



# Her Pass

Demure wife gets a pass when her husband cheats

# Her Pass

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# Chapter 1

Anne didn't typically come to Jack's apartment. Not without Jack's father. She sat pensively on his sofa. It had taken her mustering a lot of courage to come over. She had something she wanted to talk about, and once she had decided to talk about it with him, it hadn't been easy. Always, there had been this reserved aspect about her.

Jack came back with her glass of wine and handed it to her.

"Thank you." She smiled warmly, and he smiled back just as warmly.

"Everything alright?" His voice showed genuine concern. He eased onto the sofa beside her.

She liked his graceful manner. He was holding a glass of red himself, and he had lowered himself to sit beside her and half turned to her in his fluid, effortless way. His easy manner was accentuated by his casual look of worn jeans and a t-shirt.

"Well, yes and no." She sipped from the nice Chardonnay he had given her, wanting any fortification she could get. "I mean,

everything's okay in that we're all healthy. But as far as your father and I are concerned, we're still having problems."

"I'm sorry."

"Thanks. But it's gotten worse." Anne sometimes talked with her head lowered and her eyes peering up, but this time she faced further down.

Anne had struggled with whether to have this conversation with Jack or not. She and Jack were so much closer lately than they had ever been. Still, maybe it would have been better to keep it to herself.

She noticed Jack's eyes glimpse to her mouth and then to her ears. When his look returned to her eyes, he gazed deeply. She immediately felt self-conscious. It didn't matter that she had carefully applied her lipstick, make-up and liner exactly as she wanted, or that she had one of her favorite pairs of earrings in place. She worried anyway. After all, this was Jack.

She quickly questioned why she didn't feel better about things. The crisp, white blouse and fitted black skirt she had

particularly selected, and her dirty blonde hair was looking as its best, so why all the doubts about herself, she wondered.

Once past the worry, she found she liked how he seemed to notice her. Pay such attention to her. He clearly admired the red gloss of her lips, the bright earrings. He just seemed to really appreciate her.

Lately, she had made a conscious effort to appreciate him, too. With becoming closer in the last few months, they talked more and related better with each other. They were every bit as close as adult friends as they were mother and son.

Anne had to acknowledge to herself that their past difficulties were as much caused by her than anything else.

When Jack was in his high school years, he had been a problem in several ways. His trying alcohol and smoking pot had disappointed her time and again. This had resulted in her emotionally distancing herself from him somewhat. She had a distinct view of what he was capable of, and at the time, she had thought that if he wasn't going to try and achieve what he was capable of, then she wasn't going to emotionally invest as much.

She realized how this may have come off as cold to some, but this had been her own experience with her father. And, it had worked out after all. So too had things with Jack.

Interestingly, it had been Jack's father who had drawn closer to Jack in his teens, and it had eventually worked out just fine. Jack and his father had shared an interest in baseball, and they had both been very pleased when Jack made the college team.

Unfortunately, nagging shoulder problems kept the potential pro draft pick and contract from ever happening. Nonetheless, he still did well academically, and he secured a good job upon graduation.

"Hey," he carefully pulled her focus back. She realized she'd been lost in thought as they just looked to one another. "Worse?"

"Well listen, I don't know if you want to hear all this. I probably should not be talking to you about it." Her reluctance returned.

"It's okay. I want you to. " He drew just closer. His legs were extended to a table in front of the sofa and they angled toward her.

She drew a deep breath and pushed forward. "He finally came clean night before last. ... He's been having an affair. And, it's been with Jenny Franklin, who's actually a friend of mine. I'm mortified, Jack." Her hand went nervously to cover her mouth.

Jack immediately put his glass down, and he leaned to her. His arms wrapped her and brought her into his embrace. "It's okay."

She slumped into him and put her arms around him as well. His hand rubbed at her back, and they stayed embraced for several moments. She sighed heavily as they parted.

When they each sat back, she dabbed a finger at her eyes. She saw he was closer than he was before, and she found that reassuring. He put a hand on her knee that was now tilted more in his direction, as his legs remained pointed towards her.

His voice was low and measured when he spoke. "What else did he say?"

"He told me it was a horrible mistake, and he was sorry. He said absolutely nothing more would happen. That it was over.

He asked me to forgive him. I don't know. I'm still so stunned. But, you know how he is. He had to have an answer and had to act like everything was alright."

"Take your time. Give it a lot of thought. You know?" Jack clearly cared. He was thinking about what was best for her.

"I can't believe he can just expect me to get right over it. He's so arrogant. He really is. He tried to pacify me by telling me that this meant I had a 'pass'. It was condescending, really. I mean, he probably can't imagine me doing something like that. He's convinced I wouldn't." She bristled as she said it.

He grinned conspiratorially to her. "And?"

She paused and permitted a quick thought to pass. Then, immediately she wondered if maybe she had started blushing a little. Her face seemed somewhat warm having shared this close issue with him. She felt better having done so.

"Oh Jack, I don't know. It's hard to think about separating from him. It just is. At the same time, I have to do something. This is too much. I can't let this stand."

"You'd think about fooling around?" Jack appeared to lean even closer and his eyes widened. He didn't hide his being intrigued.

Her eyes gazed at his for several seconds in silence before she finally spoke up.

"C'mon, no one would be interested in me anymore. Besides, I couldn't just up and go do something like that. Not with someone I didn't care about." Her eyes darted from her glass to his face and back again.

"Hey! Don't be silly. You're gorgeous. You could be with any man you wanted."

"You are so very sweet." She put a hand to caress his cheek and leaned to him. She beamed up at him.

To her surprise, his face closed the distance. He pecked a slow, slight kiss to her lips.

He pulled back with a touch of pride at having obviously done something she hadn't expected.

"Jack. ...I'm touched. I'm lucky to have you to turn to. I am."  
Her words were soft.

"And, I'm glad you're here. I am here for you." His voice was deep.

"Yeah?" Her expression was appreciative, but they both seemed to catch an ambiguity that hung awkwardly in the air. She gave a shake of her head and started to clarify herself. "I mean... ."

He pressed to her and his lips were at hers again. She braced at first. His lips stayed on hers, and she didn't move away. Not at first. His kiss gently pulled at her before releasing her lips, and she opened her eyes after he had already broken their kiss and was smiling.

"Wow." She blinked a couple of times, stunned.

He looked about her face, adoringly. His hand had remained at her knee and now it brushed her there. She became very aware of his other hand, this one at the back of the sofa, at her shoulder.

Her face searched around the room, her mind reeling. She raised her eyebrows and sounded like she was thinking out loud. "I hope you're not simply feeling sorry for me."

"Sorry for you?" He was shocked at her suggestion and went to prove it to her. The hand not resting at her knee went to her face and cupped her cheek.

He brought his mouth to hers once more, only this time his lips were more urgent and they parted hers. When his tongue went past her lips, she visibly recoiled as if to back from him. His hand kept her in place and he kissed her fervently. She froze a couple of seconds and her focus went to the sensual feel of his lips and tongue at hers. His mouth was fully on hers, and she felt her body react. As if against all thought otherwise, her face pushed closer to his and she was suddenly kissing him back. An airy daze swept her where she only was aware of his mouth.

They passionately twisted, locked in an embrace they both held. Only after several moments did she catch herself and put a hand to his chest and break their kiss. She withdrew and was out of breath.

Her eyes were wide and brows were arched. Her mind spun with the processing of what had just happened, as well as how it had felt for her. She was disoriented from how aroused it had made her. She was incredulous.

"Jack." Her voice was thin and weak. Her chest expanded and fell with several pants.

He drew close once more, but she stopped him.

"We can't." Her hands pressed to his chest, but her eyes went back and forth between his eyes and his mouth. Her breathing was still quick.

He eased backward. "Yeah. Okay." He nodded a couple of quick times and appeared to gather himself. "You're probably right. We should stop."

She absently put a hand to her mouth and felt her lips, still moist from their kissing. She liked how puffy and sensitive her mouth remained from him.

"I can't believe we did that." Her words trailed. Her eyes wandered off, stunned.

"No?" His eyes raised barely with his question.

"Uh, no. Can you? I mean, that's just wrong." Her voice was tight with concern. There was a slight squint. "You do know better."

"Hey, you're very attractive. We're adults."

Her mouth gaped open and she wrinkled her forehead. "Jack. Seriously?" She paused but he didn't speak. She stated what she figured was the obvious. "I'm your mother, after all. We... were..."

"Kissing. Deeply? Passionately?" He grinned.

She was astonished at his assuredness. She had never seen this from him before, or at the very least, she had just never picked up on it. Now, he looked so very certain.

"You can't think this is okay." Her comment came across meekly. She wondered whether he might be joking.

He kept his grin and spoke slowly. "I think it is okay. And... ."

"And?" Her voice was eager. She watched him in suspense.

"And, I think we both liked it, actually."

Her face started to grimace, softened to a small smile, and then she started slowly shaking her head.

"Am I wrong?" He said it like a challenge.

She stared straight at him as well as him at her, and then he moved again.

Her eyes followed his mouth as it joined hers again, and she did not pull away. Her mouth opened willfully and his kiss was fully upon her again. Their heads turned slightly as she accommodated his tongue go deeply into her mouth. She softly drew her cheeks to where she felt his kiss closely.

She got lost in the many sensations brought by their mouths entwined, and she marveled at how exquisitely soft and tender their matching felt. A lightness carried her for several moments

and her body sensitized with their holding each other as they were. It seemed very dreamlike to her.

A couple of times they slowed and then picked up their pace. While entranced with his mouth, she vaguely perceived movement. His hand went from her knee to the inside of her thigh and she jumped with awareness. She broke their kiss and gasped. Her hand stopped his.

"Jack!" She was breathless a moment. "What are you doing?"

He looked at her evenly. Without flinching, he answered her simply. "I was feeling your thigh."

"Well... well." She looked panicky around the room. "We have to stop this. We must." Her hands patted at her hair, trying desperately to compose herself. He kept a hand on the top of her leg.

"Do we?" He suggested.

She gawked at him seriously a moment. "You can't mean that."

He let his left hand, the one at her face while his other stayed at her leg, stroke at her cheek once more. "Can I ask you something?"

She nodded.

"Tell me. And be honest. Did you wear that skirt for me?" His voice was low-pitched but unmistakable.

Her mouth gaped open and she couldn't respond at first. It was as if he had peeled back a layer of her she couldn't have imagined. She repeated his question to herself.

Then, she spoke haltingly. "What? I, um, thought we might go have dinner. I wasn't sure."

He inhaled and then slowly exhaled. He asked again slowly about her intention. "Did you pick out that skirt and decide to wear it for me?" An affected patience sounded in his tone.

There was a noticeable swoon from her at his having said this directly like he had. Her head dipped and turned to one side and away before she could look back up to him. She thought for a second, blinked and then nodded. "Yes. Yes, I did."

It was such an admission, she told herself. She was never asked such a personal thing, and she surely never revealed such a thing. Not her. It wasn't her way. Much less to someone like him. And definitely not in this situation.

She clenched her eyes shut. Her head bowed and her shoulders sagged. She shook her head back and forth slowly, still looking down.

He swiftly reached to her chin and held her face up and inches from his own. Her eyes were at first still closed, but he waited until she opened them. He looked deeply into them and smiled.

Very slowly, he brought his face to hers. Just before another kiss, he paused. He seemed to relish seeing her lips part in anticipation. He had to know it was probably against her very nature. He then kissed her. It was gentle at first. When she easily responded, he became more urgent. Quickly, they were back to an intense and fervent meshing together. He acted emboldened when he picked up on her pressing her mouth to form to his even more.

A moment passed, and he dipped his head at an angle that made his face just beneath hers, and he used the angle to delve his tongue deeper into her mouth. Her response was to press him even firmer to accept his kiss.

Astonished at her response, he leaned forward. His torso pressed her backward reclining her back onto the sofa. They stayed embraced and kissing, and he drew his right hand up between her legs. At contact with her panties, she jumped, breaking their kiss.

"Jack!" She shrieked.

She stared up at him. Breathing heavily, she acted flabbergasted. Her eyes narrowed and her brow furrowed intensely, she held him in place, but she didn't make him move his hand. They both were acutely aware that she didn't.

His fingers gently manipulated her there. There was pliable, very soft flesh there between her legs. He felt her dampness. She started rolling her eyes, alternating between looking at him and up to the ceiling.

"Stop." There was no urgency in her low voice at all.

He stopped his fingers but didn't take them off her.

"You've thought about this." His tone teased her.

Both of her hands grasped his right wrist that she held in place between her legs. She looked right to where his hand was, causing him to do the same. They both saw her hands holding his wrist, and the hands had the effect of hiking the hem of her dress in an arch and showing most of her inner thighs. She reflexively closed her legs further, and it had the effect of squeezing his hand on her. A slight blurt of air escaped her.

He looked back up at her first, and he grinned at the troubled look in her eyes. When her eyes came to meet his, her expression didn't ease but her head drifted back onto the arm rest of the sofa. Her eyes stayed fixed on his.

She half-whispered to him. "We have to stop this."

He stared back at her and spoke slowly. "Is that what you really want?"

Her eyes peered back and forth at his, and she was silent.

With her silence, he inched his hand higher, and the unmistakable feel of moist satin was in his palm. Her hands clamped down harder, stopping him in place. She didn't move him, and his fingers and hand remained in contact with the soft, damp fabric. Strands of coiled hair were easily felt underneath.

"You came over here to talk about this, didn't you? You've thought about us, haven't you?" His voice was direct.

Her eyes burned up at him. Her hands pulled him back, but it wasn't far enough to take his fingers from the touch of her panties. She didn't try harder.

When she answered, there was an emotional, breathy strain to her words. "Look, I guess in some way. Vaguely." Her voice trailed with her revelation.

His hand moved, and the effect was his fingers sliding her panties aside. Wetness coated his fingers.

"Jack!" Her voice feigned outrage, but there was as much of a groan as there was protest.

"I want you to understand something. If we go upstairs, we're going to use that pass."

She flinched hard. Half-muttering, she purred, "I can't believe you said that to me."

His eyes didn't waver from looking directly at her. "Just wanting you to know that." He was calm but determined. "You probably already do."

His fingers started back at her there. She shifted on his fingers, and her face gave a torn expression of uncertainty. A moan started from her throat. He abruptly stopped. His hand withdrew. Suddenly, she was at a loss.

He abruptly sat up. She was left wide-eyed and perplexed. Disheveled.

"Jack?"

He spoke in a low direct way. "Hey, I can either walk you out and we can call it a night or ... . We could go on upstairs. We should go upstairs." He was matter of fact about it.

He helped her off the sofa. She straightened herself. She barely moved, reluctant with what to do. It was one thing to wonder about this abstractly. Here and now it was very real and very scary for her.

"I can't do this." Her voice was barely audible as she stared down at the floor.

"I understand." He was soothing.

She looked back surprised at how understanding he had been. She was profoundly impressed by his bearing and by his control.

He walked her to the door.

She stood at the door. Her face searched up at his. He embraced her. Their heads tilted they kissed. It was delicate. More a brushing and meeting of their lips, and then his were gone from her. He backed from her as quickly as they started.

"Jack, I don't know."

She sighed and fished for the keys from her purse. She then just stood there. She didn't look up and she didn't move to the door.

He slowly took the keys from her hand. He carefully placed them back in her purse. He then took her hand. Looking to her for any reaction and finding none, he simply turned in the direction of the stairs. He held onto her hand and took the couple of steps over to start up the stairs. He started climbing, holding her hand as she followed behind him.

She was almost dizzy as her black high heels took one stair and then another, following right behind him. A voice was sounding in her head to stop at once, but with each step, it grew faint. In its place, a swirl of anticipation and curiosity grew. It became almost easy to just accept his lead. This was Jack, and she knew completely that he both cared about her and would protect her.

There was a side of him he showed on this night that she wasn't familiar with. But it was also profoundly appealing to glimpse this certainty he showed her. He was calm and sure on a night when she definitely wasn't. His confidence picked up where

her initiative had stopped. She had been able to summon the will to come to his apartment as well as to broach her situation with him, but her assertiveness was spent with that. It had taken his own interest to get them to this point, and clearly this escalation was what he wanted.

They reached the hall at the top of the stairs in silence. She inhaled fully as he led them to an open door at his bedroom. When they entered, she felt the walls were shrunken and they were in close confines. They arrived face to face with a king size bed, and small tables stood on each side of the bed. White, fluffy covers and sheets adorned the imposing bed, and it was difficult for her to focus on anything else.

His oversized hand pulled at her small hand and she was directed to the side of the bed. Once there, he stood directly in front of her, positioned squarely between her and the side of the bed. She tilted her head up to look at him, and his face was to hers. His supple mouth was back on hers. She didn't resist his full kissing now. Her mouth welcomed his tongue and savored it as it massaged about her own mouth.

She was closed-eyed as he moved with her, but she immediately noticed his hands when they rose straight to her blouse. Buttons started being undone, and her first instinct was to reach to his hands to stop him. Her hands grasped his, but it

didn't slow him. Her blouse began parting with release, and her hands lifted to his shoulders.

His mouth left hers, and she saw his head descend. His lips grazed her neck and trailed a moist line that soothed her sensitive skin. The line traveled downward, lips and the tip of his tongue lightly on her chest and then to where the softer surface indented with the feel of him. She audibly gasped when his hands cradled the cups of her bra that she had forgotten were now open to him.

It was a quick, smooth gesture for his fingers to rotate to the middle of her bra, and she started to protest when he deftly unclasped it. Her hands gripped his shoulders firmer. Her shoulders hunched self-consciously forward. Though her move was meant to be defensive, the result was to just make it easier for him to strip the straps down off her shoulders. They were dangling down her arms when she desperately pulled her arms into her body to trap the bra and prevent its fall.

As she clung to her bra, he took the opportunity to go to her skirt. His face was beside hers, as he brought himself close to get his arms around her. His skillful hands found the top of her skirt in back and fondled the zipper at the waist. An unhooking and a couple of tugs sent her into a panic.

"Jack, wait," her words were frantic.

He didn't even slow. His hands worked straight down, and then her skirt was peeling off. At this point, the realization hit her that she had absolutely not thought this through. She simply had not thought about being undressed. A thought as true as it was unsettling resonated within her. No one but her husband had seen her nude in the last twenty two years. She trembled with fright.

She peered to the floor in time to see her skirt pool there. With her arms folded upon her chest and standing stiffly straight only in her thin panties, she brought her eyes up to see him surveying her body. Mixed pangs of angst and stimulation pulsed through her.

As he took the sight of her in, he unabashedly stripped his t-shirt, and he peeled swiftly down his jeans. Anne stood there frozen, watching Jack's lean, muscled torso display openly and ripple with each move he made.

Her view followed his trail of black, coiled hair go from his chest and stomach into white boxers that were all that remained now covering him. He paused and got her to look up at his face. She worried he could easily glimpse her attraction.

Her trance with his eyes was broken when his hand pulled at one of hers. His mouth went to kiss hers at the same time he maneuvered her hand. She was piqued with his kiss when the realization of his hand putting hers on his crotch struck her.

She jolted to back away at first, but she didn't stop kissing him. He didn't let her hand move and she noticed his hardness. His hand pressing her to him rotated and she immediately thought of his thickness.

Unexpectedly, his hand left hers. She was savoring his tongue in her mouth and the churning between her legs. Crossing a line within herself, she let herself grip him. It was Jack who now groaned at the feel of her wrapping her fingers around his thinly covered girth.

He moaned into her mouth as her hand ran down his length and back up again. It overwhelmed her to think that she had done this herself. He became even more engorged at her caressing him.

He put his hands quickly to the waist of his boxers and brought them down. He watched her openly stare at him there. It pointed towards her and twitched, undeniably erect and ready.

His hands took her wrists and he backed to the bed. He sat, leaving her standing right before him. His eyes looked her over and then his hands were right at the waist band of her panties. She awkwardly folded her body inward in a desperate attempt to try to still hold her unclasped bra aloft as well as use her hands to cover her crotch. He swiftly pushed the panties off her and onto the floor, revealing glimpses of her blondish brown pubes on her mound.

He eased backward, reclining onto the bed and shifting to bring himself further up it. He positioned to where he could sprawl before her, his legs fully extended on the bed. She gawked at the sight of him, and then her gaze fixed at where his hardness angled up and over his waist.

His voice was very low and insistent. "Get up on the bed."

She immediately started onto the bed, her arms still trying to cover her chest and a hand darting back to try to block a clear view of her crotch. He couldn't help a small grin at her continued modesty.

She crawled up to where she was beside him on the large bed, but he swiftly turned and repositioned her. Taking her arm, he

led her to come up over him. She closed her eyes, and her left arm went across him so that she could brace herself to lift over him. When her hand planted over to the other side of him, she opened her eyes and lifted her left side, raising and putting her leg over him.

She set her left hand and leg, and then her eyes found his. Though her arms had to straighten to rest on her hands she was still trying to shield her torso with her drawing both arms towards her middle.

They both watched his hand reach between them and downward. One hand held the base of himself and the other went to her hip. When his hand on her hip started to push downward, she looked up past him and away.

When his head nudged at her middle, she gave an audible grunt. She lifted slightly but his hand held her. His hand holding himself then brushed his head against her. She stiffened at the realization of their contact.

He went back and forth several times, smearing her wetness over himself thoroughly. She was breathing aloud when on one of his passes, he moved her differently. With a firm tug, he pushed her hip down.

Anne's head jerked back and up with the feel of the head of him pass her lips there. He lodged inside her. She shot a frantic look at him and waited. He looked right back at her, and they felt him throb just in her lips.

Her eyes widened dramatically as he lifted his hips, pushing more of his shaft into her. She sensed her lips there clinging to him and being pulled inside her. He came right back outward and her lips stayed to him.

He took his hand that held his base, and he put it to the other hip so that he now held her hips with both his hands. She was looking into his eyes when he started her down on him. Her mouth gaped open and she moaned loudly.

Slowly and gently, but assuredly, he plunged himself deep into her. She arched her back and stiffened atop him. He let his hips drop back and she was very aware of him receding. When he was back to just his head wedged there, he paused.

He waited for her focus back on his eyes. She held an intense and serious expression. They kept their gaze at each other as his palms flattened on her hips. He gripped and he moved her again. This time he brought her down to where she almost fully

squatted on him, and her eyes narrowed almost shut and she shrieked a throaty cry.

She shook with an apparent release and he could feel her clench him. She twitched about on him, and he savored her reaction. Her breathing was heavy. When she slowly moved her head side to side and then refocused on him, he continued.

Her eyes were half closed, and he lifted up some with his hips. Her mouth opened wider at the feel of him grinding into her and stretching her more. He felt stuffed into her completely, and there was a fullness inside her she had never before experienced.

He started combining short pumps at her with his firm pushes at her hips, with the effect of never withdrawing much but giving definite thrusts. The short strokes he made kept the feel of him deep in her.

She listened to her own groans from her throat and she was absolutely incredulous at the sensations emanating from his actions. She knew she was sounding out cries and moans, but she was just past caring. She could detect every bit of him and all his movement, she felt.

She recognized yet another swelling release when the head of him started rubbing deep against the top of her inner wall. Together with this profound, exquisite sensation was the unveiling he was up to.

Jack took her wrists and moved them away from her sides. This brought her arms away from her body. It hit her that he was clearing his view of her chest and he locked his eyes there. She simply didn't try to stop him. She felt more physical responsiveness with her nipples tightening more.

She knew her breasts were likely sloped outward and just down, but she also knew her large brown nipples had to be thick and protruding. Jack's hands went right to them. He cupped and squeezed them and ecstasy welled even more. When he dragged his thumbs over the points of each nipple, she felt the jolts of another orgasm take over.

With his hands manipulating her nipples and his cock buried and pushing deeply inside her, she started crying out a throaty scream as waves of exhilaration rolled over her again and again.

She was finishing her orgasm when she saw him start his. Frantically, she panicked over a dilemma.

"Jack!" She was barely speaking understandably, but she felt she must get it out. "I'm not using anything. ...No protection."

He looked back at her with squinted eyes, and he didn't let up at all. He was very close, she knew. He kept grinding and pumping at her.

"Jack," she pleaded, "do you have a condom? Tell me you have a condom."

He said nothing. He kept moving. She felt her hips responding.

He even intensified his thrusts, and she shocked herself with her own response. She rotated her hips, and she started working back and forth herself. She was rocking astride him now. She had never felt a man impaling her in this way, and when she rode back and forth, his cock banged away, up and back inside.

The rawness of their movement gave her a crude idea of what to say. She didn't hold it back.

"Is this what you want? Not to use anything?" Her words were faint but clear as she started her remark. They stayed clear as she finished it. "Go ahead then. ...Give it to me."

Neither of them stopped nor slowed. She smiled just a bit and gave up thought of anything but him inside her. She had never relished anything like this, she told herself.

He was driving at her and she was riding him fiercely, when he started his own crying out. His back arched and put him at her core, and she felt the kick of him and his releases. He came hard into her, and he spasmed repeatedly. His head tilted back and he held her hips with his hands.

They both panted and stayed in place. Her petite frame sat perched over him. He was still thick and fully ensconced. She found herself not wanting to come off him or him out of her.

Several moments passed with them catching their breath and her sitting on top of him.

Finally, each carefully moved about to disentangle, and they kissed several quick times as they did. A wary silence seeped

into the room, as they both collected themselves. She readied to leave with hardly any conversation at all.

Once dressed and making her way out the door, they hugged and kissed. There were a couple of times she started out the door, only he would stop her and they'd again kiss and touch.

"Hey, if you need anything, at all, or just want to talk, let me know. I'm here for you." His voice was certain and sincere.

He softly said to her as she opened the door a last time. "I love you."

She paused.

"I love you, too." She whispered it back.

There was a long thoughtful drive home as Anne tried to compose herself.

Once home, her husband tried engaging her with questions. She didn't answer at all, except to tell him she had been at Jack's.

After a moment by herself in the bedroom, her husband appeared in the doorway. She decided something to herself, and she went to the closet.

Her husband watched her start packing suitcases.

"What? What are you doing?" His voice raised in a shock.  
"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to Jack's." Her words were clear and determined.

## Chapter 2

Anne held the steering wheel tightly with her left hand, while her right hand kept the phone close at her ear. She could barely stand the anxiety. What was Jack going to think?

The dark streets winded back and forth with few other drivers out. The black night set the perfect backdrop for how sinister this all seemed. No moon, no stars, no other headlights going by. Just the two lane suburban streets. They occasionally widened to four lanes before cutting back to two.

Her stomach tensed and her foot pressed the accelerator further. She pushed the German luxury sedan harder into the night and listened to the rings at her ear. Pick up, Jack.

After a few rings, she expected his voicemail. One click and then it was his voice. Live.

"Mom?"

"Hey Jack."

"How are you doing? You okay?" His voice sounded tight.

"Uh, yeah. I am." She knew at once she didn't sound it. "Feel really weird and all, but am fine. And you?"

"I'm great. Kinda in disbelief, but great."

A wave of relief washed over her as she got her first indication he wasn't regretting what they had done. She felt a big smile beaming on her face. Hopefully, he wouldn't freak out over what she had to tell him.

"Um, Jack, there's something I need to tell you."

"Yeah? What's that?"

"Well, I got home, and it... well it was just horrible."

"He was pissed you had been out or something?"

"No, no. I mean, he wasn't horrible. I'm saying I felt horrible. He was trying to talk and be normal. He wanted to ask questions. And, I just felt like... I didn't want to be there. At all."

"I don't blame you."

"Good. Good. Because I can't believe what I did."

"What's that?"

"I left."

"You left?"

"I couldn't stand being there. I realized I hated it."

There was a pause. She thought he would respond, but he evidently was processing her news. She continued.

"Anyway, I packed a couple of bags. I told him I needed to leave."

"Did he ask what was going on? Did he ask where you were going?"

"Yes. Yes, he did. Uh, I hope you don't mind. I told him I was going back over to your place. I should have checked with you first. I just... ."

Jack didn't hesitate. "That's absolutely fine. Don't worry about that. You're on your way now?"

"Yeah, I'm about five more minutes away. You sure you don't mind? I mean, I can go to a hotel."

"Mind? Hell, I'm excited. Come on. Be careful, okay?"

"Okay."

They hung up and she blurted a big sigh. She didn't get just how presumptuous she had been until she was on the phone with Jack. Here she had put Jack squarely in the middle.

She made two more turns to get to Jack's building, and the streetlights gave more clarity for her passage to Jack's. The tall apartment building reassured her. Jack awaited upstairs.

After parking the car, she pulled one of her bags from the trunk. Nervous pangs rumbled in her stomach, but there was also another physical reaction she noticed. Excitement stirred between her legs.

She entered the apartment building and walked briskly to the elevators. She avoided eye contact with anyone. This can't be a good idea. I know better, and yet here I am. But I want to see him.

Jack hugged her straight away. She barely got in the door, and he took her into his arms. Her chest mashed tight against his

solid abdomen and she couldn't help but think back to how defined he had been nude. She chastised herself for having this memory of him.

When they withdrew from the hug, she gave a brief nervous smile. "Hi."

Jack smiled, too. But his next words stopped her cold.

"Dad called."

"Oh no."

"Yeah. Guess we should have expected that though, right?"

Uneasiness shook Anne. She let go of the handle of the bag she had brought in and it clumped to the floor. It struck her that, ever since she had left Jack's place the first time, she had been simply acting out. No contemplation. Not really. Just making this move and that move. She had not worked through any of this, not really. She left home and now she was at Jack's. How utterly reckless.

Jack's voice tried to calm her. "He was shocked, and yes, he was a bit pissed. He wanted me to try to calm you."

"What did he say?"

"He wanted me to find out what your thinking was. He says you acted like you had gotten over being mad with him. He never expected you to leave."

"Did you say I told you about his affair?"

"No, I didn't. He didn't ask and I didn't offer it."

"I'm not sure what to do. I just know I don't want to be there. I need away from him right now." She tucked a strand of hair behind one ear and her eyes glanced down.

Jack led her over to the sofa. "Can I get you something? Another wine?"

She hesitated. On the one hand, she needed her wits. On the other, she could use the respite. "Sure."

Jack brought them both wines back, and she eagerly took a sip. Her hand went into her hair and she shook it. Her mind raced with what might happen next. Why did I come back here?

"Did he say anything else?" She heard her own voice come across shaky.

"No. He didn't. Just wanted me to talk to you."

She took a long drink from her wine, set it to the table, and then descended back on the sofa. Her shoulders sagged and her head tilted back to where it rested on the sofa cushion and pointed up to the ceiling. She closed her eyes.

Jack put his wine down and he moved to her. He sat close, let his head fall to the sofa like hers, and then turned his face to her. With her eyes still closed, but a faint grin at her lips, he pecked her cheek very softly. His mouth near her ear, he whispered to her.

"I don't want you to worry. Everything's going to be alright."

She took a full breath. "Yeah? I wish I could believe that."

"I can convince you."

Her eyes blinked open, but she didn't turn to where his face was still close to hers. "You can, huh? How are you going to do that?"

Without even looking to him, she sensed he grinned back at her. Another breathy whisper came quick from him.

"I'm going to take you upstairs and help you relax."

She squeezed her eyes shut and a hand lifted to her face and tried to cover her eyes. She pursed her lips a second before half-whispering her reply.

"Jack, we cannot be doing that again. You know? I mean... for goodness sake. I'm... I'm your mother."

She winced and a couple of her fingers massaged her temple.

He started to speak, but then he rose from the sofa. He put a hand towards her.

"C'mon. You should get some rest."

As they started towards the stairs, her phone rang. She glanced quickly to it and saw it was her husband, James. She tapped the phone to send the call to voicemail.

They were headed up the stairs when Jack's phone rang. They kept going up the stairs, as Jack pulled the phone to his ear and took James' call.

"Hi."

They reached the top of the stairs, and Jack listened to whatever was being said on the other end. Jack pivoted towards one end of the hall, and Anne paused. She motioned for Jack. When he looked to her, Anne pointed at the other end of the hall. She reached for her bag in Jack's other hand.

Jack shook his head 'no' to her and then he spoke into his phone to his father.

"Yeah, she made it here. She's fine. She's just going to crash here."

More talk sounded on the other end of the line, but Anne couldn't possibly make out what was being said. She shrugged her shoulders towards the bedroom at the opposite end of the hall from Jack's room and she took a step in that direction.

Jack dropped the bag in the hallway and stepped to Anne. At the same time, he spoke evenly into the phone. She braced even knowing they were talking at all. The memory flashed of their shared time with Jack's baseball team. This is so very wrong.

"No, I'm not going to try to convince her to come back over tonight. Let's just let her get some rest. She can stay here."

Anne flinched. Her mouth fell open at the same time Jack clasped her hand. He started walking her in the direction of his bedroom. She listened to Jack talk into the phone, and she couldn't resist feeling a bit stunned.

"I get that you're surprised. And no, I'm not being difficult. I'm just saying she should stay here tonight."

Anne lowered her look to the floor and tried to imagine just how agitated James likely was that Jack wasn't doing James' bidding. She took small steps along the hall, following Jack into his room. She walked in as Jack stepped back into the hall, retrieved her bag, and then brought it over to the foot of the bed for her. Jack motioned with his hand towards the bag, and Anne began unpacking her toiletries.

Jack stayed silent on his end of the call and Anne got what she needed to go to the bathroom to ready for bed.

"Yeah, she's said you guys have had issues. She's talked about that. I don't want to get into all of that."

Anne's torso sunk with hearing Jack having to engage with James about all that. She started to the bathroom, but hesitated there to hear Jack end his call with his father. Her face angled down but her eyes peered up and over to where Jack stood. He had one hand on his hip as the other cradled the phone.

"I'm not going to argue with you, Dad. I'm really not. You guys take a break for right now. That's how I feel."

Jack's eyes darted about the room as he let James have one more say.

His voice raised a notch. "Okay. You can think I'm being shitty all you want. I'm calling it a night."

Jack took the phone from his ear and clicked the call off. He looked over to her and he reacted to what must have been abject concern on her face. He stepped over to her and gathered her to him.

Emotion caught in her throat and tears welled in her eyes.

"Hey, hey. It's okay." His voice was low and measured.

She hugged him back and felt so dazed by it all.

After their hug, she slipped into the bathroom. After she shut the door, she stared at herself in the mirror. This is crazy. She noticed her own reddened eyes staring back at her, and she fought what could have easily deteriorated into a stream of tears. She swallowed hard and went about removing her make-up. She washed her face, brushed her teeth, and teased at her

hair, all while wondering how she would handle Jack wanting her to sleep with him.

She opened the door to go back to her bag for something to wear. She would get her modest long-sleeve tee and some shorts she would wear. Nothing provocative.

Jack sat waiting on the edge of the bed. His chest was bare, but his jeans were still on.

Her voice weakly explained she need to get her night clothes. "Got to get something to sleep in from my bag."

"Okay, I'm going to go real fast." His tone was nonchalant.

Anne went to her bag, and Jack popped into the bathroom. He didn't close the door and she could hear the toilet lid lift. A second later, she heard the unmistakable sound of water splashing with streaming urine pouring into it.

Instant shock hit her. She quietly gasped and stood still. Did he really just leave the door open like that?

A warmth moved her as the notion set in. He did that on purpose. He wanted me to hear him pissing.

The sensible side of her said she would typically be put off or annoyed. Another side of her reacted wildly intrigued. She wasn't sure why, either. I must be losing it. There absolutely cannot be something compelling about that. Just can't. She pulled her clothes close to her. There's something primal about that. Plus, he's deliberately doing this so I can hear. Unabashed.

She was still in dismay when he walked out of the bathroom.

"It's your turn." He smirked and walked over towards his closet.

As he went by, she noticed his jeans were zipped up, but they were not clasped back together. The effect was to create a small vee where his black pubic hair partially showed. She gawked at him as she staggered over to the bathroom. She got just inside the bathroom when she looked over to him once more.

He faced his closet and away from her, but he must have sensed her viewing him. He looked over his shoulder and she

diverted her eyes. But as she went to close the bathroom door she noticed him move.

Her eyes went back to check on him, and he faced her. Her eyes first glimpsed down to his fly still peeled open, and only when he froze in place did her eyes climb up to meet his face. Their quiet stare and the acknowledgment that he had caught her first looking downward made her cringe. She couldn't suppress a frown.

His hands moved and she kept watching him. His left hand held his jeans and the right hand found his zipper. His hand tugged down and then it grasped the other side of his jeans. Both hands pushed down.

Jack slid the jeans from his hips and Anne didn't look away. The jeans crumpled to the floor and he stepped out of them. There at his exposed crotch a patch of black pubic hair matted right above his swollen cock. The semi-engorged stalk swayed back and forth on its own, dangling between his legs.

They could both hear her inhale hard, as she retreated into the bathroom further and shut the door. Her hands shook as she pulled off her skirt and blouse. She shed her bra and panties,

but she vowed to herself she would keep the shorts and tee on. I have to. Keep control of all this. Don't do... that. Not again.

Before she opened the bathroom door again, she paused. She drew a deep breath. She mussed at her hair. Holding her head high, she yanked the door open and she stepped back out.

To her surprise, the bedroom light was off, and Jack was in bed and facing away from her. Her body relaxed at not being watched come to bed, but a twinge of disappointment hit her that he was turned from her. She switched off the bathroom light and carefully made her way onto the bed in the dark.

"You alright?" His words were muted.

"Yeah. Thanks."

She shifted about some in the bed, getting comfortable. One hand brushed hair from her forehead and gathered it behind her ear, while the other brought the covers higher on her chest. The mattress cradled her comfortably. The sheets were exquisitely soft.

Despite all that she knew practically about what was going on, she also was absolutely sure about how she felt. This is exactly where I want to be right now.

Jack turned her direction onto his side. She could make out the bare chest and little tufts of back hair near his nipples. The faint scent of a musky cologne wafted about. At first, there was silence between them.

"You think you'll be able to sleep?" His question took her off guard.

"Yeah, I think so."

More quiet.

Her voice came very low to ask him the same. "And you?"

He shrugged and the covers moved with him. "Eventually."

"Jack, thank you for having me back over. I know this is all strange. That couldn't have been easy with your father."

Jack eased closer to her and it felt like his body loomed over hers.

"I'm glad you're here."

She smiled in the dark. A slight giddiness ran through her and she cursed herself for feeling it. I'm glad I am, too.

His hand came to rest on the covers over her stomach and she jumped.

Neither of them said more and his hand rubbed up and down a couple of times. When his hand ventured from her torso to her neck, it left the covers and trailed onto her bare, sensitive skin. His palm left her but his fingertips remained as they traced first her jawline and then each cheek.

She could tell she was breathing hard and there was nothing she could do about it. The mattress yielded with his lifting himself more towards her and she tried to think of something to say. She hadn't yet spoken as his lips found hers.

His lips grazed hers and then he pecked softly to them. The tenderness of it made her squirm. It felt like her entire body tingled.

For a second, his lips left, but they returned right back. This time they lingered. The feel of them joined and motionless sent electricity through her.

A couple of moments they kissed, and then his lips withdrew. Her breath was ragged and she didn't think she could stand it. His lips met hers again and she turned her face from him. She faced to her right and small pants escaped her.

He put two fingertips to her chin and he coaxed her face back to him. She let her face follow his lead. When she did, his lips touched to hers once more. His kiss pressed just a little more onto her, and then she surprised them both. She pressed her lips back at his hard and her face closed to his. Her lips widened, opening both their mouths.

He didn't hesitate and he kissed her back. His tongue slipped between her lips. He flicked it about with hers and she ran her tongue over and over his. The liveliness from her must have jolted him, because he immediately brought himself over her inside the sheets and he slanted his face at hers. His mouth

covered and massaged hers. Gradually, his tongue delved further. He savored all of her mouth, kissing her deeply.

Their faces worked back and forth against one another. He pressed his body onto hers and she instantly felt the hardness between his legs. Between the intense maneuvering of his tongue filling her mouth and the stiff erection he pressed against her, she gave up trying to be calm and moaned hard into his mouth.

Her hands ran through his hair and her body grinded to his. When his hips wiggled to center himself at her crotch, she responded to help him. She spread her legs away from his and her hips pushed at him.

His lips and tongue kept playing with her own, and the more they twisted the more she wanted to feel. Her middle soaked and she wondered if she might have an orgasm already starting. Sensations coursed throughout her body and she felt lightness.

They kept kissing hard until she lost track of time and the semblance of anything other than the feel of him on her and taking her mouth. At one point, she realized they were rocking

together in bed in their embrace. His hands started yanking at her top and she knew he wanted at her breasts.

He brought her top up over her breasts and when they were open to the air, his kisses went from her mouth and down onto her neck. She panted hard now and tried to find her voice. Her nipples ached being stretched taut, and when his lips kissed at them, she lost it.

She yelped out sharply. "AAAHHHH! JACK!" Her back arched off the mattress forcing her nipples at him.

When she felt his mouth envelope her entire right nipple, she screamed out.

"Please, please." She grunted from her throat. "Please fuck me."

At once, Jack lifted and put his hands to the waist of her shorts. She planted her feet into the mattress and lifted her hips. He peeled her shorts off and threw them across the room. He glanced down and for a split second, she crazily worried he would soon feel just how absolutely wet she was. Then she didn't care. Instead, she wanted him to know.

He pushed her legs apart and dragged himself up at her on the mattress. They looked in each other's eyes, just in time for her to see his reaction to what she next did. His face was over hers and looking down to her under him.

Her face lifted just up, but her eyes never left his, as she moved. She bent her legs and drew them up, and as she did, her legs spread wider apart. Her feet angled away and she groaned aloud, knowing her pussy was open to him.

He frantically reached between them and grasped his base. Resting himself over her on one hand beside her head, he brushed the head of him through her lips and coated himself with her. He smeared himself two or three times, before he placed his other hand on the bed and beside her head.

She felt the smooth head of him ply her lips and she braced. His body lunged forward and over her and he sank his hips straight into hers. He went several inches and he didn't slow. He kept his body diving forward several more inches, and even when he fully filled her he pushed. Both their bodies dragged up the bed.

Her head tilted up and her back arched off the bed. Her mouth gaped open, stretched as far as it could, and she screamed out.

"AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Her hands squeezed both his upper arms and her nails indented to his skin. She shook hard and her tits bounced wildly with her spasms. Her face stayed slanted up, but she shook her head back and forth. Her lips trembled.

He shifted his hips backward fast, but again he drove forward. Her face nodded up and back and she screamed again. Her body rocked with wave after wave of ecstasy rolling over her.

He again pulled backward and then again thrust forward. She cried out and more jolts ran throughout her. She squinted but could still make out her legs up and to the sides, both shaking and high. She could hear herself still shrieking out with each push from him.

As she crested her orgasms and oriented, the first thing she found was how incredibly deep he felt in her. His hard cock plunged as far as he could get it and then bumped. I have never felt that. Never.

Jacks face strained and his eyes narrowed. His shoulders and pecs rippled while he exerted about her. She could only focus

on his upper torso, but his definition was clear. And, he was flexing with each push he made.

He drove deep inside her, but he also widened her sex. He was thicker than she remembered, and his pummeling into her over and over made her pussy seem stuffed beyond capacity. Her lips clung to him as he penetrated her and held him as he went back, and as he bounced back and forth in her, she knew for certain she felt as stretched as she had ever felt.

After a few moments and his steady rhythm, she regained some breath. He was still pounding at her, but she could at least focus. Meanwhile, Jack grunted and groaned, his face looking like he was in another realm.

"Yeah, yeah," her body kept springing back and forth with his movement, and she thought about her talking to him before. She wrapped her arms higher and around his neck, and she lifted herself up to him. Her head moved closer to his face and her shoulders left the mattress. As her head and shoulders came off the mattress, the force of his pushing made her move even faster back and forth under him.

"C'mon. C'mon, Jack." Her legs wrapped his lower back, and her weight being suspended exaggerated how wildly up and back her body slung.

She tried her best to get her face close to his ear. He was jousting her about so hard she was flailing but she managed to speak close to his ear.

"Go ahead and fuck me. Fuck... me. I've never... been... fucked... like this... before."

She stared into his eyes as he swung her up and back under him, and he started wailing. His eyes were slits but still stayed on hers. His mouth hung wide open.

Suddenly, he froze. She felt him deep inside her, as deep as he could be, and his cock was kicking there. Jack started shaking violently and she held onto him. His shoulders jerked back and forth and her body was yanked back and forth. His head started nodding frantically and her body shook from his spasms.

He grunted hard from his throat several more times and she still felt his dick flexing deep inside her. When he kept shaking

in her arms, she couldn't help but wonder. How much can he possibly cum?

It took several moments, but finally he came around. His breathing got manageable and his eyes blinked to recognition. His mouth still hung open, but he didn't have it completely wide. He wagged his face from side to side, seemingly in disbelief.

She brought her face to his and kissed him. First, she pecked his cheek, and then she got his lips. She planted a kiss to his neck as she collapsed onto her back onto the bed.

He stayed over her a moment, and she stroked his hard chest with both her hands. Her legs were still wrapped around his back and she didn't try to move them. His cock still stretched her and was impossibly thick there.

In another moment, he slowly eased onto his side. It was a gradual shift over from his being squarely atop her to him leaning onto his right arm. Her legs opened once more, and she felt the slow withdrawal of him from well up inside her. Her lips didn't want to release him and when the head of him plopped out of her, she could swear she felt tremors shoot from

her pussy. What has his dick done to me? I feel pleasure at his release? That is incredible.

"Wow." He mumbled it as he got to his side and then fell onto his back.

"Yeah. Wow." She took deep breaths and alternated between looking at him and gazing at the ceiling.

He stretched out beside her. "That was fantastic."

"Yes. It was."

His face looked to her. "I hope so."

"Absolutely."

He smirked. "Yeah?"

She turned her face to him, a grin on her lips. Her eyes were half-closed and she shuddered. "Let's put it this way."

She inhaled and braced for how explicit she was about to be with him. This was not like her, but she wanted to. She cooed the words.

"You can fuck me whenever you want." She saw how awed he was at her words. She didn't hold back. "It doesn't matter when. ...Doesn't matter where. Any time you want me... . I will fuck you whenever you want."

He pulled himself up. He started towards her. She chuckled. "Jack! We just did it... ."

He grunted to her. "You said whenever I want, right?"

He had a devilish smile and his hand found hers. He took her hand and put it on his dick. She couldn't believe it. He was half-hard already.

"Jack, are you kidding?"

"No, I'm not."

He opened her hand and he put her palm on him. Then he closed her fingers around him. He was still slick from the both of them.

"I can't believe you."

"That I want to do it again?"

"That you're already getting hard again."

His hand started a slow up and down movement with her hand on his shaft. She could feel more blood going to him and thickening him again.

"You turn me on."

She slowly shook her head. "But... you just came."

"So. You've got me going again."

She stared up at him. She wasn't even sure what to say. Can he really do this?

He threw a leg over her and he was again hovering above her. His cock grew in her hand. She couldn't help herself but marvel again at its girth.

His eyes burned down at hers with a confident look she had noticed but not given words to before. It was confident, and it was almost daring.

With him again on top of her, and with his cock growing in her hand, she startled herself. She again dampened between her legs. No! Impossible!

He must have noticed an expression on her face because he spoke up. "What? What is it?"

"Um, I just noticed something. That's all."

"What's that? You looked like you saw a ghost or something."

"It's just... ." I can't believe I'm really about to tell him this.

"It's just what?"

"It's just I can't believe I'm getting wet again."

His eyes bugged open and his dick pulsed in her hand. He laughed.

In a swift move she didn't at first understand, he moved his torso up to where he sat upright. He still looked down to her and still straddled her, but he was sitting his haunches on his legs. His hands reached down and grabbed her hips. He tilted her and moved her onto her side. A couple of more moves and she understood. He was flipping her over.

She started speaking, but he had already turned over before she could say what she wanted.

"Jack! What are you doing?" She nervously chuckled. "What do you think you're doing?"

She was facing down on the bed. Her mind raced with what she should do. What's he going to try to do?

"Jack!"

She propped up a bit and looked over her shoulder. He pulled her hips again, but this time straight up, taking her hips off the mattress. The firmness of his move made her face down to the bed.

He pulled a little more and got her on her knees, still facing down. When he slipped a leg between her legs and pried her legs apart, she shrieked again.

"Oh my god!"

She raised up on her hands to where she was facing towards the head board on all fours. She was so soaked she was sure she must have been dripping. No man had ever handled her this way, or done anything like this.

"Jack! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?" She knew she sounded desperate. She also knew they both loved this.

He put another leg between hers and spread her stance wider.

"OH MY GOD, JACK!"

Just then, her phone sounded out. It jumped and buzzed on the nightstand beside them. They both looked over at it.

The face of the phone brightened with the name of the caller. "James."

Instantly, Anne moved to the side and towards the phone. Her left hand swiped at the phone, viciously knocking it off the nightstand and onto the floor. It didn't ring again.

Her face flushed with embarrassment when she quickly returned to the position on her hands and knees facing away she had been in before her phone rang. She anxiously faced away and waited. Jack chuckled mischievously behind her.

She rotated her face and shoulders around to look at him behind her. "What?"

His smile stretched across his face. "Look at you. You want this as bad as I do."

Her face kept looking at him, but her head lowered shamefully. With her eyes still fixed on his, she nodded slowly.

He bent forward and his right hand grabbed a fist full of hair. He pulled gently back, bringing her face up. They still looked at each other. Her mouth opened and she choked hard breaths out.

His voice was strong and even. "You're my little bitch, aren't you."

She nodded even though his hand held her hair.

He raised his voice. "Tell me."

"I'm your little bitch."

"What?"

A chill ran over her.

He smirked at her, and she could swear she felt her juices trickling down her thighs.

"Jack, I'm your little bitch."

He grasped her hair tighter, and her face titled higher. "Louder."

"JACK, I'M YOUR LITTLE BITCH."

He demanded more from her. "Tell me what you want."

She didn't wait. She didn't need prompting. No, in a last surrender of any inhibition, she said the rawest thing that entered her mind.

"FUCK ME LIKE THE LITTLE BITCH I AM. ...FUCK ME, SON."

At that, he released her hair. His hand pushed down at the middle of her shoulders. He forced her face and shoulders down to the pillow while her ass still propped up high in the air.

Her hands stretched out beside her as she anticipated what was coming.

The smooth head of him poked at her middle a couple of awkward times, and then he wedged himself between her lips.

She hissed. "Shit."

Her inner walls yielded fervently as his thick, hard cock penetrated her meanly. The more he pushed the louder she got. The screech started in her throat and carried as he drove deeper. Her hands clenched the sheets into her fists.

He stopped when he was fully inside her. He grinded even further and rotated in circular motions, and she lifted onto her elbows, crying out to him.

"Fuck, Jack. You've got a big dick. I mean it."

He started rocking back and forth inside her and she thrashed around impaled on him.

"Admit it." His words sounded like spit them out. "Admit you love my dick."

Her head faced down to the bed, but it was obvious she nodded vigorously. "Yeah, yeah... . I do."

He slapped her ass and bucked at her hard a couple of times. She moaned out. He raised his voice.

"Tell me you love my dick."

Her head bobbed back and forth as he picked up his pace. She felt like he was wearing her like a glove at this point. Jolts and spasms shot from her core as she felt like she could feel every single move he made, and he was riding her hard.

"I... love...your...dick."

"Louder."

Her entire body swung up and back as he fucked her relentlessly. Her hair tossed about and her breasts hung low

and further forward, pitching back and forth with every thrust from him.

She took a deep breath and then spoke as loudly as she could. "JACK, I LOVE... YOUR DICK. "

He reached and grabbed her hair again and held her in place as he pumped hard.

She moaned loudly and then cried to him. "FUCK ME, JACK. FUCK ME WITH YOUR BIG COCK. PLEASE FUCK ME."

She felt him start shaking and grunting loudly and she knew she had pushed him over the edge.

He let go of her hair and then desperately held onto her hips. "OH, OH, OHHHHHHH!!"

Finally he stopped in place, but he kept grunting loudly.

She rested her head and shoulders into the pillow, but she kept her ass high and pressed back at him. She wanted him to completely spent in her.

"OH, UH, OH, UUUUHHHHHH!!" He shuddered behind her and she glimpsed over her shoulder.

Through squinted eyes, he returned her gaze. They stayed like that for several moments. It was like they both wanted to savor what they saw.

When he finally started backing from her, she felt a profound void inside. As his head passed her lips, she thought she heard the wet 'smack' of it behind her. It felt like her lips there remained parted after his penis was gone. There were streaks of wetness tickling down her inner thighs.

She had absolutely never experienced anything like this. She had never, ever imagined her son, Jack, being this way. She would have never believed it.

She eased onto her stomach and let her hips meet the bed. She stayed facing down and put her face in the nook of her arm. She felt him lower onto his side beside her. Then, he collapsed onto his back.

She spoke first. "That was the most intense experience of my life."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

Jack's words came slowly and delicately. "You know, I would have never guessed, not for a single moment, you had that in you."

Anne smiled sheepishly.

He continued. "You have this reserved, contained persona. You really do. And then, this?"

"You brought it out in me. I have not ever behaved this way. Believe me."

Her mind flashed to her phone and the call James had made to her. She rolled over to the side of the bed and searched beside the bed for her phone. She had to lean and reach across the floor to get the phone, and she brought it back up quickly.

They both stared at it. Neither of them spoke as the face of the phone still stayed lit and said "James." The time clock still ran from where the call continued. It ran past twenty-eight minutes.

She started to listen to the receiver or say something, but instead she clicked it off.

They looked at each other in disbelief.

Did James really hear that?

THE END