Celeste's Mother/Son Reunion

This was a request from Celeste, and holy hell was it fun to write. --Secret

Oct 12, 2026, 8:31 AM (2 days ago)

Literotica: Feedback for secrettreasures

Dear Secret,

Your mother-son romances get me so hot. Will you write a short story for me? I got pregnant when I was 15. It was quite the scandal, and my parents forced me to give my son up for adoption. He's 20 now. I gave up my parental rights, so I haven't been able to look for him, but I've yearned for him every single day of his life.

Lately, though, my thoughts have turned... unsavory, and I know that's terrible, but I can't help it. I've been consumed by these desires to the point where it's almost all I think about.

The worst part was that not only did I feel ashamed of my thoughts, but I felt so utterly alone. Alone and despicable. But then I read your lovely story about Jen. And I know her situation is different from mine, but it was such a blessing to know I'm not the only one who wants... that.

I don't know anything about my son. I don't know where he is, what he looks like, or even his name (in my fantasies I call him Matthew), but that hasn't stopped me from fantasizing. Can you make my fantasy come true?

Desperately,

Celeste

Oct 12, 2026, 8:45 AM (2 days ago)

Celeste,

Oh, you poor thing! I wish I could hug you. I will absolutely write your story, but first, you need to know you are not alone. Since writing Jen's story, dozens of moms have written to tell me about their past flings or their current, raging desires. I had no idea so many moms were thirsting after their sons, but knowing this makes me feel warm, fuzzy, and so beautifully spicy. So, no, Celeste. You are not alone.

Not only that, but you have nothing to be ashamed of. Nothing. In fact, I think your desires are beautiful. Truly. I so want to make this happen for you. I can't think of anything more wonderful than a mom finally finding her son and showering him with the ultimate expression of motherly love...

Oh my god, just imagining it makes me weak in the knees.

So yeah, I'm gonna write you a beautiful story and reunite you with your boy. And I will make it as hot as you want it. I just have a few

follow-up questions for you so I can really dial in the details and will this into the universe.

...

Secret

The Reunion

"What do you mean you found him?"

I pause my frantic packing. Okay, Celeste. Relax. You know how touchy he is about this.

"I found my son." I go back to packing. Come on, Bill, I don't need this right now. I need to make sure I've got everything I need for my trip...

"I thought you weren't allowed to look for him."

"I wasn't. But his father died, nullifying the contract--"

"What about your real kids?"

He realizes he fucked up the moment the words left his mouth.

"I didn't mean that."

"Yes, you did."

"No, honey, I--"

"Bill. I need you to sit and listen to me. Sit!"

He sighs. God, how I hate his sigh. It's the "Oh shit, I said something to upset my wife, and now I have to listen to her bullshit" sigh.

My hands are shaking with rage. Part of me wants to smack him for all I'm worth. The rest of me wants to savor this anger. I choose option B.

"I don't know why you're so threatened by this--"

"I'm not--"

"Silence!"

Another one of those sighs.

"You know what? Fuck you."

I cram a few more things into my suitcase. He's talking and yelling and fuming at me, but I have a superpower. I can tune him right the fuck out. It's amazing. A little song plays in my head whenever I do this.

At first I was afraid. I was petrified. Kept thinking I could never live without you by my side...

I carry my suitcase downstairs because my asshole husband is a piece of shit who is too busy yelling to help me.

And I spent oh so many nights just thinking how you done me wrong.

But I grew strong.

I learned how to get along...

I lean down and kiss my babies on the head.

"Where are you going, Mommy?" six-year-old Angel asks me.

I cup his little face in my hand.

"I'm going to find your brother."

"We have a brother?" asks his twin sister Flora.

"You do."

"Half-brother," Bill says.

I could just swing this suitcase at his head. That would feel pretty goddamn good right about now.

Instead, I tune him out once again.

Did you think I'd crumble? Did you think I'd lay down and die?

My Lyft arrives, and I climb inside without even a glance back at what's his face.

Oh no, not I.

I will survive.

**

I have the worst seat on the plane--back row, crammed in the window next to two enormous people--and I've never felt so happy in my entire life. I pull out my phone and read the email from that private investigator I hired.

Dear Ms. Rodriguez,

After two weeks of searching, I believe I have found your son. I'm attaching a photo, along with all the information I was able to track down. Also attached is my bill. I wish you the best of luck,

Sam Chalmers

I open the photo. Again.

I must have looked at this thing twenty times in the past two days.

It's him.

There's no mistake.

He looks just like his father.

Which is... well, it's a lot.

I met his father when I was fifteen. I worked at a community theater, and every summer a celebrity would come in to star in a show. In R_____'s case, I should put quotes around the word celebrity. He was a C-lister at best. But he was handsome and tall, and he had a regular role on my favorite soap opera, so needless to say, I was obsessed. We all were. Every woman in the company wanted him. But he chose me. Well, me and a few others, I learned later. But boy, did I feel special. He was a 38-year-old soap star; I was a teenage bumpkin from a small town in New Mexico. And he wanted me. So naturally, I gave myself to him. After the last night of the show, he took me backstage and fucked me.

He was my first.

And then he left town, and I never heard from him again.

And I got pregnant.

My parents got involved. So did his lawyers. Money exchanged hands, or so I'm told. I never saw a dime. My parents forced me to sign a document giving up parental rights.

They sent me to live with my aunt in Colorado, so I wouldn't bring shame to the family. My son was taken from me the moment he was born.

I never even got to hold him.

So seeing this photograph of my son, who looks exactly like his father, is a gut punch, to say the least. It reminds me what an idiot I was. But it also stirs up confusing emotions.

I remember how desperate I was to get R_____'s attention. For him to want me. God, he was so handsome. He was the sexiest man I had ever met, which isn't saying much since I was only fifteen, but even after he fucked me (and fucked me over), I still thirsted for him. I watched that soap religiously. Every time I saw his face, I got wet. Even after his son was born and taken from me.

That man. That sexy, famous actor wanted me. He wanted me. Me. Celeste G_____ from Los Cerrillos, New Mexico. And I gladly gave myself up to him.

Had he come back, I would have given myself over to him all over again.

And again.

God, I wanted him to come back and rescue me. To whisk me off to New York, show me the sights, take me to parties, and make love to me like he did for all of thirty seconds on that fateful night.

What a fucking idiot I was.

And looking at this photo of my son, one thought leaps out at me. It was the first thought I had when I saw it, and I'm almost ashamed to admit it, but I can't deny it, as that thought consumes me once again: Oh my god. He's so sexy.

I try reading. I try watching some TV shows I downloaded. But nothing helps. Nothing can get that thought out of my mind. The thought I've been obsessed with for the past forty-eight hours:

I want to fuck my son.

I spend the final two hours of my cross-continental flight with tears running down my face.

I know I shouldn't beat myself up over it. I've wanted to hold my son for twenty years. And given that he looks like the first man I ever

thirsted after, it doesn't take Sigmund Freud to figure out what's going on in my brain and heart.

But it still feels icky.

I'm a good mom. I swear. I have two beautiful young children, and I have done everything in my power to raise them as best I can.

And yet, here I am, lusting after my first-born.

What a cruel fucking joke.

Of course, I'm not going to do anything. I just want to find him. I want to tell him who I am. Apologize for what I did. Connect with him. Let him know his mother loves him. And if he wants a relationship with me... that would be a godsend. Because I've missed him. God, how I've missed him.

I never got to hold him. And it's been killing me for twenty years.

**

New York is a lot. I live in LA, so I thought I knew from big cities, but Jesus. This place is next level.

I kind of hate it.

It's so crowded and dirty and so filled with anxious energy.

My cab drops me off at my hotel in Brooklyn's Carroll Gardens. I'm a five-minute walk from my son's apartment, if this PI can be believed. I check in and head up to my room. I turn on my computer and stare at the photo. Then I open up his file.

Matthew Riley. Age 20. He works at a grocery store. I have his Instagram account, though he's not particularly active on social media. I also have his phone number and email.

I could have simply written an email from my house. That was what Bill suggested I do. And it makes sense. What am I thinking, ambushing him like this?

But I don't know. Maybe it's because Bill suggested it, but I just can't see firing off an email as my first communication with my long-lost son.

No. I need to find him and tell him in person. At least, I think that's what I need. I don't know. My stomach has been twisting into knots for the past two days.

I open his Instagram page. The first image is the one the PI sent me. The second is him with his girlfriend. Jessica. He's kissing her cheek, and she's laughing. I like them. They seem fun. Open.

I open another file the PI sent me. It's a death record for Matthew's adoptive parents. They were killed in a car crash two years ago.

My son is an orphan.

I go back to his Insta account. There are four other photos. He looks pretty well-adjusted for an orphan. Has lots of friends. His girlfriend is cute. He seems happy.

I open one photo taken from last week. He's walking down a Brooklyn street, wearing a scarf and a navy peacoat. He's looking off to the side with a cocky smile and a ne'er-do-well look in his eye.

I melt a little.

God, I'm such a sucker for a cocky young guy.

I don't know what to do, so I figure I'll go to the grocery store and see if he's working.

It's quite brisk out. Good thing I packed a few sweaters. I find his grocery store, go in, and stamp my feet to get the blood flowing. I look around the joint. All two square meters of it. Jesus, this place is cramped. Unless he's working in the back somewhere, I don't see him. I head back outside and brace for the cold.

Do I go to his apartment building?

What else am I gonna do?

I find it. It's a pretty nondescript building. Doesn't look too shabby. I wonder how many roommates he must have to live there on what I assume is a minimum-wage salary. I know which apartment he's in, but I balk at ringing his bell. The thought of using the intercom makes me cringe. "Yeah, hi, you don't know me, but I'm your mother. Can I come in?"

Bleah.

I feel like a creep just standing here, but thankfully there's a pizza shop across the street. I grab a slice.

Okay, now this is the first thing about New York that I've liked. Fucking good pizza--

There he is!

Oh my god, I nearly spit out my bite.

He's tall. Just like his father. And he's wearing that scarf and peacoat. The mother in me approves. His arm is draped around Jessica, but he's talking to a guy who is walking with them.

He's coming this way.

"I mean, it's free," he says. His voice is deep and comforting. He has a slight New York accent. "Why not try it?"

"Yeah, nah, I'll pass," his friend says.

They approach the counter. He nods and smiles at the man in the window. "How's it goin', Sal?"

"Yo!" Sal says, reaching out and fist-bumping him. "My main man Matt. Yo, Jessica, what are you still doing with this clown?"

They chit-chat and order pizza. When their slices are ready, they stand not five feet from me and eat. He keeps trying to steal bites of his girlfriend's slice.

"How about you?" he asks Jessica. "Wanna join me for some free acting lessons?"

That throws me. My son wants to act. I've heard that when it comes to the whole nature-versus-nurture thing, nature wins every time. I don't know that I'd call this definitive proof or anything, but it is interesting.

"I don't need classes," his girlfriend says with a thick Brooklyn accent. "I act like you don't annoy the shit out of me every day."

He mock-laughs, and they kiss.

"Well, all right then," he says. "I guess I'll go by myself."

He throws his trash into the bin and acts like he just won a championship game. Then they turn to go.

Before I can stop myself, I step forward.

"Excuse me."

He turns around.

My son looks at me, giving me that side-angle cocky smile I saw in the photo. He nods like "Sup?" and a little part of me melts inside.

Fuck.

Oh right. Use your words, Celeste.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to eavesdrop, but did you say something about free acting classes?"

"There we go!" he turns to his friends. "A woman of culture!"

He approaches. He towers over me. What a smile. And those eyes! Green like mine, not dark like his father's.

"Yeah, it's tonight at eight o'clock over at Gallery Players. Do you know where that is?"

I shake my head and tell him I'm new.

"Yeah, no problem, it's... uh... on fourth. Uh..." he and his friends argue about where it is.

"I can find it. Gallery Players."

He nods. He holds out a hand. "Matthew."

My hand somehow flies up to take his. Oh my god, I'm holding my son's hand.

My heart stops. It just stops.

My mouth goes dry.

"Celeste," I manage to say.

"Celeste! Nice name..." He squints, still holding my hand. "Do I know you?"

I shake my head.

He's still trying to figure it out, but he winds up muttering, "Huh. Guess you just have one of those faces. --A, a nice face!" He laughs. "Sorry, I felt like that came out as an insult or something."

"My boyfriend apologizes for being a creep," Jessica says. "You can let go of the nice lady's hand, Matthew."

"Huh? Oh. Yeah. Sorry."

He blushes.

"Um, well maybe I'll see you." He pauses and then adds, "Celeste," to remind himself of my name.

They turn and go. Jessica smacks him on the arm and chastises him for flirting with me.

"What? I thought I knew her!"

"Uh-huh..."

I watch him go. But then, just as they're about to pass out of earshot, I hear him say, "It's not my fault she's hot!"

My knees forget how to work. I need to grab onto the counter for balance.

My son thinks I'm hot.

Finally, my heart remembers how to beat.

But it's not beating.

It's pounding.

**

I sit in my hotel room, shaking from all the nervous energy flowing through me.

I found my son! After all these years of longing and looking. I finally found him. Not only that, but I shook his hand!

And... he thinks I'm hot. I don't know how to process that. Let's come back to it.

I curse myself for not just coming clean and saying... what? What was I going to do, blurt out "I'm your mother" like a crazy person?

But since I didn't, when I see him next, will he think I'm a creep? Will he think I've been stalking him? I mean, he should. I have been stalking him. I even hired a private investigator, for fuck's sake.

He thinks I'm hot.

It's hard to get past that comment.

No, he was just saying that to annoy his girlfriend. That makes more sense. After all, she's twenty and pretty. I'm thirty-five and, well, I am pretty, but I'm thirty-five and his mother, though he doesn't know that.

Okay, whatever, Celeste. You've got a date--poor choice of words--with your son. Let's get ready for it.

I didn't really have much of a plan when I was packing--I was a little distracted, as you saw--but I did manage to grab my favorite sweater and jeans. So I take a shower, put on a little makeup, and get dressed in my best casual outfit, trying very hard not to feel like I'm trying to look my best, but very aware that I'm trying to look my best to impress my son. My son who thinks I'm hot.

I head out. My phone steers me right where I need to be. And I'm half an hour early...

"Yo, Celeste!"

I see my son across the street. He's fourth in line, and the line is... good lord. It snakes halfway down the block. Jesus. How long has he been standing here?

I cross the street and join him. The guy behind him gives me shit, but Matthew says, "Hey! She's with me. Back off!"

He turns to me with that cocky smile. "Ignore him. New Yorkers aren't happy unless they're bitching about something. You're not from New York, right? Yeah, I could tell. It's your tan and your general happy disposition. Makes you stand out like a sore thumb. --A sore thumb with a nice face! Jesus Christ! What is wrong with me? Sorry. My girlfriend said I was being a creep earlier. I hope that wasn't the case. I'm gonna stop talking now. Apparently, it takes two people to have a conversation, but that's never stopped me."

I blink.

"Well put," he says. "You have a way with words, Celeste. You're a real mid-century minimalist. I admire that. Not me. I come from the shock-and-awe school of conversing. So what's your deal?"

I swallow. "Can we talk?"

He's all eyebrows.

"Can we talk? What, are you breaking up with me, Celeste? Damn, that was a real whirlwind romance. Was it something I said? Because I know it couldn't have been something you said. But hey, we'll always have Sal's Pizza, won't we? That's nice. I remember it like it was yesterday. I wore navy. You wore a look of confusion."

He looks at me.

"Okay, the fact that you're almost smiling makes me think you get my humor, which also makes me think we should rethink this whole breakup. I never wanted that in the first place. I thought we had a good thing going. I mean, think of the children, Celeste. Wait!" he grabs my arm. "Is that what you wanted to talk about? Do we have a love child? I always wanted one of those. Boy, that sounds creepy as shit. Damn. What are you doing to me, Celeste?"

An uptight man in a turtleneck approaches us, counting people in line.

"Are you two together?"

"Buddy, have you just walked into a minefield. I have no idea, but I'm very titillated by the possibilities."

The man looks at us with a blank expression. "Five, six," is all he says before moving on to the people behind us.

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing." Matthew leans in and nudges me. "Boy, you'd think if you use a word like titillate, you'd get some kind of reaction. That guy, though? Jesus. I hope he's not teaching us how to act."

"Have you acted much?"

His mouth drops. I laugh. "Words! Actual words coming out of your mouth. Holy shit! Alert the press! Celeste speaks! What was the question?"

"Acting."

"Ahh, yes. I have acted before. Sixth grade production of The Sound of Music. I got rave reviews, which sounds great until you realize that I was the Nazi. So yeah, every rave was like a dagger in my heart. So, I wanted to take this class to see if I had range beyond Mass-Murdering Psychopath."

"I'm sure you were a very cute Nazi," I say before I can stop myself.

"Thank you! Everyone was all, 'Oh, Matthew, you were so cold-blooded and calculating, completely devoid of humanity,' but not a single person said how cute I was."

"They don't know you like I do."

He laughs. God, what a laugh. So carefree. He doesn't cover his mouth the way I do.

"Are you sure we don't know each other?"

"This is why I wanted to talk."

He studies me. Eyes flickering back and forth over mine. Boy, I bet he's broken many hearts.

"You make me very nervous, Celeste."

"Why's that?"

"Because I feel like you're about to rock my world." He grabs my arms again. "Wait! Did Professor Xavier send you?"

"Is that an X-Men reference?"

He's impressed. He holds out a fist. "The girl reads comics--" he pulls his fist back before I can bump it-- "or did you just see the movies?"

"Just the movies."

He considers this. "I'll allow it."

We fist bump. A full-eye-contact fist bump that makes blood rush where it shouldn't.

Oh shit. I could so easily fall in love with this guy.

I need to tell him.

"Can we get a drink? Like right now."

"Are you hitting on me, Celeste? I thought we just broke up. You can't toy with my emotions like this."

"I'm not hitting on you."

"Damn." He leans in and eyes my lips. "That would have been nice."

My heart forgets how to beat again.

"Okay, listen up, people!" The uptight man in the turtleneck says, clapping his hands together. "If I gave you a number, you can come in. If not... thank you for coming. Try again next week."

Several people groan and leave.

My son offers me an arm.

I take it.

He escorts me inside.

**

Twenty of us sit in the first two rows of the small theater. A bearded man in a black sweater vest bounds onto the stage.

"Okay, so this is the free intermediate acting class. I am Professor Professorson... That's a Community reference. I see three people who got that." I'm one of them. "Congrats. The three of you were cool ten years ago. Okay!"

He goes on a little spiel about how this is the free class, and if we want to continue, it's $600 for ten classes, and yadda yadda yadda. This semester, they are putting on an original play by our professor, and tonight is our chance to audition for said play.

We begin class by doing breathing exercises. It's wild. I haven't had an acting class since I was fifteen--for obvious reasons--but all of these exercises instantly come back to me. Fifteen minutes later, we're ready to start.

It's all pretty basic stuff, but I'm having a wonderful time, not just because I'm in an acting class with my son, but because I've forgotten how much I love acting. These are my people, and R____ took that away from me.

"Okay! Let's get down to business. My assistant is handing out scenes. You will pair up, and we shall begin."

Turtleneck Guy hands us our script. Or he's about to. He pulls the script back from Matthew at the last second. "Oh look, the kid who thinks the word titillate is funny gets to read for Jonas. How wonderful."

He shoves the pages into Matthew's hands.

My son gapes at me. "That dude hates me!"

"So much."

"I mean, it's nice to know I can inspire that much emotion from a man who's clearly dead inside."

"Shall we?" I say, holding up the pages.

"If you insist."

I scan the scene.

"You don't have many lines," he says.

"That's okay, the best acting is between the lines."

He looks amazed. "Whoa!" He makes the mind-blown gesture, complete with sound effect. "Who said that?"

Your father did. Right before he seduced me. But I shrug and say I don't remember.

I get to the end of the scene... I blush.

"Uh-oh. She's blushing. Are we kissing or something? Oh! We are! Ooh-la-la! Look at that. Oh, and there's trembling! I've always wanted to tremble in the arms of my secret lover. I'm excited. Are you excited?"

I bite my lip. "Yeah, I don't think this is gonna work."

"Scared you'll fall in love with me?"

"Uhhh... no."

"Oh shit. Okay. Damn. The truth hurts, Matthew. I mean, I was all scared I was gonna fall in love with you, but you know, whatever."

"It's not like that."

"No? What's it like?"

"We need to talk."

"You keep saying that. Do you have herpes? Cause, yeah, that would make this scene a little awkward. But you know what? I would still do it."

I laugh and cover my face.

"Yeah. That's right. This guy: Willing to get herpes for his art."

"That's some commitment."

He studies me. "You know it's just a stage kiss, right? You must have done those before."

I nod.

"Tell you what. Let's do it with funny accents. That'll relieve the tension. Then, if you still don't want to do it, no worries. I'll ask for a different scene, or we can just skip it altogether and go get that drink you're buying me. Cool?"

"Accents? I can't do accents. They always make me sound racist."

He laughs. God, that laugh. I want to make him laugh all the time.

"Well, it's just the two of us, Celeste. I'll be sure to keep your deep-seated racism a secret. All right. I'll go first..."

He scans the page, then adopts a voice that can only be described as belonging to that rooster from Looney Tunes... what was his name? Foghorn Leghorn.

"I say, I say, the lady will have the shoes!"

I laugh, once again covering my face. He grabs my arms. "Oooh! Wait! I know. German! They never write romantic leading roles for Germans! Why is that?"

He stands up straight and screams at me. "You vill have zees shoes!"

He nods, excited by my reactions. "Oh yeah, that's it. That's what I'm using." He scans the page and does a German impression on another line: "I don't have a crush on you! I'm desperate for you!"

I laugh.

"Okay. Now you go."

I blush and look at the page. I've only ever done one accent. Inspired by Apu from The Simpsons.

"You are not buying me these shoes, buddy."

His mouth drops. "Oh my god, that was so racist!"

I burst into laughter, hiding my face behind my hands.

"That was so racist you made me, the Nazi, look like the voice of reason."

Tears spring from my eyes. My stomach is hurting from laughing so hard.

I finally calm down and emerge from behind my hands to see him looking at me.

"Why do you always his behind your hands like that? You have such a beautiful laugh."

I blush. My hand instinctively flies up to my face.

"And your smile. You always hide your smile." He leans left, trying to peer around my hand. "You shouldn't feel embarrassed to express happiness, Celeste. Share your beauty with the world. It'll make everyone around you happier."

My mouth drops.

"Who said that?"

"Me! I did! Can you believe it? Damn! See what you inspire in me? You got me waxing poetic and shit."

I blush, smile, and move my hand to cover my face, but he takes it and gently guides it away.

I've never felt so naked.

"There. Look how beautiful you are."

I swallow. "Please don't flirt with me."

"I'm not flirting. I'm just being honest."

He lets go of my hand.

We sit with each other for a second.

"You really want to be an actor?" I say finally.

"I really do. I mean, look, I know it's stupid."

"It's not stupid."

He sighs and smirks at me.

"I just love being onstage, knowing where the story is going but not knowing how we'll get there. All we have is each other, and we're at the mercy of our decisions. One of us points the way, and the other person has to roll with it and support them; otherwise, we'll both get lost."

I feel my eyes getting big. It's the first time he hasn't been putting on a performance for me. Seeing him this vulnerable makes me want to hug him.

He shrugs. "That's what I love. I mean, I know I'll never do it for a living. There are a million actors and like ten jobs, right? But that's okay. I don't need to be a professional. Besides, I think if someone paid me to do it, I wouldn't love it so much. I just love acting so much, and I never get the chance to do it. It's too goofy trying to do it at home. I keep asking Jessica to act with me, but she gets too self-conscious or whatever. So that's why I keep coming to these acting classes. I just want to feel that rush of walking on a tightrope with someone, knowing that one false move will make us fall. And usually we fall. But even falling can be exhilarating. But when we make it? When we place each foot on that rope, knowing the other person is there to keep us balanced, and we reach the other end safe and sound?" He shrugs and swallows. "I don't think there's anything more fulfilling in the whole world."

He looks at me, worried he's revealed too much.

"And here I am, making you goof around."

"Huh? Oh, no, it's all good. I like goofing around with you."

"It's not all good. Let's do the scene. Let me give you that."

He looks at me like he wants to cry. Then his shield goes up, and he smiles his cocky smile. He leans in. "We might fall."

But I'm not playing. Not anymore.

"You shouldn't be embarrassed to reveal your feelings to the world, Matthew."

His shield goes down.

I smile and guide his hand to my face so we can start the scene.

"It makes everyone around you feel better."

He looks at me, amazed and confused.

"Who are you?"

Now. Now's my chance, right? Now I tell him. It's just the two of us. I can avoid the awkward scene we're about to perform. I can finally reveal what I came here to reveal.

But if I do that, he won't get to act. I won't get to give him that.

And I really want to give that to him.

"Promise me we can get drinks after."

"You're buying."

"I'm buying."

"All right," he says, getting ready to do the scene. "I'll make you a deal. I won't hide my true feelings if you don't hide your happiness."

I smile. I blush. I nuzzle into his hand and let him see me. "Deal."

"Cool. Ready to actually rehearse the scene?"

I nod.

"All right you two," says Turtleneck Guy. "You're up."

We look at each other. Fuck. We wasted this whole time.

"Looks like we're gonna fall," he says, smiling that cocky smile I love.

"At least we'll fall together."

"Oh my god, that was so cheesy."

He grabs my hand and pulls me onstage.

The other classmates snap their fingers for us.

"Okay," the professor says, flipping through the pages. "In this scene, we have eighteen-year-old Jonas buying a pair of sexy shoes for his high school teacher's wife."

The other students go "Ooooh!" at how spicy the setting is.

I blush, and Matthew keeps my hand from flying to my face.

"We had a deal, right?"

I nod.

The professor scans the page. "You, Jonas. You have quite the monologue here. Don't worry about getting the words perfect. I just want the truth, okay?"

He nods.

"Ready, players?" Professor Professorson asks, but he doesn't give us time to respond before saying, "Action!"

"She'll take them," Matthew says, pretending to hand a saleslady a credit card.

"What are you doing?" I say, grabbing his shoulders.

"You have to have those."

"You're not buying me shoes, kid."

"But I am, though." He gives me that cocky smile of his. He nods to the nonexistent saleslady.

"Can you give us a second?" I say to the woman.

I pull him off to the side and grab his chin.

"Listen, Jonah--"

"Jonas. With an S."

I regroup.

"Listen, Jonas with an S. I love that you have a little crush on me and all? I think it's adorable--"

"I don't have a crush on you."

I look at him like, come on, buddy. "Okay, fine--"

"You're the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my entire life."

My mouth opens with a gasp. He takes my energy and runs with it.

He grabs my shoulders and peers into my soul.

"You're a goddess. A living, breathing, beautiful goddess. Just being near you makes my heart feel like it's going to explode." He looks like he's going to cry. "I don't have a crush on you. I'm desperate for you. And I hate to see how unappreciated you are by your husband. You deserve so much better than that. So much better than him."

I'm shaking. These words are too on-the-nose. Again, he takes my energy and gives it back to me.

He says the next line in a stage whisper: "I don't want anything from this. You won't owe me. You won't be in my debt. Hell, you can walk out of here and never speak to me again for all I care. But I want you to have those shoes." He grips me tightly. If he lets go, I'll crumple to the floor. "I need you to have them. You deserve to feel like the goddess you are."

I'm trembling. Trembling in the arms of my son. He runs a hand through my hair, looking at me like I'm a beautiful work of art.

"I just hope that every time you slide your beautiful feet into these stunning shoes, you'll think, oh, I might be having a crappy day, or

my marriage might suck ass. But somewhere out there is a dorky high school kid who was so infatuated with me he emptied his bank account to buy me these just so that I could feel pretty."

His eyes zoom back to mine on the word pretty.

He scoops my hands into his.

"Please. Please let me buy these for you. It would make me so happy. Please. Please. Please."

I struggle to speak, but finally manage to whisper: "I can't let you spend all your money on me like this."

He gazes at me with a sad smile. He caresses my face with the back of his fingers, and I close my eyes and lean into it.

"What's the point of having money if you can't use it to make someone feel loved?"

I open my eyes...

and open my mouth...

I nod slightly.

And I let him pull me

Pull me

Pull me in for a kiss.

Our lips touch for just the briefest second. But that's enough to unleash my desire. My pent-up desire that I've been struggling to hide.

My hands run up his chest to his face.

And I guide him in.

Our lips come together and part and come and part and come and come and come and our bodies flow and his hands are all over me and his tongue, his sensuous tongue, fills me, and I pull and pull, but I can't pull him in deeply enough...

"...And... cut!"

We ride one move wave of desire before I snap out of it and pull back.

We're panting, shaking, desperately trying to find our way back to reality.

The class erupts in applause.

"Holy shit!" Professor Professorson says, waving a hand in front of his face.

I look up at my son, who's shuddering with excitement.

"We didn't fall," I say, letting him see my happiness.

He shakes his head in disbelief.

He caresses my face.

He stares at my lips.

Then he smiles and mouths an incredulous "Fuck!"

**

He pulls me across the street through honking cars.

"Holy shit!" he says. He runs his hands through his hair when we get to the other side. "You're incredible!"

"You are. I can't believe you memorized all that."

"I had the easy part. I had all the lines! But you! Oh my god!" He grabs my hand. "Come on."

He guides me down the avenue.

He's talking a mile a minute. "That was incredible. It was electric. I feel so alive! Holy shit! You gave me that! God, what a beautiful gift!"

We weave this way and that way, artfully dancing past pedestrians and panhandlers, lovers and cops. I laugh at the cold wind flowing through my hair, never fearing for a second that we might bump into someone.

We burst into a local pub, and he leads me to the bar.

He looks me up and down.

"I mean... wow. That was the best scene I've ever been in. I didn't know it could be that good!"

I don't know what to say. Frankly, I don't think he wants me to say anything. He needs to get this out.

"God, it was so fucking thrilling being on stage with you. You know the whole 'acting is reacting' thing? I never really got it before tonight. But with you... you gave me so much to work with. I never take big swings like that. I'm always too scared to let myself go. But

you made me feel so safe. I never doubted for a second that we wouldn't stick the landing."

He tears up. "Sorry." He looks away, embarrassed.

"Hey," I take his hands in mine. "We had a deal, right?"

He nods.

"It was just..." He tears up again. "It was everything I've always wanted it to be."

He shakes it off and stares at me.

"Who are you?"

Tears run down my face.

He wipes them away.

"It's okay. You're safe. I got you."

"Hey, douchebag."

We snap out of it. A pretty bartender with a million tattoos is addressing my son.

"Sup, Cindy."

"Where's Jessica?" she asks, giving me a dead stare.

I shake my head. Jesus, I'm making a mess of things.

"Fucking your husband."

"Nice. I love that for them. What'll it be?"

"Beer? Wine? Cider?" he asks me.

"Whatever you're having."

"Two ciders. She's paying."

I hand over a credit card. Matthew and I stare at each other for a few seconds.

Moments later, two ciders appear. He grabs them and points to the back.

We wind through the crowd, him holding the ciders high overhead to avoid spilling. He leads me to a table in the back. I hop up on the stool. We clink glasses and take a full-eye-contact sip.

I swallow.

It's now or never.

"Matthew..."

"Please tell me you're gonna continue with classes. I just don't know that I could bear not acting with you again."

"Listen, Matthew, before this devolves into one of those scenes that I hate so much, where one person keeps trying to tell the other person--"

"And that kiss! God, what a kiss! Like, I know it was a stage kiss and all? But come on, you can't tell me that's all it was. You know it, and I know. That was a fucking electric--"

"I'm your mother."

He nods. Then the words hit.

"What?"

"That's what I've been trying to tell you all night. I'm your mother, Matthew. I had you twenty years ago. And... and you were taken

from me." Tears stream down my face. "And I've been looking for you ever since. But I've found you. I finally found you."

He stares at my lips. His mouth opens.

"Please tell me this is a joke."

"It's not. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I know this is confusing, especially after... after that kiss. That's why I didn't want to do that scene! But I want to give that to you. You're my son, and I've never been able to give you anything in your whole life. Not even once. So I wanted to give you that. But I know I shouldn't have. I just didn't realize it was going to be so powerful..."

He sits back in his chair.

"You're my mom?"

I nod. "Yeah, baby. I know. I know how awkward this is." I cover my face, feeling it turn bright red. "I, uh, so wish we could start again." I uncover my face. "Can we? Can we start again? I'll get up and walk back over here and reintroduce myself, and we can pretend none of this ever happened."

I nod and rise. He stares at me, his expression unreadable. I brush the hair out of my eyes and walk away. I gather myself up. You can do this, Celeste. It's called acting. Find your zone.

There.

I turn and approach the table, but he's still staring at me with that expression.

"Matthew? Hi. I'm Celeste. I'm your mother--"

I burst into tears and have to grab onto the table so I don't collapse.

"You were taken from me. The second you were born. I never even got to hold you. I didn't want to give you up. But they made me. And you were taken from me and whisked away, and I wasn't allowed to know where you went or have any communication with you at all. And it's been killing me. I've ached for you every single day of my life for the past twenty years. And I finally found you. And I came all this way. All the way from California. And then I blew it. I fucking blew it. I'm so sorry. I'm so so so sorry!"

He saves me. He stands and catches me before I can fall. He holds me. Tightly.

"I'm sorry," I say. "I'm sorry for everything."

He gazes down at me. He wipes the tears from my cheeks.

His fingers tremble on my face.

"Say something."

He's shaking.

"Please. If you want me to go, I'll go. Just say something. Anything."

But he doesn't speak. He traces his fingers over my face, taking me in, gazing at me, drinking me in.

"It's not fair," he says finally.

I shake my head. "No, baby, it's not."

His hand caresses my face. And I lean in and close my eyes. I'm finally holding my son. And he's finally holding me. And he forgives me. I can tell. He's not mad. I feel it in his hand, in his fingers, in his warmth. I nestle into him. He's so warm and safe. My mouth opens as if by instinct, and my lips press into his hand, and I have no idea what I'm doing, but it feels right, and I'm too scared to open my eyes, but I don't need to. His thumb runs along my lips. It's okay. It's okay. It's okay.

"I don't have a crush on you," he whispers.

I open my eyes. "What?"

He gives me that cocky smile of his. His thumb still working its magic.

"I don't have a crush on you."

I search his eyes for an explanation, but he keeps whispering, so quietly I can barely hear him: "You're the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my entire life."

Oh no...

And yet my hand slides up to his face.

"You're a goddess," he says, still whispering. "A living, breathing, beautiful goddess. Just being near you makes my heart feel like it's going to explode. I don't have a crush on you. I'm desperate for you."

He leans in. His lips touch mine. Barely. They drift along this way, that way, leaving trickles of silvery tingles in their wake.

And we hold each other and not-quite-kiss for eons until someone tells us to get a room.

He grabs my hand.

And leads me out of the crowded bar, once again dancing me through the crowd without a worry.

What am I doing?

He leads me across the street. Down three buildings. Up one, two, three flights of stairs. He unlocks the door. He leads me past his one, two, three roommates who are watching TV. Or at least they were until they saw me.

He drags me to the back room, closes the door, and pulls me in.

"Who are you?"

I can barely speak, I'm shaking so hard.

"I'm your mother."

His thumb runs along my lips. Oh god...

"Hi, Mom," he says. "I've missed you."

He pulls me in for a kiss.

I let him.

And I sink into him.

He leans me back; my groin rises to meet his.

Oh

Oh no

Oh yes

Oh god yes

My hands play up and down his back, pulling and grasping and clutching. My leg rises and latches on to him, and he pulls me up, up, up. I leap. He catches me. My legs wrap around him. He presses me against his door with a thunk.

He looks at me for permission.

I give it to him.

My body grinds into him like it's been wanting this its whole life.

His hands caress my face as he kisses me.

Deeply.

My mouth opens, desperate for his tongue.

Which he gives me.

Oh my god.

Oh my god, baby, I've finally found you.

I never got to hold you.

Let me

Let me show you how much I love you.

Baby

Baby

My sweet, beautiful baby boy who I've missed so much. So fucking much. So fucking fucking fucking much it's not fair. It's fucking not fucking fair.

His mouth is all over me

My chin

My neck.

I tilt my head back to give him more.

And he takes it.

He's consuming me

Ohhh yesssssss.

I grind harder, feeling him rise into me.

Jesus.

My tits ride and fall.

His hand snakes up under my sweater and finds purchase.

Yes, baby.

You never got to touch them.

And they're desperate for you

So, so desperate.

Twenty years of quiet desperation.

I moannnnnnnnnnnn...

"Take me."

He pulls me away from the door and swings me around. And I laugh at the wind in my hair. And as he lays me on his bed, I give my biggest, most naked smile so he can see my beauty.

"Yes, baby."

He pulls my sweater, and I arch my back as he eases it up. He dives down and kisses my stomach, and I gasp as his hungry mouth consumes me. My nails dig into his hair. Which way do you want to go, baby? Up or down?

Up.

Oh yes...

He pushes my sweater up, his mouth eating its way higher and higher. He's almost there... almost there...

He pushes and pulls the sweater up and over my head. I turn and reach behind me, unclasping my bra. He lifts it away and pauses. I watch him watch me.

His hand slides up my stomach to my side. Goosebumps guide him higher, higher, higher, and he gasps as his hand caresses my breast. My mouth opens wider wider wider.

"Who are you?" he whispers.

I smile. No blushing. Just joy.

"I'm your mother, baby. Come. Come to me. Come, baby."

I guide his face, his beautiful, awestruck face, down, down, down.

"That's it." My words barely words.

His lips barely touching me.

The sound of my lips parting and closing, tiny raindrops.

His mouth encompasses me.

I press him in.

Gently.

"Yes."

He pulls me in. Into his warm, wet mouth that never got to nurse on me.

And I lift my breasts up, up, up.

And he sucks.

And I gasp

And I float as he nurses, sucking, sucking, sucking, pulling me into him deeper and deeper and deeper.

His tongue presses and works and rubs and licks, rhythmically, sensuously, passionately.

And he pulls and pulls and pulls some more until I squeal and release.

My hands run up and down his back and his head and I can't can't can't get enough.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," I groan.

My body writhes under him.

"Mmmm... take me, baby."

He emerges with a gasp.

I push his head down and his fingers find the button of my jeans, then the zipper, and he pulls and yanks and pulls some more until my ass and hips are free, and he can't wait, he pulls off my panties even before he takes off my pants, but soon they're all gone. And he's panting and his hand his rubbing up and down my thighs and hips and he can't believe he's seeing what he's seeing and my hands stroke his face. Yes, baby. Yes. Yes. Welcome home. And I giggle at how deliciously sinful that is, but I mean every fucking word. Welcome home, baby. Welcome home.

And home he goes.

He kisses the inside of my thigh. Once. Twice. Thrice. Each time sucking me into him. Each kiss closer and closer and closer to...

I whisper a moany oh--my--god as his lips find mine.

He changes position so he can face me head-on. His hands slide under my thighs, and his tongue licks me, one big, giant, huge, enormous lick that makes me whimper. And my fingers pull him in.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah."

My hips buck. My nails dig. And he takes me there and back again.

Oh my goddddddddddd....

I shudder into him.

And he's not done.

He's not done.

He's not even close.

His head twists this way and that as his tongue flickers over my clit and my moans turn into howls.

And he's still not done.

He's not even close.

His fingers.

Holy fucking fuck, his fingers. My son's fingers.

Oh my god, they tease me. Up and down but not in.

"Please! Please! Please!"

My mouth opens and my whole body starts to move like a wave as his fingers slide inside me and find my magical spot of naked unbridled happiness and he works me and works me and I fly and soar and scream oh my god oh my god oh MY GODDDDDDDDDD.

And normally that would be it for me. I'd be down for the count.

But this is my son.

Who I never got to hold.

And I'm so going to hold him now.

I rise and tackle him to the bed. I pull off his shirt, and I eat my way down his beautiful, beautiful chest and stomach. My tongue makes him shiver and ahhhhHHHHHaaaa and curse and I pull off his pants and kiss, kiss, kiss my way up and down his cock. My son's cock. I hold it in one hand and kiss it and kiss it. I'm sorry I never got to hold you, baby. But I've got you. I've got you now. I've got you.

And he oh my gods as my lips crest over the tip of his head, and I look up at him.

"Who are you?"

"I'm your mother, baby. I'm your mother. And I love you. I love you so much." I start to cry but his thumbs wipe away the tears, and I

soothe myself by wrapping my lips around his cock. Holy shit. His cock.

Ohhhhhhh...

My lips.

They cover his head.

My tongue.

It licks that spot where the head meets the shaft.

He shudders.

Yeah, baby. I thought you'd like that.

Another lick.

Another shudder.

Now it's time.

I sink, turning my head this way, that way, drinking his cock in a little at a time. I pause and let my tongue lick up and up and up to that spot.

He shudders and shudders and shudders and curses the cursiest curses as my tongue runs across that spot over and over and over again.

Don't worry, lover.

I drink him up again.

Yes, I could get you to cum like that.

But I've got other plans.

I want you in.

All the way in.

I sink him into me. I rise... And then down some more.

And he fills my mouth.

My son's beautiful cock.

It fills me

And then some.

I angle myself so I can accept him deeper. Deeper still.

His head slides down my throat.

Oh...

My...

God...

I reach the bottom.

And I hold it

And savor it.

I'm doing what no mother should ever do but what every mother longs to do when it's quiet and dark and their husbands are snoring stupidly away. They long for their sons to complete them like this.

And like other ways, too.

And I hum.

The vibrations make him moan.

I hum some more.

Then I pull back, sad to feel him leave me, but excited to have him fill me once again.

There he is.

Ohhhh godddddd. I never want his cock to leave me.

Twenty years is too long for a mother to not be with her son.

I've got a lot of lost time to make up for.

But he's ready.

I can feel it.

He's ready to burst.

And I want him to burst inside me right at the peak moment of pleasure.

I pull back, stroke him with my hand, and then I go to work.

Down and up and down, humming and stroking and sucking, trying to cram my son's whole body into mine like it was once, so long ago.

My mouth consumes him.

My throat accepts him.

And I love him

I love him so much.

He's almost there.

He's almost, almost there.

I slam my head down and hum, and his cock vibrates and pulses and he grunts a loud oh fuck. And his seed, oh fuck, my son's seed. It fills me. And I drink and drink and drink and drink, but there's too much. He's so hot for me; he fills me with so much cum that I can't drink it all, and it sputters out of my mouth, and that only makes me hotter to drink it all up. And when he's done, I kiss and lick his thighs and his stomach until he's clean.

And he pulls me up.

And I'm lying on top.

On top of my son. My naked son.

He's so warm.

And cozy.

And I love him.

I love him so much.

He caresses my face in his hands, brushing my hair out of my face, but it keeps falling back. He doesn't care; he loves the feeling.

"Baby."

"Mom."

I sigh. Never in a million years did I think I would ever hear my son say that to me.

Tears fall on his face.

He doesn't care. He's got his own tears to deal with.

"You looked for me?"

I nod. "I couldn't. For the longest time. Not legally. But I did anyway. On my own. But I couldn't find you. But then... well, things changed."

"My parents died."

I nod. More tears. "And your father. And then there was just you. Me and you. And there was nothing keeping us apart except the whole country. But the day I learned your dad died, I hired a PI. And he found you in two days. I looked for years, but he found you in two days. And the minute he did, I booked a ticket. And here I am."

He smiles. "Here you are."

"I can't believe we just did what we did."

He laughs.

"I can."

He keeps pulling my hair away from my face.

"I always wondered about you. And my dad, but mostly you."

Tears fill his eyes.

"I always wondered who you were, and how you could give me up. What was wrong with me that you didn't want me?"

I collapse and sob into him.

"But it's okay, Mom. It's okay. I asked my mom about you when I was fifteen. And she told me. She said it wasn't your fault. You were just a kid. You were my age. And you didn't want to give me up. You cried and begged to keep me, but no one would listen. And you never got to hold me or see me or name me. They just took me from you. And she said I shouldn't hate you; I should love you. Because I had my parents, but you had no one. And no mother should ever be without her son. And my mom often cried herself to sleep, feeling awful about what they did to you. But she couldn't do anything about it. She didn't know who you were or how to find you. So she just raised me the best she could.

"And so I always wondered where you were or if you would ever find me."

I prop myself up on my elbows.

"I found you, baby."

He nods.

"Never in a million years did I imagine you'd be this beautiful. Or that I could feel this way about you."

"Me, too, baby."

He smiles. Then he recites the lines from the scene we performed.

"You're a goddess. A living, breathing, beautiful goddess. Just being near you makes my heart feel like it's going to explode."

More tears.

"No more tears, Mom."

He pulls me down and kisses them away. And then his lips kiss mine. And they come and part and come and come and come.

And I feel him rise under me.

Oh.

Oh god yes.

I slide down and accept him into me.

Oh.

Oh holy fuck.

Welcome home, baby.

I hiss at how sinfully, deliciously, forbiddenly, delectably taboo that thought is. But it's so beautiful. Beautiful and warm and wonderful.

Welcome home, baby.

And we move and dance, balancing each other across that tightrope, taking big swings, letting ourselves go, showing each other our true feelings, our happiness, our beauty, never doubting for a second that we would stick the landing. And oh, what a landing. I had no idea it could feel this good.

Nothing could ever be as wonderful, as powerfully and magically fulfilling as landing in my son's arms and feeling him thunder inside me.

Welcome home, baby.

I've got you.

Mommy's got you.

POSTSCRIPT

Actual review from Celeste:

Oh my God, that was so beautiful! I have tears streaming down my face. It was the perfect blend of romance and spice, and you made it feel so possible. I can't wait to share it with the whole world. Now, if only the universe would open up and manifest what you created. Thank you for the beautiful story, and most of all, thank you for letting me know I'm not alone. Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!