiled brightly to him before ducking into the bedroom.

## Chapter 2

After the tumultuous Saturday, the Monroes all went to dinner together. Bill drove, and Julia was in the passenger seat, while Jack quietly rode in the back seat. Bill talked golf, as Julia peered out the window. She felt a swirl of different emotions about the last two days. She especially felt regret at having pulled the stunt she did just earlier, when she had gone up and kissed Bill once he got home. That was stupid and wrong.

She rationalized it to herself by thinking about how elated she had felt at finally having had passionate sex with someone, after years of she and Bill barely touching. Even though it was with Jack, which was a whole other set of problems itself, it was still not justification for having done something so devious. She swore to herself she would make it up to him.

The car was almost to the restaurant as she was also shocked, as well as delighted, that she had even let herself do some of the things she had done. Sure, she had fantasized about different acts or such, but she had never really been a daring partner. Not at all. To have done the things she had in the last two days simply shocked her.

As they pulled to the valet, she flipped her vanity mirror down to adjust her makeup. She used the opportunity to look in the mirror to the backseat at Jack. He was looking ahead and clearly fixed in his own thoughts. She felt jarring guilt. She felt the guilt for having been the way she was at the party with him, and then she wrestled maddening guilt at the notion of having had sex with him. Maybe she was going insane, she thought.

But just as she had already done in her previous reflections on the day, where she had kicked and thrashed herself inside for having had sex with him, her thoughts at once went to the both of them together. It was like she looked at him in two totally different ways. She knew she had to have some malady, she figured, but she looked at him as a son on one hand, and on another, she viewed him as this young, virile man. She further justified it as his being fully an adult now. He was set to graduate from college, and clearly he was experienced with women already.

Jack had not been an unwitting victim, she believed. He had pursued her, just as foolishly and ridiculously as she had accepted his advances. She also repeatedly thought of herself as pathetic in a way. She could no longer claim to be a good mother. She could never claim this ever again. Plus, it was likely she had unalterably changed her relationship with her son to where there would be at least some negative consequences.

All of these rational thoughts replayed in her head, but as if on cue, her focus shifted. A young guy acting as the valet came to her door to let her out. He was well mannered, and at one time, she may have considered the valet cute as a young guy. Now, she realized, when she saw the valet, her instinctive thought was of how this guy could not come close to the handsomeness and appeal of Jack.

This was the way she was thinking, she knew as she stepped from the car. It was wrong, it was stupid, and it was unhealthy. She stood, straightened her skirt and looked over at Jack who

was also standing and looking over at her with a grin. Yes, it was all of those things alright, but she still felt the way she did. She loved him, and... well, she wanted him. She felt a chill as they all went into the restaurant. She held her head up, but she gave it a small shake in bewilderment. All appeared calm and collected, but as they walked in together, she did so with the knowledge that her exchanged glance with Jack had made her wet.

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At their table, all three of them soon were downing drinks. Bill had his first of probably many Scotch and waters. Julia ordered her favorite Chardonnay, and Jack stuck with his usual Mexican beer. There was a comfortable atmosphere despite the morning's confrontation, as Bill and Jack talked up the football games going on for the weekend. Julia didn't really join in the conversation, but she didn't really mind either. She took a devious enjoyment in sitting back and observing these men.

Bill spoke as he understood he was conditioned to do, and that was authoritatively. He'd learned long ago to think and feel confidently and it had served him well. Plus, this was his son, and he felt good speaking to him with assuredness. Of course, Bill knew what the games meant for the teams involved, and Bill felt good about his view of who would do well. He delighted in sharing this with Jack.

Jack liked that his Dad was engaging him with Bill's views on the games. Jack had always felt there was an inconsistency with

how interested his Dad was in even talking to him. He'd soak this up, even if at times Bill seemed kind of... smug. Jack smiled to his Dad and nodded.

Jack also occasionally stole looks at his mother. He was amazed. He saw this composed, elegant older woman, the same image he had observed for years. But now, he also saw this older woman who looked just slightly steeled to where she was avoiding the visibility of layers that shouldn't be seen. One layer was a restlessness that contained an appetite. This was a layer she didn't want detected. It was a layer that made her incredibly more interesting and desirable to him now.

For herself, Julia wondered how these guys could care so much about such a meaningless thing as the football games. Her glass never left her hand as she savored each drink of the white wine. She couldn't help but marvel somewhat at Jack, as he showed absolutely no discomfort or inhibition at the table at all. Here he had just spent some of the day betraying his father as severely as he could, and he seemed utterly unfazed. She choked at her wine as she realized the exact same thing could be said of herself.

Both men looked concernedly over to her, and she waved them off. They resumed their conversation effortlessly, as she resumed her thoughts on Jack's lack of concern as well as her own. In her mind, she and Jack just cared for each other deeply. It was so intense that it was like they were compelled to show it physically, she told herself. And, she concluded that this must explain Jack's ease with the situation as well.

After a couple of more drinks and the appetizer, Julia found herself looking more and more to Jack. When he'd return her look, he gazed back with a look Julia adored. It was a cute but desirous look as well. It was hard for her to believe, but exactly what she wanted. She admonished herself that she needed to be careful, but part of her didn't care. She made herself participate more in some of their talk, but she started feeling that Bill was just acting too... smug. It agitated her some.

During the meal, Bill took stock of the evening and felt a sense of contentment. He liked and admired his wife, regardless of whether he still found her desirable. Their comfort and security with one another was one of the best things he valued. As far as his other needs went, he had solved that issue some time back. Just like on this particular Saturday, his routine was golf with buddies. He inwardly grinned knowing his Saturday routine also always included the stop by his favorite massage therapist on the way home. There was that hour of alone time and relaxation that always culminated in the young woman finishing his massage in a delirious release that left him sated. This never failed to calm him and make Saturday evening that much more enjoyable, knowing his every need had been met. This evening was no different.

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The car ride home from the restaurant was quiet and subdued. Everyone had eaten well and had enjoyed drinks throughout the evening. Everyone was also lost in their own thoughts.

Once home, Bill and Julia made their way straight to the kitchen for night caps to take upstairs to bed. Jack went to his room to change into a t-shirt and gym shorts. He was looking forward to watching the end of the football game on TV.

Julia followed Bill back upstairs, and she found herself excited with an idea she'd come to over the course of the evening. She changed clothes into a nice teddy while Bill readied himself for bed in the bathroom. This would be her chance to make things right with Bill, she figured.

Bill stepped out of the bathroom and directed himself straight to the bed. Pulling back the covers, he heard Julia speak to him from where she was standing across from him before getting into the bed herself. He saw the black teddy and grinned.

"Hey baby," she purred and she tried to give a sly grin.

Bill chuckled. He continued pulling himself into bed, and Julia slipped under the covers beside him. She slid over to him, and he felt himself brace as she did.

"Sweetheart, you look great," they both knew there was a 'but' coming. "I'm really beat tonight, you know? I mean, we partied last night. I played golf all day. Then, all the drinks and food tonight. I got to get some sleep, that's all."

Julia patted at her hair trying to seem unaffected. "Hey, I understand. Don't worry. I can help you get to sleep, you know?" Her hand went to his side and rubbed him.

Bill shifted in bed, effectively moving from her. "Tell you what, let's hold that idea till in the morning. We'll do just that. I'm beat tonight."

Julia flopped over onto her back on her side of the bed. She stared dejectedly up at the ceiling. Then, she popped out of bed, shrugging off the nightie and pulling on her satin robe. "I'm going downstairs for a drink."

She pulled the door loudly shut, as she stormed from the room. She tugged the robe tightly to her body, and she tried to compose herself as she descended the stairs. Incredibly, she had gone from feeling buoyant and bright to weak and insecure in Bill's swift rejection of her. Just calm down, she told herself.

Propped on the sofa and engrossed in the football game, Jack noticeably brightened when she entered the living room. Julia beamed right back at him. She was very grateful for his reaction.

"Hey," she looked to him, then the TV and back at him.

"How are you doing?" Jack asked with a warmth in his tone.

"I'm okay." She sat in a chair facing the sofa and she tried to show interest in what he was watching. "Who's winning?"

Jack answered, but it was completely lost on her. She nodded absently and acted like she was watching along with him.

He went about trying to explain to her how the pro football teams played Saturday night games when December rolled around, when they typically would not previously in the season. Julia listened and looked to Jack, but she didn't seem genuinely interested in the subject, only in holding Jack's attention. Jack grinned appreciatively to her, but he also tried to follow the game.

When Jack refocused on the game, Julia stood and walked to the kitchen. She went to refresh her glass, knowing full well she should stop and leave well enough alone. There was a haze from the night's indulgence that she was aware of and decided to continue to fuel. She drank her wine and paced a couple of steps in the kitchen. She found herself standing in front of the sink where a large clear window overlooked their back yard.

Julia stared longingly out the window. Her thoughts jumped around. She could make out her reflection very well in the clean glass of the window. She saw an older woman that she wondered about. She had this self-image, but she wondered now whether it fit. She doubted her looks any more, and now she began doubting even her own judgment.

Hadn't she made a huge mistake? What could she be thinking, having these feelings about Jack? Her own son. Was she just desperate? Was she just starved? She drank more of the wine from her glass, and she gave an answer at least to the last question. After the day she just experienced, she recognized that she had been missing a lot. It was just the truth. And, if she was being really honest with herself, the affection, and the sex, was still a need for her. An important need, she admitted.

Against her better judgment, she thought about Jack and their time. She took a deep breath as she thought about how he was and how he had made her feel. She had to admit he had made her feel like she hadn't in a very long time, if ever. She silently stirred at how very well he had been with her.

Then, as if on cue, Jack materialized in the reflection of the window, and she saw he was now standing there behind her. At first, neither of them spoke, even though they both acknowledged each other in the reflection with their looks to each other. The tension was palpable. Here she was downstairs with him. She had come downstairs, leaving Bill upstairs in bed asleep. She had come downstairs and found Jack here. And... she had stayed.

Julia studied her glass for a moment and swirled it about. "Is the game still on?"

"Yeah."

"What's the score now?"

"I don't care any more."

She smiled at him in the reflection. "Good answer."

He looked at her intensely.

"Why aren't you in there watching it?" There was a hint of challenge in her tone.

"Because you're in here."

She chuckled at this. "Mmmmmm, even better answer." She pulled a long taste of her wine. Then, as if thinking better of their banter, she added, "you should go back to your game."

"I don't want to." His hands went to her arms and traced up. He started massaging her shoulders, and she seemed a little surprised. At first, she tried hard to act indifferent. She seemed to resist showing any reaction. This was what she should do.

"Well, you should." Her tone was thin and unconvincing.

He brought his hands back down her arms, and he leaned much closer to her. She saw in the window how his head moved closer to her own.

"We can't be that way again." She said it quietly. Resignedly.

Jack opened his hands wide and went from her arms to her sides still massaging her. She closed her eyes at his touch.

"You're crazy. This is wrong." She was even quieter than before. No conviction was behind the words.

His hands glided wide over her belly and she wavered as she watched his hands on her, mentally noting how wide his hands were. Her belly felt on fire from him. She then felt him press to her from behind, his body was solid and straight. There was definitely a bulge down there, too.

"Please... stop." She was completely unconvincing and her words flat.

He paused like he might stop.

She froze in place. A moment passed where she seemed to think. She reached out and put her drink down, then reached with her hands to his. They both saw him smile in the reflection.

"You are such a beautiful woman."

"I wish that was true."

"Of course it's true."

He put his hands to the satin belt of her robe and he waited letting her see what he was doing. His hands drew a line over the belt out in each direction and back again, as her hands followed atop his. Her hands lightly gripped his, as if to discourage him.

He then raised his hands, and he smoothed at the satin robe, as he brought his hands higher up her torso. They watched the material of her robe crease as the hands went up.

"I should go to bed." She said it like she was commenting about someone else.

Her hands stayed at his arms as his hands reached to trace at the satin of the robe high on her chest. He pressed at her robe, and she felt the lines he made over her breasts underneath, before going on to circle her chest with motions that went around the points of her robe where her nipples tented it. His fingers rubbed the satin against her so that her nipples felt the satin press them and then release. Impossibly, he was making them harder and more pointed with his caresses there.

She drew a sharp breath at his motions, and he lowered his face and spoke softly into her ear.

"Do you want to go to bed? Is that what you want?"

She raised her arms to put her hands in his hair up and behind her. With this Jack dipped his head and started kissing her neck and over onto her shoulder. She sighed and whimpered. He continued to kiss and lick her shoulders.

She clenched her eyes and opened them to see his hands pull the part of her robe where it crossed at her chest. He just tugged it apart. The robes' sides backed away from each other, and the bare skin of her chest displayed in full view of the both of them. Her breasts hung openly and fully, bottomed with the protruding pointed nipples he had teased when they were covered.

His hands came to them and held them, lifting just slightly. Her entire body swooned a little at what he had done to her, as she acted unsteady. Looking at her, he said more in her ear.

"You don't want to go to bed, do you?"

There was a muffled sound from her.

He straightened his stance, and her head rested more back against his chest but still gazed forward at their reflection. His hands moved again.

One swipe at the belt finished unleashing it, and his hands pressed at the open hips that appeared. She sucked a deep breath at seeing her mound uncovered as he had done, but then she grunted the breath right back out at what he did next.

His left hand stayed pressed to her hip, and his right hand crossed her skin at her waist. He draped his hand to where it traveled from her waist to her crotch and he unhesitatingly gripped her sex in his palm. They both felt her slick crease take in two of his fingers easily.

"AHHHHHHHH!" She exclaimed at his entry.

As if reflexively, she brought her hips backwards. This moved her crotch as if to leave his hand, but it also drove her bottom at his hard bulge. He pushed back at her and held.

"Oh, JACK!" She yelped at him.

He couldn't believe how wet and hot she felt to his touch. When she bent forward and moved herself against his hardness, he felt himself strain against his shorts and onto her bottom pushed to him.

Overcome with her reaction, he brought his left arm under and around her waist and he maneuvered her around and away from the counter. He had her wrapped in his arm and his hand

holding her, as he physically brought her across the room to the kitchen table. He forced her to the table, her back still to him, and pinned her there.

In one swift push, he had her bent over the table. Her hands went out by her sides and braced herself. She didn't pull back up or slide in either direction away. He saw no resistance from her at all.

He hovered over where he was rendering her bent over the table. She slumped in a sprawl right in front of him. They both heard her take a sharp gasp, when he flipped her robe up over her back from behind. The next sound was a soft cry from her.

The gym shorts easily lowered to release his full erection. He slid a foot of hers sideways, leaving her legs spread wide and further flattening her onto the table.

Julia grunted, "Jack", but he didn't yield or slow in the least.

His left hand left her back where he had first thought he might have to hold her, and it went between her legs. She reeled from his left hand reaching to her crotch and manipulating her there, fingers prying at her and opening her. She felt lightheaded from the surprising physicality of it all, and she twitched anxiously under him.

With her lips worked open, a thick plunge pushed her forward and her upper body traveled up the surface of the table.

Desperately, she gripped to brace herself, as her body lifted impaled and defenseless. Waves of tingling charges and profound pleasure washed over her, as she felt her helplessness at his thrusts. Her mouth fell open but silent, and her head tilted up and forward.

Jack thrust his hips and felt her warm walls close and grip to him. He watched as her ass bucked upward and took added pleasure that he was jerking her up and forward as he was. He was working at her and pushing. Vigorously.

"UUNNNGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!" The moaning came from her throat as he pumped at her.

He held her by the hips and the slapping of flesh against flesh filled the room. She couldn't believe how hard and thick he felt pistoning in and out of her, and she writhed uncontrollably.

He felt as hard and excited as he could ever remember being, with her laid out below him and his having his way deep inside her. Her body jerked about with each pump from him. His balls felt heavy right away and he wondered how long he could last.

Julia shook her head back and forth and relished the fullness of him there. She had never been taken so thoroughly as this. Lightness and more spasms shot through her as she struggled to contain herself from screaming loudly. She was bucking more and more as yet another orgasm rocked her. As she shook violently, Jack was set off into his own. Seeing her body shake as it did pushed him over the edge, and he grunted and shot into

her. He pushed and made a grinding effort at her as though he was seeking some finish even deeper within her.

With his hips forward and his back hunched he slowed to a stop. She still had her hips elevated and was impaled on him as she tried to catch her breath and her emotions. Her chest was mashed to the table top and her palms were flat on it. She let her head softly ease to rest on the table's surface as well.

She at once thought of how she must have looked to him. Her legs were spread lewdly. She even felt her cheeks at her bottom open given the width of her legs being apart. Her entire upper torso and arms were still pushed forward and the robe dangled about in disarray. She had to have looked ravished. Nevertheless, when she thought of how he even still felt to her, lodged within, and how exquisitely taken every part of her felt, she couldn't suppress a big smile. He had wildly fucked her.

A few moments passed, and he began the awkward process of helping her off the table. His member slipped from her lips and she automatically clinched herself in response, seemingly missing his presence. She smiled again, and this time he saw it. He grinned back.

They embraced. She was more propped by him than anything, and he helped her over to the living room, where they both collapsed onto the sofa. He kissed her softly but repeatedly at her cheek and lips, and she managed a few kisses in return.

Julia and Jack didn't really talk. They just quietly recovered together. Eventually, she told him she had to go on to bed. They both climbed the stairs together. At the top of the stairs, they faced each other. It was dark. It was quiet. He brought her into his arms, and they embraced. He could feel her exhale completely in his arms and press into him. She could feel his strong arms wrap and cuddle her.

She eased back from him. She had to go to her bedroom. He looked down at her, and her face started to his. Their lips met and neither held back. They kissed deeply. When they finally parted, they both smiled to one another. They said goodnight.

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Julia awoke groggily. She struggled to orient, as she could sense something was happening to her. She started understanding there was a rocking motion in the bed. Even though at first she was dazed, she realized there was movement at her vagina. She felt sex there. Was she dreaming? She almost spoke Jack's name, but she then gathered that she was in her own bed and in her room.

She searched for her bearings. As she thought and looked around, it hit her. She was on her side and the pushing was coming from behind her. It was Bill. It was Saturday morning, and Bill had entered her and was having sex with her.

Julia fought the initial impulse to stop him. Then, she worried inwardly for a response. She was shocked and just speechless. As she started to speak over her shoulder to Bill, she heard him grunt heavily. He stiffened and she knew instantly what this meant. He climaxed intensely. He had gotten off strongly, she concluded. But, she found herself much less than thrilled. Right away, she felt guilty knowing why she wasn't thrilled. First, it was because it had mostly happened unbeknownst to her. Mostly though, there was a guilt. It wasn't Jack there with her, nor the excitement she felt for him.

Bill stroked at her hair. "Wow, that was great." She didn't move or speak. His voice had been shaky before. Bill caught his breath and tried to compose himself better.

He had not acted as he intended. He awoke with an erection, and he immediately had become concerned about keeping it. It wasn't her fault, but he simply did not feel the attraction or desire that he once had for her years ago.

He had felt to her first, thinking he'd stimulate her awake, and then he had touched wetness at her lips. He had thought her already aroused. When he had put himself to her to rub her, he had pushed on into her and started. "I got carried away." He tried to explain. She just nodded back without words spoken.

Bill cuddled her, and he brushed at her hair. "You are a beautiful and special woman." He resolved to make things better even if it meant getting some kind of prescription. "I may not always show it, but I do appreciate you."

Julia was absolutely stunned. She reached a hand over her shoulder to him and squeezed at his.

He started breathing heavier and in moments he was snoring.

Julia's mind started reeling. As much as she hated to think it, she knew she wished he hadn't said those things. Could he sense she was drifting away from him? Is this why on this morning, of all times, he had decided to share like that with her. He never did that. When she was sure he was sleeping again, she slipped from the bed.

She went downstairs to make coffee, have a cup and clear her head. What a weekend.

In a hungover and emotional fog, Julia rummaged about in the kitchen, made coffee and sat down with a cup. It was hard to know where to begin with sorting this out. She winced.

A couple of things she was certain about. First, she was crazy and stupid to permit what had happened with Jack. There was no understating just how wrong and unintelligent her choices had been.

But just as clear to her was how she felt. She felt deeply and convincingly emotional for him and excited by him. Any number

of thoughts, from Friday night's party to Saturday morning to Saturday night, showed her how much she cared about him.

As she sat there, she knew she felt such a love for him. She squeezed her eyes and released them at her next thought, as she regretted just how truly she also felt about him as a man. From her looking to him when they kissed Friday night to when she first surrendered to him in bed Saturday morning, there was no denying that she thought of him now as a man. And, as so very wrong as it was, she thought of him as a lover.

He had brought feelings and sensations from within her she could not ever having remembered felt. He aroused her, thrilled her, and consumed her. Their time together and the way he had been with her had combined to make her feel something she had never felt to this extent.

The feeling included intense desire. He made her feel that she wanted him badly and needed him. And not just emotionally, but she needed to feel him physically and to make love to him. She felt at her core a need to give herself to him. She had not ever felt this way.

She briefly wondered whether she didn't need to just break away from both of the men in the house and try to ascertain her thoughts more objectively. The things she was thinking were so unusual and extraordinary that perhaps she just needed time. She smirked wondering if she even wanted to be away from him in order to decide.

Julia looked up startled from her thoughts, seeing Jack pop into the kitchen. She beamed when she saw how very happy he was to see her there. She couldn't help but show how happy she was to see him too.

"Good morning," she said it in a low full voice. Her face glowed.

He came straight up to where she was sitting, and he bent to where he could hug her. He kissed her deeply and passionately.

After some passionate deep kissing, she pulled back. "Wait, wait." She stopped him.

He was standing next to where she was seated and he was very aroused. He started dragging at his shorts, and she gave quick shakes of her head, indicating 'no'. It didn't slow him in the least. His hand drew his penis from his shorts in front of her face, and when she realized just what he was doing, she visibly tightened. "Wait Jack, I don't know. We should talk."

Jack figured she was just acting coy, much like the night before. He persisted. He held his thick erection in her face. "No, not right now, Jack," she said it pleadingly, conveying perhaps that the choice was his.

He grinned down at her, and she gave him a torn look back. She dropped her view to his hand. He was fully engorged and there at her face. There was a wanton aspect of it being right in front of her like that. He edged his fist just a bit up and then just

barely back, and she watched intently. Her face didn't move to avoid him, but her eyes looked back to him questioningly.

"Aw, c'mon." His tone made her seem unfair. "Are you serious? Are you going to leave me this way?" His hand tilted her face to him and he bent and kissed her again. She watched his face as he stood back straight, and he told her, "here."

He brought his cock in his hand and he put it to her lips. Once more she tried to pull back, but he cradled her cheek and lodged its thickness at her lips. ... She opened her mouth to him while looking in his eyes.

She heard him groan deeply as he worked his thickness in her mouth. She reluctantly started to suck on him and move her head. She felt his combined hardness and smoothness, and she started to react between her legs.

After a few more moments, the dynamic shifted. It went from his urging to instead her moving her mouth on him. Her head swayed and her mouth and lips massaged at his thick cock. They both knew she was getting more into it. Much more into it.

'How can he be this excited again? Is this really because of me?' She asked herself as she felt both their urgency.

Soon he was groaning continuously, and she was humming. Naughtily, Julia anticipated what it'd feel like when he started

releasing into her mouth. She drifted a hand between her legs and started feverishly stroking there.

"WHAT?" The word is screamed and Julia cannot understand at first what has happened. For a moment more, Jack's thick, hard cock is nestled deeply in her mouth as she looked to the side of the room.

She saw Bill standing with his face flushed and eyes wide. "WHAT THE FUCK?" "WH... ."

She yanked her head back and Jack started frantically trying to pull his shorts up.

"Wait, wait, wait," Jack was desperately saying to Bill, and everything seemed to slow down to Jill as it unfolded. It was almost as if she were witnessing something she was not actually present at.

The sequence was deliberate and surreal. Bill grabbed his head with both hands and screamed. He looked over to the counter where the kitchen knives were at, and then looked straight at Jack.

Jack screamed, "no, no,no" as Bill started lunging to where the knives were.

Suddenly, Jack moved toward the counter, too. Before he can take a second step though, he froze in place. His stopping in place riveted Julia's attention back to Bill.

Bill had reached the counter, but unnaturally he ricocheted off the counter and collapsed to the floor. When he laid out on the floor, he was staring straight up and he was clutching the left side of his chest. He coughed and choked, and just as suddenly as he had started, he completely stopped. Then, he laid there motionless.

"CALL 911! CALL 911!" Julia heard Jack screaming it, but she couldn't move. She saw his eyes, and she knew he was gone. She also knew she would never, ever get that sight of him, and what she had caused, out of her mind.

The next several days blurred by, and she could barely function, rarely talked, and just felt deadened to an extent.

The authorities did inquire, and she told the truth. Of course, it all made sense. She and Bill had had sex earlier that morning, and they had drank most of the weekend. She didn't see it coming, and she absolutely couldn't believe he died of a massive heart attack on their kitchen floor. Everyone felt sympathy for her. Everyone saw that she was beside herself, apparently from such grief.

She had told the truth alright, but she didn't tell the whole truth. There was nothing asked about she and Jack. There was nothing

to ask since everyone knew they were mother and son, and both had suddenly lost Bill. So, there was no mention made of the fact that Bill had heard strange sounds coming from the kitchen that morning. It was never told how he hurried down the stairs, already concerned as he feared someone must have been hurt from the kind of sounds he was hearing.

He had rushed into the doorway of the kitchen, and it had been as if he had struck a horrible wall that stopped him in his tracks. There he saw his wife and their son. At first, his son looked like he wasn't the matter, because he was standing straight and seemed animated.

Everything changed when he focused to where his wife was seated at their kitchen table. She was sitting facing their table and angled to where Bill was standing, but Julia's shoulders and face was turned to her left side. Her right hand appeared to be in her lap, and her right hand was clasping at something.

Positioned very close to her left side was Jack's torso and waist. Bill had fixed his attention to his beautiful wife's face. Her mouth was open and her lips wrapped a thick and erect cock that was pumping urgently between her lips. One look was all it took to show Julia was moving her face towards Jack as fervently as Jack's hips were bucking into her face. Her expression was one of exquisite pleasure.

There was an onslaught of friends and family around in the days between Bill's death and his funeral. Everyone was very supportive. The entire time passed as a flash to Julia. Then, just

as suddenly as the friends and family had gathered, it seemed they quickly dispersed. By the time of the evening after Bill's funeral, the house had cleared out.

The house was still and quiet, and Jack and Julia decided they had to go have dinner to decompress. Julia did most of the talking. She spoke in a detached and halting manner, as if trying to explain to herself and to Jack. Jack heard beneath her words a desperate coping of sorts.

"It was a lapse to be sure, a horrible and terrible lapse, but a lapse." She had sounded scared but also as if warming to her justification as well. She sat close to him and spoke quietly. "No one meant for him to die. ..."

Jack considered whether maybe it was just a way for her to carry on. He tried his best to assure her. Neither of them had wanted this or even imagined this. It was a horrible, horrible accident.

That night after dinner, they returned home, and they both decided to turn in early. They found themselves standing upstairs in the hallway awkwardly starting to say goodnight. She looked at him directly and asked evenly, "why don't you stay with me tonight?"

He looked a little surprised and even tentative. "Um, I don't know. Are you sure?"

She gave a couple of quick nods of her head. "Yeah."

And with that, Jack ambled into her bedroom with her. Jack felt an unsteadiness with the day that they had endured. He saw her go into the bathroom, and he decided he'd just be present and go with however she felt. He stripped to his boxers and he climbed into the bed.

Jack was laying there, bare chested and sitting propped up somewhat when she came out of the bathroom. She saw him there in bed, and she stopped. They looked at each other, and Jack wondered whether maybe he had misunderstood and somehow shouldn't be there after all. He found himself very concerned.

"Uh, is this okay?" His voice sounded very worried and doubtful, and Julia relaxed her face into a smile. She moved slowly to the bed in a night shirt that covered almost to her knees.

"Yes. Yes, it is." She ran a hand through her hair, and she got into bed and to his surprise she curled up next to him. "I am so glad you are here. I need you tonight."

Jack kissed the top of her head which she had put at his chest, and he stroked at her hair. "I'm glad you want me here."

"Listen, I know this is weird. It is." She moved a hand to his chest and her fingers drew circles on his bare flesh there. "But I want you to understand. I'm feeling so very fragile right now, you know?"

"Yeah, sure." His voice was low.

"I'm sure you are too." She kept her fingers at his skin.

"Yeah, I am. I guess I'm still numb."

"Me too. Very." She sounded like she was about to cry as she squeezed out her next words. "I just hope you don't hate me."

Jack immediately reached to her face and opened it to him. She had lines of tears that had started and the eyes of someone utterly unguarded.

"Hey, hey, hey," he consoled in as calming a voice as he could muster, "don't even think that. Not for a second. I wouldn't ever hate you. I couldn't ever hate you." He went to her face and kissed her fully. He pulled her into a hug to his chest. She hugged him back.

They kept their embrace and she eased back with him as his torso had to go back for support, their position at first too strained to keep. They ended up with her half over onto him. She put a hand on his chest and looked into his eyes.

"I love you, Jack."

He didn't hesitate. "I love you, too."

When he said it, her face perked and he saw her eyes dart about his face, but mostly at his eyes and mouth. She drew a breath and then she leaned to him, kissing him gently but fully on his lips.

He kissed back, but when she didn't pull away, he was a little surprised that she was being affectionate this way. He was awestruck when she used her lips to open his, and she moved her tongue to his.

She kissed him passionately, and it was completely unexpected by him. The feel of her lips and tongue, together with her increasing movements at his mouth, stirred him against all better judgment. He just couldn't help it.

As they continued kissing, she shifted to try to get better positioned atop him, and when her leg moved over his waist, she felt a certain, unmistakable hardness.

She broke their kiss, but didn't move far from his face with hers. She continued her leg on over him, but rather than just lay against him, she moved her entire body astride him. She stared into his face as he watched her lower to his waist.

He tried hard not to react when he felt her at his skin. Because she was sitting higher up on him from their kissing, her crotch met his skin at his stomach. It was obvious by the feel of her

that she wasn't wearing anything under the night shirt. She shifted just a bit, and then he felt the slightly prickly stick of pubic hair and the unique slickness of her natural moisture. She moved her hips barely, and he wondered if it was intended to make sure he felt her dampness. She seemed to watch for a reaction from him, but he didn't reveal one.

"I am feeling so raw right now." She said it in a loud whisper and it sounded dramatic.

Her feet seemed to tuck closer to his sides where she was straddling him, and she raised herself on her arms that went to each side of his head.

She closed her eyes briefly and then half opened them. "Is it okay if I tell you I need you right now?" She still whispered.

He nodded slowly and noticed her full lips staying parted. Her half closed eyes and slightly opened lips finally conveyed to him that she was actually very aroused. She may have meant emotionally she needed him, but it didn't seem like that was all, he now understood.

He reached up to her arms and he moved them to his chest, where each of her hands came to rest up on his skin. She closed her eyes again and he watched her gulp.

She opened them to see his eyes as she shifted her weight onto her left hand at his chest. She lifted the right hand and she brought it down their bodies between them.

When her hand reached his boxers and deftly entered inside, his face no longer stayed expressionless. He furrowed his brow and gave a wince, as she took him engorged into the opening between them.

She opened her mouth wide as if to react with him and she made the slightest of grins, knowing she had affected him so. Then, she looked to him intently as she said more.

"Two things." She breathed the words.

His reply was fast. "Yes!"

She stared deep into him and spoke her request slowly and seriously. "I want you inside me, and... I want you to keep your eyes with mine. Okay?"

"Yes."

She backed downward toward him, and they kept fixed on one another. She held him steady between them as she placed her hips where she wanted them. When his head mashed to her lips, they both shook.

"AH!" He exclaimed as he felt her rotate her hips.

In return, she grunted softly as she worked at his hardness with her wetness. Their eyes stayed, and there was an intensity to it that surprised him and excited him, seeing her every reaction and expression.

"Oh! OH! Oh, Jack!" She let out as she moved onto him more, driving herself onto him, and causing her lips to go just past the head of him.

Poised there, she surprised him yet again when she reached to her shirt and shed it off herself, exposing her breasts and hardened nipples to him. His hands immediately went to them and clutched them, as he watched her own eyes almost close shut with the sensation of his hands squeezing and manipulating her full bare flesh. He still marveled at her large, thick nipples, but he felt them and rubbed them rather than look to them.

When she started moving again, her face changed expression from a stillness to more and more emotion and contortion, as she was forcing herself down on him. She fought to keep her eyes to his, and he saw how she showed the change she felt as he went deeper into her. Her eyes widened and her mouth formed a silent 'oh' as she wiggled herself and pushed.

He savored her now familiar sheath that was grasping him and seemingly milking him. He struggled to keep his eyes on hers, as

she rested her weight on her hands on his chest but moved her hips more and more. She was getting more used to him, and it enabled her to get more into it. She was raising and lowering herself, and each time her face reacted in some way to the sensations inside her.

She squatted more onto him and her head tilted back some, but her eyes stayed level with his. Her eye brows arched and her face expressed what looked like pain when she went even further down on him. She felt a plunging of him into her that filled her fully.

"UUUUNNNNNGHHHHHHH! Ungh, ungh, ungh!" She was loud with her grunting coming from within her throat. He liked seeing and hearing her primal reaction of his dick deep inside her. He started to buck with his hips but didn't. He wanted to see what she would do on her own.

"C'mon," He urged her on.

She made an inner squealing-kind of sound at his prompting her like he was, and he grinned to her.

She drew her lips together, batted her eyes and then sucked in a breath, as she appeared to ready herself for different motion.

He kept her full breasts in his hands and squeezed up, mashing them to her and evoking a pant from her.

She brought her head just down and looked at him as if she were boiling, and he felt her hips jerk. He grunted his own reaction when he felt her beginning a back and forth sway with her hips. The feeling was so different and unexpected that he arched his back and wondered if he'd explode just from that.

She saw she had affected him strongly and it incited her. She furrowed her brow, grew intense with her stare to him, and she picked up her pace. He was astonished. She was working her hips back and forth with his cock buried deeply in her, and she was panting with her effort.

She was riding him. Her hips bucked at him hungrily. He moaned at her exertion. His getting overwhelmed thrilled her, and she tried to go even harder on him. They were both getting louder with throaty noises back and forth.

There was no doubt to either of them now that she was full on fucking him.

She kept her pace, but she eased backward some, giving herself more of his cock inside her, and this was all it took. Her thrusts on him and her willingness to sit down on his cock while she was riding him together shoved him over the edge.

"AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!" He screamed and shook with an orgasm that washed over him with repeated contractions. "Fuck, fuck, FUCK!!!"

As his face looked frantic and delirious to her with his extended climax, she felt herself succumb and come with as much intensity as she could ever remember having had before. Her mouth fell open, and her bottom lip quivered, as she felt his kicking and releasing together with her own spasms deep within her.

They both panted and tried to catch their breath. She eased forward and lower upon him, softly collapsing, and as she did, her full breasts met his still heaving chest and pressed him.

She brought her lips to his, and they again kissed for a while. Soon, her head rested at his chest, and they both laid spent. She was still straddling him, and he was still halfway enmeshed into her. She liked that they were still joined and he was still inside her, with her walls still clinging to his girth there.

"That was unreal." His voice was low and disbelieving. "You were so... good."

She smiled. "I loved it." She traced a finger around one of his nipples as she pondered a moment. Then, she moved her head a bit to see him as she said softly her thought. "Know what?"

He grinned back. "What's that?"

"I will fuck you whenever you want, Jack."

He grinned even more and kissed at the top of her head.

She put her head back to his chest. "I mean it."

They stayed in a heap for several more moments before they finally thought to move again. He had to go to the bathroom, and they very carefully disengaged from one another.

She watched him get out of bed, and as he walked towards the bathroom, she couldn't resist staring at him. Even flaccid, he hung down between his legs heavily, and it swayed with his steps. He turned back and caught her looking, and she smiled sheepishly.

When she turned onto her back, her thighs rubbed, and the clear sensation of wetness was coated where both of their juices had gone onto her thighs. She self-consciously reached there, and she felt about. She couldn't help but wonder how much of it was him.

She withdrew her hand as he came back to bed and to her. They wrapped into each other, and while she started to talk to him more, he was soon snoring away. She sighed and smiled to herself and let herself drift to sleep as well.

The next morning the two of them quietly and somberly prepared, and went to see the lawyer. There wasn't much said or

really to be said. As they traveled to the office, Julia thought over again how she had answered what was asked of her by others. She had essentially answered the truth asked of her, but she carried that weight of the whole story.

Jack and Julia knew the whole truth, and that was more intimate knowledge they both shared with each other and no one else. They both sat together listening to Bill's friend and lawyer.

During the meeting with the lawyer, Jack tried to act friendly and talkative, but it was as if Julia was still dysfunctional. She was quiet and still numb, it seemed.

She did muster one reaction though. There was an emotional outburst that was part laugh and part sob at a disclosure the lawyer made to the both of them. The lawyer described it professionally and gently, but there was the sense that he had hoped the revelation would provide whatever comfort that it could.

The lawyer was meeting with them to talk about Bill's estate. There were several details to cover. But significantly, he wanted Julia to know there was at least one thing she didn't have to worry about any more. Bill had left three separate life insurance policies, and Julia was the sole beneficiary of all three policies.

Julia was going to receive three million dollars.