

# **Raptured in the Invasion**

**By**

**James Lucien**

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I'm gazing out the window of the Boeing 747 at the glittering grid of New York City below, nervous with anticipation, when a blinding flash surges across the night sky. The aircraft shudders and the lights wink off and on. The plane dips and a man in the aisle topples.

A terrifying moment passes before the jet levels out again. A flight attendant hurries to help up the fallen man. The co-pilot apologizes for the unexpected turbulence and gives his assurance that we will land safely at JFK International shortly. The quaver in his voice is not at all reassuring.

I take a few deep breaths to settle my nerves, and take account of myself. My low-cut halter mini-dress, casual and the color of violets, leaves most of my toned thighs exposed and the cleavage is so insane the frilly top fringe of my 34DDD fuchsia balconette bra is visible.

My most defining features other than my big buoyant bosoms are my puckered plump lips and my perky plump rump. I'm voluptuous but fit due to years of capoeira training. My smooth skin is naturally golden bronze, my long flowing hair is honey caramel, and my luminous eyes are jade.

Men fawn over me wherever I go and I'm certainly not above using my looks to get what I want. After fifteen years of continuous effort, I finally let the right man juggle my jugs while I slurped his splooge to get my permanent ban from the United States overturned.

It was all a big mix-up in the first place but nobody in power really cares about a mother separated from her only son if she has nothing to offer, which is why I mastered the skill of deep-throating dick. Men love watching a pretty woman swallow their cock whole.

I sucked half the pricks in the Rio consulate, then half the pricks in the Brasilia embassy, before ultimately sucking off the US Ambassador himself. Not to mention a dozen attorneys a dozen times who proved themselves to be worthless. No amount of cocksucking was too much to be reunited.

My son just celebrated his eighteenth birthday and I haven't seen him in person since he was three years old. His bastard of a father was awarded full custody after my deportation, which is why Tiago never visited me in Brazil throughout the long years. Thankfully, I was able to Skype with him most evenings so I always remained a regular component of his life. Talking with him each night kept my fortitude from faltering.

I've watched him grow into a young man from afar. He may be my baby boy but he's taller than me now and his physique is ripped due to years of weight training and soccer. He's such an excellent player that he won a soccer scholarship to a top university. If my ban wasn't overturned he was planning to turn down the scholarship to come live with me in Rio, even though I forbid it.

The plane descends and I clamp my eyes shut tight. I'm not tense about a mechanical malfunction causing a crash. I'm stressed about the reunion. Rather than my imagination rendering images of fiery explosions, I envision my son rejecting me. He abandons me at the terminal after renouncing our relationship. I collapse to my knees, sobbing uncontrollably among the crowd of families embracing each other. They all point and jeer at me as I blubber.

With a force of will, I banish the absurd imagery. I have no reason to believe my son feels anything other than love for me.

The jet touches down and I exhale the breath I didn't realize I was holding. My right leg bounces, tapping my stiletto heel, as the plane taxis to the apron. I continuously clench and unclench my fists as I exit the plane, trek down the jet bridge, and make my way through the immigration area. I chew the inside of my cheek as I retrieve my luggage from the baggage claim

and pass through customs. I'm hyperventilating and perspiring when I march through the departure doors of the terminal and flit my eyes back and forth at all the taxicabs.

I nearly leap out of my heels as a hand grips my shoulder from behind. I'm so on edge, I spin around automatically, swinging a heavy bag at head level.

My son ducks under the bag with the conditioned reflexes of a skilled soccer player. He chuckles. "You missed me!"

I drop my luggage and throw my arms around him. I squeeze him tight, mashing my melons against his midsection. He's taller than I anticipated!

Tiago returns the enthusiastic embrace, squeezing me hard, and pecks my forehead with a tender kiss that melts my heart. "I missed you too, Mom."

I wanna bawl like a baby but I manage to contain my composure, allowing only a few tears of joy to trickle down my face. "Tiago," I sniffle up at him, "please get me out of here before I thoroughly embarrass the both of us with an eruption of emotions."

He thumbs away my tears with care, then kisses the corner of my mouth with compassion and something more intimate. "Sure thing, Mom, right away."

I relinquish my hearty hug with reluctance and he scoops up my heavy bags with ease and leads me toward a line of parked taxicabs.

As I follow through the crowd, I find myself staring at his manly rump, held snug by his slim jeans. His Brazilian heritage is undeniable. I bet he has the best tush on his team. The other players are probably jealous of all the female attention his gluts yield him.

The cabby stores my luggage in the trunk as Tiago helps me into the cab and closes my door before entering on the opposite side. He scoots close and curls a brawny arm around me. Within the confines of the cab, I can smell the alluring scent of his cologne.

The driver asks for our destination and when Tiago doesn't offer a response, I look up at him and catch him ogling my copious cleavage.

He stammers for a moment as he gives the address.

The both of us are blushing as the cab pulls away from the busy terminal.

After the awkward moment passes, I place a palm on his thigh and squeeze gently. "Where are you taking your mother on this lovely evening?"

Tiago smirks down at me. "I made reservations at a fancy Italian restaurant but we might not get in because of the way you're *dressed*."

My jaw drops open with a huff of exaggerated appall. "How exactly am I *dressed*?"

With a theatrical expression of anxiety, he pulls at the collar of his buttoned shirt as if he's suddenly overheated. "Like a dancer at Carnival. You're just missing the feathers. Are they in your luggage?"

I gasp and giggle and slap him on the chest. "You're such a big bully!"

Chuckling, Tiago kisses my temple. "I'm just teasing you, Mom."

I let my hand linger on his muscular chest, softly caressing one solid protruding pec. "I wanted to look my best for my baby boy."

"You look gorgeous, Mom, but I wasn't planning to take you *clubbing* the first night."

I pinch his nipple hard and feel it stiffen through his shirt. "How dare you?!"

His yowl becomes a laugh. "Damn, *Mom*, you're so sensitive!"

"I'll show you sensitive with the back of my hand!"

Bellowing with laughter, Tiago curls his other arm around me, pulling me into a warm embrace that feels like heaven. "Mom, it's really great to be able to hug you instead of a pillow with your picture stapled to it."

I weep with joy even as I laugh with him.

I feel my violet mini-dress ride up as Tiago pulls me onto his lap to hug me closer and tighter. I'm acutely aware that my womanhood is pressed firmly to the bulge of his crotch as he strokes my hair.

He soothes, "Don't cry, Mom. We'll never be separated again."

I whimper, "I'm not crying because I'm afraid or sad! I'm crying because I'm happy! I've been fighting tooth and nail to get back to my baby for fifteen years! And now here we are! At last, we're together again! I'm never letting you go! You're never leaving my sight!"

Tiago coughs up a chuckle, attempting to hide his vulnerability. "That's gonna get real weird in the locker room, Mom."

"I wiped your ass and bathed you so it wouldn't be anything I haven't seen!"

A snort becomes a sob. "I wouldn't mind but the other players might be shy."

I pull back and both of us wipe away trickling tears from our flushed faces. I sniffle, "Now I've made my big boy cry too!"

Tiago cranes his neck, looking behind me for a moment. With a chuckle, he whispers, "The cabby is checking out your thong in the mirror."

A swearing shout of the driver and a screeching squeal of tires is followed by the cab careening and a crunching crash of mangling metal. I cling to Tiago and he holds me tightly, shielding me from shattering glass as we are tossed to the floor as the cab spins.

When the vehicle halts, Tiago loosens his grip and dusts glass pebbles from my hair. "Mom, are you hurt anywhere?"

I glance down at myself, squashed on my side between my son and the seating. The skirt of my mini-dress is bunched up around my narrow waist displaying my lacy fuchsia thong and round rump. "No, I think I'm fine, thanks to you, my hero."

Our attention is drawn to frightened screaming and shouting and people clamor over the trunk and roof of the cab.

I exclaim, "What's going on?!"

Blue eyes wide, he replies, "It must be an attack! We gotta get outta here!"

We climb out the side of the cab that all the people are fleeing towards. The engine compartment is crumpled. The cab driver is dead. The trunk is pinned closed, crushed by another smashed cab. The intersection ahead is a smoking and burning massive pileup.

Taking my hand, Tiago pulls me down the street, weaving through stopped vehicles as I gawk stupidly at the commotion. "We've gotta get underground immediately in case they're crashing planes!"

Jets scream overhead, vibrating windows, as Tiago leads me down a cramped set of stairs into a clamorous subway station.

Explosions thunder above, rattling dust from the ceiling, and terrified people flood over the turnstiles and down off the platforms to sprint into the tunnels. I'm nearly swept away in the hysteria but Tiago maintains his steadfast grip of my hand and pulls me back to him with a roar.

Curling an arm around my midsection, he pins my back to his front, and with his other arm, he maneuvers us through the frantic crowd.

A surge in the screaming and the rumbling of a coming train shifts Tiago's direction. "It's not safe down there!"

Shouldering people aside, he steers us to an unmarked door. He kicks at the padlock until it pops, then pulls the steel door open, and we squeeze in just as another explosion booms and the

ground trembles below our feet, knocking us to the floor. It sounds like the station is collapsing in on itself!

When the deafening banging and horrific screaming ceases, the sudden silence that ensues is eerie. The pitch-black darkness doesn't help.

Tiago rises from above me, apparently satisfied that the ceiling isn't going to fall in. I hear him fumbling around and then fluorescent lights flicker to life, revealing our surroundings.

Tiago helps me up and we inspect the single-stall restroom. The walls are covered in graffiti but it's relatively clean. The toilet is dry but the sink still produces water. Boxes of junk food and energy drinks are stacked in the stall as storage for the station newsstand, I presume.

After pushing on the door, Tiago slams his shoulder against it a few times but it won't budge an inch. We're confined in here indefinitely!

I plop on the sink, the skirt of my mini-dress still bunched around my waist, and weep into my palms. "Reunited only to die together in a subway station toilet!"

This is the end of the free preview of [Raptured in the Invasion](#).  
The full story is available for purchase at most major eBook retailers.  
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