

# The Pursuit

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## **The Pursuit by WritingwhatIlike**

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## The Pursuit

Claire smiled when she saw the caller ID. She picked up her cell and walked out of the meeting room. She always had time for this caller.

"Hi Jase, what's up?" she said.

"Hey Mom, I'm sorry for calling during work, but I had to run this by you so you don't get surprised."

"Oh, yeah? What is it?"

"Dad called. He said he can't make it to your party tonight and asked if I could go with you instead. I didn't want to spring it on you at the last minute."

Claire closed her eyes briefly. Her husband was always pulling this stuff when it came to social gatherings. "Thanks for the heads up. What did he say was the reason this time?"

"Something made up. You know him," Jase said. "Are you okay to take me? I don't know what kind of party it is, but I wouldn't want you to miss out because of him."

"I... well, let me think. You're 22 now, right? An adult, yes? I think you are fine to attend whatever party I can," she said, teasing him. "I'd love to have you come with me. It's one of my friend Janice's shindigs, they're usually pretty fun."

"Perfect. How should I dress? Is it themed at all? I don't want to stand out."

"Her invite said it was a high school party. I don't know what that means, really. I was going to wear a skirt and some leggings, but that sounds more 80s theme now that I say it. Really, dress how you like, it won't matter." She saw her coworkers watching her through

the glass doors. "Listen, I have to run, pick me up at 8 sharp. Thanks for the call, son."

"Love you, Mom, see you tonight."

Claire ended the call and rejoined her meeting. She wasn't really mad at George bailing on her, she'd half expected it. Him roping their son in on the act was a new twist.

After her meeting she called Janice to give her a heads up about the guest list change.

Janice's sultry tones caressed her ear. "It's too bad George can't join us, but I'm sure Jase will have fun." There was a hint of other meaning in her tone.

"You're not planning any of your games, are you?" Claire said. "I think the last ones are why George is bailing on this one. Please tell me you'll be gentle with my son."

"Oh, you know me, I always have something planned. Don't worry, I'm sticking to the theme." Somehow that didn't put Claire at ease. "Well, as long as there'll be no lasting damage. We'll see you later, hon. Bye."

"Bye, Claire."

Claire hoped that by having put the bug in Janice's ear, the party wouldn't get out of hand. Somehow her friend always managed to put people at ease, throw down barriers that would normally be up. More than once a couple had disappeared into a bedroom for a while after participating in one of her party games.

Claire herself had tried to get George to join her in a room during the last party. He'd been so embarrassed they'd had to leave. She knew no one would have cared. In her eyes, disappearing was a sign that your relationship was a solid one.

The sound of her high heels clacking on the pavement echoed around her as she made her way to her BMW after work. Happy with a week over and ready to celebrate the Friday, Claire contemplated what to bring for drinks. Gin? Wine? Whiskey? Gin was a slow burn, Wine was for conversations, and whiskey made her silly.

Deciding on a mix, she picked up her night's supplies and headed home to have dinner and prepare for the party.

Dinner turned out to be a fairly predictable affair. George protested that he really did have work, but she didn't believe him. She let him off the hook, but did stick it to him about pulling Jase in.

"What?" he said, eyes wide with innocence. "He'll have a good time, he's more like you than me in those situations."

"Yes, I know, but you remember how Janice's parties can be sometimes."

"Oh come on, so what. He's an adult now, if he wants to go to the back room with one of her guests, let him."

"You know Janice doesn't endorse swinging. She only invites couples, to avoid temptation. You know what? Never mind. I'm sure Jase and I will have fun, even without playing any of the games."

"Exactly," George said, with a smug smile.

At 8 o'clock Claire was ready to go. She had decided that her earlier idea was silly, and so went with something she'd seen one of Jase's high school friends wear, back when he was going. It was just a simple crop top and a medium length skirt, with yoga shorts underneath.

The doorbell rang and George went to answer it. "Claire, your date's here," he called out.

Funny man. Claire called back, "I'll be right there!" She finished her hair, grabbed her handbag and went to meet Jase.

He was waiting at the door, like a date, which made Claire laugh. He was playing along with his dad's dumb joke, so she would too. "Oh, hello Jase. You're right on time. Shall we go?" She held out her arm for her son to take it, and he did. Together they walked out to his car. Claire called back, "Don't wait up!"

The drive to the party was peppered with periodic small talk and silence. Claire took in Jase's outfit, and let him know she approved. He was wearing jeans and a t-shirt with a leather jacket over top. Nothing that would stand out, but it looked good on his lean frame. Or? She reached over and gripped his bicep. "Are you working out?"

He laughed and looked at her, realizing she was serious. "Yes, of course. I've been lifting for 6 months now, ever since Bill joined the company. He's super into it, so I've been joining him."

"It looks good on you. You'll definitely draw the notice of any single ladies there tonight."

"Do you think there will be any?"

Claire shrugged with one shoulder. "There could be, but it's unlikely. Janice likes to invite couples to her parties. That's why George didn't just abandon me without providing me with a replacement. Janice likes to set up games for couples, but don't worry, I called and warned her it would be you coming tonight, not George."

"You had to warn her? Are her games that risqué?"

"No, not really. You might see some people disappear into the back rooms now and then, but there's no swinging or group sex or anything. People just have some fun."

"Oh," he said. He sounded vaguely disappointed.

Smiling, Claire shook her head. Men were all the same.

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At the party, Claire and Jase found that they were the first to arrive. 8:30 was early in the evening, but Claire liked to have some time with Janice alone to gossip without her having to play hostess. They gabbed away at each other for an hour before anyone else showed up. Poor Jase was fairly bored by then, so when happy things were getting started.

The second couple to arrive was Harry and his wife Marie. They were in their late 40s and dug into a bottle of wine right away. Jase was introduced as Claire's date, as she wanted to keep the joke going. Harry and Marie laughed, knowing that he was her son.

"Where's George? Did he chicken out?" asked Henry.

"Yes, you know him. It was him who roped poor Jase into this whole thing. He's my knight in shining armour, saving me from a boring night at home." Claire leaned over and planted a big smooch on Jase's cheek in motherly affection.

And so it went, with more couples slowly joining them, until eventually they had 11 people crowded in the apartment. Janice stood up and held up her hands for attention.

"As you know," she started. "We usually play some fun games at my parties. Tonight is no exception, however there is a theme this time. Some of you have dressed appropriately," she gestured to Claire and Jase. "And some not," she said, pointing to a couple in what amounted to pyjamas.

"I thought you said it was a slumber party," the woman of the couple said, laughing.

Janice raised her glass and said, "It's okay, the theme is high school party, and so the games will apply to slumber parties as well."

"The house rules still apply. You cannot leave this room, or this apartment, with anyone except who you arrived with."

Claire rolled her eyes at Jase at this part. She knew they were safe from those shenanigans.

Janice continued, "We will play until everyone agrees we are done, at which point a winning couple will be declared. The prize is... 7 minutes in heaven!" The room erupted into gales of laughter at this throwback to olden times. "No, actually the prize is you get to brag you had the most fun." They all cheered, and Janice retreated to get the first game rolling.

Within minutes she had set everyone up in a circle around the room, a bottle in the middle of the circle.

"Aw, come on, Janice. You can't expect us to kiss other people, can you?" said one of the men.

"Nope!" she retorted. "This is a twist on the old game. In this version you don't kiss, you tell. One person spins the bottle, and whomever it lands on gets to ask that person a question. If the spinner doesn't answer, they lose 10 points. If they answer honestly, they get 20 points."

And so the game started. Janice went first, and the bottle landed on Henry. He asked her when the last time she kissed someone was. "Five minutes before Claire and Jase got here," she answered, which had them both staring in astonishment. She had been kissing someone just before they arrived? Where did the person go? Claire started to ask, but Janice held up her hand. "If my spin lands on you, you can ask."

The game continued. Most questions were tame, some were a bit risqué, but nothing was terribly embarrassing. At one point the pyjama wearing man spun and it landed on Jase. Everyone knew that Claire and he were mother and son at this point.

"Will you kiss your date goodnight?" he asked, with a grin. Everyone laughed and Jase went a bit red, but answered gamely.

"Of course not! I am a gentleman," he declared. The women clapped, while the men jeered. Claire smiled at his clever answer, for he didn't say he couldn't, just that he would not, due to good manners.

Jase's spin landed on the pyjama wearing woman, and he smiled.

"Will you kiss your date goodnight?" he asked.

She laughed and said, "Of course not, I am a lady!"

The room erupted into laughter, while the pyjama man looked glum until his date leaned over and smooched him on the cheek.

A while later they took a break while Janice set up the next game.

Jase grabbed them fresh drinks and said, "So these games are usually a bit 'freer', right?"

Claire shrugged. "Sometimes, it depends on the theme. We've had political themes before where the games were debates. It sounds dry but after a few drinks no one is making any kind of coherent point and there's a lot of laughter."

Soon Janice had the next game set up, and there was much giggling. It was a game of twister. Janice stood up again. "I think we all know this one. Just a friendly match between couples. The couple that goes the longest without falling over wins 50 points."

They drew straws to see which couple would go first, and it was Henry and Marie. They only lasted a few moves before Henry fell over, complaining about a stiff back. The next couple was in their 30s, two women who turned out to be fairly limber. They lasted 5 minutes before a tricky move sent them tumbling. Third up was Claire and Jase, and Janice was ready to let them bow out, but Jase spoke up.

"I don't see any reason to pull out, it's a family game, right?"

Janice looked at Claire, who shrugged. Jase grinned and told Claire to stretch before starting. She laughed and did some light stretches before taking her place on the mat.

The first few spins were dead simple, and she didn't even have to touch Jase, but the fourth spin was a bit more problematic. She had to reach between his legs and touch her right hand to a red spot. Thankfully she managed with little fanfare. Jase's next spin spread his legs further apart, causing him to squat down on her arm. She barely held on to the red spot. Her next spin was her left hand on blue, and the only spot that made sense was also between his legs.

Claire hesitated. If she pushed for this spot, she'd basically be putting her face in his crotch. Just as she was about to roll over and give up, Janice announced that they only needed 30 more seconds to take the lead. She glanced at Jase, who didn't seem worried about it, so she plunged her face forward, barely touching the blue spot. She couldn't see what Jase's spin was at this point. She heard the dial going around, but was distracted by something else. Surely, that wasn't what she thought it was?

Claire closed her eyes and tried to mentally divorce herself from the lump in her son's jeans. It had nothing to do with her, he'd react this way to any woman's face in his crotch. She was soon relieved of the position when Jase failed to place his foot on the next spot and they

both crashed down. Janice announced that they were in the lead with a time of 6 minutes, so she supposed it was worth it.

In the end, it was not worth it as the pyjama couple went 10 minutes. In fact, Claire was fairly sure that there had been some biting and caressing, causing their turns to take longer, but she didn't mind. Jase also looked like he didn't mind, cheering the PJ couple on. Was he cheering their gameplay, or their performance?

The PJ couple held the lead at 10 minutes, but before the other couples had finished, they disappeared into the back. They returned in time to see the winning couple go a full 11 minutes, but didn't seem to care. They were both red faced and their PJs were a bit messy. Claire guessed that they had other things on their minds, and indeed they said their goodbyes fairly soon after. They wouldn't be wearing the PJs long, she guessed.

The next game was a variation on the first. It was spin-the-bottle again, but the spinner got to give the person the bottle pointed at a dare involving their partner. Again, Claire and Jase were offered an out, but he protested, saying they could refuse anything too daring. Claire shrugged. She was feeling fairly loose from alcohol at this point, and knew they wouldn't need to do anything too out there.

The first spinner was one of the lesbians, who happened to get her partner on her spin. She was delighted, as she dared her partner to kiss her for 5 minutes. Jase seemed particularly interested in the two women kissing at first, but got bored after a bit.

The other woman spun the bottle next, and got Marie. She dared Marie to give Henry a lap dance, which Marie was happy to do. The room cheered for Henry as Marie ground her hips into his lap. Before long, Henry stood up and grabbed Marie's hand to take her into the back, accompanied by the other couples cheering.

Claire spotted the problem with George not coming. Sure, he never went to the back rooms, but these parties at least had the effect of

getting him revved up for later when they got home. Now she'd just be left with a sleeping husband, and no after party delight.

The next spin should have been Marie but she was gone, so it defaulted to Janice. She spun it and the bottle pointed directly between Jase and Claire. Janice clapped her hands.

"What dare can I give you that is actually a dare, that you won't wimp out on?" she said rhetorically.

Claire glanced at Jase speculatively. He'd already shown he would react to her as a woman in the right situation. What would Janice come up with?

After a minute of pondering, her friend said, "I've got it! My earlier joke now proves prescient. I dare you to enjoy... 7 minutes in Heaven!"

Claire groaned. It was classic Janice. Throwing her and her son into a closet didn't mean anything. They'd just stand there for 7 minutes and then come out again, but Janice would never drop it. And if they didn't go in, they lose out on participating in the game. At this point Claire was on the fence whether she wanted to keep going, and so looked over to Jase to see what he was thinking.

She should have guessed. He was standing in front of her, one hand held out. "My Lady, please accompany me into the closet, where you will undoubtedly experience 7 minutes of a gentleman behaving himself."

Claire grinned and took his hand. She could get used to this. They made their way to the closet indicated by Janice and stepped in. The dark enveloped them as the doors closed, Janice's voice ringing out, "Time starts now!"

Claire immediately said, "Thanks for playing along. Your Dad doesn't take to Janice's teasing very well, and he'd have pulled us out and

headed home in a heartbeat."

"That's okay. I'm having fun." She heard some shifting, as he moved around. "Damn, Janice's closets aren't very spacious, are they?" he said. "Let me just move some of this stuff so I can stand properly."

Then came the sound of shoes and boxes being pushed around until she heard a 'whoops!' and a crushing weight shoved her sideways, pinning her against the wall of the closet.

In her ear came, "Sorry Mom, I fell." Her son's head was next to hers now, his body pressing into her. "Let me try and get up."

Suddenly his hand was on her breast, as if he needed leverage to stand up straight.

"Damnit, sorry again." The hand moved, and the weight was lifted as he pushed away from the wall. "I can't move any more than this. I think something fell on me from the top shelf," he whispered.

"Can you reach the door?" she asked.

"No, but that's okay, I'll just hang out here for the next 5 minutes."

Claire couldn't see much, only small beams of light caressing her son's face as he looked around. "Are you sure?" she asked, and shifted a bit. The shift caused more thumps behind Jase and he grunted.

"Pretty sure," he said, trying to sound carefree.

They stayed in place for the next minute, faces pressed close, breath mingling. She could smell his aftershave drifting into her nostrils. It had been a very long time since she had been in close proximity with someone so obviously male, who wasn't her husband. Another minute passed and she was starting to see more, including his eyes. He was looking over her face, flicking from her eyes to her... mouth?

"What -" she said, but didn't get any further before he leaned forward and pressed his lips against hers.

The shock of her own son kissing her was first, followed by the feel of his moist lips caressing hers. The alcohol she'd had slowed her response, and the situation confused her, so she stayed frozen. Then she felt him open his lips slightly, and the feel of his mouth on her caused her to respond, instinctually. First, by opening her own lips, letting him slip his lips between hers, and then by tentatively meeting his tongue, tip to tip in a brief glance.

It was a nice kiss.

He slowly peeled his mouth off of hers, leaving her gasping, eyes searching his face for understanding, explanation, anything. She saw only lust. Just as she was about to chastise him for the kiss, the doors opened, light flooding their confined space. The doors allowed the weight of shoes and hats that had fallen on Jase to fall out, and they fell out as well.

The room erupted into cheers. Janice leaned over to help her up, and whispered, "Was it heaven?" She then started moving packages and boxes to let them stand up. Claire arranged herself, aware that her cheeks were flushed. Jase didn't seem phased in the slightest, despite having just made an advance on his own mother.

Claire weighed the spectacle of calling him out publicly, versus the shame of everyone finding out, and decided to keep quiet. She would read him the riot act later.

The party quickly wound up after that. Janice declared Claire and Jase the winners by default and everyone agreed. Mother and son left soon after in a taxi. Claire sat in the back, up against the door. Jase sat comfortably on his side, watching the scenery as they drove to her house.

Once at her house, he walked her up to the front door. She was shaking now, furious that he had taken advantage of her like that. She turned around to confront him, only to find him with his hands raised in surrender.

"I'm sorry Mom. I couldn't resist. The alcohol, the situation, my sexy date." At this he smiled. "Please don't be mad. I think you deserve to go on more dates like that with someone who will have fun." He paused. "I'd be happy to be the one to take you."

"You want... to date me?" she asked. The balls on the boy.

He shrugged. "Call it what you want. You're a very classy woman, and a fun date. I'd be delighted to go anywhere with you on my arm."

"What about the kiss? You can't expect that to happen every time we go out."

He shrugged. "I'm not saying I'd steal a kiss every time...but I'm not saying I wouldn't, either." This last was said with a cheeky grin. "Just think about it. The next time Dad wants to duck out on you, or even before that, give me a call instead."

With that, he leaned forward and kissed her quite properly on the cheek and left. She was standing on her front step with the feel of his warm lips on her face and the memory of them on her lips.

She went inside and went up to her room, unsurprised to find George asleep. She dealt with her bladder and her makeup in the washroom and then crept in and got undressed, crawling into bed. She lay there for some time, still reeling from the audacity her own son had to make a pass at her. To kiss her!

The memory of the closet slithered back, worming into her thoughts. The feel of his weight on her. The smell of him in her nose. The brief feel of his hand on her breast. Had that been on purpose? She'd

entirely forgotten in her surprise at the kiss. She supposed that he had done it deliberately, despite the apology. Had he squeezed it a bit? She couldn't remember.

Claire gently grabbed her breast the same way her son had, earlier in the evening. Was it a grope, or a grab for leverage? She decided it was a grope, trying to ignore the way her nipple responded. He had taken two liberties with her that night, but only apologized for one.

Closing her eyes, she let her hand drift down between her legs. She felt her pussy lips swollen and wet, as she had known they would be. She spent some time playing down there before closing her eyes for sleep.

She would think about the Jase situation in the morning.

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Over breakfast the next morning, Claire fielded questions from George about how her night had gone. She described the party in loose detail, leaving out the '7 minutes in heaven'. He looked smug that she had had fun without him, which irked her. She wanted him to accompany her, not her son. The night would have been a lot more fun if it had ended with some great sex. It was at that point that she remembered Jase's offer to take her out on more 'dates'.

"Jase dropped me off last night, and offered to accompany me again if you don't want to go out."

"Oh yeah? That's a good idea. I knew getting him to go was the right solution," he said.

Her next sentence slipped out before she really thought it through. "I was thinking of going to a play tonight, the one you have been avoiding, and taking Jase. Is that alright?"

"Oh, sure! Yeah, that's a great idea."

"Great, I'll ask him." What was she doing? Why was she adopting her son's proposal, after he was so brazen?

She picked up her phone to text Jase, and immediately felt self-conscious. She was texting her 'date' from last night within an hour of waking up. She wasn't sure if she entirely forgave him for his kiss and grope, and here she was jumping on asking him out again? She put her phone down, determined to at least not seem eager.

"Change your mind?" George asked, looking up from his phone.

"No... I'm sure Jase is still sleeping at this hour. I'll text him later."

George shrugged.

Claire worked through some paperwork for a charity she worked with, struggling with her conscience the whole time. She was annoyed at George for fobbing her off on her son, but the thought of being able to go out and have fun again was very appealing. On the other hand, she didn't want to reward Jase's behaviour, either. In the end, she was decided by the idea of finally being able to see a play with someone who didn't roll their eyes the entire time.

She waited a few hours before texting Jase. She opened her message app, and found his thread. Their last exchange had been to arrange lunch a month ago. Pondering what to say, she was surprised to see three dots show up on his side. He was typing her now?

A few seconds later a message popped up.

*Hey sexy lady, how are you today?*

He had no shame. What if George had seen the message?

*I am your mother, not a sexy lady. And I am fine.*

*Great! Just thinking about you, I had a great time last night. Can't wait for our next date.*

Claire fumed. He was assuming a lot; despite the fact she already had their next date planned out. She made him wait for 5 minutes, coming up with a response that would seem casual.

*Actually, I had something in mind for tonight. Would you like to go see a play?*

No cozy dark closets this time, bucko, just a public outing.

*Yeah sure! I love plays. What time should I pick you up?*

He hadn't even asked what the play was about. Was he that interested in spending time with her?

*I'll meet you there. It's the Royal Theatre on 3rd. 8pm.*

*Do you want to grab dinner first?*

His assertiveness from the night before had thrown her off balance. Normally she'd love to have dinner with her son, but now she was viewing it through the lens of his bold overtures. Did she want to give him more opportunities to come on to her? Or was she reading too much into it? Was he playing with her, and she was taking it all too seriously? Maybe she needed to give him more room to work, and see where he went with it.

*Sure, dinner sounds good. How about Mancino's at 6?*

*It's a date!*

Claire closed her eyes. She'd just set up a date with her own son. Shaking her head, she went to do something less dirty, like gardening.

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That afternoon she called Janice. Something was bothering her.

"Hiiii Claire, how are you doing? Did you have fun last night? I know I sure did." Janice sounded like the cat that swallowed the canary.

"Did someone put you up to it?" she demanded. No small talk.

"Put me up to what? Oh, that whole 7 minute thing? No, darling, that was a spur of the moment inspiration. Genius, hmmm?"

"Sure, genius. Are you positive that it wasn't planned? It feels too perfect for the only mother and son couple to get the closet treatment."

"Oh, you're a couple now! Congratulations, dear! I'll be sure to send you a little something to celebrate the new union."

Claire laughed. "Oh, fuck you, bitch, you know what I mean."

Janice's low voice chuckled in response. "I do, but that doesn't mean I can't tease you. No one put me up to anything. I thought you two were having a good time, and so I went with it. Should I not have? Did Jase do something...untoward?"

"No! No, it was fine, it just seemed too perfect that's all. I look forward to your next soiree."

"As do I, Claire, as do I," Janice said, before hanging up.

Claire sat and pondered. So, by chance George put Jase in his spot for the party, and by chance Janice put them in a dark closet together, and then Jase took that opportunity to make a pass at her? Either it was planned, or the boy knew when to shoot his shot.

She headed to grab a shower, head still swirling with conspiracy theories. Water cascading down her curves, she found her fingers straying south. As she pondered the closet encounter, and what Jase

must have been thinking, she found herself more and more aroused. Her hand grasped her breast, just as he had done last night, and soon found herself shuddering through an orgasm under the warm spray.

What was going on?

That night, she was surprised to find George protesting about dinner. "Why are you going to dinner? You said he would go with you to things I don't like. I like dinner!"

"Well, you can come with us to dinner if you want," she said, reasonably.

He paused and thought about it. "No, that's okay."

"What? You were just protesting us going, and now that you're invited you don't even want to go!"

"If I'd had more notice, then I'd go, but I'm comfy now." He was presently stretched out on the couch, an early hockey game starting.

Claire rolled her eyes and went to get changed. She contemplated her choices of attire, weighing the dinner at a casual restaurant against the more formal theatre crowd afterwards. Not to mention she was going with her son, not a beau.

In the end, she settled on a black pencil skirt that went to her knees, and a white, long-sleeved blouse. The outfit straddled the line between casual and formal quite nicely. The blouse displayed deep cleavage, which she covered with a black scarf. No reason to show off the goods to this particular date.

As she was leaving, Claire leaned over to give her husband a kiss on the forehead. The juxtaposition of her attire and his, her going to a play and he on the couch made her feel funny. It seemed to highlight how different they were at this stage of their lives. While

he was content to be a homebody, she wanted to have fun. Could this be why she was willing to go out with Jase? Was he filling a need that George wasn't able to fill anymore?

That was a subject entirely too deep when heading out to enjoy dinner and play, she decided, but it still haunted her as she drove to the restaurant.

At the restaurant, Claire walked in the front doors to find Jase there waiting.

"Oh, hi!" She said, walking up to him. "Have you been here long?" she asked, taking in his outfit.

Like her, he had chosen to wear clothes to match both destinations. Dark slacks, a white simple shirt and a blazer. She could smell a musky cologne as well. He was clean shaven, maybe it was aftershave? The overall impression was of a confident, mature man. Together they made a handsome couple, she realized.

"I just got here. Our table is ready," he said.

The hostess led the way and Jase directed her to follow with a hand on her lower back. It was a familiar, intimate gesture, carried off with an aplomb that impressed her. It also raised goosebumps up and down her back. What was going on with her?

Jase held her chair for her at the table, so she smiled at him with appreciation. Sometimes it was the little things that impressed. Dinner turned out to be much less awkward than she feared. His flirty tone in texts didn't translate to their conversation, and he was very respectful. She was able to relax a bit, and they had some laughs while they ate. She felt much better about the situation, and by the time they were walking the block to the theatre, Claire was holding onto her son's arm as if he were a real date.

"You're quite good at this," she said.

"What, having dinner with my mom?" he said, with a cheeky grin.

"No, I mean the whole dinner date thing. The witty conversation, putting me at ease, making me laugh. It's very charming. You must be very popular with the ladies."

"This *is* a date! I had wondered. I can't help but bring out my 'A' material for such an irresistible woman like yourself," he said.

Claire blushed at the comment but fired back, "You can't say things like that about me! I'm your mother, for goodness sake."

"I can guarantee you that any straight man would agree with me. Just because I'm your son doesn't mean I'm not right."

"True, but you're supposed to act like it's not true."

"I guess I'm not a very good son, then," he said, somberly.

She shook his arm. "Stop it, you're wonderful." After a pause, she went on, "Maybe you were a *bit* too forward the other night, but tonight you're perfect."

They walked on in silence for a bit, then he said, "I don't regret that kiss at all, actually. I haven't really been able to stop thinking about it. I might have to take back my apology."

"Your half apology, you mean? You only mentioned the kiss, and failed to apologize for grabbing my breast." Saying that out loud made Claire feel funny in her belly.

"Ahhh, yeah. Well, all I can say is, 'sorry, not sorry' for that. I didn't mean to touch you there, but I regret nothing." The cheeky grin was back.

"Very funny. Seriously, though. What were you thinking with that kiss?"

He appeared to think a bit before he said, "I told you the truth. The combo of alcohol, situation, and company. It wasn't premeditated, I just got caught up in the moment. If I have a regret, it's that it was so short. Next time, I'll take my time."

"Next time! You mean with someone else, right? You can't think we will be kissing like that again." Her heart thumped once, hard, in her chest at the thought, and to her dread Claire realized as they were walking that her panties were getting wet. Damn the boy!

"I'm not saying I'm planning anything, but if the opportunity comes up where I can kiss you again, I'm taking it."

This promise sent a thrill through her body. The prospect of another illicit kiss with her son wasn't nearly as repugnant as it should be. Somehow his confidence, his brazenness, was short-circuiting her brain, causing inappropriate reactions.

"You might take the opportunity, but you better know what you're getting into before you take that step. Some things can't be undone," she warned.

"Hummmm, that is true," he said, stopping there on the sidewalk. People had to walk around them, as he turned her towards him. Claire watched in sick fascination as her son leaned in and captured her mouth in an open kiss. She responded automatically, without hesitation, and then they were kissing in public, where anyone could see. It lasted only a few seconds, but it was enough to send tingles to her nipples, her pussy clenching in response to her desire.

Jase pulled away from her, looking in her eyes. "That's one thing I don't want to undo." He turned her to resume their walk to the theatre.

Claire walked in a haze. Her mind was fogged from the situation. She wasn't sure how to handle it, how to handle him. His actions were so sure, and she was floundering in the current of her

confusion. How far was he going with this? Was she just a diversion between other women?

What would she tell George? Could she tell him?

Jase had started chatting about the play, the reviews he'd read, and Claire had to race to catch up to his thoughts. Forcing herself to move on, they went to watch the play.

The play was very good. What impressed her more was how Jase managed to not look bored throughout it. It wasn't something he'd ever shown interest in before. She kept checking him out, sending sidelong looks his way, and he never failed to notice, smiling back.

During the intermission he insisted he needed some air, and led her outside. There were only a few audience members here, smoking. Jase took her hand and pulled her along until they came to an alley. There was no one there, and he walked a few steps before turning to her. She stood like a deer in headlights as he stepped closer. Time seemed to slow as she contemplated all her responses. Step back? Put up her hand? Walk away? None of them happened, and in fact she could feel her lips part in anticipation.

This kiss was the meeting of two lovers. There was no hesitation, no tentativeness, just passion and desire. It made Claire's head swim. She could feel her mouth fill with saliva, coating her tongue as it swished and swirled around his. Their lips slipped in and out, one moment she had his in a sucking grasp, then next he was capturing hers.

In her haze, Claire barely felt the hand that grabbed her ass cheek, but she did notice when he placed a hand on her breast, his palm pressing into her diamond-hard nipple. It snapped the spell she was under, and she was able to pull away from him, their kiss ending with a wet smack. She held up a hand to forestall him, his hands falling to his sides. She was breathing hard, passion spread throughout her now.

"Please," she said. "This is too much. I'm married. I'm your mother. We can't do this."

He didn't say anything, his chest also heaving. "I know all those things... and yet I still want you." He ran a hand through his hair. "I'm having a hard time controlling myself around you. You set me on fire. You're not exactly showing me any different."

"I won't lie," she said, trying to calm down with a few deep breaths. "You... do... things to me, too. But it just can't happen, okay? We have to control ourselves."

Jase nodded. "Okay. If you say so." He grimaced and shifted the lump in his pants. When he saw her inquiring glance, he said, "Sorry, it was in a painful position."

Claire did her best not to think of what was in a painful position, and why. They stood there, not saying anything. Her hard nipples making little tents, his hardon making a large one. Just then they heard the usher calling the audience back for the second part of the play and she sighed, grateful for the distraction.

They turned as one and made their way inside to their seats. The silence was both pregnant and comfortable. There was an elephant in the room, but there wasn't much to say about it now.

After the play, Jase walked her to her car like a gentleman. At the drivers' door, Claire turned around to say goodnight, and emitted a little 'eep' when she saw how close he was to her. His scent filled her nostrils, the warmth of his breath washing over her. He looked in her eyes, but didn't speak.

Neither of them made a move, while she examined his face. The memory of his lips on hers ran through her mind, distracting her from what she was going to say.

"Good night, Claire. I had a wonderful time. I hope we can see each other again." He leaned in and gave her a careful close-mouth kiss that lingered briefly, before turning away.

She was left with a longing to call him back, but just said, "Good night, Jase."

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That night, crawling into bed next to her slumbering husband, Claire knew what was going to happen. Within seconds her hand was caressing her outer lips, fingers dipping into her hot, wet cavity. She shuddered when she made contact with her clit. It was swollen with need, exposed from its hood, and very sensitive.

Too sensitive. She rubbed around it, the movement of her labia caressing it with silken massages. The tingling pressure radiated throughout her pussy, and she ached to have something more solid. She needed to feel the weight of a man on her, in her, driving his passion within her over and over.

She looked over at George, thinking maybe she could wake him up, but remembered the last time. He'd grumped and rolled over, and then complained about it the next day. He was a slow burn when it came to passion, and a mid-sleep wakeup booty call didn't go over well.

Sighing, she looked up at the ceiling and struggled to avoid the inevitable path of her thoughts. The memory of his kisses was like a lodestone, drawing her mind back to them.

The surprise in the closet. She moaned, shifting her legs apart. Her labia were spread wide now, and she could caress her inner lips, spreading moisture everywhere.

The bold kiss on the street. She dipped a fingertip into her vagina, then added another, caressing her opening. She groaned.

The back-alley kiss, hidden and furtive. Now Claire could feel it boiling within her. A rising, building pressure within her. Her breathing got faster.

His hand on her breast. Matching his hand, she found her breast, her nipple boring into her palm. She massaged it, while plunging her fingers in and out of her, juice squelching there in the dark. With a small cry, Claire came on her hand, her hips driving up, as if to meet a ghostly lover.

Once she had come down to earth, she looked at George, to make sure he hadn't woken. He just lay there, breathing evenly, unaware of the orgasm his wife had just had, thinking of their son.

As she lay there, pulse dropping steadily, the horny mom thought back to the last two nights, masturbating in her bed. If she was responding this way, surely Jase was as well. She pictured him on his bed, naked, hard penis in hand, spurting into the air, crying out her name. She felt her pussy clench in response.

Trying to wipe her hand clean and pull her panties up proved a messy chore, so she rolled off the bed to do it properly. In the bathroom, she washed up, and caught sight of herself in the mirror. Hair slightly disarrayed, cheeks flushed, she looked the very image of someone who'd just had sex. Except she hadn't. Just masturbated. To the thought of her own son.

Thankfully sleep came swiftly.

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The next morning Claire woke feeling quite good. Energized, like she'd gotten actually fucked. She laughed to herself as she threw a robe over her nightgown and headed to the kitchen. Was solo sex just as good as the regular kind, if the inspiration was vivid enough?

George was on his way out the door and came to give her a kiss goodbye. She couldn't help but compare his lips to the last ones that had been there, and it wasn't a good comparison.

"How was the play?" he asked.

"Oh, it was really good. They did a great job," she enthused.

"Nice. How did Jase like it? I'm imagining a lot of eye-rolling."

"Actually, he seemed into it. He had read reviews and paid attention, and everything. It was impressive."

"Wow. Is he actually growing up?" George said with a chuckle.

Claude was surprised at the surge of annoyance she felt. "Actually, he was a perfect companion. No one could ask for better."

"Wow! Glowing praise, indeed. I guess that means you'll be taking him on more 'dates'."

Now she was trapped. She couldn't demur now without looking foolish. "Of course. I was going to ask if he wanted to check out the new art gallery exhibit next weekend."

George grunted, clearly uninterested. "Uh huh, well tell him I said hi."

She nodded at his back as he walked out the door. Why had she come up with another date? She could have just said she was thinking about it. Now she was trapped, as George would expect her to head out next weekend.

As she was contemplating what she could say to get out of her dilemma, she was interrupted by her phone. A text? Yes, a text, from Jase.

*Hey. Thanks for the nice evening. Sorry if I came on strong. I feel better this morning. Not as... aggressive.*

*You have to stop texting me stuff like this. What if your dad saw it?*

*He can't, he already left.*

How did he know that?

*Wait, where are you?*

*lol. I'm outside. I brought you coffee.*

*Get in here!*

A few minutes later her son came in the back door, carrying two disposable cups from Starbucks. He handed one of them to her, casually, like it was a common occurrence. As far as she could remember, this was the first time he'd ever done it.

"What are you doing here?" she asked, taking a sip. Wow. How the hell did he know how she took it? A second later she was fighting to not snort coffee out of her nose. If she had her way, he'd never know how she 'took it'.

Jase raised an eyebrow at her obvious struggle. "I wanted to see you. I figured it would be weird if Dad was here, so I waited."

"Why would it be weird? He is your father. He'd like to see you," she said.

He gave her a look that seemed to convey that she was being obtuse on purpose. Perhaps she was.

"It'd be weird because I wanted to show my contrition in person, and he might wonder what it was about." He gestured to the coffee in her hand, and then bent over to kiss her forehead, before retreating to lean against the counter.

"This seems like quite the trip, out of your way, to do something that you could do by text."

"Yes, but I can't deliver coffee via text, and despite your, ahem, enthusiastic participation in my transgressions last night, I felt like I should make it up to you."

She contemplated her coffee for a bit before taking another sip. "Your apology is accepted," she said, carefully ignoring his reference to how eagerly she kissed him back. "You got the cream and sugar mix exactly right, and in the near future you're going to explain how you came by that knowledge. For now, I'm going to get dressed. I have a fundraiser meeting this morning."

Jase bowed at the waist and headed to the door. "I hope you will think of me the next time you require company, when going out," he said, and exited.

As Claire showered and dressed, she contemplated her son's gesture. His apology was in stark contrast with his actions, that of a courting man. It was obvious now, that he would take any chance to press his advances on her, and she needed to be strong in the face of them. After a moment's thought, she came to two conclusions. One, she hadn't been very strong yet, submitting to his kisses somewhat easily. Two, she didn't know what his endgame was. Where was he headed with this madness?

The rest of the day passed relatively uneventfully. After her meeting she came back home and dove into some soft, cozy clothes. She set herself up with a cup of tea and a crime novel to wile away the hours in comfort, and by the time George came home for dinner, she was feeling at peace. Nothing like some alone time to set the mind at ease.

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Jase didn't text her, nor did she text him, that entire Sunday, and so come Monday morning she was starting to think that perhaps her assumptions about his intentions had gotten away from her.

When she arrived at work, however, her assumptions didn't seem so far-fetched. There was a bouquet of flowers at her desk with a card: 'Thinking of you'. No signature, but George never sent flowers. A complex series of feelings cascaded through her. The thrill that he was thinking of her. The confusion of a mother's unusual feelings towards her son. The shock at how easily he had gotten under her skin.

Claire prided herself on being a confident person, who could easily fend off the attentions of a young man, however now she was no longer sure that was true. He was making her feel very special, and it had been a long time since someone took the time to do that. She forced herself to at least be honest in her own mind. If it had been one-sided, it would be over, but it was clearly reciprocal. How far did he want to go...and how far did she want to go?

After a morning of meetings and swirling thoughts, Claire needed to get some air, and invited a coworker to go on a walk during lunch.

The coworker, perhaps not coincidentally, was fairly young, maybe around Jase's age. As they were meandering around the inner courtyard built into their building, she realized that she might be able to avail herself of some untapped wisdom.

"Hey, Amber. You go on dates, right? Like, recently?" Claire knew that she did, it seemed to be all that the girl could talk about.

"Oh yeah, of course. Lots! Guys like me a lot," she said.

"Mmhhmm, of course. Look, I went on a kind of date recently, well, it wasn't actually a date, it was just a couple of... friends... going out to a show. But the thing is, he seemed to really be into me. I mean, he texted me the next day, and he brought me coffee at home, and

this morning he sent me flowers. I thought that, being married, I'd be safe, but maybe I'm wrong?"

Amber gave her a look that amounted to 'Oh, Honey.'

"Right, right, I get that he's into me, and I can handle that. My question is, do you think he wants more? Like, is he trying to... get with me?"

"Okay, first off, the phrase is 'hook up', not 'get with me'. And second, yes, he is definitely trying to 'get with you'. What did you do? Did you send him any signals? Did you kiss him?"

Claire flushed at how her subtle attempt to gauge Jase's intentions had totally backfired, leaving her in the crosshairs. "Well -"

"You did! Any time someone starts an answer with 'well', it's a 'yes'. Okay, we can deal with this. First, did you let him know that you were married?"

"He knows, yes."

"As in, he knew before you went out?"

Claire nodded.

"Less good. Did you stop it? Did you let him know that it wasn't happening?"

Claire nodded again.

"And he still brought you coffee, at your house, the next day???"

A third nod.

"Oh girl, you're fucked. Literally. Is he good looking?"

She nodded, firmly.

"Hmmm, not good. Does he have a nice dick?"

She shrugged. "How would I know? I haven't seen it."

"Okay that's something then, that means he hasn't sent you a dick pic. We can salvage this. Is your husband a really big guy, like, super muscular?"

"Nooo, he's pretty regular size."

"So, not scary."

"No, definitely not."

"Hm. How likely are you to see Mr. Coffee and Flowers again? Maybe you can avoid him?"

"I will definitely see him again." Claire was starting to think maybe that was a bad idea.

"Damn! Really? Sorry, you're fucked. Maybe ask him for a dick pic before you meet up again, so you know what you're in for? Because to be honest, Claire: he is going to fuck you."

"Oh, come on! I'm married, and I'll say no! How can you be so certain that he's going to... have sex with me?"

"Just the fact that you're asking me. Plus, the look on your face when I asked if he was handsome. You're already hooked, it's just up to him when he reels you in."

Claire started to scoff when her phone started to buzz with a text message.

Amber said, "Is that him? Is he texting you now?"

Claire looked and, indeed it was Jase. "No," she lied. "It's my husband."

"Well, my advice is to either cut contact 100% or get ready to be plowed by someone not your husband. Make sure you're wearing nice underwear next time you see him."

The younger woman's confident pronouncement sent images to Claire's brain, and blood to her privates.

Amber checked her phone and said, "Look, I have to go, I'll see you around, okay?"

Claire nodded, as Amber walked off. She looked at her phone.

*Hey beautiful. I'm in the area, thought you could use some lunch. Want to grab something with me?*

She closed her eyes and fought the feeling of inevitability that seemed to surround her son's attentiveness.

*Sorry, I have a meeting.*

She felt guilty lying to her son, but couldn't face him at that moment. Somehow, after her talk with Amber, she felt like she'd be naked in a hotel room inside of fifteen minutes if she met him.

*Okay. Raincheck?*

Claire sent a thumbs up, put her phone away and went back to work, trying to ignore the feelings sweeping through her.

That night, after dinner, in the calm of the evening, Claire decided that she needed to talk to Jase about his intentions, but didn't want to have the conversation where George could hear, and potentially misinterpret. She picked up her phone and dialed his number, waiting patiently for him to pick up.

"Hello? Mom?" came his voice through the speaker.

"Hi Jase, are you free tomorrow for that raincheck? I need to talk to you about... stuff." She put a bit of emphasis on the final word.

"Sure! Yeah, I can meet you by your building, or whatever," he said, enthusiastically.

"Meet me out front at noon, we can walk from there."

"Done! See you then, sexy."

Claire stared at her phone after the connection dropped. That had felt more like setting up a date than arranging a meeting, and her rapid pulse and the tension in her chest agreed with her. Was she dating her son?

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The following morning began with a rush of apprehension and excitement, as Claire woke remembering about her upcoming lunch with Jase. She wanted to set them on a better path, and yet so much of what had happened in the last few days felt out of her control. Despite her best intentions she was being swept away by this young man pursuing her.

George was already up and in the kitchen, so Claire was alone with her thoughts, which were predictably muddled. Figuring she could sort them out later, she moved on with her day.

She showered quickly, in order to avoid random thoughts directing her fingers to intimate places. Back in her bedroom, she opened her drawer, and subconsciously bypassed her normal bras and panties, instead choosing a matched set, made of lace and satin. Perhaps she wanted to treat herself, perhaps it was something else. The feel of the smooth material capturing her breasts sent tingles up her torso, ending at the nape of her neck. Goosebumps followed, and then her nipples, hardening in the soft cups, making tents that she could not

resist tweaking quickly. The resulting glow of pleasure kept them hard for several minutes.

Claire shook her head, to clear it of the temptation to continue playing with herself. She had to get to work. She pulled on the panties next, and smiled at how it felt like she wasn't wearing any at all. Pants and a blouse followed. Hair was next, and she went with a simple bun to pull it up, showing off her neck. Her coworkers might comment behind her back on the amount of cleavage showing, but she knew she looked good.

In the kitchen, George barely glanced up as she entered, which annoyed Claire. He could have at least said something encouraging or complimentary. The man was impossible sometimes.

The sun was shining that day, and Claire felt happy, confident, upbeat. She received several compliments from coworkers, and more than a few glances at her chest. It was only her due, she thought. For some reason she had not put her lunch with Jase together with her attitude and outfit, until she ran into Amber in the hall.

"Claire! Look at you! Are you meeting up with Mr. Coffee and Flowers later?" Amber asked.

Claire flushed and nodded. "It's just lunch," she said, quickly. "I figured I would just talk to him, you know, set the record straight on being married, and stuff."

"Mmhmm, 'and stuff', right. Did you wear nice panties, like I told you?"

"Well - "

"There it is again! That's a 'yes'. Do you have a matching bra on?"

Claire clamped up, to make sure she didn't start her sentence with a 'well'.

"Silence means 'yes', too! Oh Claire, I hope your handsome man is good in bed. Did you get that dick pic?"

She shook her head.

"Oh well. Tell you what. If you don't come back from lunch, I'll cover for you. I'll say you went home sick or something, ok?"

"You don't have to do that, I'm sure nothing will happen," said Claire, burning now at the thought of taking off from work for the afternoon to have sex with her son.

"It's just in case. Have a good lunch!" said Amber, giving the final word air quotes.

Claire shook her head, a small smile playing around her mouth. She thought she knew now why Amber had so many dates.

As her 'date' with Jase approached, Claire got less and less work done, until she was staring off into space. It wasn't that she didn't know what to say to him, it was that he didn't seem to listen when she did. Or he listened and then changed his approach to something else. If she told him off about the coffee and flowers, she'd seem ungrateful, despite their obvious subtext.

Maybe he was having fun with her because she was resisting? If she leaned into his advances, he'd probably retreat pretty quickly. Smiling at this fresh strategy, a newly confident Claire picked up her purse and headed down to the front of her building to meet her son.

She thought that she'd be waiting a bit, as she was early, but he was there waiting, leaning against a pole. As she approached him, she took in the well-crafted outfit. Nice shoes, pressed slacks, a close-fitting shirt that showed off his frame. He was smiling from ear to ear as he saw what she was wearing in turn, and her new confidence trembled.

It was one thing to strategize in private, but here in his presence, her heartbeat increased, her neck flushed, her nipples hardened and her satin panties were suddenly damp. It didn't matter what she wanted, her body wanted something else, and was ready for it.

"Hey pretty lady, ready for lunch?" he asked, the smile barely fading.

"I am. I know a great place nearby, it's within walking distance."

"Oh, no need. You mentioned needing to talk, so I figured I would get us a room at the Grand and we could order room service. That way no one will interrupt us, and we don't have to try and talk over restaurant noise."

It all seemed so logical. So straightforward and sensible. So confident and bold. Claire didn't say anything, and so Jase filled in the gap.

"Unless you didn't want privacy? Did you want a public place?" he asked, politely inquisitive.

"Um, no, it's nothing like that. Uhh, I guess the room will work. Is it far?" she asked, literally nothing else coming to mind to say.

"Nope, it's just around the corner. I know you can't stay all afternoon, so I took the liberty of ordering beforehand. It should arrive in a few minutes. We can eat and talk and not be disturbed."

"Very sensible," she murmured, walking beside him down the sidewalk.

The walk was short, but seemed to take a long time for Claire. Her mind was muzzy, but her body was on fire. The effect of just being near him was now amplified by the anticipation of where they were going, and what they might do. What would they do?

She could now feel her labia slipping and sliding as she walked. Her nipples, cradled in their soft prisons, ached in a way that begged to be pinched. Her belly flipped and her heart thumped each time she looked over at Jase, walking next to her. When he smiled, the urge to kiss the smile away built higher.

Claire was grateful when they arrived at the hotel, the lobby embracing her in its shadows to hide her from prying eyes that might wonder what she was doing going to a hotel with her son.

Jase already had the room key, so he led her to the elevator, pushing the button for the 5th floor. As they stood there, Claire's heart rate seemed to climb, matching each floor, until by the time they arrived at the 5th, she was feeling lightheaded.

The rest of the walk was a blur, Jase leading her to the room, letting them in, showing her to the table set up to one side. What? Claire looked around and saw they were in a suite. The first room had a couch and table, a TV, and a mini fridge. Through the one door she could see a king size bed.

"Have a seat. Do you want anything to drink?" he asked, his voice penetrating the buzzing in her ears.

"I'll just have a water, please," she said, sitting down on the couch.

Jase pulled two water bottles from the fridge and joined her on the couch, sitting just a cushion away. He opened one and handed it to her, which she accepted gratefully. The cool liquid seemed to revive her a bit as it trickled down to her stomach.

"This is nice," she said. What else could she say?

"Yeah, it is. So... while we're waiting for lunch, what did you want to talk about? Stuff?" he said, with a smile.

Claire struggled to remember what it was she had wanted to discuss. She'd had the words sorted out last night, but now they escaped her. She pinched her leg to try and rally her thoughts with pain. It worked a bit.

"Well, first I wanted to thank you for the flowers. They were lovely. And then, well, I guess I just don't know what to say. You've been so nice, and thoughtful, and I am not sure where you're going with this - "

Jase cut her off. "Hey, it's okay. You're welcome for the flowers. I am not 'going' anywhere. I want to go out with you to nice places, and be your companion. You know? Be with you."

"Be with me? I thought the phrase was 'hooking up' nowadays." After the words left her mouth, Claire clamped her lips together in shock.

Jase broke out in laughter, immediately breaking the tension from her faux pas.

"That's the phrase -" He was cut off by a knock on the door. He leapt up to answer it, saying, "That'll be lunch."

Claire turned to watch, as her son let in a bellboy pushing a cart covered in dishes. They were unloaded quickly onto the table and then the cart was pushed back out, leaving her alone with Jase again.

"Shall we?" he asked, gesturing to the table.

Claire was suddenly famished. She moved to the seat he held out for her, and they ate a light lunch of sandwiches and salad. They didn't discuss anything of import while eating, keeping the chatter as light as the food.

When it was clear that lunch was done, Claire stood up and gathered her purse to go. In her mind was the intention to firmly state her boundaries and then leave, but he interrupted her.

"Wait, Mom, don't go yet. You asked me where I'm going with the attention I've been showing, so I'll lay it out. You make me feel funny when I'm around you. My chest tightens, I get butterflies, I can only see you, no one else. You're the classiest, sexiest, smartest woman I've met or known."

He stood up from the table and walked around to her side. She could only watch him.

"I was telling the truth. I just want to be around you, to talk to you, to be your companion. I confess that it spills out into other things. My hands are always drifting your way, to touch you and caress you. I want to taste your lips, like all the time. It's a miracle I haven't kissed you yet."

As he finished the last sentence, Claire stepped up and planted a kiss on him for once. It would have been hard to resist after hearing his lovely words, but on top of that, she had been feeling the same urges since they entered the room.

The kiss was a lover's kiss, making her feelings known without words. He returned it enthusiastically, and it was like they were back in the alley behind the theatre. His hand was soon on her breast again, the other confidently holding her hip. She reached up and wrapped her arms around his head, tasting his tongue and his saliva in her mouth.

A few seconds into the kiss, Claire felt a hard lump pressing into her pelvis. She instinctively pushed back, and was pleased to feel Jase moan into her mouth. He reacted by grabbing her breast more aggressively, causing her to moan back. The pressure on her nipple radiated tingling waves to her pelvis, joining the hot tension in her groin.

Claire was lost as to what should come next. She was happy to kiss him, happy to touch him, but the actual next steps were a blank. She knew what her body wanted. She wanted to be filled up, to feel a solid cock sliding into her over and over. She wanted to have a man on top of her, pushing her body into the mattress. But the path from here to there was missing, and so she just kept kissing him.

Jase didn't seem to have the same issue. He started to take small steps, directing them to the next room over. Claire kept her eyes closed, not thinking about what was happening outside of her mouth on his, her tongue darting, caressing, wrestling with his. Her arms now roamed over his back and neck, feeling his warm skin radiate through his shirt.

After a while of moving in small increments, the progress stopped, and they stood there, necking. He reached down to grab her ass cheeks, pulling her to him, pressing her up against his rigid tool encased in his pants. The pressure hit her right on her vulva, ensuring that if there was a dry spot in her panties, there wasn't one any longer. That pressure was what she wanted, but it wasn't enough. She whimpered into his mouth, a plaintive cry for more, more, more.

Her son got the message, it seemed. The next thing the very turned-on mom felt was her ass being released, and then his hands pulling her shirt up out of her waistband, slipping under the material to run over her bare back. She wanted to do that, too, so she pulled his shirt up and was rewarded with handfuls of warm, smooth skin, hard muscles rippling underneath.

Suddenly Claire's hungry mouth was left gaping, as Jase pulled back from their constant kissing.

"I'm going to take your clothes off now," he said, his eyes boring into hers.

This was no request, no seeking permission, it was a simple statement, and all she could do was nod. Her heart was pounding in her chest now, as this decision that she had anticipated hesitating over, simply rushed past her.

His hands were at her buttons, slipping each one through its loop, showing more and more skin as he went. She didn't know what to do with her hands, so they were quiet at her side, as she simply watched her son get his mother naked. Then he was pulling the blouse off her shoulders, revealing her lacy bra.

"Very nice," he murmured, and she wasn't sure if he meant the bra, or her breasts.

He stopped to caress her bust, stroking over the soft material, grazing over the hard nubs.

"Pinch them," she whispered, and he did, causing a groan to burst forth from her.

Just as she was luxuriating in the waves of shivery pleasure he had caused, he reached for the clasp between her breasts and released them to his gaze. Her small breasts didn't move when released; she was proud that they were still firm at her age. He seemed equally impressed, and while one hand was smoothing along the underside of one, his head dipped down to take a nipple in his mouth. A grunt burst from her, and then another, as he sucked her bud rhythmically, tongue flickering over the tip.

"Fuck, Jase," she said, not finishing the thought, as it trespassed too closely to a subject she still hadn't come to terms with.

He wasn't content to dwell very long on her chest, and perhaps that was for the best. The next step was quick, as he undid the button at her pants, and pushed them down. Claire held her breath, there in front of him, thinking of Amber and her nice panties suggestion. As

it happened, it didn't matter, because Jase pushed down both pants and panties in one gesture, leaving her completely naked.

Claire closed her eyes, not wanting to see his face as he took in the nude body of his mother.

"Mom?" he said.

She opened her eyes.

"You are gorgeous," he said, and the look in his eyes was so open and honest, she couldn't help but believe him.

Claire could feel herself getting self-conscious. The situation of being naked in front of her clothed son was beginning to feel wrong. He seemed to feel it too, and distracted her by stripping his clothes off. Intrigued now, she watched as he emerged from his clothing, breath held, waiting for the main course to arrive. And then it did, and she was pleased to see him there, straining towards her, his arousal dripping from the slit.

Jase took a step towards her, and she reflexively took a step back. They took another step, and then she was up against the bed, nowhere to go. He took another step, and then she could feel it against her, the warm flesh spreading warm precum over her mons. She kept herself bare down there, and so there was no barrier between them.

Arms wrapped her up, and then eased her back, down onto the bed. She retreated on her elbows, putting space between them, but he followed, crawling up after her, and soon she was against the headboard.

"Please, Jase. I don't know if this is right," she whispered, finally able to eke some common sense out of her brain.

But he kept coming. She instinctively spread her legs for him, and then he was between her thighs, towering over her. His cock pulsed just inches from the place it was made. Claire was now close enough to see the veins along his shaft. The purple colour of his glans, so hard and full that the skin was shiny. His hole oozed precum, running down the underside of his powerful pole.

She tried again, "Did you hear me?"

Jase nodded, and said, softly, as he leaned over her, "Just say the word, and I'll stop."

Two things happened at once. His open lips captured hers in a kiss, and the tip of his cock speared into her lower lips. Claire moaned into his mouth, as the double whammy of both sensations overwhelmed her. She closed her eyes and her legs spread further, of their own accord, to give him more room to do what he wanted. All thought of protesting fled.

Jase felt the movement, and stopped kissing her to look down between their bodies. Claire looked with him, and together they saw his prick lodged in her folds. He adjusted his lower body slightly, and then she could feel him, seated right in her opening, the tip of his glans starting to spread her open. She gasped at the feel of being stretched, even just a little, and her hips involuntarily rolled to put more of him in.

Heat flashed across her cheeks as she was fully opened up by him, and mother and son watched as another inch of his cock disappeared into her. He pulled back, her juices coating him, then he was pushing back in until his pubic bone hit hers. She squeezed her eyes shut as powerful waves of tension and lightning spread out from her pussy. He wasn't too big, but he was big enough for the sexy, solid mass of him to complete her.

Claire pulled his head down to her, and whispered into his ear, "Son, I can't believe you put your penis in me. You'd better fuck me with

it."

Jase pulled away with a look of glee, and pulled out, the full feeling vanishing before returning in force. He fucked her with his entire length, and at each in and out, Claire got higher and higher.

She reached up and ran her hands over his pecs, feeling them flex, before finding his nipples. They were hard little buttons, so she flicked them with her nails, happy to see him grunt in response. She could swear that he swelled inside of her as well.

"Like that?" she asked, and he nodded, apparently surprised.

She did it again, even grabbing one and pinching it, hearing him grunt even louder.

"I've never had anyone do that before," he said, his words coming in bunches, between thrusts. "You might make me come, so be careful."

For the first time, it hit Claire that her son was bareback in her vagina. Somehow in the heat of things, she completely glossed over the fact that their coupling could go beyond pure lust and passion.

"Do you have protection?" she asked, feeling a tremor of laughter at the late timing of the question. She regretted having to ask something so unsexy.

"Don't worry, I'll pull out," he answered.

The nipple play and the talking had caused Jase to slow his thrusting, but at these words he picked up again, going faster than before. The feel of him inside of her, his cock hitting her pleasure points and his pubis hitting her vulva, drove any objections to this strategy out of Claire's mind. Instead, she decided to trust him, and sank into the experience of having sex with her son.

His arms, hard and rigid as he held himself over her. His legs, strong and solid, pounding his pelvis into hers. His hips, rolling with each thrust. His cock, stretching her open, filling her up. The sound of his groans and grunts as he worked her over.

Claire looked down to watch him enter her over and over, and the sight was so satisfying that she thought she'd never want it to stop, but she knew it had to. She started to move her hips, rolling them up and down, adding to the magic of his cock, and felt her core tighten up in response. The tension built, waves of pleasurable feedback adding to it with each plunge, until she was at the crest, and looking down at a wonderful -

"I have to stop," Jase said, stopping immediately, and pulling his dick out of her.

Well, that wasn't fair. Claire could feel her vagina pulsing, squeezing, clenching on nothing as it was denied its opportunity to come on the pleasurable organ fucking it a second ago.

"Right then?" she whined. "I was so close."

"Yeah, sorry," he said, gasping slightly.

She looked at him, his penis as hard as any she'd ever seen, coated in her fluids.

"That close?"

He nodded, and fell back on the bed. She giggled at the sight of him pointing to the sky.

Claire sat up and moved to him, crouching down between his legs. She had never tasted her own juices, but the sight of him there, hard and unsatisfied - as she was - made her curious. Careful not to touch him anywhere, she lowered her head down and took him between her lips. The taste wasn't bad at all.

His reaction was immediate, and he groaned as his entire length disappeared into her mouth. She knew it wouldn't take long, and so she sucked him in a short bobbing motion, tongue flickering back and forth. The reward was sudden, his cock swelling, expanding in her mouth, and then a pistol shot of semen was hitting the back of her tongue. It was followed by another, and another, each shot was quickly swallowed down, but there was so much that it was seeping out the corners of her latched lips, oozing down his shaft.

Claire coaxed every drop she could out of him, before eventually letting him slip out, falling on his belly with a splat.

She pulled at Jase, urging him to move away from the edge of the bed, until he was on a solid foundation. He looked at her with a question in his eyes, and she crawled over to give him a closed-mouth kiss. She wasn't sure if he was into tasting his own stuff.

Continuing her crawl, she straddled his chest, and then his head, ending up perched over his face. Mother looked down at son, framed by her breasts and her thighs, and slowly lowered herself to his mouth.

Figuring that smothering her own child in a hotel room wouldn't go over well, she kept her pussy hovering above him, just in reach of his tongue. The first thing to register was a warm, silky-smooth snake tracing her labia. This prehensile, intelligent, appendage went traveling up and down her pussy, until she felt her son grab her thighs and pull her down onto him.

Now he was using his lips and his tongue, delving as deep as he could into her entrance, the wriggling, pressing, pushing magical dildo driving her closer to her previously lost orgasm. The final push came when he moved up to her clit, and pursed his lips on it, sucking it and flicking it with his tongue, like a tiny cock.

"Fuck, Jase... Oh fuck, yesssss!" she screamed, as he pushed her over the edge. Although with where his ears were, he might not

have heard.

Claire rode through her own climax, muscles straining, mouth open in a silent scream as a shockwave of pleasure spread from her pleased pussy to her chest and her breasts and her arms and legs. To save her son from potentially drowning in her juices, she rolled off of him and ended up in the fetal position, thighs and vagina clenching.

In the back of her head, buried in hormones, was the thought that it'd be nice to be coming on his penis.

Mother and son lay on the king-sized bed, recovering from the prematurely ended consensual coitis, and the subsequent oral orgasms. Claire kept the real world at bay in her head, refusing to let it in, just basking in the memory of their lovemaking. When she had recovered a bit, she rolled over and cuddled up to him, and they fell asleep right there.

Sometime later, Claire woke up to find her head still on Jase's chest, rising and lowering rhythmically. Her crotch was sticky with dried fluids, and she could feel her skin peel off his as she rolled away. She lifted her head and looked down his body, taking in the cock that had been fucking her earlier. It was soft, limp, tuckered out. Surely it wasn't all the way exhausted, right? Jase was young.

Feeling the urge to have him in her again, Claire sat up and knelt over his middle. She blew on his cock, watching it for reaction. Nothing. A small lick, from bottom to top. Something? She did it again, taking longer, and definitely got a reaction. With a slow, rolling awakening, the quiescent organ turned tumescent, and it was soon ready.

Throwing one leg over her son's middle, Claire held onto his shaft with delicate fingers, and propped the now hard prick between her inner lips, opening her up. Watching it come alive had gotten her own engine running as well, and it was with little effort that she was

able to sink down on him, until she was fully settled, and he was fully embedded.

Satisfied with her efforts, she looked up at his face for the first time to find him watching her.

"About time," she said, and leaned over him. "Grab my tits," she said.

He did, and she started to ride.

This time she was in control, and she used it to great effect, swapping between sitting up to just roll her hips, to leaning over him to ride. In this new position, Jase's cock reached different places, and she was sure that there was no room for more cock inside of her.

Once again, she could feel her climax approaching, building to a crescendo. This time it wouldn't be stolen away from her, as he was sure to last longer the second time around. She grabbed the headboard and started to ride as fast as she could.

This was it. This was her time. "Aaahhhhhh, fuck, I'm going come on your cock," she moaned.

"Mom," Jase said, but she wasn't having it. No more words. She covered his mouth with a hand and continued to ride.

This time she wanted a flesh and blood organ buried inside of her vagina, something to clench on, to grip as she fucked her way to her come. And come, she did. With one final plunge down onto her son's cock, Claire froze up, crying out her pleasure for anyone to hear. Jase's pubic bone was pressed right up against her clit, and as she quivered, it massaged, increasing the power and length of her peak.

The triumphant mom, face flushed with victory and satisfaction, looked down at her son. He looked concerned.

"What? What's wrong?" she asked, removing her hand.

"When you came, so did I," he said, and then she could feel it. His cock was still pulsing inside of her, still sending the loads of virile sperm where it shouldn't be. What to do? It was too late now.

"It's okay. It's done now, let's not worry about it. I can take care of it," she soothed.

Laying down on his chest, prick still plugged far inside the entrance of her potent womb, Claire kissed her son, softly, slowly, sensually. Her sensitive pussy was still sending signals to her body, and she didn't want that to end just yet. So they kissed, and after a time she felt his juices start to flow out of her, onto him, soaking the bed. His penis softened and fell out of her, and she paused in the kissing to give him a pout, and then she was laying her head down on his chest.

The outside world was kept at bay for a while longer, but eventually it came barging back. It occurred to Claire to wonder what time it was. She made a mental note to thank Amber for her promise to cover for her when she saw it was almost 4pm.

Mother and son dressed in silence.

"So, what now?" she asked, once they were ready to leave.

"I'm not sure. I didn't think we'd ever get this far, nevermind today."

Claire looked around the room. "You didn't think we'd get this far?"

"Well, a guy has to hope, right?"

"Yeah, well, I'm hoping I don't get pregnant right now, so next time, make sure your hope brings condoms."

He coloured, the red rising up from his neck. "Yeah, sorry about that. It won't happen again."

They both realized at the same time that they'd referred to a repeat performance.

"I guess this means we'll be doing this again," Claire said, thoughtfully. The prospect sent a shiver of anticipation up her back.

"I would very much like that," he said, leaning in for a kiss.

She returned it, with interest, and then pushed him away. "Down boy. And girl. We need to get back to normal for now."

Normal was returning home, to the regular dinner with George. The regular TV with George. The regular bedtime routine with George. It was so normal, Claire wanted to scream.

Her recent activity with Jase, including the dates, had opened her eyes to a different type of life. A life with laughter and passion and spontaneity. Of course, she had had that life with George, once upon a time. Married life lent towards routine, as the years drifted by, and she couldn't blame her husband for the life they had built together.

That didn't lessen the attraction she felt, of course. Pondering what she'd do if forced to choose between her old lover and her new one, Claire couldn't come up with an answer. She supposed it would become clear if it ever came to that.

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The following day was an exercise in appearing not too jubilant as she went about her day at the office. Amber stopped by at one point to confirm that she had covered for Claire's absence, and tried to dig for dirt. As a thank you, Claire gave a few details. The lunch, the hotel room.

"A hotel room?" said Amber, practically shrieking.

"Shhhh, keep it down!" shushed Claire.

"Sorry! Sorry, that's just so cool. No guy has ever taken me to lunch at a hotel."

Claire giggled, and said, "Me neither. You should have seen my face when he told me where we were going."

"So, was he worth it? Cheating?"

Claire hadn't thought about it in those terms yet. Yes, she had cheated on George. Amber must have noticed the faraway look as the older woman contemplated the question.

"You don't have to answer, it's okay," she said.

"Actually, yes. It was worth it. And I'm going to do it again," Claire said, firmly.

"Attagirl, you do you. Or rather, you do your other guy," said Amber, with a wink, before she left the room.

Claire rolled the word around in her mind. Cheated. Unfaithful. Adulterer. Incestuous seemed to trump them all, and so she stopped thinking about it.

A text on her phone distracted her even further.

*Hey, sexy. What are you up to?*

The thrill at seeing a text from her son was sure different now, she realized.

*I'm working, what do you think I'm doing?* She softened the direct words with a kissy wink emoji.

*Can you duck out for a minute? I have something for you.*

*I'll be out in a minute.*

It was only 10am, and she had a few minutes free. Her mind swirled with what he could have for her.

As Claire exited the building, she scanned for Jase before spotting him half a block away. Why didn't he wait for her at the door? Walking towards him, she noticed that he was carrying a bag from a shop.

"Hey," she said, as she got closer.

"Hi. This is for you." Jase held out the bag to her, and she took it, looking inside.

It was a bag from a pharmacy, and inside was a box labelled 'Plan B'.

"Oh, that's very thoughtful of you. I was going to look into it after work."

"I didn't want you relying on just hope. I also picked up a box of condoms."

"Thank you. Ummm, that's very thoughtful." Somehow the reality of having to use condoms sent a new thrill down her spine. It spoke forethought, planning, intent. It spoke of lust, stolen moments, passion.

He smiled, and said, "I look forward to when we can use them."

Claire laughed, and said, "Me too."

Carefully looking around, she gave him a kiss. It wasn't long, but her lips were open.

Waving goodbye, she went back into her office, and took the pill. She wasn't so removed from reality that she wanted to risk a baby.

The rest of the day Claire smiled often, thinking of how considerate Jase was being, when she realized she should pay him back. As unlikely as it seemed, she'd never been to his apartment before. Maybe it was time to pay him a visit.

Just before she was due to leave work, she sent him a text.

*Hey, I wanted to send you something as a thank you. What's your address?*

His return message was a bunch of question marks, and his address.

*The courier needs to get a signature, are you home tonight?*

*Yeah, I'm here now, all night.*

Claire smiled. *Great.*

She left it at that, but when she got to her car, she programmed his address into the GPS and drove to see him. He was only 15 minutes away, and soon she was parking on the street, staring up at his building. Which one was his apartment?

When she got to the front door, she stared at the bank of mailboxes and the panel to buzz up for entry. Buzzing in didn't really fit into her plans of a surprise visit. Thankfully, as she was staring at the panel, a resident exited and left the door open enough for her to step in. Soon Claire was standing in front of her son's door.

She tried the handle but it was locked, so she rapped on the panel lightly. For some reason, despite no one knowing she was here, she wanted her visit to be under the radar.

Footsteps sounded from beyond the wooden barrier, and then it was flung open, and she was staring at her son. He was wearing nothing but some light shorts.

"Mom?" he said, surprised.

She pushed into the hallway, saying, "Don't leave me out there with the rabble, Jase. I came to surprise you."

"And I'm surprised," he rejoined.

She let the door close behind her, and leaned against it. "I should have given you a heads up, I know, but after your kind gesture this morning, I couldn't let it go unrewarded."

"There's a reward?" he asked, a glint in his eye.

"Yes, there is. Me."

At this point, Claire doffed her coat, letting it fall to the ground behind her. Her next surprise was when she unbuttoned her pants, there were no panties to remove with them. It was the same with her shirt, as she wasn't wearing a bra underneath, and then she was naked.

"I think you need to show me that you know how condoms work," she purred.

He stepped towards her, shoving his shorts down as he did, and then he was as naked as she was. He kissed her there, in the hallway, but after a second she pushed him away. She smiled to see his cock, hard and ready.

"I don't want lovemaking, I want you to fuck me hard and fast, right here," she husked.

He turned and left, soon coming back with a condom wrapper. He was already tearing it open, and then he was rolling it down his rigid shaft. Claire's mouth flooded with moisture as she anticipated being fucked very soon. She stepped back against the wall, so that when he approached her, he was able to pin her there.

Lifting one leg, she grabbed his rod, the thin rubber not disguising the heat that was coming off of it. Pulling him close, she centered the tip of him at her entrance. It had been many years since the last time Claire had had sex with a condom, and she had forgotten how different it made the experience. Instead of a real man, coupling with her, skin to skin, it felt more like a dildo. Less texture, less sensation. Safe, but slightly unsatisfactory. She'd settle for safe.

His prick in position, Claire reached around to Jase's ass, pulling him into her.

"Fuck me," she urged.

Her son's rubber encased cock slowly entered her, until he had grunted his way half way in. Then he grabbed her leg, lifting it up on one forearm, spreading her open more. He was almost all the way in, when he grabbed her other leg, lifting her off the floor. She was now spread wide open, her gaping pussy full of hard cock, as he was able to press himself fully into her.

She grabbed his shoulders, hugging herself to him, and felt him start to fuck into her over and over. He rolled his hips, rocking her up and down in his arms. Her own fluids coated the condom so well that the pleasure of their joining increased.

The situation, the feel of her lover's strong arms, the taboo nature of their coupling all combined to send Claire's mind into an orgasmic overload. She came there, in his hallway, his rapid fucking pulling an 'ah', 'ah', 'ah' from her open mouth as she convulsed in his arms.

When she had calmed down from her high, Jase pulled out from her, set her down, and turned her around.

"That's too tiring," he said, simply, bending her over.

Claire eagerly placed her hands on the wall, her breasts jiggling lightly under her, juice dripping from her open pussy.

Jase stepped close and soon he was back in her, fucking her from behind. His cock hit her in a new location, causing a new wave of pleasure to build, and soon she was coming again.

He stood behind her, hands on her hips, stuffing his cock into her pussy again and again, grunting now with each lunge. He was getting close.

"That's it, Jase. Fuck me. Fuck your mommy. Fuck me," she chanted, and was rewarded with the sound of his grunting turning to groaning, as he spewed his cum into the condom.

Claire stood there, head down, breasts dangling, impaled on his surging cock, cherishing the feel of her son ejaculating, the pulsing swell of his shaft stretching her as he filled the reservoir tip and more.

When he was done emptying his balls, Jase stepped back, his rubber-encased dick pulling from her. Claire moaned at the feel of his shaft pulling from her one more time, and then he was out.

She turned and looked down at the rubber, the tip full of white cream. With shaking hands, she pulled the condom off of him, careful not to let any drip onto the floor.

"There, it's a good thing none of that got into me," she said, tying the condom off.

Jase nodded, and then his eyes widened as his mom got onto her knees and sank her mouth down onto his still hard cock. He twitched and moaned as she licked and sucked, swallowing down the remnants of the semen covering his member.

"Easy, I'm very sensitive," he whisper-moaned, half hoping she wouldn't listen, but she did.

"I'm done," she said, and pulled her head away from his now clean, but glistening dick. She stood up, and they stood there, face to face, naked and flushed from head to toe.

"Well, I've got to go," Claire said. "Very nice to see your apartment." She started to dress.

"Um, yeah. Feel free to come over any time," he mumbled, still in a kind of shock at the events in his hallway.

She giggled. "Well, next time I'm sure I'll make it further in. Maybe even to the couch."

With a waggle of her eyebrows, Claire blew him a kiss and walked out the door.

George was waiting at home to have dinner with her, and he'd surely have some small talk about his work, or his hockey team. She was happy to join him there, to engage in the life they had built together. Her life outside of the house, with her lover, didn't have to intrude.