My Son's Wedding

Part 1

I suppose I shouldn't be writing this down for anyone to read. But I'm not a Catholic anymore, so I can't go to confession on a Sunday. Let's consider this my written confession. My name is Carol Jacques. For most of my life I'd been the perfect housewife and mother, with a loving husband and a wonderful, very handsome son Josh.

My husband Gerald, who is an international stockbroker, had been a very good husband to me and provided us with a wonderful home in which I was happy to play housewife in. Gerald was often away on business so our marriage was never under the kind of strain where we were living with each other day in, day out.

This meant I could focus on making sure my son stayed on the rails and did well at school, then college and university. This wasn't that difficult as he was an academic ace who breezed his way to an honours degree.

By the age of twenty-two he already had a big future ahead and so naturally the most attractive young women were flocking around him, seeing him as the most eligible man they could find to marry.

Josh had always been popular with the girls but there was a period around twenty-two to twenty-four where he seemed to have a different girlfriend every week! As his mother, I thought nothing of it; I was never a prude and he didn't seem to be breaking hearts, just sowing his wild oats like young men loved to do.

But that all changed when he got to twenty-five when he seemed to get bored of casual fun and then met Tasmin at a racecourse event. Tasmin was the very privileged daughter of a property tycoon and it seemed that she hit it off with my son as soon as they met.

After dating for only a few months things began to get serious and there was even talk of wedding bells, which seemed far too soon for my liking. It was definitely around this point where I started to find dealing with my emotions about this situation rather difficult.

Until then, I'd seen a lot of Josh even when he'd been casually dating. He was always coming round to talk and to get his meals cooked for him, which he knew I always loved to do. But when he hooked up with the very high maintenance, very demanding Tasmin the visits to the house became more and more infrequent.

Sometimes, rarely, they would visit me and I'd cook for them both. But Tasmin was a hardcore vegan type and everything had to be "gluten free" and "organic", it made making a meal a nightmare. I wanted so much to like her, especially as she was talking about marrying my son. But as much as I tried, I just couldn't find a way to get along with her.

She was rather condescending towards me and I got the impression that I'd be seeing Josh even less if and when she managed to get him down the aisle. The situation caused me more and more stress.

I began to feel that, while Tasmin was a very attractive and desirable woman who would introduce him into higher society and get him meeting all the right people, Josh would be much happier with a girl less affluent and privileged but simply a nicer person.

Yet he was convinced that he was in love with Tasmin and I could sense a big announcement coming. When they visited to tell me they'd set the date for the wedding I found it incredibly hard to pretend I felt happy about it, but I managed to fake some enthusiasm and offered my congratulations.

Yet, inside, I felt so disappointed in my son's choice of wife and after they left that night I had to pour myself a few

brandies to settle my nerves. The way I felt that night, I didn't even know if I even would attend the wedding.

The next few months were no easier for me, I had to deal with Tasmin and her obnoxious family dictating how the wedding should be, determined to control everything as they had money to burn.

We were a well off family but Tasmin's domineering father Terrance was insistent that he pay for everything, as he was a man of tradition. Personally, I don't think he gave a damn about tradition or being generous, he just loved flaunting his wealth and enjoying the control it gave him over others.

When it got to within a month of the wedding the stress it was causing was giving me sleepless nights. I felt my son was making a terrible mistake by marrying into this money-mad, materialistic family. But in the dark hours of the night I would admit to myself that I felt resentful and jealous of Tasmin for taking my son away from me. It didn't help that she was a total bitch either.

Over the next month I attempted several discussions with my son, trying to make sure that his feelings for her were genuine and he wasn't marrying for the wrong reasons, like affluence and influence.

I could tell these were definitely factors but I also had to admit he did seem to have some genuine feelings for Tasmin and I found that difficult. It was easier for me to believe he was just marrying for advancing his status and career rather than him actually loving her. She was certainly attractive, not beautiful but sexy with a voluptuous figure and stunning blonde hair.

I couldn't believe how difficult I was finding it to let go of my son, emotionally. We'd always been so close though and, while I always knew he would flee the nest and marry, I couldn't have anticipated how distressing it would be for me.

In my nightly reflections I began to wonder if my emotional attachment to my son was stronger than is healthy. This thought played on my mind constantly in the weeks running up to the wedding.

I was able to distract myself by immersing myself in the preparations. While Terrance had been happy to pay for everything, he was happy for me to deal with arranging all the invitations, the flowers, the wedding cake, meeting the vicar to discuss the vows (Tasmin insisted they write their own vows, trying to be modern, I suppose).

In a way I was grateful to be given all these time consuming chores, it took my mind off my emotional turmoil over Josh.

But as the big day approached I was having a very difficult time dealing with my feelings. I just desperately wanted to convince Josh that he was making a terrible mistake, that he'd be happier with someone else.

I still remember the night before the wedding, staring at my clock at 3am in the morning and thinking about ringing Josh to tell him that he had call the wedding off. That I'd disown him if he married Tasmin, that I'd never speak to him again. That's how I felt at that moment, but I knew it would be utter madness to do so.

I got a few hours sleep and woke up with butterflies in my stomach after dreaming about running down the aisle to stop the wedding ceremony halfway through. After a shower brought me back to feeling in reality again I carefully picked out my dress. I don't remember consciously thinking it, but I must have felt the need to look my best for the wedding.

I spent several hours choosing my dress and putting make-up on. I picked out a magnificent magenta dress that I knew I would look good in, a very expensive dress of mine I reserved for special occasions.

As it was knee length, I slid on some black thigh-highs. My legs were my best feature apart from my breasts, which that dress showed off in a classy manner, a restrained but noticeable cleavage on display. I finally picked out a matching hat and stood in front of my full length mirror, admiring myself.

Knowing that I'd least be looking my very best on this momentous day was a consolation, even though my hands were shaking with nerves. I had no big drama planned now, I knew it was too late to stop the wedding. Josh had spent the night at his best friend's house as he was going to be his best man.

Matthew was the same age as Josh and they'd been friends since they were boys. I had lightly quizzed Matthew about what he thought about Tasmin, and he gave a very diplomatic answer that I found hard to read. He was obviously trying to be the good friend to my son but I sensed he didn't like her much either.

I heard the soft beep of a car outside and knew it must be the chauffeur that Terrance told me he was sending over for me. He'd sent a Rolls Royce!

I gasped as I saw it out of my window and derived great pleasure from walking out to the car and having the chauffeur open the door for me while my neighbours gawped through their twitching curtains.

The enormity of the event felt overwhelming and my stomach felt full of butterflies all the way there. I calmed myself by repeating the mantra in my mind that this is what Josh wanted and I loved him. So if he was being made happy I should be happy for him.

I just wanted to convince myself even though I was fighting against my deepest emotions, just wanting to be the motherly support he needed on such a big day. Terrance had chosen a magnificent country church for the wedding and my heart leapt when I saw how handsome Josh looked, stood outside the church and talking to his best friend.

He looked so debonair and suave, like something out of a Jane Austen novel. I had the strange thought enter my mind that Josh looked much more handsome than his father had looked on our wedding day.

The chauffeur opened the door for me again and I felt almost regal as I stepped out. Josh looked predictably nervous but pleased to see me and chatting to him and Matthew settled my shaky nerves somewhat.

By putting my emotions far from my mind I wondered whether I might even be able to enjoy the occasion. I just tried not to think about how I felt inside.

After Josh greeted me with a soft kiss on my cheek which seemed to inflame my emotions I said, "Oh Josh, you look so handsome in your suit! They've chosen a perfect location and Terrance was so kind to send me a Rolls Royce to pick me up! I felt like royalty!"

"Oh Mum, you look like royalty! This dress is amazing!" he replied and I blushed at his compliment, even though I knew he was saying just to be nice and make small talk as we awaited the bride.

"I hope you've remembered the ring, Matthew, we wouldn't want any drama!" I said with a laugh and he grinned nervously.

"I'm checking I've got it about every thirty seconds, but thanks for asking Carol!" he said, tapping his pocket to reassure himself he had the wedding ring nice and safe.

He almost looked more nervous than my son with this responsibility on his shoulders, probably terrified of Tasmin's reaction if he didn't produce it at the vital moment.

Once all the other guests gradually arrived we were ushered inside the church and I took my place near the front, on a pew the opposite side to my son. It was a strange feeling for me, but once we were inside the church somehow the whole significance of what was happening dawned on me.

My son, my handsome, gorgeous son, was about to get married to a woman I thought of as a total bitch. A woman I knew would dominate most of his time and wouldn't care that Josh would hardly get to see me after they were married.

As I glanced across at him I could sense that he wasn't looking confident or particularly happy, was he having second thoughts after all? He caught me looking at him and gave me a reassuring smile that I felt was a bit forced and unconvincing. I smiled back.

But just this exchange of glances seemed to bring all the feelings I'd been trying to suppress to the surface and, suddenly, I felt like if I stayed where I was then I was likely to burst into tears.

The last thing I wanted to do was cause a big scene on my son's big day. But I remembered that as I'd entered the church there was a side room and so I hurried back up the aisle before I lost control of my composure.

I could feel the eyes of the assembled wedding guests on me and avoided making any eye contact, just desperate to get inside that side room so I could collect myself and calm down. I remember the relief I felt as I turned the door handle of the side room and found it unlocked.

It was a basic room with religious pictures on the walls with a long table and wooden chairs. Before I could sit down I was amazed to hear the door open behind me.

Josh had seen my distress and, being the wonderful son that he is, didn't worry about the prying eyes and whispers of the guests and came to see if I was ok.

But he had caught me at a very vulnerable moment where I was really struggling to hold back the emotional floodgates.

"Mum, what's wrong? You're upset?" he asked with compassion and caring in his voice.

"I'm fine...I'm fine, honestly. This is just a very emotional day for me and I didn't want to embarrass you by crying in front of everyone. I just need a few minutes to gather myself and then I'll be fine" I said, reluctant to even look my own son in the eyes.

But Josh knew me too well.

"Mum....this isn't like you. Is something bothering you that you haven't told me? Be honest with me, you know your opinion means a lot to me."

I paused, not quite knowing what to say now that he'd put me on the spot like this. But when I dared to look up at him and saw the love in his eyes I had to take a deep breath to hold back the tears.

Though I was able to stop myself from crying, my words seemed to spill out of me in an unstoppable flow.

"Josh...I wish you hadn't asked me that...because now I have to be honest with you....I'm so scared that you're making a terrible mistake....I don't think Tasmin is the right woman for you....you're such a wonderful, handsome young man, you could have your pick of women....yes, Tasmin is attractive and very socially accomplished, but what does that matter if

she doesn't make you happy, if she doesn't love you for who you are?! Oh god, I've said too much....".

Josh looked crestfallen and I felt even more emotional but was determined not to cry.

"Mum, is that how you really feel about Tasmin? You don't think she loves me at all?" he said, looking very emotional himself.

At that moment my emotions took over and, even now, I can't believe the words that came out of my mouth.

"Not like me, Joshua. You don't have to tie yourself to a loveless marriage just because you like sex with her. Everything she can give you, I can give you myself....I can double her desire, double the pleasure she brings you....." I said, my hand straying to my son's crotch.

"Mum....what are you doing? I'm your son...." he replied, hardening in my hand.

"I'll stop if you tell me to...but I want to show you what a real woman's love feels like before you marry that bitch.....tell me you want me stop, and I'll stop...." I said, looking straight in his gorgeous brown eyes.

His jaw fell open and he tried to form some words but none came out. I seized on the moment and slid to my knees in front of him.

Acting purely on instinct I unzipped my son's trousers and pulled them down, then slid his navy blue briefs down.

The sight of my own son's erect cock in front of me made my mouth go dry. I took it in my hand and looked up at him as I brought my mouth to the tip. He closed his eyes and I knew then that he didn't want me to stop.

I licked a globule of precum from the tip of his cock then wrapped my lips around the head, beginning to suck my own son's cock.

The sensation for me was indescribable, but I want to try to capture the words somehow; it felt like all the pent up desire and emotion I'd ever felt for my son was somehow channelled into this worship of his impressively large member.

As I sank my mouth down his lengthy shaft I saw him open his eyes and begin to savour the sensation of his own mother sucking him.

Without the thought having even entered my mind ever before suddenly I'd found a way to express my passion for Josh and he hadn't rejected it.

In fact, as I sucked him and worked my mouth up and down his shaft, I could tell he was deeply enjoying the experience and it was then that I knew I wanted to take things even further.

After another minute of oral pleasure I knew I didn't have long to make my next move with Tasmin and her father on the way in the wedding car.

I stood up and looked him straight in the eyes before I spoke.

"Make love to me, Joshua.....just this once...I'll hardly see you once you're married...let me show you what a real woman's love and passion is like.....".

With that, I pulled him with me as I moved back towards the table, then quickly hopped on to it. I began hitching up my dress but I didn't need to do much as Josh began to take the lead. I felt the incredible thrill of my son frenetically lifting up my dress over my waist, revealing my sexy legs clad in

black thigh highs, which made him gasp. He didn't realise he had such a sexy mother.

We looked at each with eyes full of love and desire, our mouths meeting and beginning to kiss like lovers for the first time. As our lips met it felt so intensely romantic, the special love between us that had been repressed under societal norms now fully blossoming. But my desire was so strong that just a normal kiss was not enough and I dared to slip my tongue in my son's mouth.

Again, I was testing the boundaries of what he would accept but I then felt the visceral thrill of his tongue entering my mouth. I was French kissing my own son!

Our tongues entwined in mutual desire and I felt my nipples throbbing and swelling from the deep sense of sexual arousal this kind of kissing induced in me.

But then came the biggest moment of all between us. It was one thing to French kiss his own mother, but did my son dare to go the whole way with me? As soon as my dress was hitched up over my waist, I slipped my white silk panties off in an instant and suddenly my son was staring, wide eyed, at his own mother's cunt.

"Put it in me....put it in me, please!" I begged, my voice full of sexual yearning. I wanted it, I needed it. Before he could decide to decline I pulled off my dress entirely and then my bra with another swift hand gesture.

Even though in my mid forties I still had very firm and pert breasts and I knew my lovely pair were going to help seal the deal.

"Suck on Mummy's breasts...suck on them like you used to" I said, feeling thrilled at how wicked my words were. I was just so on fire with sexual desire that it seemed to just come out of me, spontaneously.

But nothing prepared me for the deep delight of feeling his mouth latch on to one nipple and then the other, each one throbbing and hardening in his mouth until they were as hard as pencil rubbers. As he gorged himself on his mother's teats I brought my hand to the back of his head to hold it in place, caressing his dark brown hair.

I think if either of us had contemplated that we were about to commit full mother and son incest in a place of holy worship, only minutes away from the bride arriving while the groom was about to enjoy very taboo, illicit sex...well, we wouldn't have done it. But the sheer sexual energy between

us meant that there was no moment of consideration and reflection, just incredible lust.

Still perched on the edge of the table I reached down and took hold of his thick, erect cock and whispered, "Put it in Mummy...", then guided it to the hole where he first came from. Just the feeling of the tip of his cockhead touching my inflamed, wet labial lips sent shivers of delight up my spine and I wanted nothing more than to feel him fully inside.

"Put it in....be a good boy for Mummy" I whispered then let out a spontaneous moan as he inhaled deeply then pushed his prime cockmeat inside my awaiting holy of holies.

The feeling was impossible to describe, only another mother who has experienced it with her son could truly understand the potent cocktail of emotions and deep desires I felt at that magical moment.

I could feel my body shaking from the intensity and my breathing was baited as he entered me fully, right down to the base. Not just his length but his girth filled me perfectly, as if it was always destined to be back inside his mother where it belonged.

I pulled him close to me and we shared another torrid, feral kiss as we began having incestuous sex, his bride to be on the

way. It was a feeling of exhilaration that I'd never experienced before. I didn't care that my make up was now smeared across my face, none of it mattered. I'd seduced my own son before his wedding and it felt so erotic that I thought I might melt.

Every thrust felt like heaven and I wrapped my thigh-high clad legs around his back, urging him to "fuck Mummy" over and over in illicit whispers. I was so proud of him for risking incest with me when anyone could have walked in to check on us.

It hadn't even entered my mind that my son was inside me without protection, the thought of him having to wear a condom for this kind of lawless, wild sex seemed ridiculous. But even though I was 46 and getting pregnant at that age is difficult, there was still a chance that my own son could seed my womb.

When that thought entered my mind my sexual arousal seemed to double. My swollen, reddened nipples throbbed, my cunt getting so wet that every thrust of his magnificent cock made a sticky, squelching sound.

I pulled him as tight as possible to me and said, "Suck on Mummy's tits as you fuck her, you dirty boy....".

I felt his cock ram in harder at those words and he greedily gorged himself on my breasts whilst maintaining a slow but aggressive rhythmic thrust.

Once I'd satiated my need to experience this twin pleasure I really wanted to feel him go hard in me and I pulled his head from my breast, kissed him hard again then lay back on the table.

"Hold my ankles, darling...and fuck Mummy hard" I said, looking him straight in the eye. He nodded and grabbed hold of my ankles, raised my legs in the air and began pounding into my sopping wet snatch with unbounded passion and relentless fervour. I closed my eyes to savour this incredible moment of my son dominating me, owning me.

The sexual tension that had been kept under the surface between us for years was now blossoming in these few minutes of frenetic, surging forbidden desire and I could feel myself on the verge of the most incredible orgasm. Part of me didn't want to climax, didn't want this moment to ever end, but I desperately wanted my son to cum in me.

I felt myself begin to give in to it and felt my whole body begin to shudder. An amazing wave of pleasure seized hold of me, my cunt tightening around my son's cock as utter sexual ecstasy took me in its grip.

I covered my mouth so that I could moan into my hand as I only not felt my orgasm, but my son giving in to his own climax, my pussy milking the seed from his balls as I came deeply.

I felt torrents of his incestuous semen shooting deep inside me and I did think I might actually pass out from the pleasure of that feeling, whimpering with delight.

I opened my eyes and Josh had his eyes shut, clearly relishing the taboo sensation of cumming in his own mother. Feeling his warm spunk shooting deep into my womb, the womb that once made him, was a feeling impossible to describe. As he shot his last drops in me he opened his eyes and we shared a moment of disbelief between us and what we'd both done.

That moment was broken as we heard the wedding car arriving outside. He pulled out of me and told me to quickly get dressed. I did that as fast as I could, my heart pounding in my chest, also aware that my make up was smeared and my hair dishevelled.

He took a handkerchief from his pocket and cleaned up my face, then straightened out my hair and I did the same for him. I looked presentable at least and he was back to looking

as debonair as when he'd entered the room, though inside we were both transformed forever. I didn't say anything about him getting married, we both knew it was too late for him to back out now.

We left the room and hurriedly walked down the aisle just as we could see Tasmin and her father walking arm in arm towards the church doors. I took my seat with everyone exchanging concerned glances, nobody knowing that I could feel my son's cum sliding down my leg.

I looked across at Matthew, who gave Josh a look of dismay at the level of anxiety we had caused everyone, but I didn't care. The "here comes the bride" music began on the church organ and Tasmin beamed as she began the long walk down the aisle, with heads turning to her thankfully, instead of gawping at me.

My son stood side by side with his best man Matthew, who was still anxiously tapping his pocket to check he had the ring ready. I could feel my son's semen sliding down the lower half of my leg and couldn't resist catching it on my finger then sucking it off.

I don't think anybody saw. But as Tasmin reached me I gave her a look of smug satisfaction that was incredibly enjoyable

for me, even if she didn't understand the darkly erotic reason for my expression.

So what I thought was going to be the most excruciating moment of my life, seeing my son marry a woman all wrong for him, was actually made bearable by our clandestine sexual union. I watched them exchanging wedding vows knowing that I'd started something incredibly taboo yet pleasurable with my son.

I had a feeling that even being married might not stop the temptation of what I could offer him....as Matthew nervously passed him the wedding ring and Josh put it on her outstretched finger he glanced over at me.

I smiled in a way to let him know that Mummy was still going to be available for him....but even I didn't know how wild it was going to get after this initiation into incest on his wedding day....

Part 2

To say it was tense between me and my son, after we'd had incestuous sex in church just before his wedding, would be more than a mild understatement. I knew he would be struggling with his emotions after that but his way of dealing

with it was to virtually ignore me at the wedding reception, where he even left me out of his wedding speech.

I was getting sympathetic looks from Tasmin's family, though not Tasmin of course. She was a cold bitch, through and through. I felt very hurt by the way he had just decided to give me the cold shoulder. But I managed to get him on his own in a corridor as he carried a tray of drinks to the table....

"Josh, why are you being like this with me? What happened between us before the wedding was not something I planned, how could I do that? We both wanted it at the time and we can't undo it. I thought you might at least try to be nice to me on your wedding day after the way I've supported you!"

I was fighting back the tears but kept my voice steady enough to say what I had to say.

"Mum...maybe you didn't consciously plan it, but to me it felt like you deliberately tried to seduce me so that I might change my mind about marrying Tasmin. I know you don't like her, you've been quite honest about that, I've heard you talking to your friends on the phone when you thought I wasn't listening. I know you hate her, Mum. And my

seduction was just your last desperate attempt to sabotage the big day. Just admit it!"

I was taken aback by these awful allegations and attacks against my good nature and reacted in a very feisty fashion.

"How can you say such a dreadful thing, Josh! Ok yes it's true, I don't think much of Tasmin, I said you could do better and you can. What makes you think I intended to seduce you?"

"Oh come on Mum, you're dressed very sexily for a mother in her mid-forties. The cleavage, the black thigh highs and black heels. You were dressed sexually to seduce someone. And it was me....".

"Oh...such lies! You make me sound like I'd dressed as a street corner prostitute! It's a low cut dress showing a little cleavage, I was trying to look my best for your big day, how dare you make it sound like I hatched some evil plan to ruin everything!

Do you think I enjoyed having everyone looking at me as I walked back up the aisle to that side room? I had to find somewhere quiet to calm myself down, how did I know you would follow me in there?"

Josh made a gesture with his hands that I needed to keep my voice down, tongues were already wagging about what had happened before the wedding ceremony.

"Ok...ok....maybe I've got it all wrong, Mum. You're right, I followed you in to check if you were ok and what happened...happened. But I'm a married man now and....I don't know....I think we can move past what happened but it will take some time.

So my way of dealing with this has been to block it all out until I'm in the right head space to handle it all. I just need time and maybe some distance between us. I'll be away in Paris for a week on my honeymoon so perhaps that will be enough time to clear my head."

I nodded, with a sense of sadness that our incredibly intense moment of illicit passion was causing him so much inner turmoil, but I felt neither of us had done anything wrong.

If Josh had simply gone on his honeymoon I think it would have been a one-off incident that the passing of time would make insignificant. But Tasmin's parents, Terrance and Felicity, had other ideas.

After my unpleasant altercation with my son in the corridor I tried to put a smile on my face and wandered back into the reception where the wine was flowing freely. As I grabbed myself a glass of Merlot from the bar Terrance and Felicity took me to one side.

"Hasn't it been a wonderful day, Carol!? I must say, I love your dress!" said Tasmin's mother, trying to be nice, but she was as fake and phony as her daughter. Terrance was certainly generous with his money but there was an element of showing off too.

"Thank you, Felicity, I thought I better look my best for the big day! You look absolutely lovely also!" I said, lying through my teeth. Her hat was hideous!

"Carol, we want to discuss the honeymoon with you. Now, you know that Josh and Tasmin will be spending a week in Paris at the Hotel Castille, the best five star hotel in the whole city. Well, as we've already spent a fortune we've decided we're going to stay at the same hotel for the whole week.

We'll give them their space but I thought it could be a really good opportunity for us to get to know each other better now that we're family. We would really like you to come with us to Paris, Carol.....will you come?"

I was rendered speechless by this latest plot twist, it caught me completely off guard. I'd just had Josh telling me he needed to keep his distance from me to sort out his head, now I had his annoying new wife's parents pressuring me.

"Oh, that's a very kind and generous offer Terrance, but I don't travel well I'm afraid, terrified of flying! I really wouldn't want to spoil the happy mood and ruin the whole week!" I said, knowing it wasn't a very good excuse but the best I could come up with on the spot.

"Oh Carol, it's such a short flight to Paris! And if you really can't face it, I'll sort out a ferry to take you across the Channel. We want you there! You're part of the family now and we'd love to get to know you more now all the stress of the wedding arrangements is out of the way.

I hope....I hope that it's not really because of pride...I know that some people are very proud and don't like other people paying for things. But I've already booked your room and it's too late to get a refund. So you really may as well come with us!".

I knew he'd backed me into a corner with nowhere to go. "Oh, Terrance, you know me too well already! I was brought up to never accept someone's generosity without doing

something for them first, I'm not used to such overwhelming kindness!

You're right...I need to let go of my pride and just enjoy such a fabulous offer! I'm sure my nerves could handle a short flight. It's tomorrow?"

"It's tonight! We fly at 9pm, arrive at 10pm. If you need to go get packed I'll get the Rolls Royce driver to take you home, I may as well get my money's worth!"

"Oh my goodness, well yes, I better get home and get packing! Thank you so much, both of you!" I said, feeling flustered and bemused by this latest turn of events.

Josh was still avoiding me so I didn't even bother telling him I was leaving. On the way home, in the same Rolls Royce that had brought me there, I decided that I was going to go. I wasn't going to let my son blame me for what had happened and shut me out of his life. I got home and threw my favourite holiday dresses into a suitcase and dug out my passport.

Terrance told me he'd sent everyone in a taxi to the airport but there wasn't enough room for him and me so he came and picked me up. I'd already suspected it but it became obvious that Terrance was a womaniser, like most rich men

are, and I realised he'd happily have an affair with me behind his wife's back if he thought he could get away with it.

When we reached the gates of the airport terminal I saw my son's face turn white when he realised I was coming along for the honeymoon trip. Tasmin stood beside him with a face like thunder, clearly livid that I was coming with them on their honeymoon holiday.

"Mum! What...what are you doing here?"

"Well, your father in law kindly invited me, Josh. I hope that's ok with you....".

Terrance was stood right by him, enjoying the moment of surprise. Terrance was not the most sensitive man to ever exist and actually thought Josh was delighted to see me.

"It just didn't feel right that we were all going but not your mother, so I've paid for her to have a room at the hotel all week. We can all get to know each other better in luxurious surroundings. You're welcome..." he explained, patting Josh on the shoulder in a very father-in-law way.

Josh stood there, dumbstruck, and I have to admit I was taking enjoyment at seeing Josh and Tasmin's irritation at my

presence, especially after the way Josh spoke to me at the wedding reception.

The flight was indeed mercifully short and French customs weren't as bad as I'd feared. The hotel, however, was genuinely spectacular and I knew it must have been costing Terrance a great deal of money.

I was glad to discover my room wasn't very near the honeymoon suite as I don't think I could've endured hearing the sounds of Josh and Tasmin having sex. The first few days were very awkward between me and Josh, predictably so. But what rapidly became obvious was that the real reason Terrance had invited me was so that he could flirt outrageously with me whenever his wife wasn't around.

Felicity was more than happy to go round Paris's incredible clothes shops to burn a hole in his credit card. I was certainly enjoying looking my glamorous best with the gorgeous clothes I'd brought with me, but looking sexy had its drawbacks, with Terrance hovering around to offer compliments like a fly around honey.

What I couldn't tell at first was whether he was just harmlessly flirting or whether he was actually trying to get me into bed.....but that was just a minor distraction and mild irritation. All I could really think about was my son and

every meal time together was excruciatingly tense as he tried to act like everything was normal.

But even the insensitive bitch Tasmin could sense there was a noticeable atmosphere between us. Tasmin chose to interpret that as my haughtiness and arrogance and I know because she made a point of telling me so.

After one evening meal in a Michelin restaurant we found ourselves using the ladies at the same time and I tried to make small talk as we washed our hands at the sink.

"I hope you're enjoying your honeymoon with Josh! It's a lot nicer and more expensive than mine was!" I said, my friendly tone a bit forced.

She gave me a withering glance and said, "You don't have to pretend you like me, Carol. I can tell you don't think I'm good enough for your son...I'm not as stupid as you think I am. I didn't invite you....but as you're here, at least try to fake it when we're having meals as my parents are paying for all this. Show a bit of gratitude".

I felt like slapping this rude bitch who had made feel like a terrible person in a few sentences.

"I don't recall saying that you're not good enough for my son. I just want him to be happy. I'm extremely grateful that your parents kindly invited me, and I've already thanked them for their generosity several times.

I agree, we should make the effort to be civil at meal times....let's just leave it at that, Tasmin..." I said, then walked out of the ladies feeling like I had the upper hand.

We simply despised each other and that wasn't going to change anytime soon. But she'd riled me up so much with her bitchy little comments that now my mind was full of thoughts of revenge.

As I lay awake in bed that night I began to think the unthinkable....I'd already had sex with my son just before his wedding. It would be even naughtier, and even more satisfying, if I seduced him on his honeymoon with his newlywed completely unaware.

It wasn't a very nice thing to think, but Tasmin just seemed to bring out the inner bitch in me. Aside from that, I had not forgotten how incredibly erotic and pleasurable the sex had been with my son. I knew that he could be tempted again and this was the city of romance and sex, after all.

But, at first, even with the genuine intention of seduction in my mind, I just couldn't see how I was going to get Josh on his own long enough to use my feminine charms on him.

There was an interesting development when Felicity invited me clothes shopping with her so we could "bond". Although she was Tasmin's mother and had a similar vain and selfish personality I had to concede that she was making a real effort to be nice and to make me feel part of this new family.

We had a very enjoyable afternoon drinking wine and in our tipsy state we thought it would be fun to visit some of the sexier clothes shops. We had a ball and I bought several items of clothing that I thought might be useful in seducing my son.

The night after that was the fifth of the holiday, so I decided that I better turn up the heat if I was to have any chance of luring Josh back inside me, where he belongs. Terrance told me we were going to yet another top class restaurant and I decided to wear a black chiffon blouse with a tight black skirt that I knew I looked good in.

I'd already had a few glasses of wine that afternoon again and when it came to getting ready I was feeling a bit outrageous; I decided to wear a sheer black bra under the

chiffon blouse, so that my nipples were a little visible through the fabric.

My 38D breasts were my best feature and so I felt it was time to put them on display to get my son's cock interested again. It felt very, very naughty but I have to say I was deeply enjoying this new found darker side to my character.

My chance came in a way I couldn't possibly have planned. We had got a taxi back to the hotel and I was just about to walk back inside when I realised I'd left my purse on the back seat of the taxi.

My son was right beside me as we were walking in and saw my predicament immediately. He saw the cab beginning to drive off and hailed it down by waving his arms. He had to run down the street to stop it but the cab driver must have seen him in his wing mirror and luckily stopped in time.

By the time he came back breathless with my purse everyone else had gone up in the lift.

"Oh, you're a hero, Josh! Thank you so much...." I said and I thought it finally broke the ice that had built up between us. But he was still frosty in the way he abruptly said, "It's fine".

It felt very tense as we got in the hotel lift up to our floor. He pressed the button and the doors closed. Suddenly, it was just us and you could hear a pin drop from the tension.

I kept staring at the big red emergency button, knowing it would temporary stop the lift. I felt that if I didn't press it I wouldn't be able to say what needed to be said, he would just slip away and start avoiding me again. I took a deep breath and pressed it, the lift coming to a shuddering halt.

"Mum....what the hell are you doing?" he said, anger and irritation on his face.

"Josh, I had to. We can't go on like this, you're tormenting me with the cold way you're treating me. I don't deserve it."

"You can't just stop a lift because we need to have a conversation, we can do that anywhere....".

"You've been avoiding me all week, you even avoid eye contact with me....there's things I need to say, Josh....".

He sighed, realising the quicker he heard me out, the faster this ordeal would be over.

"I never had any plan to seduce you. It's true that I had my reservations about Tasmin, but if she makes you happy then I'm happy.

What happened, it happened because....I think there's been a sexual tension between us for years that neither of us have dared to confront and we've just let it build and build, slowly simmering inside us....until that moment where all our passion came out.

You can say you regret it now but at the time I could tell how much you loved it....if I'm wrong then look me in the eye and tell me I'm wrong".

Josh was looking anywhere but in my eyes, shifting uncomfortably on his feet. I'd really gone for the jugular with what I'd said and this time there was nowhere for him to run.

I suddenly realised we were now in a hot and humid lift together with me wearing a sheer black blouse and bra. I'd already had sex with my son before his wedding but that was when he wasn't expecting my sexual advances. He'd put up barriers between us since then and I couldn't get him to open up to me with how he really felt about it all.

But then he finally got the courage to look me straight in the eye. I really thought he was going to say that I actually was wrong and he did regret having sex with me.

Yet the tension of being in such close proximity to my son had made my nipples hard and they were visibly poking through the fabric of my sheer bra and chiffon blouse.

As our eyes met, he couldn't help but to glance down and notice my hardened, throbbing nipples. I knew at that moment that he was caught in my web of taboo lust once more. He looked up from my breasts back to my adoring eyes. He slowly moved his mouth to mine for another forbidden kiss.

It felt incredible, just as good as the first time, especially when his tongue entered my mouth and I felt his hand move down to my breasts. I felt my nipples throbbing and hardening at his touch and I realised something sexual was going to happen right now, in this lift.

Our mutual desire was too strong to worry about the consequences and I felt him unbuttoning my blouse, then placed both his hands inside, rubbing my nipples through my sheer black bra. I was so glad I'd bought it from the lingerie store, designed to lure my son back into motherly love.

It was working a treat and he took the lead, opening my blouse and uncupping my bra, revealing my firm bare breasts. He hungrily devoured them with his mouth and I was quickly reduced to a mess of moans and sighs.

There is something so deeply erotically satisfying about letting your own son gorge on your bare breasts, feeling each nipple throb and pulsate as he gave suck with unrelenting passion.

I then felt his hands start hitching up my short black skirt and this time he found I really was dressed for sex, in black stockings and suspenders. He hurriedly unclasped my garter hooks and slid down the sheer black panties I'd bought to go with the bra. He rubbed my wet cunt lips then, to my delight, began finger fucking me with one, then two, fingers as we continued our feral French kissing.

He pushed his two fingers knuckle deep then curled them slightly, hitting my G spot perfectly. I moaned inside his mouth and felt my pussy getting even wetter. I hoped I was going to get more of a fingering though and began rubbing his crotch with my hand. He was already hard but reached his full glory as I gently traced the length of his expanding cock with the tips of my fingers.

Then it got really exciting as he pushed me up against the metal wall of the lift, took his fingers out of my cunt, then let me suck on them so I could taste myself. We kissed hard again to share the taste, then he impatiently unbelted and yanked his Levi's down to his lower thighs, his wonderful wang leaping out in front of me, ready for action.

His strong arms then lifted up my legs and spread them. I reached down and, with no hesitation, guided my son back inside me. That divine feeling as he pushed all the way inside his mother made me melt. I let out a long sigh then closed my eyes to enjoy him as he began fucking me up against the wall.

It got even better as he slow pumped me while licking my bare breasts then French kissing me, our tongues delving deep in each other's mouths.

"Mmm fuck Mummy, that's a good boy. Back where you belong" I purred and that made him start to fuck me harder.

"Oh my god....don't stop! That feels so good. You're such a good son to Mummy!" I said, wrapping my stocking-clad legs round his back. It hurt my back as he rammed into me with mounting aggression but I couldn't have cared less, almost any pain was worth it to receive this illicit, incestuous

pleasure, an intense sensation incomparable to anything I've ever known.

After this it was just pure fucking, my nails digging into his shoulders. I finally begged him, "Cum in me....cum in your slut mother! Shoot your son spunk in Mummy!". Such filth had never passed my lips before I started this taboo affair but I was desperate to feel his loving seed once again.

My son was in a frenzy of desire and lust, his cock like a piston engine, ramming harder and harder. "You sexy bitch...you dirty, filthy slut mother...you can have all your son's cum..." he said in my ear and he pushed up even tighter against me.

Then he let out a primal, guttural grunt and I felt that wonderful surge of seed, several jets of his thick, creamy semen shooting deep into my womb which set off my orgasm. I still remember feeling my cuntjuices pouring onto the lift of the floor and having to stifle a scream of delight.

We kissed deeply as the embers of our climaxes died down, then the reality of the situation hit home. We quickly made ourselves look respectable and I had to giggle as Josh mopped my pleasure off the floor of the lift with a white handkerchief from his pocket. We tried to make sure our hair was back in place and I hit the button to make the lift move again.

Naturally, when we reached our floor there were several people waiting to use it, but, right in the middle of them, was Terrance with an intrigued expression on his face. He noticed how flustered we both looked and glanced down at Josh's crotch.

Josh had forgotten to zip up and the tail of his white shirt was even sticking out of the zip. I gave Terrance a bland smile but he looked bemused and said, "I was just coming to look for you two, what the hell happened? You both look like you've run a marathon...".

Josh and I looked at each other with a slight sense of panic then I intervened: "My fault! Silly me left my purse on the back of the taxi and it began driving off! We both ended up having to run down the road to stop it!!"

I think Terrance would have bought this half-truth had Josh been able to zip up properly, and I could see from his knowing expression and slow nodding that his mind had guessed the real reason. I felt myself blushing a deep shade of crimson and we got out of the lift, Josh leaving me to rejoin Tasmin.

The last couple of days in Paris were increasingly tense as cracks began to show already between Josh and Tasmin. He

was learning what a selfish bitch she was a little too late but I had to resist the urge to say "I told you so".

Instead, I wanted to let him know that I was available for him. After a very awkward meal together in the hotel, where Tasmin lapsed into a sulky silence like a teenager, I whispered to Josh that my door would be open for him all night, Room 436.

With that, I made my excuses and left the horrible atmosphere behind, retiring to my room early. I really didn't know if Josh would take the bait, but I changed into a very sexy black silk negligee and waited in my king size bed. I spent a wonderful couple of hours reliving the amazing sex I'd enjoyed with him so far, by far the most extreme and taboo thing I'd ever done in my entire life.

I remember lying there, rubbing myself to orgasm after orgasm as I relived every second and every detail in my mind. After cumming yet again I also remember glancing at the alarm code, 1.36AM glaring at me in neon red light.

I decided that Josh had declined my offer to join me in my bed and turned on my side to fall asleep....but within a couple of minutes I heard a noise, a very faint knocking on the door.

I listened intently then there was another feather light knock and I just had to find out what the hell was going on. I tip toed to the door and whispered, "Who is it?"

"It's me....Josh" he whispered and I immediately let him in, opening the door for him then looking up and down the corridor in a bit of a paranoid way.

I did see another door across the corridor shutting quickly so I didn't think my caution was that much of an overreaction. I ushered my son into the room and softly said, "Why did you knock? I told you my door would be left unlocked for you tonight...,".

"I hadn't forgotten...but I'd left it so late, half past one in the morning...I was scared you would be asleep then scream the hotel down when I walked in your room...I couldn't risk it!" he replied, and I could understand to an extent.

"Well...fair enough darling, but by knocking on the door you have risked awakening people and seeing you outside my room instead...."

"I was conflicted about it, I didn't know what was for the best...but I knew I wanted to be with you tonight, somehow..." he said and the sexual desire between us blossomed forth once again.

"I'm very glad you've come, Josh....I can't stop thinking about our time in the lift together...it was incredible sex..."

"It was, Mum....do you think Terrance suspects us after that? I could see he wasn't too convinced by our alibi...".

"There's no way to know. I'm just glad you're here...." I responded then caressed his cheek before we shared a deep French kiss, both romantic and lustful.

It felt so wonderfully decadent; here we were, mother and son about to have sex once again in Paris, the city of sin, my son's new wife in the same hotel.

We fell onto my bed kissing, our hands mutually exploring. Within a minute Josh had dragged off my panties and was eating me out as I lay spread eagled on the bed, my hands on his head. He really did know how to eat out his mother's cunt and I felt a grateful recipient.

But I didn't want to have sex in the missionary position that night, I was craving to be taken in the most sexual and submissive manner.

"I want you to fuck Mummy from behind tonight" I whispered, gently running my fingers through his hair. He looked up at me with a wet face after a long licking and nodded. It felt magnificently debauched to then get on all fours for my son and then feel my negligee being lifted over my back.

I felt the cool night air seeping through the slightly open window and could see the dizzying, magical array of Paris night lights through it as Josh lined up and entered me.

I let out a soft moan and felt him enter me deeply, the perfect angle for deep penetration. Once fully inside he placed his hands on my hips and we fucked doggy style for about half an hour, his hand grabbing hold of my hair and yanking it hard at times, which I loved.

It felt such a satisfying victory that my son had chosen to spend the last night of his honeymoon holiday in Paris fucking his own mother rather than his newlywed wife.

But our enjoyment was curtailed by a plot twist that I could never have predicted. It turned out Josh's little performance outside the door had been noticed because Josh suddenly stopped fucking me. As I turned my head to see what the hell was happening, I saw Terrance stood in the shadows in the corner of the room.

"Don't stop. I want to watch you together. I'd had my suspicions about you two on the wedding day and seeing you come out of that lift confirmed it. When I heard the knock on your door I knew it must be Josh. We can keep this our little secret. Carry on...."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing and I could make out that Terrance was already masturbating. There was no other option but to continue and I faced my head back towards the headboard of my bed as Josh resumed fucking me.

I wondered if the shock of seeing his father-in-law stood there watching us might make him lose his erection but, to my surprise, his cock seemed to get even harder inside me and so did the force of his thrusts.

I felt my nipples throbbing at the thought that my son was actually turned on by his father in law seeing him fuck his own mother while his newlywed bride, Terrance's daughter, was sleeping down the corridor.

We could hear Terrance furiously masturbating and then he began saying things under his breath.

"Harder....faster.....yes, fuck her good". It was definitely adding to the sexual energy and I could sense both Josh and myself were close to orgasm.

But then Terrance did something else I couldn't have predicted. While Josh was yanking my hair and pounding into me, Terrance got on the bed at my end and suddenly I had his erection in my face.

He grabbed a bit of my hair as well and fed his cock into my mouth, which I opened wide for him. It felt unbelievably kinky and debauched to now have Tasmin's father in my mouth with my own son still deep in my cunt.

Rather than me sucking Terrance, he kept hold of my hair and fucked my slackened mouth with his thick meat, then he started muttering in a low grunt, "Cum in her...cum in her now".

Josh was ready to unload and didn't need much persuasion. Just hearing those sordid, seedy words from Terrance made my orgasm begin. My cunt twinged hard and a shudder ran through me, the walls of my pussy gripping Josh's babymaker and milking his balls dry once again.

That now familiar surge made my climax feel like an earthquake and Josh's primal grunting let Terrance know

he'd shot his load. With Josh's warm seed filling my womb I suddenly felt a torrent of Terrance's thick spunk spurt straight down my throat and I'd never felt such a slut in my entire life.

The sensation of two loads entering me at once sent me into another instant climax and I could feel the pussy nectar streaming down my bare thighs once more. I swallowed everything Terrance gave me then cleaned up his cock with my tongue before he abruptly pulled out, zipped himself up and said, "This stays between us. Our little secret...".

He left the room quickly and I just hoped his wife Felicity had stayed asleep through the whole thing. Josh pulled out too and gave me a kiss on the cheek on the way out.

I fell asleep feeling so satisfied, knowing my son was going back to his sleeping bitch of a wife with me having turned his supposedly romantic honeymoon into a horny honeymoon of sin....

Part 3

I can't believe I've already put in writing what happened on the day of my son's wedding and then what occurred when I was invited to go on his week-long honeymoon holiday in Paris. What I hoped would remain a secret between me and

my son, that we had sex before his wedding and during his honeymoon, had been exposed by Terrance, Josh's new father in law.

Having worked out that we were having an incestuous affair he invaded my room without invitation on the last night of the honeymoon and forced me to swallow his cum as Josh took me from behind.

When we got home I needed time on my own to process everything that had happened, which had been a hell of a lot. Josh, who had been trying to push me away after our first sexual encounter until it happened again, reverted to type and I didn't hear from him for weeks.

But, while that was hard for me to take once again, there was an unexpected development from our several sexual liaisons. Even though I was forty-six, it turned out that my son was strongly virile; a woman can just sense when she is pregnant and, although I was reluctant to follow my female intuition at first, I knew what I had to do to settle my mind.

I still remember the feeling of my fingers shaking as I held the pregnancy test in my hand, almost refusing to believe that it might be even possible. But I had to believe my own eyes as the double lines showed up and I felt about a million

emotions at once. I kept checking it again and again, making sure it wasn't going to change.

It was such a monumental moment in my life that I drove back into town and bought another test, then drove home like a possessed woman and immediately did the test again. Positive. I was pregnant. With my son's baby. At forty-six. It was a lot to take in.

At first, I just didn't know what to do. My son was avoiding me since the honeymoon, he was probably trying to make his marriage work even though I knew he'd married the wrong woman if he wanted happiness rather than a useful social climber.

I'd given him a taste of real sexual excitement but he was clearly consumed with shame by what we'd done already, how the hell was I going to tell him that he had impregnated me? A son getting his own mother pregnant was so taboo that it was off the scale.

Even worse, because his father in law Terrance knew that we'd been committing incest, he would obviously put two and two together, especially as my husband Gerald had been away on business in Dubai for several months. He hadn't even been home for his son's wedding. I had no alibi at all.

The only person who had been cumming inside me was Josh, my son.

Naturally, I avoided telling him this absolute bombshell news, but I knew I couldn't keep putting it off as the evidence of pregnancy would obviously begin to emerge.

But it was such a difficult thing for me to do that I didn't muster the courage to tell him until four months into my pregnancy, a small bump beginning to show. I knew the right time had come to tell him.

I sent him a text message saying I really needed to talk to him face to face about a serious matter that couldn't be discussed on the phone. He was hesitant but he did finally agree to come round. I'd been avoiding alcohol since I found I was pregnant but did allow myself a small glass of wine to steady my fraught nerves for this particularly awkward moment.

"What's all this about, Mum? I don't have much spare time at the moment so if we can cut to the chase, I'd be grateful. If it's about what happened at the wedding and on the honeymoon, well, what's done is done and I've moved on. I hope you have too..." he said, sitting on the edge of our sofa as if preparing to leave already.

"Well, it is to do with that and it's not something I can simply move on from. Josh....I'm four months pregnant. It can only be yours...." I replied, trying to stop my hands from shaking,

He looked at me with a blank stare, utterly stunned.

"You can't be...I mean....you're in your mid-forties...I know it's possible but....I'm your son...why haven't you got rid of it?" he asked with an accusatory snarl.

I felt upset by his bluntness but gathered myself to reply, "Josh...I can understand why you'd want me to terminate the pregnancy. But, as you know, I was raised Catholic. I might not have been to church for years, but their teaching on abortion is one thing I do still agree with. I won't be aborting our baby."

"Are you insane, Mum? It would be a child of incest, what if it is born with two heads or something?" he replied, shaking his only head in disbelief.

"I've researched this and yes, there is a chance of a genetic defect, but it's not as likely as you might think. There's a 75% chance it will be born healthy."

"And a 25% risk that it won't be! Haven't you seen those inbred families that live on ranches in the countryside?" he said, standing up and pacing the room.

"That's the result of generations of incest, Josh. I've made my decision and I'm keeping our child." I said as calmly as I could.

"Oh great...and what are you going to tell Dad when he gets back from Dubai?" he asked, clutching his hair as if about to tear it out.

"I'm going to tell him I've had an affair. I'm prepared for a divorce, Josh. Or he may agree to a paid off separation to maintain the illusion of a happy marriage to his colleagues. Even if I end up penniless, I'll accept it. It's a dead marriage, he's hardly ever here..." I said, having carefully thought through the consequences.

He sat down again with his head in his hands.

"But you know that Terrance knows about us. He asks after you a lot. I can't just hide you away forever. If you're going to keep it he will eventually find out and that's another thing he can use to bribe me." he said.

"Has he already been bribing you?" I asked, intrigued by this last comment.

Josh sighed again, perhaps feeling he had revealed too much. Josh didn't respond at first, staring at the carpet.

"Josh? Is there something you haven't been telling me?" I asked, determined to uncover what he was clearly hiding.

He eventually looked up at me and said, "There's things about the Archer family that I didn't know when I married Tasmin. I met Terrance first, at a party.

I have friends who are making good money from modelling and Terrance told me he'd made his fortune in the fashion industry. He told me that he could help me find work and that his daughter Tasmin was already making a lot of money from it.

He also said that he was looking for the right man to marry his daughter and then eventually take over his fashion empire from him, as well as eventually provide a male heir with Tasmin to pass it on down the line.

I had to admit that I liked the idea of marrying into money, and getting rich from modelling sounded a hell of a lot more fun than being a stockbroker like Dad.

I wasn't lying to you when I told you that Terrance was a property tycoon, he does own a lot of property too. But he told me his real fortune was in fashion. That turned out to be a lie which I only found out after I'd married Tasmin."

I listened intently, wondering where this was going. "And what is the truth, Josh? Tell me".

Josh looked at me and said, "He's made his millions from porn. He's a pornographer, hardcore pictures and films. He thought that once I'd married Tasmin that he'd be able to bribe me with money to become part of his industry. Tasmin is a porn star, Mum.

And now I've become involved too. I've had to do exactly what he said as the real bribe turned out to be threatening to tell people about us. If he found out you're pregnant with my baby, who knows what he could get me to do....the whole situation is just a crazy mess. I wish I'd never met him at that damn party...".

I was rendered speechless at first by these unexpected revelations but I could see he was telling me the truth, he'd

got himself mixed up in something that he didn't know how to get out of. I'd also known something wasn't quite right about that family and that he wasn't marrying Tasmin for the right reasons.

This was a lot to take in and I had to resist the urge to say "I told you so" about marrying Tasmin.

"It sounds like you've got yourself involved with a seedy family, Josh. But after what we've done together, I'm in no position to take the moral high ground with anyone. I'm glad you've told me at last, just as I'm glad that I've finally told you that I'm pregnant....I'm still hoping we can rebuild our relationship" I said, trying to sound conciliatory.

"You're not disgusted with me for lowering myself like this? He's got a huge film production team, we make two porn films a week. He knows how to sell to all the foreign markets, it's really big money.

It's just sometimes I feel like I've sold my soul by marrying Tasmin for the wrong reasons and now I'm stuck in a situation I can't get out of. I should have listened to you, Mum. I'm sorry..." he said, and I felt so moved that he'd gone from being angry at me to sincerely apologising.

"You know that I love you very much Josh and I don't regret what happened between us. I'm sorry that you've ended up in this mess but you couldn't have know that Terrance was a porn tycoon. He lied to you, Tasmin lied to you...." I said, wanting to put my arm around him but feeling unsure how he'd react.

"Thanks Mum, I really appreciate you being so understanding about all this. It's not been easy to tell you....look, I better go. I've got a film to shoot this evening."

He stood up and I followed him to the door. Trying to make light of a rather heavy conversation I said, "So what's this film called then?"

"No Holes Barred" he replied and I had to suppress a smile as he looked at me with a serious expression then walked with a weary gait towards his car.

For the next couple of months our contact was polite but limited, just a few text messages here and there. But, with me six months pregnant and looking like it, he came round late one night unexpectedly. I invited him in, slightly alarmed by the stressed look on his face.

"Mum....we need to talk" he said and it definitely sounded serious.

We sat in the lounge again but he was restless and began pacing the room like last time, as he explained his latest predicament.

"Ok....here's the thing. Terrance has made his fortune from hardcore porn films mainly, but he feels the mainstream porn market is saturated from so much competition. He wants to now expand into the black market as he's been making contacts. He wants to make porn that is...well, illegal, then sell it on the black market to the highest bidder.

He said he wants to make authentic incest porn and knows that his reputation as a pornographer will mean people will know it's real if it has his name as executive producer. Basically, he wants to film you and me having sex.....I knew you had wouldn't want to do that....so I told him you couldn't do it because you're six months pregnant....

I thought that would be a pretty good way of getting out of it. But his eyes lit up. He said, "Even better! Son fucks his mother after knocking her up! This could sell for some serious money on the black market!". I tried to think of other reasons but whatever I said he just dismissed.

He thinks that if we agree to it, we can make the films at a secret location where Tasmin doesn't know about, so she

won't find out. And then he pretty strongly hinted that he would tell her about the wedding and the honeymoon and me getting you pregnant if we don't agree.

We're being blackmailed Mum, I don't know what to do. This is the last thing you need in your condition, I feel pretty bad about it. What should I do?" he asked, as if I had a solution to this bribery from Terrance.

"I think I need a glass of wine...." I said, feeling a little light-headed from this overwhelming news.

Josh leapt to his feet and poured me a glass of red, which I drank in a hurry. It did settle my frayed nerves and I calmed myself down to try to think it through.

"Have you been making good money from doing this so far, Josh?" I asked, my mind whirring with a thousand thoughts.

"Well yeah...he wasn't lying about that part. I've made a couple hundred thousand since I started six months ago. He said I could double that amount if I agreed to taboo porn, but obviously that would require your involvement. Why do you care about the money side of it?" he said, intrigued by my question.

"Josh...when your father founds out I'm pregnant from an affair he will want to cut me out of his life and he has grounds for divorce. He will keep everything and will probably leave me with nothing to make me pay for my betrayal.

He'll never know it's you that's the father, god only knows what he'd do if he knew that. But, the bottom line is, I've now got to find a way to financially provide for our child." I explained.

Josh was stunned into silence even though I'd not quite spelt it out.

"Are you saying you'd consider making taboo porn with me for the money?"

"Yes, Josh. I'd have to consider it very carefully. How do we know that we won't be filming evidence that could get us put in prison?" I asked, considering every possibility.

"Oh, I've asked about all of that. Our faces would be double-pixelated. He says with that method nobody could ever prove it was us committing incest on camera..." he replied, and I nodded slowly.

"So if we can retain our anonymity and it would make us big money...I think I could do it. I can't believe I'm even saying these words....but I have to do something to secure my financial future and give our child the good life it deserves."

"I can't believe you're saying these words either. I thought you might faint or scream at me, I really did. But what you say does make sense. I've accepted you want to keep it and of course I want our baby to have a good start in life...and if we're honest, Terrance has backed us into a corner so we have no choice but to do it...".

"I know, Josh....but this way we can get something good to come out of it. I expect someone will pay a hell of a lot of money to see a son fuck his pregnant mother...." I responded, feeling my nipples tingling as I said those sordid words.

"Well...yeah, you'd be right. I just can't believe you would do that on camera. But I will do it if you will....".

Josh left not long after, still in a slight state of shock at my response. But ever since we'd had sex on his wedding day my mind had opened up to a new way of thinking. And not only would this be a lucrative move but it would be a chance to have sex with Josh again, which is what I wanted more than anything.

So my mind was made up; I was going to star in a taboo porn with my son while six months pregnant with his baby.

Once Terrance heard from Josh that I was serious about doing it he made the necessary arrangements with his film production team very quickly before I had a chance to change my mind.

Josh informed me that it would be a late night shoot arranged when Tasmin would be performing in a more mainstream film in a different place. Terrance was so concerned that I might pull out at the last minute that he personally picked me up himself from my house at ten o' clock at night.

He'd rung to tell me that I would be given something sexy to wear for the scene though I still dressed sexually just to get there, to get myself in a sexual frame of mind and to feel attractive despite my large pregnant belly.

Terrance was very pleasant to me once I was in the car, which did help settle my nerves. He explained it would be filmed in the lounge of a friend's house and filmed with just a small crew as most of his team were filming Tasmin's latest porno, simply called Cumwhore.

It felt relaxing to know she would be kept busy while we were filming our scene. He said he wanted our film to be an hour long but we needed to film two hours footage to have enough to work with.

Even though I should have felt incredibly intimated by having to sexually perform with my son in front of a camera crew I still remember how aroused I felt when I discovered that Terrance had been watching Josh fucking me in the hotel room in Paris.

That sense of sexual excitement was something I focused on as we arrived. Terrance turned the key in the door, this house located roughly in the middle of nowhere, perfect for making a lot of noise.

Terrance introduced me to the camera crew who were all set up in the very nicely decorated lounge, which had a sensual vibe, lots of maroon and black, very suitable for a sex scene.

I'd dressed similarly to my last nights in Paris, in tight fitting black that showed off my curves, even though I wasn't expecting to be wearing clothes for very long. Terrance took me to one side, however, and said it would be very sexual for me to where a sheer black bodystocking that would cling to my big pregnant belly and swollen breasts.

I loved the idea and Terrance led me to a bedroom where the bodystocking was laid out for me on the bed. Once I'd changed i to it I looked at myself in the full length mirror beside the bed. It reminded me of admiring myself in my nice magenta dress on the morning of my son's wedding. How much I'd changed in that time!

Feeling very sexy in my bodystocking, open at the cunt and around my nipples, I relaxed with the camera crew and made myself comfortable as we awaited Josh's arrival. When he turned up he almost seemed more nervous than I was.

Terrance told him to have a beer to relax then get changed into a black tuxedo, the idea being that Josh had just come home from a dinner date with his wife to find me in my bodystocking.

Once Josh was suited and looking very handsome Terrance said he wanted us to talk to each other on the sofa to get the scene started. I sat on the plush maroon leather sofa with Josh next to me. He was starting to get into the mood as he realised I was actually enjoying this very thrilling if very intense situation.

Terrance told me that my role as Mum on camera should be a "pure whore" and as the cameras started rolling I got into character pretty fast.

"So how was your date with your wife tonight, handsome?" I said.

"Oh Mum, I felt like I was just going through the motions. I know that she's my wife, but we just don't have the connection that I have with you, Mum....so I'm glad to be home".

"Well, I'm glad you're home, sweetie. And your real home is inside your mother's cunt...." I said then spread my legs so that the camera could get a good view of my already glistening wet pussy.

"Yes Mum, that's all I could think about on my date and couldn't wait to come and see you....".

It was sexy role playing on camera like this. But, really, we were basically playing out the reality of Josh's fake marriage to Tasmin and now it did feel like he really was choosing me over her after months of avoiding me since the honeymoon.

"Then why don't you give your mother a kiss?" I said, and the scene was really warming up now.

Josh moved his mouth to mine as he loosened his bow tie and unbuttoned the top buttons of his white shirt. It felt so good to feel his lips on mine once again and we shared a lengthy French kiss with his hands roaming over my body.

I felt my cunt getting so wet as his fingers rubbed my throbbing nipples through the open hole in the bodystocking around them and I remember how hot the room felt, the camera lights giving off so much heat which added to the sensual atmosphere. I could even feel beads of sweat forming on my skin as our tongues writhed in each other's mouths.

I began impatiently buttoning his shirt and he took off his tuxedo jacket without breaking our French kiss. Things began to get really hot as his hand strayed between my legs and began rubbing my sopping wet snatch then moved his mouth to my breast.

He could gorge himself on my hardened nipples without needing to take off my bodystocking and the combination of his mouth and fingers frigging me got me super aroused and wanting his cock. Josh knew Terrance wanted this to be a long scene and so, after fingering me knuckle-deep, he slipped onto his knees and I spread my legs wide for him.

A camera moved in close to capture the deep eroticism of a son licking his mother's pussy with a relentless tongue, his hands on my pregnant belly as he worked me into a frenzy.

I could feel my juices dripping onto the carpet and the sex had barely just begun. With my pregnancy hormones running wild and doubling my natural horniness I held my son's head in place for at least half an hour as he ate me out with expertise.

I ran my fingers through his dark brown hair and said, "I think you should get back inside Mummy now....". He didn't need much more encouragement than that and I lay back as far as I could on the sofa.

Sex in the missionary position is not that easy when you're six months pregnant but with me lying back and Josh holding my legs up in the air, he was able to find the angle to fuck me.

I watched with tense anticipation as he lined up and pushed inside me again for the first time since the last night of his honeymoon. The camera captured it perfectly, only inches away.

"Doesn't it feel good to be back inside your mother? Now fuck Mummy in the place you came from..." I said, loving being able to portray a hyper sexualised version of myself...or maybe this was the real me.

Josh obviously found inspiration in my filthy words, quickly building up a head of steam, ploughing into me with abandon, as hard as he'd ever been for me. I was so impressed with how well he could sexually perform in front of the cameras and the hot camera lighting. But I also felt like was a natural porn performer, a talent I never knew I had.

He drilled me in this position for a good fifteen minutes and our natural lust and desire made us change position so that I was on all fours with my legs on the sofa.

I was feeling so turned on by then that I ripped the fabric of my bodystocking so that my full, swollen breasts were allowed to swing freely as Josh entered me from behind and began pumping with furious aggression, his hands on my hips.

We fucked doggy style like this for even longer, his aggression showing in the way he would wrap his fist tight in my hair and tug on it tight, forcing my back to arch.

As he'd seen me rip my bodystocking open around my breasts he felt confident enough to rip it up around my cunt so that it tore a hole in the fabric around my ass. I could tell that he was seriously on heat to be doing that and I sensed intuitively that my son was going to give me anal sex for the very first time, on camera.

I could feel my rosebud tingling as he pulled out of my pussy. His lube consisted of him spitting on his hand and rubbing the saliva onto his already wet cock. I tensed up involuntarily as I felt the tip of his crown pushing against my rear entrance, then the mixture of pain and pleasure as he slowly entered.

I could feel how much my ring was bring stretched wide by his girth but my breathless squeals certainly didn't encourage him to restrain himself. I felt both his hands gripping tightly on my feminine, shapely buttocks as he fed every inch of his thick appendage into my stretched ring, right down to the base.

I could see the camera moving in close to capture his cock pumping in and out, which because more intense and primal with every thrust of his hips. Fucking my son on camera was actually a real pleasure and enormous turn on and I think we would have carried fit another hour at least. But fate had other ideas....

There was a sudden banging on the door of the house, which increased in volume and urgency until Terrance finally said, "Ok cut...take a break...I need to see who the hell this is....".

The knocking got even more insistent as he reached the front door saying, "Alright! I'm coming, goddammit!".

In stormed Tasmin with two male accomplices and her first words to her father were, "Ok, my people have located my husband here, what the hell is going on?"

She ignored her father's request to calm down and walked straight into the lounge where she found a nervous looking camera crew and my son still deep in my anal sphincter.

Terrance came back into the lounge, trying to keep a grip on the situation.

Tasmin was initially stunned into silence by what she saw but then turned to her father and simply said, "Incest porn? Are you fucking kidding me?"

It turned out that Tasmin's female intuition had been telling her that Josh had been having an affair behind her back and so, with money to burn, she'd hired private detectives to find out what her husband was up to. They'd discovered Josh was at a remote location and she decided this must be where he was cheating on her.

Terrance was remarkably cool under fire.

"Yes Tasmin, incest porn. You might be disgusted but this will sell for ten times as much money on the black market as the mainstream film you've been making tonight. Ten times as much. I've got to move with the times Tasmin, and mainstream is starting to get old. It just so happens that Josh and Carol were willing to give it a try. It's just business, Tasmin. It always is with me".

He was so charismatic and persuasive in the way he spoke that Tasmin was left speechless for a minute, which was unheard of. From the way she looked at me and Josh when she entered the room I thought she was going to report us to the police for incest.

But Tasmin, just like her father, was materialistic to the core and hearing that there was so much more money in taboo porn seemed to get the pound signs flashing in her eyes.

"Ten times as much? Are you being serious? That can't be true...." she said, folding her arms.

"You don't think I've done my research? With the reputation I have in the industry any incest porn I make with be seen as genuine and authentic. And the more extreme places we can take it, the more money we will make. For that kind of

money I'd fuck you on camera myself...." he said and you could hear a pin drop in the room at such a wild comment.

"For that kind of money I think I'd let you...." she replied, but I couldn't tell if she was serious yet.

"Then let's do it right now....I could make a fortune on a foursome between a mother and son with a father and daughter. Consider it a form of family bonding...." he said, unbuttoning the top button of his shirt as if Tasmin's agreement was a foregone conclusion.

He obviously knew Tasmin thought just the way he did, money was their God and sex was the way they could get a lot of it.

"Ok, I'm in....I'm still horny from my last scene" she replied and Terrance told Josh to pull out of me briefly so that we could set up filming a foursome. It was all happening so fast that we just had to go with the flow.

Terrance said that him and Tasmin should fake walking in on me and Josh and then act "shocked". Tasmin was definitely looking ready for sex in a very slutty "porn star" tight pink dress with white thigh-highs that didn't quite reach the hem of her dress.

We had to resume the scene with Josh pounding my rear end and I was just so impressed with Josh's self control, being able to perform on command. For me, it was easy, I just offered up my holes once again.

The cameras spun round to capture Terrance and Tasmin who were playing themselves, just an exaggerated version.

"Oh my god, Josh! What the fuck are you doing? You're my husband and you're fucking your mother? Your pregnant mother? I can't believe this..." she said, clutching her hair in mock despair. She was a terrible actress.

Terrance was also unconvincing as the shocked father in law.

"You've just married my daughter and now you're fucking your mother, have you no shame?"

"I'm sorry, Sir. I didn't ever think you would find out..." said Josh, trying to look guilty and ashamed, his hard cock deep in my stretched anus.

"Oh Daddy, I don't think we can really be too judgemental, we've been having fun for years as well" said Tasmin, actually pretty convincing as a slutty whore daughter.

"That was supposed to be our secret, baby girl...oh well, I suppose we don't have any sordid secrets left...so maybe we should just enjoy some family fun together....".

"We'd love that!" I said, wanting to feel part of the scene.

Without another word Tasmin fell to her knees in front of her father and got him hard with her hand, getting him to full length, then unbuckling his belt and sliding down his trousers.

I'd already seen his impressive member but it really was incredibly erotic to see Tasmin take her father in her hand and then in her mouth, starting to suck the cock that once shot the seed which brought her in to the world.

I was able to keep my head turned to see this erotic spectacle while Josh concentrated on pummelling my reddened rear hole with a cock still just as hard as when we started, the cameras capturing everything. I had no idea how this incestuous scene was going to finish, but it was an exhilarating experience to be part of it.

Tasmin certainly knew how to suck a cock and even I was wondering which part was real and which part was acting.

The way she'd quickly agreed to have sex with her father made me wonder if something really had been going on with them for years....but either way, I was witnessing something deliciously hot.

The cameras were moving in close to capture Tasmin sucking off her Daddy and made sure they got plenty of footage to work with. Then things really became hot as Tasmin got on the sofa next to me, also on all fours.

I wasn't at the right angle to see it at the time, but the cameras captured the sexy moment of Terrance getting behind Tasmin and peeling her tight pink dress over her back to reveal no panties underneath. It also revealed a wet, shaven cunt, waiting for Daddy to enter.

She turned her head round and said, "Fuck me, Daddy. Put it in your daughter....". Her nasty talk was as good as mine and Terrance looked such a sexy father with his silver hair and thick, handlebar moustache. He looked every inch the pervert Daddy and I felt my clit throb as I saw him enter Tasmin's pussy from behind.

So there we were, mother and son, father and daughter, having incestuous sex together side by side and all captured on film for celluloid posterity. Terrance was naturally very

dominant, yanking on Tasmin's long blonde hair, Josh yanking on mine as well, to maintain the sexual symmetry.

With Josh giving me hard anal I was able to reach under my pregnant belly and frig my soaking wet snatch from underneath, rubbing my throbbing, pulsating clit to heighten my pleasure even more.

Once Terrance had given Tasmin a thorough cuntfucking, her shoulder straps pulled down and her pert breasts swinging like mine (she'd turned up with no bra as well as no panties, like any self respecting porn star) he pulled out and the camera moved in to capture the moment of him entering her tight rear end.

Tasmin let out a soft squeal as she accommodated him, though she was obviously no stranger to anal. It added another level of sexual intensity that the four of us were now indulging in incestuous anal together in tandem and I wondered if this would be the climax of the scene.

But Terrance had other ideas he wanted to play out and he took control of the situation. He told Josh to pull out of me and he did the same with Tasmin, then told me to sit on the sofa with my legs spread wide. It felt so sexy to do that, knowing the camera was capturing my sopping wet cunt.

I was intrigued as to where this was heading, but felt comfortable under Terrance's commanding style and strong direction. He told Tasmin to get on all fours on the floor in front of me and Josh to stand on the sofa so that his cock would be at my face height. Now I could see how this was going to make for a spectacular finale and felt shivers up my spine from the sexual anticipation.

It felt almost unbelievable to see Tasmin, this woman who I thought I hated and who I thought had stolen my son away from me, agreeing to get her face between my thighs while her own father lined up behind her.

I knew this must be a big moment for Tasmin too and she let out a moan of pleasure as she felt her cunt filled with daddycock once more. He began by taking her very slowly then said to her, "Lick her...lick that pregnant whore's pussy....".

It felt strangely thrilling to be referred to in this very demeaning and derogatory way, but I can't deny that it was such a turn on. I had become a whore and a slut for my son, it was true.

But then a sensation I'd never known before took hold of me as Tasmin looked up at me and stretched out her long, pink tongue, then took a tentative lick of my whorehole.

The pleasure was almost excruciating, knowing it was her tongue and knowing she was obeying her father's orders, even though we were partly performing for the camera.

But I didn't need to perform at all to show how much this turned me on. As she got to work eating me out I closed my eyes and began letting out a flurry of moans and groans. She alternated between running the tip of her tongue over my more than moist labial lips, then sucking hard on my pulsating clitoris, as if it was a baby with a dummy in its mouth. Her fingers roamed over my thighs as she licked me unrelentingly, digging in her nails into the fabric of my sheer bodystocking.

These twin sensations were divine enough, but it got even better as I watched the incredible moment where Terrance, usually the off screen director, brought his large cock to his daughter's whorehole and pushed inside with his eyes closed. You could tell how deeply satisfying it was to enter his daughter there.

Just like me and Josh, I could tell the father daughter sexual tension had likely been built up and repressed for years. The breathless squeal that Tasmin emitted let me know it was really hitting the spot for her too.

Terrance really did look like the perfect perverted Daddy for this film, which I already knew was going to sell for a lot of money. But at that moment, I didn't even think about the money, I was just utterly immersed in this remarkable situation that had unfolded that the old me couldn't even imagine possible.

I'd gone from feeling genuine hate for Tasmin and her father to now feeling that incest was making us a real family, bringing us together through taboo sex. I could sense my arousal was seriously building as I watched Terrance fuck Tasmin with slow, deep thrusts, savouring every second.

Josh had been stood on the sofa jerking off as he watched this seedy, sexy scene unfold and I turned my head to take him in my mouth. First, I circled the head of his cock with my tongue and tasted his precum then sank my lips down his long shaft, giving me that wonderful slutty feeling that I craved so deeply.

Terrance was becoming more dominant and aggressive with Tasmin by the minute. I loved it when he pushed Tasmin's face into my pussy and held it there, coating her make-up smeared face with my juices. He then pulled hard on her hair and she took a deep breath, her face wet and her hair matted.

The heat in the room was almost unbearable at this point, the hot lights had been beaming for hours, but it all contributed to the fever pitch levels of sexual energy we were reaching and I could sense an almighty orgasm building within me.

There was something so profoundly thrilling about seeing my arch nemesis Tasmin completely submitting sexually to her own father. Not only that but being made to lick the cunt of her husband's mother, who she now knew was involved in an incestuous affair with him.

I took my son's cock from my mouth and looked at him in a way that asked if he was ready to cum and he understood my look, giving a brief nod. In a state of frenzied lust I wrapped my hand around his cock and began jerking him.

I knew that his cum exploding over his own mother's bare breasts would make for an explosive finale, but even I was surprised by what happened next.

As I jerked off Josh I looked down and watched Tasmin gorging on my pussy, Terrance's lust-ridden face a picture as he approached his climax. The tip of Tasmin's tongue flicked my clit which was swollen and poking out of its soft pink hood and that seemed to set off the deepest and most intense orgasm of my life.

I felt my body start to shake and shudder and then, to everyone's delight, my cunt began to squirt, an arc of my pussy nectar providing a fountain straight down Tasmin's throat.

She opened her mouth as wide as she could and drank down my cunnycum like a good slut. I was so pleased that the cameras were capturing this incredible moment and the sight of it sent Josh into his own orgasm.

I suddenly felt the warm pelt of his thick, creamy seed splattering against my large breasts as I continued to squirt down Tasmin's awaiting throat. That sent Terrance over the edge and I watched his face contort with ecstatic rapture as he unloaded deep inside his own daughter.

Tasmin's shrieks of ecstasy let us know that her own climax had arrived, right on cue. I couldn't believe how long my cunt kept squirting jets of juice all over Tasmin's face and hair, drinking as much as she could while I rubbed my son's spunk into my breasts, until they were a shiny, sticky, white froth.

In her state of sexual frenzy, Tasmin then ripped open my bodystocking around my pregnant belly and began licking it, something I hadn't expected at all. But it felt so kinky and erotic that it induced another orgasm in me!

This time she licked me as I came and I realised this filthy little bitch was going to make the perfect daughter-in-law after all. As Terrance and Josh emptied their last drops over us and inside us, Tasmin brought her face to mine and we shared a sordid, sticky French kiss which became the image that the film faded out on.....

We all knew we'd made a taboo classic and so it proved. Months later, Terrance got a huge price for it and I knew this was the start of a new life for me and Josh, for all of us.

My husband eventually returned home and filed for divorce upon seeing me heavily pregnant but was surprisingly restrained, accepting that our marriage was over. He never found out that my son was the father.

I gave birth to a healthy boy and, now, years later, I'm happily raising him with plenty of money. Oh yes, I'm still making the hottest taboo porn around with my new found family....and we've never been closer....