

She Wonders

Panzerfeck

Chapter 1

Part 1

Sara's sex life with her husband had been pretty good, for their age, but especially for his. At fifty, she was six years Jim's junior. And despite his troubles beginning in his mid-thirties - they called it andropause, where male testosterone dips and levels off into maturity - Jim still managed to perform a couple times a week or more.

How could he not? It wasn't just the sex with Sara that kept him satisfied and faithful, at least not until middle-age soured him almost without warning. He was going the way of his father. Most men did, no matter how hard they might try not to.

But Sara was the rarest of mothers, managing a full-time job, three kids, and coming with a good set of genes that kept her defiantly young at heart and pretty. Yes she'd had her angry moments, and she could put the fear of God up her eldest son and daughter, John and Sandra. Theirs was

not a perfect family, but regardless she had held up more than her own end.

Otherwise, Sara could have been described as a highly-sexed blonde Mary Poppins and with the patience of an eagle. John, Sandra, and Eric, all leaving the nest - and seemingly so soon - felt almost like early retirement.

Thinking about being able to get back to that sex life of theirs was just about the only thing that got her through. In the sack she could be an angel or a demon - though Jim's choice really. That hadn't changed. Sara would never change, no matter her age.

As far as she was concerned, the spunk in his balls was the fountain of youth everybody stupidly sought these days with nip/tucks, expensive creams, and ghastly beauty procedures such as acid peels.

But as Jim approached sixty and that fountain dried up ever more, they were hit with another bomb. The menopause!

Jim seemed a little too premature in rolling over to sleep when that bomb hit, and for years Sara sank despairingly into her fifties, not knowing how to live without her sex drive.

The urge would come back on occasion, but so infrequently that if Jim couldn't or wouldn't perform, that would be it until next try - a pat on the back, "never mind, there-there," and off you pop.

When her sex drive did return, and with an unexpected vengeance three years later, he was all but completely useless!

Part 2

Sunday noon, the roast lamb came steaming out of the oven to settle in its juices, smelling heavenly-delicious, and so it should have at £15 a leg!

In went the blanched potatoes to roast. John and Sandra were already talking dad's ears off in the living room. Eric

was yet to turn up and with only forty minutes to his advantage.

Royal wedding this, and royal wedding that - she couldn't have cared less about the wedding or any other pretentious publicity stunt, for that matter.

Hanging up her oven gloves when the rest of the food was finally roasting away, not forgetting her inimitable Yorkshire puds, Sara left the kitchen where she spotted the distorted shadowy silhouette approaching the front door.

Unmistakeably, it was Eric. And when she glided past the half-closed living room door to let him in, her youngest - but tallest, strongest, most gentlemanly and handsome she believed - stooped into her open arms and picked her up with the same ease that he might pick up a bag of groceries.

'Oooff, always such a strong lad,' Sara marvelled, beaming up at him with the unconditional smile he always reserved for him.

Eric, six feet tall, fair-skinned - and sandy blonde like her - might have been the third wheel to his siblings and the fifth to his father, but he could never do wrong by her. He cared too much about her. Neither was he spoiled like the other two.

Eric kissed her smiling lips quietly, as if to keep this moment just between the two of them, and for a while they hugged, swaying slowly in the silence of the hallway.

'Good timing,' she said, 'dinner's almost ready. Why don't you go say hello to the family?!'

Of course even with two spare seats left, Eric would do his usual. He would stand in the doorway and nod, leave a smart comment, and then return to his mother's side so that she wouldn't be alone.

'Son,' Jim spoke from behind the hand perched at his chin, not even looking in his direction.

Sandra offered a smile that meant nothing in particular, while John nodded and asked what was new with Eric.

'Nothing in particular,' Eric replied, shaking the Levi jacket from his shoulders to hang up back in the hallway's coat rack. Eyeing the TV for a moment, he turned his nose up from the corner of his mouth.

'Royal wedding?' he asked.

'Yup,' his dad muttered.

'That Meghan Markle is about as regal as the Sunday morning rejects of grab-a-granny night at the Rat & Parrot,' he remarked before walking away tall and proud, and leaving his dad gobsmacked.

In the kitchen, having heard him, Sara's shoulders shuddered with secret laughter. 'You bring it on yourself, you know that?' she observed in reference of why his own family barely ever registered him.

'Just as well I'm only here for you,' he teased, grabbing his mother by the hips and pulling her close.

Oh but Eric shouldn't have done these things. She wondered if he still would, if only he knew of the things that filled her mind when she was left to take care of herself at night.

Part 3

Dinner and pudding passed, and gradually so did the inevitable food comas induced by them every second Sunday. As usual little talking was done in Eric's direction, and it wasn't for sheer rudeness. What was ever different about Eric's life?

Eric whose removal van job was nothing to talk about. Eric who couldn't talk at the dinner table of the kind of women he got with. Eric who would not settle down at twenty six and get himself on the property ladder.

Eric had a smart answer for every shortcoming he felt he would be judged for, but when the questions came from his mother, who never judged him, he was nice as pie.

Back in front of the television again, Eric and his mother were forced to endure every last drop milked from that bloody royal wedding and it was unbearable. 'Dad, change the channel,' Eric piped up before he would be forced into a real coma.

'Err, I pay this TV license,' was the haughty response.

'Well you're being ripped off,' Eric shot back. 'There's only one reason it's on the telly to begin with. The taxpayer already paid for the wedding. Now you're paying for two weeks' worth of repeats?'

An awkward silence of about thirty minutes later and John and Sandra, joined at the hip as always, made their excuses to leave. Hugs and kisses for mum and dad, Eric was a ghost until they were presumed safely out of the room.

And then he bid them farewell with; 'When are you two getting married?'

'I'm going for a nap,' his dad told Sara and then departed the moment John and Sandra were gone.

Part 4

'Mum, is something the matter with dad lately?' Eric asked. Evening was approaching. They were drinking tea, the volume muted on the television. 'He isn't half getting grumpy.'

'Don't worry about that old sod,' she dismissed, smiling thinly.

'I'm not worried about him,' Eric corrected. 'I'm worried about you. How do you deal with it?'

A slightly exasperated breath escaped her mouth. Nobody had asked until now, and lo and behold, as always it was Eric

who did notice these things. For a moment she found it hard to look at him.

'I don't know if you'd want to know...'

Eric shrugged, the contours of his strong shoulders suddenly emphasised through the cotton of his thin t-shirt. 'When has anything bothered me?'

That was undeniably true. Sara therefore steeled herself and looked him directly in the eye. 'We're "past it", love; that's all...'

'Shut up!' Eric said rather abruptly, so his mother thought. She took a double-take. When she looked again, he was grinning sheepishly. 'He might be past it, but there's no way you are.'

Sara smiled, even blushed a little. As she thought earlier, if only he knew the things that went through her mind.

'Well still, if only I was twenty years younger!' And that did not sound the way she imagined it should.

'You're fine as you are, mum,' Eric offered unashamedly. 'You could still easily swipe someone twenty years younger, even if you aren't,' he then elaborated. And until he left they continued to chit-chat about work and life and girlfriends - the latter of which there were still sadly none.

Part 5

That night Jim sat watching his soaps. Sara swore he should have been the woman in the relationship. After dusting off a pile of laundry she relaxed with a cup of tea, her nose in the laptop Eric had bought her for Christmas five years ago and even taught her to use.

Some people might have found it questionable as well, that Eric had shown her how to do things like private internet browsing, and deleting her history. It came in very useful, as she imagined it was for many other people looking at things that would have them publicly mobbed.

Sara had grown quite the appetite for online erotica. She even had herself a profile on one of the sites, where she advertised her sordid fantasies. And as those fantasies made her bolder and more willingly outrageous in her search for others like her, she even shared her thoughts with several writers - writers of mother-son erotica!

'Might as well glue your nose to that screen,' she heard Jim mumble as he waddled off to the kitchen to fill his face with cold lamb cuts. And then came the sound of rustling as he lethargically wrestled with the crisp bag in the snack cupboard.

Doing nothing at all, Jim was beginning to grate on her. Regardless she tried to piece her powers of concentration back together, and secretly indulged in her latest story.

Part 6

The internet was a wonderful thing for many other reasons other than free stories to get Sara's temperature up. As she

lay soaking in the bath that night, preparing for a good deep sleep, she closed her eyes and tortured her tight pussy with her favourite dildo.

It was a thick seven inch "real-feel" pink jelly dong, just the shape and size she loved for how it stretched and filled her. Bucking her hips up out of the water, the sensations of her silken inner walls moulding around that cock - her labouring wrist plunging the toy halfway in and out - drove her quietly to such beautiful madness.

In the darkness behind her tightly-pinched eyelids, she saw only one man and it was not her husband. As the hot water swished about her, making her feel like she was levitating upward to meet the thrusts of her son Eric, Sara gasped quietly, driven closer to orgasm as the visions flashed before her eyes all the more vividly.

In her hand she gripped him and guided his thick cock deeper inside her, to the sounds of wet sucking and slurping - because she was so wet for him that she could barely grip him from within.

The orgasm that erupted as a result, and the one after that before she could go no more, were frankly seismic. And she wondered, as she came down gradually, sweating and breathing hard, if he had ever fantasised the same about her.

Surely, he had. All boys did at some point!

Part 7

Monday after work, Sara texted her son Eric to ask of his plans for the evening - whether he would be alone and appreciate some company. Upon his swift answer, she sped off to the local supermarket and returned with a frozen pizza for Jim.

He regarded the box almost in disgust, and then looked at her quite cluelessly. 'What's this?'

'I'm popping over to see Eric for a little bit. You'll be okay won't you?'

'What am I supposed to do with a frozen pizza?' he almost cried. In all their decades together, Jim had forked out for microwaves and ovens and all sorts of kitchen gadgets. God forbid he ever took any interest in how they worked or what they did.

'Two hundred degrees preheated and bake in the middle of the oven for approximately twenty minutes or until golden brown,' Sara exclaimed on the assumption of a family kitchen veteran. 'Don't bother trying to put your head in if you want to do yourself in. It's not a gas over!'

In another bag she picked up on the way out, there were two steaks, nicely cut and marbled. Fifteen minutes later, at Eric's flat, they were sizzling away in the pan.

'I just don't know how to take him sometimes,' she lamented as Eric stood beside her sautéing chestnut mushrooms. 'It's like now the sex has gone, all I see is the worst in him, and it's coming out like water through the holes in a dam.'

'I can understand that,' Eric said thoughtfully, still surprised at how his mother spoke so openly all of a sudden of sex.

Though she was far from frigid all their lives, she had confided only appropriately, managing her own problems alone when need be.

'But even if the sex was good, the girls I've known were all distractingly thick as shit,' he added, earning him a sharp elbow in the ribs. Beside him Sara, blushing red, grinned uncontrollably.

'That's a horrible thing to say!' she scolded.

'Well the truth shouldn't be horrible, but when it is you know choices have to be made,' Eric offered wisely.

Sara flipped the steaks one at a time, and once only as the experts argued made for the better outcome. 'What do you think I should do then?'

'I'm not going to tell you to go find someone else,' her son exclaimed virtuously.

'I would...'

'Shocking, mother,' Eric scolded but without any real conviction. 'You never taught me that in all my life!'

'No,' she agreed, 'I didn't. And I didn't teach you to go through women like disposable napkins.'

At that Eric laughed, his cheeks burning. Though she looked at him, eyes humorously burning into him, he focused needlessly on flipping one sliced mushroom at a time with the fork in his free hand.

'I meant to say that I'd tell you to find somebody better, not whoever will have you,' she rectified, and then; 'Why can't you settle down?'

'I'm twenty six and all the girls my age are as good as melted orange Barbie dolls with SIM chips jammed into their heads...'

Sara had not seen that coming. 'And still you go there.'

Eric shrugged, looking suddenly unsure, maybe even hurt a little.

'These should be medium rare by now,' Sara said, turning off the hob. 'Pour us a wine and we'll toast to your dad's frozen pizza.' That earned her a smile again, for which she was very grateful; almost relieved.

Part 8

Two days later Jim opened the front door to see his youngest son once again. It was 8pm and raining, Eric's hair was flattened, his clothes wet through, and all he had to say-

'You again?'

'Hello sweetness,' Eric replied sarcastically.

'What do you want?'

Did Eric really have to ask? 'Is mum home?'

'Oh, it's raining,' Jim observed, narrowing his eyes to the darkening sky's early twilight.

Eric simply nodded, his face flat and devoid of any expression. 'Well spotted.'

Jim turned away from him then, shouting Sara's name. 'Who is it?' she replied. When she heard Eric's name mentioned, she called back incredulously; 'Well for god's sake let him in then!'

Eric let himself in, his dad now having returned to the living room. Climbing the stairs, he bee-lined for the bathroom in search of a warm dry towel.

'Bloody hell, you're soaked,' Sara cried. She was in the bathroom, fresh from the shower, and sporting nothing but a full-length white cotton bath-towel. Her hair wet and

stringy, Eric couldn't help but take in an eyeful, spotting her two proud D-cup breasts bunging beneath her towel.

'Get those clothes off. You have spares in your room still,' Sara commanded, and before Eric could move a muscle, she was practically yanking the t-shirt up over his head.

Built almost like a wrestler, Eric sported the fine genes of a Dane, which he took from his mother's side. And now in the complimentary warm lighting of the bathroom she stood face-level with his barrel chest, admiring his strong loins and abdominal muscles.

'Mum, don't worry, I can do this myself,' he protested, laughing all the while. Kicking off his shoes, he was besieged however as Sara quickly unbuckled his belt and proceeded to yank down his jeans all the way to the ankles.

And then standing up too soon without realising her towel had come loose, it dropped to the floor and left her momentarily stark naked before her son.

A comical 'whoops,' escaped her mouth, as Eric whose ankles were trapped in his pants couldn't or wouldn't want to turn away. In fact her accidental nudity had quite the unexpected effect on him.

With only two hands spare, Sara stood trapped in the bathroom, juggling manically between covering both her breasts - still shapely and with a little gravitational compliment - her trimmed dark blonde pussy and one breast, and finally squatting down to retrieve her towel.

When she did, the semi-erect bulge, the very well endowed bulge, in his blue sports briefs was undeniable. Sara looked uncertainly up into Eric's eyes. Yes he was looking at her, lips pursed awkwardly tight. And then she looked back down at his growing bulge.

An unexpected laugh exited her lips before she could cut it off. 'Erm... you remember where your room is,' she told him, covering herself up. Under the facade of her embarrassed blushing, she was actually thrilled to have such an effect on him.

A woman approaching her mid-fifties and she still had the power to attract a man such as Eric in his twenties. Goodness, was that quite the eye-opener?!

'I only came for a towel,' Eric half-lamented, blushing as he picked up his jeans and fastened them around his hips. Well, Sara thought, there's no point in being a prude now...

Off came her towel again, exposing her bird-like body to him once again - and causing his eyes to nearly pop out of his head - and she threw it so that it landed on his head, draping down over his face.

'Thanks for that,' Eric quipped, and turned blindly to leave.

Part 9

'So, what gives me the pleasure?' Sara asked, pouring hot cocoa from the saucepan into their mugs.

Freshly dressed dry and warm, Eric shrugged and offered; 'I just thought you appreciated the attention.'

Sara smiled warmly, scrunching her nose at him in her adoration. Dad was snoring in the living room now, the TV blaring out white noise in the key of the Mancunian accent. Before anything else was said, Sara impatiently went to close the living room door and returned happy that it was enough to kill the distraction.

'I love your attention, son, and I love giving it to you,' she adorned, sitting at the kitchen's breakfast bar beside him to drink her cocoa. 'I just hope I haven't scarred you for life...'

Eric grinned, his eyes resting on her blushing and slightly weathered features a moment. He merely shook his head and concentrated a while longer on how the greys in her natural blonde locks seemed to compliment her.

At her prettiest and most youthful she was golden. Now she had gone platinum, but to him she would always be priceless.

'You're staring, love,' she told him.

'Is that a bad thing?' he asked. She exclaimed softly in her flattered surprise, the smooth talker that he was.

'My god, you saw everything,' she cringed.

'And you were beautiful, mum,' Eric assured.

'Drink your cocoa,' she insisted, a sub-textual warning, but then shyly; 'You really think so?'

'Mm-hmm,' he assured.

Well, she thought, but didn't dare say. I've seen what those girls are so interested in, and now I'm not surprised at all. How big did his cock get fully hard, she wondered, but cut her sordid thoughts short.

'Shame I'm not with someone twenty years younger then, isn't it?' she dared to say and found herself giggling. Her son assuringly touched her shoulder and gently rubbed it. She was only wearing a loose thin blouse for him, and his hand electrified the skin beneath with its radiant heat.

Frustrated, she then kicked the bar, shaking her head and out loud; 'I'm awful!'

She wanted nothing more than to confess the thoughts she had - the ones about him, her son. If she was twenty years younger, it would be him she was with. Hell, he was what she wanted and started to believe she needed right now.

But that could never happen, could it?

'Actually there was another reason I came,' he finally said, after a torturous silence. 'How's dad's heart?'

'I don't know if he has one,' Sara offered. 'I doubt it'll ever be the reason he drops dead though.'

Eric's hand disappeared into the pocket of his old tracksuit bottoms and came out in possession of a single pill.

'What's that?' she asked.

'Have you heard of Viagra?'

'Of course I have,' she responded secretively, lowering her voice and leaning in. 'Your dad's been prescribed them on a number of occasions, not that they did much good.'

Sara studied her son with humour. She couldn't believe he would bring her Viagra - he of all people. 'And why do you have Viagra?' she whispered. 'Surely you don't need...'

'What?' Eric blurted cockily; 'Me? God no! This is Kamagra,' he then explained. 'It makes Viagra look like Red Bull to a speed junkie. Crack open the capsule and slip the ingredients into a drink and see if that works for the old codger half an hour later...'

He quickly slid the pill along the bar, until right under her nose. Regarding the pill a moment, laughter suddenly exploded from Sara's mouth, almost blasting her son with spit and cocoa before she could clamp a hand over it.

'Sorry I thought you said "old todger" then,' she said ruefully, and then Eric's hand was over his mouth, his shoulders rocking.

'Please, don't paint me such word pictures,' he pled.

'Will it really work?' she asked.

'If it doesn't, you might want to check for a pulse,' Eric joked, but in all seriousness...

But now she really wanted to know. 'And you really use these?'

Surprisingly, Eric was not ashamed to say. 'Trust me, they work,' he replied nodding.

'And do they make you, you know...?' How did she put this across? 'Harder?'

'I can't make that promise by dad,' Eric diverted cleverly.

But again, his mother turned red, imagining her son - with that huge bulge in his shorts - and what incredible sex the two combined might result in. She could already imagine how big that thing could get when he developed an erection. He was clearly already well-developed enough.

Imagine him taking one of these pills. Blinded by the sudden mental imagery it provoked, Sara closed her eyes and simultaneously opened her mouth to speak, while fighting the urge to grin like a fool.

'I'm sorry, and where... did you... buy these pills again?'

'Somewhere in China probably,' Eric offered though he had no clue. 'I know places, on the Internet!'

Sara put the pill into the breast pocket of her blouse and patted it down, the habit of a woman who believed that things went missing in this house due to absent minds.

Eric saw differently, especially the way she was grinning at him, almost mischievously. The way she patted her breast as she gazed at him - he didn't know - it seemed deliberate somehow.

Part 10

It worked!

Good god, it worked!

Her son's miracle pill for his old codger's todger...

Sara couldn't recall the last time Jim had gotten as hard as he was now. As he sawed back and forth on top of her, short of breath as his fat old cock plowed her pussy, she gripped

the back of her thighs, forcing her legs as far back as was humanly possible.

'Fuck, fuck, fuck,' she panted, eyes glazed and half-closed. In the light of the bedside lamp, down beneath his hairy paunch she could see in a play of silhouettes his six inches disappearing into her.

No, theatrically it wasn't the biggest turn on, but they were veteran lovers and he still knew how to hit her deepest sweet spots, or so she believed.

In her mind, and as her eyes closed to tempt a dream, it was too easy to replace her grunting, out of shape old husband, with her most loving and helpful son. And good god the sensations those thoughts aroused, because as soon as she imagined him taking his father's place, she became instantly wetter and hotter.

'Oh Eric,' her mind cried out, and yet, 'Oh fuck me harder, love,' she commanded of Jim.

'You don't know how much I've wanted you, baby,' her mind's cries declared to her darling Eric. And then, 'Fucking come on, big boy, come for me,' she grunted back at her husband.

Deep, hard, laboured strokes, filled Sara to the hilt, and as the wetness trickled down between her buttocks, and as her husband began to slow, she opened her eyes to realise...

He could not close the distance and finish either one of them!

Catching his breath just enough to roll over to his own side of the bed, Jim rasped shallow breaths and sweated profusely in his exhaustion. She was devastated.

His cock was still raging hard though. Eager to finish the job, at least to finish herself, she rolled on top of him and straddled him in an instant.

'Sara...'

'Oh Jim, you big fucker,' she drawled, easing back onto his burning tool. In an instant she was back into the swing, but his protests wouldn't go unheard.

'Sara, stop, I can't...'

'You're still hard. Fucking hell, when does this happen?' she argued, now riding him fast in the hopes of getting herself off before he would moan her to death.

'Oh fucking hell,' Jim groaned and gulped hard. Either she was about to ride him right into the grave, or he would have to knock her on the head with a blunt heavy object. The sweat-soaked pillow on her side of the bed was the next best thing.

No second guesses who slept in the doghouse that night!

Part 11

'I hope you don't mind, mum, but I've had a really long day,' Eric said, so tired that he waddled like an old Rottweiler towards his bedroom. Unimpressed but too lonely to care, Sara followed without question.

The bedroom of Eric's apartment, doubled for living room and bedroom. Where they ate sat adjoined to the galley kitchen and bathroom. It was an affair too cramped for her liking, but still well organised enough to be practical.

Eric boasted a bed bigger than the one she shared with her husband, the perks of the job she supposed, because he certainly didn't make the thousands these things cost.

Dressed only in his shorts, Eric slouched onto the bed and rolled onto his side. Across the room a large flatscreen TV played some American sitcom, but she wasn't paying attention to it.

With eyes absently roaming her favourite son's strong body, red and hard and sore-looking from his long and difficult day, there was either the other half of that very comfy looking bed, or there was a canvas director's chair from his festival camping days.

She chose the other half of the bed.

Sporting a long but light flowery dress, Sara kicked off her shoes and perched herself carefully on the high end, before shifting herself up against the pillows.

'Have you hurt yourself?' she asked timidly, seeing how his skin seemed to glow a furious red. She hadn't seen anything quite like it.

'Mark Greenfield, the lazy bastard again - left us to do most of the work again when we had to clear out the warehouse,' he complained. He'd mentioned that name a few times in the past. His reputation, for someone Sara had never met, was not favourable at all. 'My back is fucking killing me.'

Sara excused his language, considering his stress and pain combined. Those two made for terrible twins. 'You should put a complaint in,' she suggested seriously. 'Nobody gets paid to shirk.'

'Enough about me anyway, I don't want to bring it home with me,' Eric trailed off. He looked at his mother and the silence grew so heavy that she could not escape what she knew he was inquiring.

'Your dad's a write off!'

'Didn't it work?' Eric bolted up straight in his disbelief, wincing at the soreness in his back and hips.

Sara shrugged manically. 'Yes it worked. He just couldn't... you know...'

Eric started to laugh.

'It's not even funny, please don't laugh,' Sara insisted before a wry smirk broke through the redness in her cheeks. 'First he couldn't keep up with himself and then...' She struggled with her emotions and her words, so bloody frustrated. 'I wouldn't have minded if it was that he couldn't keep up with me!'

'I don't get it...'

'He didn't want to,' Sara gasped in her own remaining disbelief. 'He doesn't give a shit about me - only his fat stupid self!'

'You don't need to hear this,' she said after an awkward pause. 'Anyway I slung him on the couch for the night.'

'I'm not surprised,' Eric assured her. Quickly her demeanour changed. She wore a resolute smile, refusing to be bothered anymore, at least about her husband. The way he had dismissed Eric since he turned ten years old, he wouldn't have blamed her.

'Is there anything I can do?' she asked helpfully. 'Can I give your back a massage?'

'You can try if you really want to,' Eric easily agreed, and rolled painfully onto his stomach, gathering pillows beneath his chin and armpits to prop himself up.

'Happily, love,' Sara dismissed without hesitation. 'Otherwise you'll do yourself in and end up out of a job. But you'd better have words about that lazy sod, Mark!'

'Is this okay?' Eric asked, lying face down near the middle of the bed. Sara noted how his strong back rippled with thick muscle on top of the strong bone structure he sported, just like her father even in his fifties.

'That's okay, but I'll have to climb on top of you,' she cautioned.

'Still not the most action you'll have had all week,' Eric teased, earning him a slap on the bottom. Rather than jump in his skin, he grinned widely at his mother, who still

refused to play his game. Now she would be straddling her son thinking about where she and Jim had left off the previous night.

'Some baby oil would come in handy,' she said and then cursed the awkward silence.

She was quickly embarrassed to have asked, and because maybe it had embarrassed him to only have to reach into the bedside cabinet to find some. To understand the connotations of that was not exactly rocket science.

Eric was massaging himself on lonely nights, it seemed, and not so innocently. The thought of that caused a sudden warmth in her lower abdomen. Now not only was she having thoughts of his big slippery pole, she was straddling him and filling her hands with that oil, applying it liberally to his hot, sore flesh.

And as big as he was, she was somehow surprised that he was not too big for her to perch herself atop. Though like a bucking bronco, her knees almost didn't touch the mattress.

Part 12

'Oh Jesus,' Eric hissed through clenched teeth. 'Oh, fuck me!'

Sara coughed, taken aback by her son's words. 'Pardon?'

'Don't stop,' he pleaded as she kneaded his kidneys like dough.

'It sounds painful, are you sure?' She adjusted her skirt higher so that it wouldn't catch and then shifted herself futher up his back to rest on his tailbone. There was a loud, dense crack from within, and she felt the tremor pass from him to her.

'That didn't sound good!'

'No, it's so good, mum, trust me,' Eric groaned. She was hot downstairs now, in between her legs. So much of his bucking and groaning was getting her worked up. Onto his

skin went more oil and her little hands slid effortlessly, almost sexually, all over him.

Arching her back and forcing her butt down onto his to give her the leverage she needed, anyone watching might have hinted at how she looked. She was practically riding the kinks out of him, until eventually it was she who had to stop.

'Go shower,' she said. 'Don't get that oil on your sheets!'

A grateful Eric rolled off the bed and disappeared, but then came back immediately, and hiding his crotch behind his big hands. 'I can't soap my own back...'

Sara held her breath, waiting for the punchline. Two minutes later he was standing naked in the shower cubicle with his back to her, while she soaped him into a lather with both hands, her eyes admiring his naked posterior.

'Okay, I can get it from here,' he assured her after a couple minutes. He had let her go on for too long, but was nonetheless milking the opportunity.

'Okay, I'll leave you to it, love,' Sara said. It was no doubt time to go home and let him get his rest. Taking her own opportunity then, she said; 'Give your mum a kiss...'

When he half-turned, corkscrewing his torso to face her, there was no way she couldn't see it on the periphery of her vision. He had an erection, and he was indeed fucking hung...

Sara again hitched her breath, though she pretended that she had seen nothing at all. Against common sense, as he reached down to kiss her, she reached into him with both arms and clung wetly to his naked body; one hand then inadvertently running down one hip.

It earned her a warm blast from the shower head, right in her face the moment he angled away. Eric couldn't help laughing, even as he desperately tried to hide his stiffened manhood. Shrieking, Sara backed away, wiping her eyes.

'Love you, mum,' Eric giggled, his back turned once again.

'Thanks for that, love. Love you too,' she affirmed, drying off her hands and face with a hand towel.

Part 13

Sara was growing so frustrated that she simply did not know how to deal with herself, let alone Jim, or her job. What's more, she couldn't pleasure herself without making things worse, without fuelling her desire for Eric.

What was even worse, if that was possible, was that he didn't know how she felt. She desperately wanted him to know, and if anything, so that she wouldn't have to initiate the way to what could come of it.

On two occasions now she had been the result of his erections, his absurdly big erections. Or was she missing signals? The first time, in the bathroom of her house, he hadn't made an attempt to hide his arousal.

The second time, after the baby oil massage, he had asked her to help him to shower. But she wouldn't have seen his erection then hadn't she dared to ask him for a kiss, which required him to turn around. Then again, he could have refused...

Later that night as Jim lay sleeping, and snoring like a grizzly bear, Sara crept under the bed and retrieved the little makeup bag he hid there, then in the shadows she felt her way out of the room and to Eric's old room.

She made no fuss about pulling back the duvet and helping herself into the comfy double bed. Door closed, she switched on the bedside lamp and slid back the zip of the bag. Inside lay her favourite toy, that seven inch jelly dildo, and a tube of white silk lubricant.

And in her mind the events of that night went very differently indeed, and there was no need to fast forward to what she saw in the shower. On Eric's bed she covered his torso in baby oil, then suggested she do his buttocks as well - because they were rock hard and must have been killing him.

Working the oil into his hard fleshy buttocks, and then his inner thighs, her fingertips grazed his testicles as he moaned and groaned...

'Fuck me,' she whispered as she replaced those fingertips at the opening of her dark pink petals with the lubricated head of that firm jelly-like phallus. And for a while she just teased the opening, kissing it with the tip of that hard cock, thinking about Eric's.

'Turn over and I'll do your front,' she offered promisingly.

'Mum, I err...'

Yes, he was naked and no doubt he was rock hard by now. Lifting her dress all the way up, Sarah was a sight to behold in her sexiest white lace bra and knickers. Turning to look, Eric's eyes bulged.

'Are you serious?' he asked in her vivid reverie. Her response - she slid out of her knickers and left nothing but

her breasts to the imagination, knowing that he loved her in that lace bra all the same.

And Eric rolled over, letting his erection spring up uncontested, giving his mother free reign to squirt the baby oil all over his muscular torso, and drizzling more onto his cock for good measure.

'I'll show you how serious I am, if you want me to,' Dream Sara told Dream Eric, and then straddled his hips to take him. And with a deliciously slow push, Sara began to open up to the toy in her hand, taking it all in at once; because she wanted to imagine her son's huge erection filling her the way it would.

He would be too much to handle, so big, and she would be too impatient to wait. She would want him so much that it would hurt a hundred times what it hurt not to have him. But she would take him and she would grow to fit him in.

Riding him in her mind, they slipped and slid in the oil now covering both their bodies. The more intimately close she

dared to get to him as she rode his cock, the more slippery dangerous their affair became.

Eventually tired of trying to keep her from slipping off his cock, Eric would flip his mother onto her back and plough her good and proper. In his bed she imagined all of this and the filthy talk between them, plundering her pussy and wishing to God that one day... one impossible day...

He would know that she wanted him and that he could have her!

Chapter 2

Part 1

Looking back, it was probably a terrible, terrible mistake. She shouldn't have. She really shouldn't have. But Eric was her favourite son, most loving of his mother. With any luck he would see the funny side and she would be able to die a merciful death, with as little cringing as possible!

"Can I marry you instead? This husband's broken!"

Why the hell did she write that? In what mind was she when she wrote that? It took all the courage in the world just to send it, at lam that morning, sailing on the breeze of three shattering orgasms thinking about fucking him.

But he didn't know that!

Now she was halfway through the workday, and no response. And Sara wondered if he had even read the message. And halfway through the afternoon, as it crawled

by at a snail pace, she wondered if he even knew what to say.

By 5pm she would make her way home with an idea of what to text him, in the hopes of wiping that last one from existence. One foul serve simply put right with a good one. That would work, right?

When she got home, Jim was already there, drinking coffee in his armchair by the television. Sara dropped her handbag and slumped back into her seat. His usual greeting lately, nothing but a grunt, was interrupted by a loud PING!

The word Apprehensive was a large and empty word. It spoke largely but still didn't cover the extent of the awkwardness she now felt as she looked into her phone and sought the message reply from Eric, which for the record said:

"Mum you don't need to marry me. I'm yours anyway!"

'What's for tea then?' Jim asked, but turned to see his wife whirling out of her seat and out the door like a woman possessed. Out through the kitchen and out into the back garden, she fled into the shed and slammed the door behind her, just so she could laugh loud and hard.

'Oh, thank fucking Christ,' she sighed, utterly relieved and overjoyed at once. Still, with phone in hand, she trembled like a school girl after her first real kiss.

Part 2

'Mum, what's going on?' Eric asked, his voice tinny and distant in her ear.

'Well, I'm in the shed,' she offered for no reason at all.

'Why are you in the shed?' he asked.

'I don't quite know?' Why she put it to him like a question neither knew, but it tickled them nonetheless - at least the silliness of it all.

'I'm sorry about that text last night, Eric,' Sara continued, wondering where this would go. 'I wasn't thinking clearly. I am lucky to have you.' But she didn't have him, not the way she wanted, and the anguish of knowing it showed in her voice.

'Is it because of the old man?' There was a loaded question, and the connotations it tempted were all correct.

Exasperated, Sara sighed and nodded to herself. 'Yes.'

'I understand,' he offered. But did he really?

'I'm not sure you do, love, but I'm not sure I can explain why.'

'You mean that you need someone,' Eric jumped straight to his conclusion, and her heart leapt in her chest. 'The way he's not there for you anymore!'

Again she sighed. 'Yes,' she agreed against all odds. 'I guess you do understand. It's driving me bonkers...'

'Well, like I said, you don't have to be married to me. You already have me,' Eric offered. Was he saying now what she thought he was saying? Was he literally offering himself?

'Oh in my dreams, love,' Sara gushed. 'You could do much better than me.'

'Mum, if there was a girl half the woman you are,' he began to say, but stopped. Sara felt her stomach twist. Surely he didn't mean it.

'I don't think you want to be saying things like that to me the way I've been lately. I might jump you, son...'

There was a silence, and then a muffled dry chuckle as Eric laughed to himself. 'I'd be so lucky, mum,' he assured, and quite unbelievably to her ears. 'Dad's clearly past it if he can't appreciate you.'

'Oh, now I know you're after something,' Sara laughed helplessly, knees turning to jelly.

The rest of that week lagged horribly, all except the late nights she spent in his bed after Jim was fast asleep, flaccid and lifeless. And Sara wondered if there was anything to those words spoken in secret with Eric.

Were they flirting and did he just not acknowledge it because she was his mother and he couldn't actually see her that way, or was he serious? What had gotten into her lately that she could so comfortably see past the fact that he was her boy?

For all she wondered, that thought had never crossed her mind. Instead she wondered long and hard, for how she might put her feelings and her needs across to him.

Part 3

'How do I say this?' she asked herself. 'How do I tell him what's really going on? How do I hope to say something as ridiculous as "Eric, son, your dad isn't satisfying me anymore - any chance we could maybe fill the hole in my sex life"?'

Nothing she could think of saying sounded anything other than absurd; other than the internal dialogues that occurred between them in her erotic midnight interludes where she pleased herself to the thought of having sex with him.

'I just want to be loved,' she thought. 'I just want something physical. I don't want to feel so lonely and unwanted at this point in my life. And I don't want to ruin my family, or step outside of my family to get it. What do I do?'

John and Sandra, glued at the hips, dropped by on the Friday night to talk to dad, not her; and that left her wondering. Were she or Eric even part of this family? When

did they start taking sides? What had she or Eric ever done to deserve this?

Halfway through talking about a holiday trip they were planning up in Scotland, Jim couldn't have been more happy or eager. Almost bitterly Sara interrupted with; 'Will Eric be going?'

John and Sandra just looked at each other, and then dad, and awkwardly back at Sara, who waited patiently as ever. 'Well we haven't asked him?' Sandra replied defensively.

'He never goes anywhere anyway,' John dismissed with a brushing gesture of the hand. Just like that he dismissed his younger brother like dust off the shoulder.

'He's never invited anywhere,' Sara said. 'Not unless I'm the one who invites him.'

'I think John and Sandra can make up their own minds,' Jim spoke up with mild authority.

'Yes, they do just that, don't they?' Sara said painfully and dismissed the three of them before she would lose her temper.

'Where are you going?' Jim called after her.

'Make up your own bloody minds,' Sara said on the tail end of a laboured sigh, and went upstairs to Eric's room. There she lay on his bed, hands fumbling, and looked up at the ceiling until either her hard feelings were gone, or her eldest children were.

'What has become of this family?' she asked the big blue nothing beyond. And it wasn't in her imagination that she actually heard laughter from downstairs shortly after. It was almost like she or Eric didn't even exist anymore.

Part 4

'You again?'

'What's up old man?' Eric greeted his father at the door once more, since his father wouldn't greet him. The irony was lost immediately. If anything was up with the old codger, it wasn't his todger.

This time he didn't wait to be invited in. He was no vampire. This was his home. Nonchalantly Eric breezed past Jim and called out to his mother, who was again upstairs in the bathroom.

'Bloody mummy's boy come to talk about her feelings again,' Jim mumbled on his way back to the living room, his whole body walking in a perpetual slump. The door slammed behind him, leaving Eric wondering what he could possibly have done to deserve the shade thrown at him.

'Hey gorgeous,' he chimed, leaning against the bathroom doorframe. Again there she was, fresh out of the shower. Those were becoming a theme. Dropping towels on the other hand...

'Promise I won't give you a striptease this time,' Sara grinned.

'What kind of promise is that?' Eric asked mischievously as he approached her, arms opening to receive her. They cuddled and kissed on the lips for what seemed a long time. When they parted, her towel fell to the floor once more, completely one-hundred percent accidentally.

But Eric made no attempt to look away. In fact he looked a very long time.

'Eric, darling...'

'Hmm?'

'You're staring,' Sara observed.

'I am,' he agreed.

Her body shook the once with a single exclamation as she considered herself humoured. 'I see,' she replied, making no more effort to cover her modesty. 'Do you really like what you see?'

Eric just smiled at her, but it was honest. Yes indeed he did, and he didn't need black market pills to prove it. 'Stay like that if you want. Don't mind me,' he quipped, scanning her body before capturing her widened eyes.

'Maybe I will,' she teased, tongue in cheek, and then she offered him a sly wink. 'What are you doing tonight?' she then asked, sliding past him in the doorway to reach the bedroom.

Eric flinched, the way his mother - completely nude - brushed up against him, her bare breasts and the light

brown nipples rubbing his bare arm as she squeezed by. A naughty look flashed across her face then too.

As she made her way to the bedroom, Eric turned to look, and was pleased by the way her apple-shaped bottom swayed, still firm but with a little extra than he was used to. Again she turned to look at him, that look still in her eyes, and waiting for an answer.

He followed!

'I was going to ask the same thing,' he said, scratching the back of his head when entering her room to watch her dress made him feel like he was intruding. A few times during his younger years his mother relaxed around him when it came to partial nudity, but for the most part she was careful to teach him his boundaries.

Now there were none in that respect. She didn't seem to mind at all. In fact if he didn't know any better he'd think she was getting a thrill out of it. Maybe then he didn't know better after all.

'Tea's done,' she checked off her list, slipping into a flimsy pair of white lace knickers. 'No doubt Jim's done. Other than that I have no plans. Would you like to stay around?'

Eric stood on the opposite side of the bed, looking every which way every other second, clearly nervous and not knowing what to do with himself. Of course every other second his eyes flitted over her body, and it did thrill her.

'Erm...'

In fact she didn't try to hide the fact that she was staring hard at him, trying to gauge his reaction to her sultry little peep show. Being that he filled the view from her side of the bed, it was impossible not to observe the bulge in his khakis.

'I was actually wondering when the last time was that you saw a movie,' Eric broached.

And being that they creased rather easily, khakis seemed made for men without contours, which was not Eric. The material of his pants creased terribly at his crotch now. Sara was not listening...

'Those are nice pants,' she deliberately noted. 'You fill them very well.'

And then what he'd said finally computed. 'I don't get to watch much television, except for what he watches!'

'I don't mean television,' Eric replied. 'I mean; when's the last time you saw a film?'

'Oh!' It had been a long time, especially at the cinema. It was too costly these days, Jim said, and his favourite son and daughter begrudgingly agreed. 'Asking me on a date?'

Eric smiled, watching her now stretch into a matching white lace bra. Damn she looked good, even with the slightest paunch her belly had developed. A few little white stretch marks at her wide hips was all that remained of the

evidence suggesting that she'd had three children. She certainly still passed for desirable in his eyes.

'If you want to call it that,' he suggested.

'Hmm, I don't feel like being around people,' Sara said, lolling her head from side to side in her guilty thoughts. 'We could... go and watch a movie,' she suggested on the contrary, and then whispered secretively, 'at your apartment?'

'Sure?'

She smiled, beamed in fact. 'I just wanted to let my hair down tonight,' she assured, despite her choice in underwear. From her wardrobe she then chose a long billowy white lace skirt to match, and a blue short-sleeve to compliment her blonde hair, but first she threw them on the bed.

Their conversation was not over. 'Actually, we don't even have to watch a film,' she said, a suddenly contrasting heavy

breath setting her shoulders. 'I need to talk to you about something...'

Eric braced himself. 'Sure, whatever you want,' he agreed, 'what is it?'

She could tell him here, but something told her that would be a bad idea. 'We'll talk at your place,' she insisted, and again found herself staring hard. He too was giving her his full attention, and not only from the neck up.

'You go make a coffee and wait for me downstairs while I get dressed and dry my hair, okay?'

She almost regretted saying that, because although she was done talking for now, she wouldn't have minded letting him stay, to watch.

Part 5

Free of their usual restrictions of clips and pins, Sara's greying blonde hair flowed icy-gold down past her shoulders. Having grown up with some pretty "European" entertainment in his youth, he could debate at the moment his mother waltzed into the kitchen - ankles bound in strappy leather sandals - that had Bo Derek bypassed the plastic surgery, this is what she might have looked like.

Sara's high cheeks blushed, her blue eyes dazzling with a much more natural hint of shadow and mascara than girls half her age would ever settle for. The air came alive with the freshly washed scent that followed her.

It was as though Sara came to her son on a floral summer breeze. 'Ready to go?' she asked. He nodded and followed her lead.

'Jim, I'm just popping round to Eric's for a bit, so don't wait up if you're having an early one,' she said after poking her head in through the living room door. He ignored her. And that was fine because she was going to do the same.

And she then drove them to Eric's apartment, where they made their way into the kitchen where Eric had chilled wine waiting in the fridge. Only after she put the glass of lightly-bubbling white to her lips did she confirm her careless guilt for doing so.

'I'm driving, I probably shouldn't,' she said with a careless smile, but it would do for courage. 'It's funny the way our family has gotten, don't you think?'

Eric agreed. She didn't have to explain why, even if he didn't know about the inseparable John and Sandra's not so private getaway. 'It's almost as if there's the three of them and then just the two of us...'

Eric surprised his mother then by putting down his own glass and wrapping her up carefully in his arms. His wide, thick hands held her hips to him as easily as she might hold a small vase full of fragile little flowers.

'I win,' he said with a confident smirk, cocking his head to one side as he studied her delighted reaction.

'Imagine it just being the two of us,' she dreamed, baring her pearly teeth in a smile and staring up at the kitchen ceiling. Eric patted his mother on the bottom then, surprising her again. Slowly the nerves began to come alight within, once again.

'You'd have to kick the old man out,' Eric humoured. 'This place barely fits me.'

'You'd have to give up your easy women,' Sara forewarned.

Eric began to protest with; 'What have you got against-

'But you'd have me,' she overrode him. 'Wouldn't that be enough?'

Sheepishly he looked down upon her, into her eyes, although he could also see down the low-cut neck of her

short-sleeve tee and was captivated all the same. 'What do you think I do with these women?' he asked. 'I don't sit and drink cocoa with them and talk about old man problems.'

She had to laugh at that. There he was again. She could not escape Jim wherever she went, nor the predicament that came with Jim being useless in bed.

'Here goes,' she thought, feeling her stomach knot. She took a deep breath and sighed warmly against her son's face.

Part 6

'I don't want to leave him,' she confessed. 'It's just talk. But as much as this family drives me up the wall sometimes, I can't get old with the thought of destroying us on my conscience. And I can't get old alone...'

'What's the matter mum?' Eric asked; his concern palpable.

'But I can't be without love either, Eric,' she went on, then draining her glass dry. The cold wine soothed the burning inside, but soon enough it came back in a vengeful wave. 'And I see you here, just as lonely as me; and just as...'. She paused for thought and found a deep emotional ditch instead.

'Out of place...'

Eric held her tighter, rocking her slightly as if coaxing the words out of her, and as he did she looked away, not knowing how she would get there - how she would cross that bridge!

'Why have you never settled down?' she asked. 'You must be lonely!'

'Sometimes,' he admitted. His mother clacked her tongue against the roof of her mouth and then cuddled up against him in consolation.

'I feel it the way you looked at me,' she managed to say, and was surprised that she did not freak out once the words were out in the air. In fact the air seemed clearer.

'God, the way you look at me!' she declared from the pit of her stomach with such unrequited longing. Eric pulled away, only slightly, so that he could study her.

'That's not because I'm lonely, mum,' he said softly. 'That's because I love you.'

Sara's heart grew heavier, faster. Inside she felt elated with the release of adrenaline and deep down truth. Was this truly happening? 'And the way you looked at me in the bathroom and the bedroom earlier?'

'Because you're beautiful, and because you were happily just being you, more than you've ever shown me before,' he admitted freely.

'Well,' she agreed with a nod and cleared her throat. 'I like the way you look at me. It makes me feel wanted.' And then

a darkness overcame her. 'But as much as I want to love my favourite son, I can't expect you to want me, can I?' she asked, before trailing off.

'Not the way I want you to...'

'You want me?' In so many words, he had finally broken that thick, seemingly impenetrable ice, and the heat within her radiated like wildfire.

Sara nodded certainly. 'Could you want me?'

Eric's mouth dried fast. He flashed his mother a smile as though silently mock-scolding her - calling her naughty and every relative synonym. Guiding her to spin around slowly with him, he poured them two more glasses of wine from the kitchen worktop and quickly downed his own.

'I could,' he hinted, but not yet ready to see the reaction in her eyes. 'I could wish that somebody would satisfy you the way he can't, just to make you happy, and if that somebody...'

Adrenaline now flowed freely, surged through their veins like fuel to the fire, and Sara's breathing was becoming shallower. One hand roamed down the strong arm of her son closest to her, and then came to rest at the small of his back.

'Eric,' she addressed delicately; 'I hope I'm reading this right or I might drive into a lamppost on the way home.'

Eric uttered a laugh, still the concern in his eyes as he looked at her. Hopefully that would never happen. He knew she was joking, but fate was a horrible player to tempt with games such as these.

'I'd be the luckiest woman in the world if that man was you, even if you're my son. I love you too much to care!'

Eric inched closer, releasing a sigh from his heavy chest. The smile dissipated, but his feelings inside did not. He had always loved her more than anything, to the extent that it

might once upon a time have forced his siblings further away.

'Me too,' he said, and mutually they nodded, eyes fixed. For a long while they just hugged and held each other, letting go of the tension that now gripped them. And then when they parted there was a curious smile on his mother's face.

And she wondered; 'Would you really want to be that man?'

More than ever she wanted him. She wanted to feel him all over her body, to feel his deliberate touch on her most private and sensitive flesh. And as though she could already feel him, she yearned to have him inside her; where he belonged.

'I would,' he affirmed nodding.

'I've thought a lot about the two of us making love, for a long time,' she admitted tensely, wringing the nerves out of her knuckles. 'A lot...'

'So have I,' Eric too admitted. She beamed a smile, big and proud. There were no words for the relief she felt. There were none necessary.

Maybe except for; 'They're very nice thoughts but they only go so far,' which she said while her hands roamed his torso, from his chest up to his shoulders, and back down his long muscular arms. He began to do the same, only his hands avoided her chest, still controlled by those boundaries.

Thoughts now swirled madly in the intimate silence as they gazed upon each other, just touching each other. 'Only so far?' he asked.

'They helped to ease a lot of frustration,' she confessed nervously, and then smiled uncertainly; 'But they don't stop the frustration from being there in the first place.'

'Sometimes I like the frustration,' he said. She cocked her head in curiosity. 'I like to get pent up over the thoughts of you.'

A compliment for the ages indeed - she bit her lower lip, wrung her fists some more, and exhaled a tense sigh. 'You're probably still not as pent up as I am.'

'I can see that,' he said smiling, grabbing her carefully by the hips again; physically reining her in. His touch was filling her with manic energy, the path of least resistance yet to make itself know, although the gusset of her knickers was becoming quickly warm and damp.

And daringly Sara then wondered; 'So when's the last time you had sex?'

'About three months ago,' he quickly calculated. Her mouth dropped open. That couldn't be. Conscientiously she reeled back the words now sitting on the tip of her tongue and kept her silence. 'About that,' he trailed off.

'That's a long time, even for me,' Sara said. It had been days for her, but then the sex wasn't good. It wasn't even complete. That said, the times before that were also few and far between and quite uneventful, to say the least. But he knew that now.

Furthermore she wondered; 'Doesn't it drive you mad?'

To answer her, Eric pulled her close, until her lithe body was pressed to his. Such a hard body, it was almost unnoticeable at first that his growing anticipation was bulging against her bell. When it occurred to Sara that her son was growing erect against her, she took a deep breath and cupped her hand to the thickening hardness straightening off against the inside of his thigh.

She gasped, daring to see her hand now caressing that hard thing, and then pressed her body back harder against him.

Part 7

Herself trembling with adrenaline and anticipation, Sara offered a naughty smile that betrayed her nerves to Eric. Her breath quivered as she exhaled, her body weak in his grip. Time had slowed to a grind, much like her body against her son's, and for ceaseless unmeasured moments, she gauged his reaction to her movements as her hand stroked him to full hardness through his pants.

The size of that thing! And the size of his hands too, come to mention it - Eric had true working man's hands, though thankfully saved from calluses and scars and bitten fingernails.

Sara momentarily took her hand off her son's swollen crotch and moved both onto his, wrapped gently around her waist.

And then Sara wondered; 'Would you like to feel me?'

Eric nodded without hesitation in his impregnable silence, and watched in awe as his mother took a step back, hitched up her skirt, and then swiftly slid her white lace knickers down her legs, scrunching them up to plant in the palm of one of his hands.

Warm and damp indeed! Eric was controlled now by his growing arousal, and by her, otherwise he wouldn't have been able to comprehend the magnitude of such a thing...

His mother exposing her own arousal, thanks to him, in such a covert gesture; and if anything the most certain invitation!

Again lifting the hem of her skirt, Sara took his free hand and guided it under her legs, between her soft warm, and incredibly smooth thighs, and immediately guided him to a forbidden place, fleshy, warm and wet, and bristly with her trimmed pubic hair.

He flinched. They both did, and Sara uttered an unsteady gasp, her knees now trembling in response to his touch. And now she guided two of his fingers between her quivering

labia to feel the hot spot from where her taboo fruit trickled its slippery juices.

Eric pulled her close, her torso swaying as he played her like a finger-puppet, while he slid his wetting fingers back and forth, dipping half an inch deep into her feverish sex. And immediately she began to pant hard, her hand back at his khaki-clad erection as she stared hard and purposeful at his ruggedly handsome face.

And desperately she wondered; 'Do you like how I feel?'

'Yes,' he said in an instant, showing her in detail rather than telling her, as his fingers now coaxed her open with ease to tease her in a come-hither motion.

'Oh,' she moaned, now shaking intensely in his embrace, and her eyelids fluttered as though his fingers rapidly flipped at the light-switches upstairs. 'Fffuuu-

'I c-can't be-lieve I'm... l-letting... y-you do this,' Sara stuttered breathlessly, and then harshly hissed her gratitude in short bursts of giggles.

'I know,' he marvelled, now really getting into her, though careful not to hurt her. 'I love you,' he declared.

Sara shook her head in awe. 'Fucking hell I love you too,' she gasped, still disbelieving that it had come to this. And furthermore again she wondered, her chest heaving as she battled for both the courage and the breath; 'So... how much more of you do you think can we fit back into me?'

'You really want to?' he asked, as if he really needed to at this point.

'That's really what I was hoping to come here for,' she admitted hopelessly, instantly lifted up into her son's arms, before he carried her to the bedroom.

Part 8

Effortlessly Eric hoisted her up and dropped her like a feather onto the mattress, and she tore the sandals from her feet, and then the blue cotton tee from over her head. Kicking himself out of his own clothes in a hurry, he was bare-chested and down to his khakis, muscular, fleshy, but also defined.

And that was when he slowed down to take in the seductive, tantalising sight of his mother on her knees, in that snug-fitting white lace bra, inching the lace skirt down over her naked hips.

'Come here,' she invited with a curled finger, her hands reaching down for his belt buckle as he crossed the minor distance. And as she unbuckled his belt, he pressed his chest to her bust, his hands reaching behind her to unhook her bra.

Gazing closely and now at eye-level, there was no denying the sexual magnetism now that they had both felt with other people many times in their respective lives. The

moment you knew you had that click, that two people were undeniably turned on to each other, the sexes divined toward each other like opposing magnets.

The mind entered a different phase, much like the survival mode of a soldier in the sights of his enemy, but in love and lust the mind saw only its mate, and so let the body's instincts steer the ship.

As Eric slid the straps of his mother's bra down over her shoulders, and felt her nipples eagerly stiffen at the touch of his flesh, their mouths steered toward each other and nature took its place. All the while, as Sara's tongue softly teased its way between her son's lips, and he engaged her with his own, she unbuckled his belt and proceeded to undo his pants and shimmy them down over his hips.

There was little time to fill her hand with his large, stiff manhood, but however big he was, as her fingertips cradled the underside and reached out to graze his heavy balls, he not only filled her hand. It reached almost halfway up her forearm.

She gasped, looked down upon him as his hands filled themselves with her breasts, and every other acre of flesh he could reach - eyes worshipping her all over - and took him in both hands, easing back the foreskin to reveal a perfect shiny pink head that would be sure to bully its way beyond the doorway to her inner heaven.

Without warning she bent down to take him into her mouth, and as he reflexively wrapped up her long soft blonde locks in his hands to clear the way, he watched in awe as Sara's silken tongue bathed his throbbing, sensitive glans in her slippery hot saliva - and then another few inches - using her hands to distribute her spit further up his length until he was soaked.

Her jaw became almost instantly tired, stretched beyond capacity halfway down. Compared to his dad's above average six inches he was plainly more than a mouthful for her. Sara went on though, fuelled by her son's appreciative moans, and by the taste of him.

On her knees and otherwise held up by her lips wrapped around his cock, she hadn't performed such acrobatics in

years. Now she was living the fantasy of performing for the man she loved most, and he was almost thirty years her junior.

She hadn't been so thrilled, possibly in all her life. And only now, while they were happily committing this unspeakable crime, did she truly feel fulfilled for the first time, and even just with his cock plugging her mouth.

Again effortlessly Eric hoisted her up, flinching as the sensitive tip of his cock rolled from her slippery tongue, and Sara found herself speechless not only for the obstruction of his passionate kisses. Sharing his taste with him just served to turn her on even more, and now in overdrive she shook madly in anticipation of being fucked.

But not yet...

Part 9

Eric rolled Sara onto her back and used her raised and expectant thighs to hook her and draw her back to the edge of the bed. Her hands splayed out over her head and her platinum gold hair dragged out all about her, she was like a nude art piece beneath him.

And his incredibly hard manhood jutting out just above her smoky pink labia in bloom, she thought that this was the ultimate moment to behold, but instead Eric knelt at the bedside and made his mouth a place to rest at her dripping pussy.

'No, what are you doing?' she protested, but she was cut short by the first of many long and appreciative licks, and she moulded perfectly around his tongue.

Sara's eyes instantly rolled back, her eyelids fluttering closed as she gasped aloud of the soothing pleasure he brought her screaming nerves. Still his large hands roamed and conquered her aching body, as the heat intensified between them.

Eric revelled fervently in the taste of his mother's sex. She tasted purer than any woman while her scent, seeking desperately to attract her mate, drove him into a sloppy licking frenzy, and because he couldn't her up quickly enough.

She dripped orgasmically, her legs drew back, her hands in his hair - begging for him to come up. But not before he would near-finish her, bringing her to the edge of a quaking climax. There he would leave her until the time came to make love to his mother.

Sara could not keep up. Her senses overwhelming, even lying on her back and receiving left her struggling as though being dragged through an intense spot of cardio.

'Eric that's enough,' she laughed, tickled not only by his flickering tongue against her throbbing hood, but also in the way that his head bobbed up and down.

'Goodness,' she panted, trying her best to drag him up and onto the bed, and as he came up she crawled backward like a crab, guiding him into the middle of the bed with her. There she wiped the excess wetness from around his mouth, before kissing him gratefully and looking unbelievably into his eyes again.

Now his hardness would not be denied her. Right now it pressed eagerly into her naked hip, their legs otherwise intertwined. Motherly instinct had to be certain. 'Are you alright?' she asked.

Eric nodded happily. 'You?'

She nodded back. 'I still can't believe it,' she remarked wildly, one hand clutching his hardness. Sara playfully licked at one stiff pink nipple, causing him sensations deep within that he'd never felt before.

Eric hissed and began to laugh from between gritted teeth. 'What are you doing?' he begged.

'It doesn't just please a woman,' Sara informed. 'Like it?'

'I can feel it in my stomach,' Eric gushed.

'Like butterflies?' she presumed.

'Yes!' he declared, letting her go on teasing him. For a moment she sucked at his nipples, both of them, and as odd as it looked, it felt too good to stop her. He grew harder, hard as a rock, as she tempted something within him that maybe some women passed for minor orgasms. And his prostate began to ache too.

And then wondering if she would be able to fit him in, Sara rolled her son onto his back and straddled him, just about able to stretch her thighs wide enough. Laying herself down flat against his torso, she pressed her breasts firm against him and then did the same with her lips upon his.

'You are so fucking sexy, mum,' he shamelessly proclaimed, his hands coming to rest on her blushing apple bottom.

Squeezing her, he filled his hands, raising his hips to grind himself against her.

Sara blushed, shivered as she felt his cock cleave up between her buttocks, feeling the sturdy length of him promise more of the same in regards to where she now wanted him. Sitting up in his lap, he followed suit, propped up on his hands behind him now.

And while he kissed and sucked at her jiggling breasts, Sara reached around to wrap her fingers around him in his painfully erect state, making sure the foreskin was eased back safely for a hopefully effortless conjoining.

Part 10

Eric rolled back down into the pillows, awaiting what was now to come. He didn't know where to put his hands, other than all over her body, but gripped with anticipation he grabbed hold of the headboard; eyes transfixed as his mother guided his rock hard cock to the entrance of her pussy.

Sara, while acknowledging her son, was now otherwise gripped by the immensity of this moment of truth. Horny, lonely, and so enraptured by their mutual desire and consent for this to happen, she found herself at a crossroad not many women and their sons would come to in life.

Really, all it was, was sex, and there was no danger of having an accident, but this was still her son's huge cock in her hand, growing slick as she rubbed the tip at the final threshold between her glistening labia.

She was about to cross that line for them, and then either she would regard him as the adult son she now molested to sate her sexual appetite, or he would stop being her son and become a most closely kept secret affair.

She wouldn't know until that moment happened, and she wasn't going to stop. There was not even room to wonder where they would go from there. Her mind and body could barely contain the connotations set in this moment alone.

'Easy does it,' he coaxed, otherwise stifling his breath in anticipation.

Back down to Earth, though for how long, Sara breathed between pursed lips and offered a knowing, loving look. 'Oh I am dying to feel this,' she gushed, bearing down a little.

And she felt him slip in, the bald and bulbous head of his cock not stretching her painfully, because he had buttered her up too well for that. Bending down to see what he could see, Sara began to shiver and shake again as she bore down a little more. And they both bore witness, utterly stunned, to the gradual incestuous coupling of their sexes.

Inside her he felt like the anchor mooring her to the spot, filling her like she had never been filled before. Shaking violently in sheer adrenal overload, her arousal so extreme, Sara felt herself slide to mould around her son; that alone rocking her to a stationary but rigid climax.

'Are you okay?' he asked.

'Oh I just came already,' she cooed, blowing her now messy hair out of her face. 'Just let me...'

Sara swallowed hard and waited for the orgasm to subside as her pussy continued to dilate to accommodate Eric, and then before the feeling went away she began to slowly slide herself up his hard, muscular length, only to suck him in deep again.

Bracing himself hard, Eric shivered a breath long and hard, as his mother continued to impale herself slickly on every thick and veiny inch. He could not believe his eyes. He could not believe his luck. The most prized and proud woman in his life, and the most unattainable woman, was slow-fucking him like he was already the best thing she'd ever had in her life.

She felt so divine around his cock he had to tell her. Sara blushed mercilessly, the red in her cheeks blooming down over her delicate throat and continuing down toward her swaying breasts.

And she had been right about him, how his swollen knob bullied her silken love canal into slippery submission. The feelings they shared now were beyond divinely delicious.

Eye to eye, he was still glaringly obviously her son, but their love and sexual urgency for each other overrode all other thoughts. He was still her son, and on top of that everything she needed. And on top of him, she was mutually all he craved.

A motherly bond gone deeper than the norm, even before this profound conclusion - as she began to pick up pace, hands steadied at his waist, riding her son Eric felt no less than glorious. They were sharing a divine love now, and one she realised she had never shared with Jim in all their years.

Part 11

In all his years Eric had never known a girl who could ride him like it was the most natural position in the book. His mother of all women turned out to be the first, despite her advanced years. She could grind on his cock with

conviction while seeming light as a feather in weight, and without pounding him through the bed turning pleasure into distracting pain.

Now gyrating her hips like a woman possessed she milked him for all he was worth. The only thing, and it surprised her the most considering how hard she could be on her husband, she didn't have the stamina after all to finish what she started.

Collapsing into Eric, he took over while still underneath her, cupping her backside and bucking his hips to fuck upward into her, earning her moans of bewilderment.

'Are you sure you don't want to be your mum's new husband,' she panted before she caved in and began to laugh. But now she really did lament that she was not at least twenty years younger so that she could keep up with him.

But Eric was a gentle lover and he did not try to put her through her paces. Resolving to give her the time to breathe and to recover, he rolled them both to their sides - still

buried deep in her soaking snatch - and proceeded to slow-fuck her in quiet admiration.

'You can make love to me like this whenever you want,' she whispered and they shared a salty kiss, the both of them perspiring as though the juices from their lovemaking steamed from within.

And Eric realised that's what this was. He had fucked his way through a fair few women, or girls, and even enjoyed a playful, tantric sex life. But with Sara, his mother, this was lovemaking - the consummation of everything they meant to each other.

'Whenever you want to,' he replied in kind and kissed her tenderly. At that Sara found a renewed excitement. The fluid muscles within her, coaxing him vigorously all of a sudden, announced the onset of another climax, and she opened her mouth wide in a silent cry; eyes transfixed intensely upon his.

'I want to be under you,' she worded breathlessly, and didn't need to ask twice. Eric was close to coming now and it

seemed that she could sense it through her own consistent climaxing.

Still inside her he rolled them over once again, dragging her back into the middle of the bed, and climbed up to his knees, drawing his mother's feet up until they rested at either ear.

Masterfully he ploughed her deep and swift, slowing every tenth to fifteenth stroke so that he could sink in to the hilt and tease her cervix. When he did he milked forth a guttural moan from his mother, and then shallow pants to match his speeding rhythm.

So wet she sloshed, he sawed in and out with ease, wet flesh slapping at her backside. And Eric marvelled in the sight of Sara's bouncing tits as she gripped the headboard to push back against him.

'I'm coming,' he soon announced intensely. Sara's eyes lit up with youthful excitement.

'Deep as you can,' she instructed, wrapping her legs around him and forcing her hips up off the bed.

'Fucking hell,' Eric blurted his disbelief, overjoyed at her prowess. She was actually too much for him. He fell back onto his haunches.

Bewildered he then watched her take back control, as Sara levitated her torso with the strength in her arms. Like that she rode him, fucked herself for all she was worth, until he cried and began to blast her womb full with his seed.

Wrestling her back down onto the bed he bottomed out and continued to fill her up. Her feet locked at his back to draw him in, Sara cried softly into his ear, until all that remained at the inevitable end - a slowly synchronising chorus of ragged breaths!

Part 12

'I'd better get going,' she said regretfully, and that sparked another round of sweet lovemaking; first with their

newfound love for kissing each other. A matter of moments later and her son was deep inside her again, plunging into her from behind.

He didn't know how just the feel of his hands on her bottom made her feel, the way he took control. Another three shattering climaxes and it was his turn to unload once again. Looking over her shoulder, her expression sleepy but grateful, she both blessed and scorned him with a smile.

'It's half past midnight, Eric,' she exclaimed seriously. 'I might even be missed!'

He kissed her backside, then nibbled it sharply, surprising her. Begrudgingly she began to get dressed, slipping on her skirt, her bra, and then her tee and sandals.

'You can keep my knickers while they're fresh,' she offered with a naughty wink, earning her a spank and a kiss.

'Bye mum,' he said almost sadly, finally seeing her out of the door, and now they were back to innocent hugs pecks on the lips.

'I'll see you at Sunday dinner tomorrow,' she bode, smiling from ear to ear as she walked to her car.

'I love you,' he spoke softly after her. One last glance back over her shoulder and straight from the heart Sara requited his sentiment. More than ever she loved him!

THE END

EPILOGUE

Like clockwork the kids were nattering away with dad in the living room and the roasties were browning off in the oven. It was half past one and still there was no sign of Eric. She didn't let it bother her. He was a man of his word, always.

Last night Sara had returned home to her husband, happily used and abused, and without contest she had slipped into her nightie, and with her son's spunk still oozing out of her, she slipped into his bed and deep into sleep.

Jim had broached the subject of why she was spending more and more time sleeping in his bed and not theirs. There was an impotent outrage about the way he approached it, and all because he didn't dare accuse her of anything.

She was also ironically spending more time with Eric. What could that mean?

'Jim, it isn't a problem if you don't make it a problem,' she offered resolutely that morning, and hopefully preventively of his pathetic grumbling. But Jim wouldn't have it.

'What's going on?' he demanded to know, and tilted toward her as if to impose the very truth out of her.

'Okay,' she said nodding rigidly. 'Do you really want to know? I'll tell you, Jim. We're past it!'

'What?' He couldn't begin to comprehend what she meant, no matter how glaringly obvious it was.

'You've turned into a right grumpy old fart and you're not even old,' Sara declared in her frustration. 'You never have a good thing to say about me anymore, or Eric. You're always moaning about one thing or the other...'

'Oh,' Jim reacted, leaning back out of her face and suddenly petrifying until she thought he had turned to stone. 'Is there anything else?'

The sarcastic bastard!

'You hog the bloody bed, and for that matter you snore like one and so, yes, I'll sleep in Eric's bed from now on if it means that I can get a wink of sleep,' she shouted. 'Alright?'

'Well then,' Jim began to say; only he hadn't begun at all.

That was the end of that, also no contest.

The doorbell rang, shaking Sara out of her recollection. 'Don't get up,' she shouted into the living room after ten seconds passed with no response. Waltzing to the front door, she laid her eyes on the distorted silhouette beyond the glass window, smiling broadly.

'Hello son,' she whispered, accepting Eric into her arms.

'Hello mum,' he replied with a secret, knowing smile.

'Oh make way, the king has arrived,' Jim wailed sardonically from his armchair.

In his arms again she tiptoed up and leaned into a tender kiss, as they ignored his father. Following his mother into

the kitchen, Eric helped her to set up the dinner plates, and to serve out the meat.

'Which one's dad's?' he asked. Sara pointed at the one on the end, with the usual pile of Yorkshire puddings and a fountain of gravy. Right in front of her, Eric lifted the selected slices of beef to his lips and licked the lot of them with long, cruel strokes of the tongue.

'Naughty,' she said lowly, shaking her head, but with a mischievous smirk on her radiant face.

And at the dining table the five of them sat. Jim and Sara sat at both ends, John and Sandra side by side, and Eric sat wide-legged adjacent to his mother. For a long while there was nothing but silence, and that silence was good for as long as mouths were full.

'So did you enjoy yourselves last night?' Jim asked, and when Sara looked up and saw that he was staring intently at Eric, her breath froze.

Eric, who was slow to respond, turned down the corners of his lips and nodded, then looked to his mother casually. 'Yeah we just talked and had a laugh, didn't we, mum?'

Sara beamed a nonchalant smile at Eric, then continued to fork at her food, sawing her potatoes down the middle.

'Must have had a lot to talk about,' Jim then said accusingly, and the air froze too. John and Sandra didn't know where to look. They judged Eric alone all the same.

'One o'clock in the morning!' Jim insinuated.

'You know the saying, Old Gaff,' Eric responded cleverly. 'Time flies by when you're having fun.'

What was Jim going to say now - that his wife was a bit past having fun? Nothing he could say would reflect well on his increasingly cranky ways. Nothing!

John and Sandra then looked at each other uncertainly. Surely they couldn't have been on their dad's side on this.

'Do you remember I am, dad?' Eric then doubled down. Then he looked straight at John and Sandra, catching their attention with precision timing. 'And don't tell me you two are in bed for 9pm on the weekends...'

'You should probably have a social life on the weekends though, Eric,' John spoke up. 'Rather than stealing your mum at every opportunity...'

Sara, as much as she wanted to run to Eric's defence, knew not to. He had learned to defend himself. Instead she rested her elbows on the table's edge and crossed her fingers, over which to rest her chin.

Shoving potato, gravy and meat into his mouth first, chewing and swallowing in his own time, Eric looked his elder brother in the eye and dryly laughed under his breath.

'Go see your wife and kids, John,' he said, and Sara, rooting for him, battled not to laugh, or to show any emotion. John welled up with anger, but soon deflated when he realised that he had no argument.

Eric only had to look at his sister for her to know that he could say the same of her. But he spared her. He then looked back into his father's reddening face, still neatly and politely filing food from his plate into his mouth.

'I mean if you had plans that's fair enough,' he continued. 'But are you telling me what I can and can't do under my own roof, or are you telling mum what she can and can't do under hers?'

Jim had lost his appetite. The least likely thing to happen in all the world, he placed his knife and fork back onto the plate of food, barely half-finished, and sat in silence, just looking at it. Meanwhile Eric continued to eat happily, enjoying his roast.

'This is lovely, mum,' he complimented, earning him a grateful smile. 'I don't know what I'd do without your Sunday dinners'

Sara wondered then; 'Jim, are you done?' But Jim did not respond.

And then back to Eric; 'Spare Yorkshire puddings there if you want them, son...'

As Eric took his father's plate from under his nose and began to take his pick, all but he and his mother sat awkwardly still and quiet, not knowing what to say or where to look.

And just like Sara, in presence and in mood, that silence was pricelessly golden.

Chapter 3

Part 1

That fateful Sunday ended both with a bang and with a whimper. Though not so apocalyptically - the bang was not the preferable kind - the whimper in question was not the result of Jim's increasingly foul mood but of Sara's rampant imagination and vengeful sex drive.

As the night came to a close, and all their grown children had retreated back to their own corners come early evening, the gravity of the surreal situation truly came to light. She began to notice the moment she and Jim were left alone.

There was no hiding the fact that each to their own, wanted to be left alone. The atmosphere was not so tense, but for Sara there was every danger of betraying her paranoia.

Did he know something? Surely he couldn't. But she would not put a foot wrong and find out otherwise to her inevitable mortification. So Sara mirrored his disposition

diligently and kept herself busy with unimportant little things.

And off to bed earlier yet again, Jim went up without saying a word. If he had said anything at all, he must have mumbled beneath his breath from afar. His retirement was only clearly announced by the slamming of the bedroom door.

Then she came awake with a jolt, only to be left resenting him all the more, and then resenting herself for feeling this way.

In all their years, as parents and alone as a couple, they had never slept with the bedroom door closed. Only their children as teenagers, Eric alone, and John and Sandra in the other large room they used to share, had ever slept with their doors shut; and specifically in secrecy.

That one detail spoke volumes of the impasse their relationship now came to. The door was closed. Without a word he had shut her out. Now she was in the doghouse, not Jim.

As she switched on the bedside light in Eric's old room and stripped out of her clothes that night, Sara felt a well of sadness but also of disappointment for the way things had come to be. But did they really need to be this way?

According to her husband, supposedly so, yes they did. Though many couples later in life opted for the freedom of a separate bed, she couldn't imagine that they shared the same reasons. Maybe after seventy the average married couple's sex life would completely give up the ghost, but still most slept in the same bed; 'til death do they part and all that!

Until she finally heard him snoring, come 10pm, the house was stiflingly quiet, to the extent that she began to deliberately make noise and to revel in it, for fear of otherwise treading on eggshells around Jim.

Prematurely the rebel within protested his patriarchal stiffness - not kind the stiffness the lady wanted - but with no audience that inner rebel withdrew and left her to her deepest thoughts.

What was it about creaking floorboards in a house endowed with such a tense atmosphere? With his snoring coming through the walls, loud as a pneumatic drill, why was she so intent on insuring that the sleeping bull stayed sleeping?

Since the previous night spent with her son, Eric, Sara had been left in a constant state of arousal, though that had been overridden for as long as there had been family to attend to. Now she was alone and desperate to do something about it.

Sadly Eric would be asleep by now, she supposed. A naughty thought, the desire to call or to text him and to talk about what happened, and then to tell him how she felt about it, and in deliberate words to suggest a future encounter, couldn't happen - not now - but it could and did fuel her imagination.

In fact it lit her body on fire, had her calling out to him in silent cries, desiring to be filled again by the overflow of the fountain of his youth. Rampant as her sex drive had been

in Sara's younger years, she could go again and again and still ache for more.

But this was different. It had been so right and it had been so wrong at the same time, and the thrill of being fucked by another man came not with the kind of danger she associated with cheating.

Cheating itself was forbidden, a taboo she never gave thought to, because she was not that kind of woman...

Well, correction; she had never been that kind of woman!

But in her mind and soul, Eric had only fulfilled a son's duty to love and protect his mother, just on another level to most. And it had led to possibly the greatest sex of her life, bar the night she and Jim had knowingly and willingly, lovingly conceived their first child.

How things had changed...

Now naked in Eric's bed she buzzed herself to many a shaking orgasm. With a fully charged vibrator she toyed with the pussy still aching and tingling from the seeing-to he had given her, when they were alone in his apartment.

Within minutes her pussy was sloshing and gushing, squirting with the release of unimagined sexual release; just as she had the previous night.

She was so sensitive, so easily brought to climax, brought back to life by her son's sexual vitality, as though having fed off him - a shameless succubus. And such deep satisfaction he was now responsible for, Sara was dying to be wrapped around Eric again; and to be left dripping from between her legs with his intimate bodily fluids.

One-handed she ploughed herself, clenching her inner muscles around the hard artificial cylinder, suffocating its surprisingly loud electric hum to the point of a murmur as it sank deep within. If it was not for those deep vibrations her toy would not have done. It could not compete with the real thing.

And how she wished it felt anywhere near the same as him - harder and yet softer, the way that only muscle and flesh could be.

Fuck it! With the other hand she thumbed out her most daring, racy message to Eric, even as the phone trembled awkwardly in her weakening grip.

'Just a goodnight text to say that I'm very... very... turned on, thanks to you!'

Sara watched her message sending, unaware that she was vocally humming along with her vibrator then, and in a deep wavering throaty growl. Scooching down the bed a little more, she opened up her thighs wider and bucked her hips up to meet the dipping and corkscrewing motions of the toy in her hand.

She wanted nothing more than to have sex with Eric again. No, it was not a one-off just to relieve the tension. The memory of him being inside her, the glorious climaxes he deeply screwed her to, and the love shared - it had to happen again.

Part 2

How much could a family change within the space of a day? That thought was quickly becoming Monday's theme as Sara settled into the first tea break. Unusually quiet, or so the other women in the office thought, it was clear that she had something on her chest.

Half-truths had their uses, though. And could anyone accuse you of keeping secrets when you were just minding your own business?

Tessa, blissfully unaware of there being a reality outside her own despite pushing sixty, loudly presumed that all matters found their way out into the open and therefore that bottling them up made no sense.

Well thank you, Tessa, who read tarot cards and angel cards for charity and believed that her dog could read English. Thank you for sharing that with the whole office. Your contribution is as extraordinary as ever.

One moment sitting there, contemplating the future quietly over the rim of her steaming mug, and then the next being scrutinised not so covertly by "The Mothers' Gossip Circle of Preston" as she liked to call the clique in her department, now the pressure was on.

'Talking about it will help,' Tessa assured, betraying her love of dirty laundry.

'That might work for you, Tess, but it just reminds me that there are more important things,' she replied casually. Tessa didn't understand. And when she didn't understand it would require spelling out, painfully slowly.

And Sara's response had earned her a few poorly disguised looks of judgement, specifically from the frumpy-looking clique leaders Paula and Mary.

'Ladies, please,' Sara backed out with a defensive smile.

'Everything okay, hun?' the former piped up as though she genuinely cared. It was Paula who mostly earned their group the "Mothers" part of their collective nickname. She couldn't and wouldn't go a day without looking into other peoples' lives.

'Everything's fine!'

'Are you sure?'

'Fine,' Sara emphasized, but knew that they felt differently.

The same dialogue crept back into conversation after break time, and again at lunchtime, until Sara decided against her better judgement that a little bit of bait would keep them occupied enough to leave her alone.

'My family is going through a bit of a challenge right now,' she told them. 'People taking sides over nothing at all - it's just favouritism at its worst really. Jim spoiled John and Sandra over the years. Eric alone, and because he takes after his mother more than anything, learned to make sacrifices

for the good of others. But he's missed out a lot of his youth as a result, which I find sad; the worst downside being that certain people believe he isn't worth what he hasn't appreciated.'

The mother's meeting was enthralled by Sara's outpouring, all bent a little nearer and literally reaching toward the bait.

'Well these things happen I suppose,' Tessa said, but Sara didn't even stop to listen. Tessa didn't know what it was like to have a family of her own, which although sad in ways might also have been a blessing. She barely knew how to look after her dogs over the years.

She was halfway through assuming that those things happened when Sara gathered her breath to continue; 'And all the while his father no longer appreciates me, and mirroring his increasingly grumpy behaviour, there's a line in the sand between me and Eric and the other kids, even though there isn't really a problem worth fighting over!'

'Well if you ever need to talk,' Mary concluded - how useful. Instantly Sara regretted having said anything. If anything at

all she felt as though she had been used solely for the gossip, which is exactly what was happening.

That's why she called them "The Mothers' Gossip Circle of Preston". And that's exactly what they would be doing now, and about her family.

But how much could a family change so soon? The damage had been done long ago, now Sara realised in full as she had entertained the desire to spay the facts for all to see. But only yesterday had the line in the sand been acknowledged all-round, at the dining table.

Now her husband had retreated further within himself, and she was yet to see how they would communicate at all. She would know by teatime the extent of that. How hard would it be even to talk about the dinner?

Then she would know for sure whether she should dread the future of their marriage, their lives barely together or unmistakably further apart.

But oddly Sara felt no guilt or remorse concerning the fact that she'd had sex with her own son. It not only seemed right. The only true love within that family existed solely between Sara and Eric, and they had made sex just another way of conveying that when it was most needed.

She was taking from Eric, and that much she couldn't deny. That much made her ponder whether she ought to have been ashamed. But still he had given, and with the desire to protect and to nurture in his own way.

Her husband was no longer interested, and ever since he'd made that known, it was he - not her - who withdrew, and pushed her further away so that she could make no mistake where his feelings were concerned.

No more sex, no more love!

Eric was the sole remnant of the love given to her, and delightfully she had received it physically. She couldn't wait for him to decide when to take it further. They would just have to be very careful, and not only about where and when

they had sex, and how frequently without spiralling out of control.

'I've been talking my whole life,' Sara rebutted. Nobody had anything to say about that. Quietly they went back to chattering about Cherie's gay-as-a-rainbow nephew's X-Factor audition, sorry that they had asked.

And Sara could not have been happier. She'd rather have been elsewhere, away from these people and their bone-idle banter, but that was not possible, so therefore, no, she couldn't have been happier.

Sara waited for the day to be over, and waited long and hard!

Part 3

No "hello", no "you again", no other backhanded greeting - that evening Eric's dad didn't even answer the door. He knew who was calling and what for. Eric didn't wait long

before his mother answered the door, sarcastically calling back over her shoulder.

'Don't get up, I've got it...'

Eric's smile betrayed his paper-thin patience for his dad, but for his mother he was 100% genuine, and especially as he closed the door behind him to kiss her without an unwanted audience. Carefully Sara pulled away noticing the TV's volume suddenly getting lower in the background.

There was a new one - Jim eavesdropping!

And as Eric was not one to leave even ignorance unanswered, he strolled into the living room, looking to see what was what. It was already rare for his father to look him in the eye, let alone to say hello. Now with the volume muted, he could only pretend to pay attention to what the news reporter was saying; eyes fixed on the screen.

'Bit late turning the sound off now, dad,' Eric projected his voice so that it could have filled the room ten times over. 'Mum's already answered the door.'

No response!

'Cup of tea, love?' Sara asked in passing on her way to the kitchen.

Eric slowly came around, eyes still on his father's forced absence. 'Yeah, I'll stick around,' he said, turning his back to follow her.

'Oh god,' Jim muttered under his breath and reached for his cigarettes. Eric couldn't quite decide whether that grated on him, or pleased him in some perverse turnaround.

Eric then trailed off as he followed his mother into the kitchen; 'I came to grab a few err...'

When they were out of earshot, he caught up with her, took hold of her hips from behind, and pressed himself against Sara's bottom as she leaned over the kitchen sink, filling the kettle.

Sara blushed, laughed quietly, and looked admiringly over her shoulder at him. 'Behave, you,' she chided with zero will for conviction.

'Has he been like this with you?' he asked. Sara held her breath, exhaled evenly, and then nodded.

Eric would have liked to have asked what was wrong with him. What reason could he have had to behave like this? But both of them knew that, even though he couldn't have known their secret, not for sure, they were no angels.

'I'll say something if you want me to,' Eric whispered.

Sara turned to face him. He was so close that she managed to turn one hundred degrees before she bumped up against him and landed with one hand on his chest. She looked

knowingly into his lucid eyes and flattened the palm of her hand against him.

'No,' she whispered back. 'Don't do that. Follow me upstairs a moment...'

In that moment Eric followed her out of the kitchen, asking; 'Do you still have those hockey Jerseys Aunt Jemma sent?'

The TV volume now rising higher than it had been when he arrived, Sara's eyebrows flicked upward, signalling the connotations of Eric's father now being wilfully harder of hearing.

'*Ummm*, let's take a look shall we?' she said with a conspiring smirk.

Part 4

She led him as far as the threshold of his old bedroom door, then turned to face him and whispered; 'This will do!'

The look in his eyes told her that he knew what was happening now, and why she had led him here, safely away from prying ears and eyes. Far from what any old pervert might have expected, Sara just wanted to be held.

Only one day away from Eric and she felt like she had been starved of human contact, all because the other people in her life either wanted to dig through her trash for lies worth concocting, or else - in Jim's case - wanted nothing to do with her at all.

In his arms she reverted to a much younger age, ashamed only at her emotional neediness. It was never something she forced on her husband or children, NEVER, but in Eric she always knew that she could find some comfort, and understanding.

'You'd tell me if I started being weird, wouldn't you?!' she presumed quietly, wanting to laugh.

'Might be a bit late for that,' he dryly chuckled, though in truth he rejected such absurdity. Regardless Sara dug him lightly in the bicep with one loosely clenched fist, her cheeks flushing pink.

'Are you okay?' she asked, changing the subject. Furthermore; 'Are we okay?'

Eric leaned down to kiss his mother's lips with a firmness not reserved for sons. That was his answer. With a look that imposed the slightest power of authority he regarded his mother confidently. Maybe he had reservations, but if they were worth mentioning he would have. That much she knew.

'Hmm,' she sighed fleetingly. She tried to speak her words, but again her body was beginning to override her thoughts. Not knowing where to put her hands, she looked up at Eric and smiled unconvincingly before disintegrating into laughter; then covering her mouth.

He took her hand away from her mouth then held her cheeks in the palms of his hands to glance over her loving face. A tut escaped her lips before she pursed them together, her head lolling slightly to one side.

'I don't know how this works,' she said, flustered now, and again not knowing where to put her hands.

'Like it always has,' Eric offered confidently.

Sara cocked her eyebrows, surprised by his answer, but instantly feeling the need to put him properly on track, asking; 'And the other night?'

Eric leaned close to one ear and whispered his response with equal cockiness. 'How about a reminder sometime?' he asked, which soon had the both of them giggling quietly into each other.

'Yes,' she said. Actually surprised by her willingness, despite the most dangerous crime they had committed - not only

upon their family but all of humanity - Eric pulled away, his mouth agape, and with growing hunger in his eyes; and all the while amused by yet another suggestive flick of her eyebrows.

'Yes, you still have those jerseys in the back of your wardrobe,' Sara said a little louder. 'And yes, darling, I will drive you and your jerseys back to your place.'

The message hit home instantly. Eric's mind spun. Essentially his mother was telling him in so many words, and in the way she looked at him, that she wanted to drive them to his place so that they could fuck.

Walking out to the landing and leaning over the balustrade, Sara projected her voice down the stairs, loud enough for her husband to hear. 'Jim, I'm just dropping Eric off with a few of his things.'

Part 5

And one slip was all it took this time, for Eric to slide halfway into his mother's aching, sopping love canal. She received his rampant hardness with a guttural albeit eternally grateful moan from her quivering lips.

As he held himself fast so that she could accustom herself to him all over again, they both basked in how good it felt to be naked together again. Eyes locked they were smiling as they kissed, and with unabashed love and tenderness.

Eric now bottomed out, and with a deliberately slow seductive stroke, his mother hugging him gently inside and out as she welcomed the sensual bliss of their shared physical love.

'Oh Jesus, it feels like it's been days already,' Sara hopelessly gushed, staring disbelieving at the ceiling. A long, syrupy-sweet sigh oozed from her throat and soon met with his lips, and as Eric gently slid home again and again, so did their lips greet in a mutually growing emotional need.

'It has been,' he reminded her.

'Oh god it has hasn't it?' she realised. And it had been two of the second longest days of her life, after her lengthy labour and the birthing of her second child. Sandra, it seemed, did not want to come back then.

With her eyes closed every time they kissed, she went off to a purely physical place where the sexual, emotional, and spiritual, were all as one. And every time those kisses ended, she would open her eyes happy to see her son again.

Then she wondered; 'Do all the girls get such good treatment?'

'Just you,' he answered warmly. Eric was beginning to get a kick out of reading his mother's reactions, in the way that he exhibited his sexual prowess. A few short dips into her shallow waters and then he would slide deep and bring a wider smile to her face, though her brow creased with the intensity of the resulting blissful deep spasms.

'What makes me so special?' Sara inhaled deeply as another blissful; bomb erupted within.

'Mum, I love you,' Eric replied without hesitation.

Sara's breathing instantly deepened as that truth homed directly in on her heart. At the same time she was certain that the head of his cock was just about reaching her guts and it was so much to take all at once.

Sara's resulting smile held nothing back. She was suddenly gushing in more ways than one, unable to contain her emotions and her consequential sexual release. Gasping her utter delight, she returned his sentiment with her own love and pelted his face with kisses.

'Oh what you do to me,' she moaned as Eric continued his sexual assault.

So wet and warming, the long slide in was too irresistible, every single time. Their hips rolled back and forth together

languidly, making for an easy dance. Her thighs embracing him, Sara smiled, eyes closed again as their lips continued wetly to envelop each other.

And what deep tingling sensations he caused. She could feel the thick swollen helmet of his rigid erection, plumbing deep, stretching her to limits she had never known, and causing her to spasm and to quiver all around him. Indeed, he knew how to make her feel special.

Oh so wet!

They could hear just how wet every time his length left her wanting, and honouring the want and need for more. Sara couldn't contain herself. She began to giggle, overcome by the shuddering pleasure his well-hung cock steadily pummelled into her.

'I can't believe how full I feel with you,' she gasped, looking down between them, gripping his arms firmly, as if to hold on for her life.

'Is it like being pregnant with me all over again?' Eric asked, eagerly picking up his pace, feeling her squirting around his cock now. An odd question for an odd situation she supposed. She overrode the typical reaction of asking what made him think of asking that.

Nodding, then shaking her head, then nodding , and shaking again, Sara gushed; 'Oh this is something different,' as Eric nibbled at her earlobe before propping himself up with his hands at her sides, repositioning himself to drive home harder, faster.

'All I'm doing is lying here,' she then blurted after some silence, her eyes wide in disbelief. Another wave of heady bliss enraptured her, causing her to turn rigid as Eric fucked her hard, watching her face contort and her tits bounce madly.

'Oh God,' she cried in short, sharp breaths; 'Oh God, Eric!'

And then the phone rang...

Part 6

Again and again the phone rang, and it was hers, not his - buzzing away from inside her handbag on the bedroom floor while she opened up wider to her son's hurrying strokes.

Sara bit her lip, looked up sheepishly at Eric, who was now so engrossed in catching up with those orgasms that the ringing phone didn't seem to faze him. Soon enough Sara too was lost in pleasure again, and was also soon losing her mind as she peered down between the valley of her bouncing breasts to witness his hard wet cock plunging in and out of her sloshing depths.

Well, what a dilemma - wondering what her husband wanted now, meanwhile she and her son engaged in hot passionate sex. And again and again the phone rang a good half-minute before going silent and repeating its song all over again.

'Maybe I should answer that,' she blushed, and then moaned involuntarily as Eric filled her to the brim over and over again.

Eric shrugged, dripping sweat from his brow, his balls slapping her ass hard. And oh, that feeling she couldn't deny. Sara loved to feel a good pair of balls slapping her ass, and Eric's were so full and heavy. It made her feel all the more naughty.

'You can if you really want to,' he rasped. No she really didn't want to, but what would Jim suspect if she didn't pick up the phone? Sara guessed she would just find out later.

At that moment the guilt lying beneath her pleased contortions turned to childlike mischief. Sara found herself grinning up at her son as they continued to grind their hot bodies together.

But then a realisation hit her. Only the second time they'd wound up in bed together, Sara and Eric were making a lot more eye contact now. Rather than with words, their

purpose all but served, it seemed to communicate more than words could say.

Love, lust, danger, and even a strange innocence around their developed relationship, all kept their gazes locked. And as the phone rang out, and then started again, Eric sped up his thrusts again.

'Eric, darling,' Sara said; 'You're staring again...'

And yes he was. Eric was fucking his mother and revelling in her reactions as he plumbed her watery depths and loved her to orgasm after orgasm. And the way he stared down onto his mother thrilled her to those orgasms, over and again.

Part 7

'I'm driving John and Sandra up to Scotland early tomorrow,' Jim curtly informed her as soon as she got back home. It caught her off guard. He had too. It was as if he had been waiting at the living room door as she passed by.

'I won't be back until late,' he added. 'Didn't want to have to stay up too late to have to tell you though,' he soon started complaining.

Although Sara had been careful to tidy her hair and makeup, there seemed no hiding the dishevelled feeling that came with being fucked through the bedroom wall. When he caught her, she had flinched - almost jumped out of her skin - and took a step away from Jim to regard his tense mood.

'Okay,' she eventually agreed, nodding affirmatively although uncertainly. 'Though they already have two cars between them...'

More to the point, immediately Sara's mind was putting in overtime. If she'd have known, if she was meant to have known, she could have cashed in some flexi-time to book the day off and ride along. That could have made for an opportunity to clear the air with Jim; away from it all.

'Yes I've been invited along to have lunch at the cottage so I thought I'd go along,' he said flatly.

How nice of her kids to include him...

But that too brewed suspicion, or was she being paranoid?

'Jim, don't you think it's a bit funny - John and Sandra leaving their families to go on a quiet holiday together?' Sara begged. Ever restrained, Jim put his hands into his trouser pockets and regarded his wife with a perturbed look.

'Everybody needs a getaway, love,' he reasoned, but then slipped in; 'Not just you!'

'It's just a family get-together,' he went on as mild outrage dawned on Sara's hurt face. 'I was invited too but you'd only have something to say.'

'By all means, Jim,' she resolved and surrendered her offence; 'If you want to go, you just go.'

'Well, it's too late for that now,' he insisted, and announced his retirement to the bedroom.

Part 8

Sara had already told Eric about his siblings' little getaway. It didn't surprise him. It shouldn't have surprised Sara either that he didn't care. As though Sara and Jim had divorced years before, it seemed that they had been separated into different lives.

A holiday would be nice. Sara hadn't had one in a few years now - cutting back the costs to save up for that early retirement nest - and Eric hadn't been away on his own at all. To Eric it wasn't as strange as Sara saw it.

Different people with their different lives!

That was it! John and Sandra wanted to get away from it all, including their own families. They'd always run their own clique and therefore it probably wouldn't have surprised him either that his dad had been invited too.

But dad liked to cut his holidays up into long weekends now, not take two weeks off in the summer with his wife. He hated sitting around for long periods of time.

Now in the middle of the week he was dropping work to drive his kids up to their little hideaway. Even at work Sara felt the stress easing off, just knowing that she wouldn't come home to an old grump who had too much to say but not the decency to say it.

Eric noticed the moment he stepped into the house that evening and could even feel the surreal absence. The TV was off. The living room and the entire ground floor of the house sounded dead, even as he and his mother greeted each other with small-talk.

Sara was more than happy to see him, despite not having called or messaged him an invite to tea. Again, freshly

showered, her light blonde hair towelled off but damp and wild, Sara was wearing a white cotton robe and nothing underneath.

Eric asked where the old man was. She reminded him. Eric lifted his chin in one slow but thoroughly understanding nod. And then Sara informed him that Jim would be back late.

Whether that meant "past his bedtime of 9pm late" or "past midnight, everybody else's bedtime late" remained to be seen. And it wasn't of importance.

'We need to talk, darling,' Sara then said, after a long and quiet intake of breath. Her expression wasn't something that conveyed the signal to worry or to dread, but still he felt a touch uneasy about what those words could mean.

'You can tell me anything, mum,' he assured her in quick surrender. 'I know say it a lot,' he then admitted. So they went to the kitchen and brewed tea while Sara thought about the best way around what she felt needed to be said.

'I don't want us to stop seeing each other the way we have been,' she began. Her back was to him momentarily, and before she disarmed him with her smile, Eric dreaded that she was going to tell him they would have to.

'Do you want to stop?' Sara then asked.

Eric shook his head without hesitation. 'But will we have to?' he asked; 'Even if nobody knows, it could make matters worse between you and dad.'

Sara hadn't thought of it that way. In fact so far from her mind was the possibility that it now hit her from out of the blue with blunt force.

'Your dad and I have been having trouble for a while now,' she rebutted in their defence. 'I told you that and it's been steadily getting worse.'

'I thought it was just about him not being able to, you know,' Eric hinted - To get it up!

He wasn't quite ready for the revelation that his mother had been using sex to smooth over the many other creases in their private life. How private could a boy's parents be?

'Without the sex, the rest has all just fallen apart,' she solemnly submitted.

'I knew he was a crank, but isn't that just life?' Eric asked.

She shrugged and then she wondered; 'I don't know, is it? I'd understand if we had our ups and downs, but now it's just one down after another!

'I need to save my marriage,' Sara concluded all too soon. 'I have to try or I won't forgive myself. He might still be the man I married. I might be overreacting, but then that would just make two of us, wouldn't it? Maybe there's something I'm missing...'

'Then do what you feel you need to do,' Eric replied supportively, getting up from his seat to coax her shoulders.

The kettle boiled then, before they gazed into each others' eyes for longer than now seemed appropriate. 'I'll help any way I can.'

'Oh I will, and thank you,' she agreed, nodding enthusiastically, and Eric watched as she brewed the bags in both mugs. Then she fleetingly squeezed the thick meat of his shoulder and smiled.

'I'm here either way,' Eric felt the need to say. And then with a splash of milk, teabags discarded, they sat at the table talking over what was going on - or what Sara suspected was going on.

Part 9

'I think I'm going to drop in on Kevin and Marie this week and see how things are,' Sara told him. She didn't often but maybe she would be doing John and Sandra's spouses a favour, if anything was going on.

And it didn't feel like scheming to either of them. This family wasn't one that grew with marriage and kids. Instead it had developed into a series of circles, groups that had limited communication between each other.

'Well why don't you drop in on Marie and leave Kevin to me?' Eric suggested. He met Kevin at least once a year, at Christmas parties if not New Years'. The times he had turned up to celebrate their kids' birthdays he seemed more than welcome. And Eric and Sandra's husband always had a blast, especially when it came to their similar style of observational humour.

Whether that would be out of the ordinary or not, he didn't care if it meant being of use and helping someone - if something really was amiss.

Sara considered it carefully. 'Wouldn't it seem out of place for you to be there?' she asked.

'You could always call him and offer for me to drop in if he's stressing over a handful.'

'I'll do that,' Sara nodded, and then her shoulders slumped. 'I'm going to have to swallow a lot of pride if I can patch things up with your dad. But I'm worried the whole family is going tits up, and I don't know why.'

'I don't think it's us,' Eric replied. 'It can't be because of me, or you!'

Uncertainly his mother nodded, and then cautiously sipped hot tea from the rim of her mug.

'We still might have to cool off while I can get around this,' she then said regretfully.

'Quit while we're ahead?' Eric joked, reaching over to tickle her fingertips with his own - a thing he had done since just about forever. Sara smiled tiredly but proudly. And then she shook her head.

And she knew that if he felt the same way she did, which he did, that the idea of having to stop hurt deeply even just to

think about. It would leave them feeling jilted and no doubt acting aloof concerning other deepening feelings.

'No,' she said. 'I'd rather not if we can help it.'

Eric sighed a stealthy gasp of relief. It had happened between them twice only so far. He was hooked, but he wasn't the only one.

Sara trailed off with; 'I have to try though, rather than seek... distractions...'

Again she smiled, having emphasised that final word. Eric had been quite the distraction recently, to say the least. But there were no distractions here, now, between just the two of them. And it was only half past six.

'I'm glad you asked though,' Sara then said, her eyes fixed on his. And she blushed as the smile broadened on his handsome, rugged face. She took another deep breath and just came out and said it.

'Who'd have thought this would happen between us?' she asked. It was more an exclamation to his ears, and he agreed. 'Jesus,' she whispered.

'You leave him out of this,' Eric mock-scolded, earning him a snorting laugh. 'Well, I don't want to stop either if we don't have to, he then confessed without hesitation. 'I love it,' he dared to tell her. 'I love it and I love you. And if I have to wait a month or a year, you'd be worth it every time. If that's how you want to do it...'

Again, her heart! She swooned, put down her steaming mug, and pressed her fingers to her temple, shaking her head.

'We'll see,' Sara supposed, her cheeks now bright red. And then silence fell and they were staring at each other again. Then he had to ask about the grin hiding behind her cool, thoughtful facade. Her expression constant and controlled, Sara leaned forward against the table on her elbows and gazed a little closer.

'Wondering whether you'd rather we do it in my bed or yours,' she revealed, and then quite urgently; 'Like, right now?'

Part 10

No words expressed the feeling of his rampantly hard cock plunging far into her depths from behind. As Sara clutched the headboard, knees spread to allow him in from behind, only the projection of her loudening moans hinted something of it, over and over.

Finally, she was getting the fucking she wanted in her marital bed, even if she had to get it from her son.

Teeth gritted, every deep stroke Eric took into his mother's glistening wet pink cunt threatened to suck him in permanently. She was so tight around him as her vaginal muscles contracted. The feeling was so intense for the both of them so soon.

There was no stopping this hunger that they had developed for each other. And now, in her bed - in his mum and dad's bed - they were threatening to ram the bed through the wall, fucking hard and loud with nobody to hear them.

Eric flipped her over shortly, Sara's breasts heaving for breath as a sheen of sweat made her glow before his eyes. Eric swooped in between her inviting thighs. She caught him in her arms, and again their lips were tangled wetly in a passionate kiss, before the head of his swollen prick found its opening again and slid deliciously into her.

'I fucking love the way you manhandle me,' she growled, then immediately submitted again with her soft cries. He filled her so good, and she fit him so perfectly despite his size.

'Oh you do, do you?' Eric pondered aloud, and then with her arms still around his neck, he snaked his hands down underneath her rolling hips, her legs hung over his forearms, and hoisted her easily off the bed.

Sara voiced her surprise as she felt herself lifted up, impaled deep by her son's cock and now cradled in his arms. Her legs were up either side of him and couldn't touch the bed. Her bodyweight now sat in the palms of his hands, and for a moment she stared into his eyes bewildered.

On his knees, Eric began to hoist her up and down on his cock, practically using her as a fuck toy to pleasure himself with. The devilish grin growing on his face, Sara stared wild-eyed for the seeming ease with which he used her.

'Careful,' she breathed raggedly, not wanting him to hurt himself. But soon Eric was sliding deep and hard into her dripping pussy, and gradually she found the ability to drive herself harder onto him with each thrust.

She was moaning into his mouth now, barely able to keep contact with his lips as he eagerly displayed his strength and endurance - lifting her up and letting her slide all the way back down the length of his cock again.

Never in her life had a man treated her with such raw sexual prowess and lusting abandon. 'My god how are you doing this?' she began to laugh through the moans.

'I just fucking want you in the worst way,' Eric hissed through his teeth, and finally had to let go, the burn in his muscles finally wearing him down.

Sara felt her feet hit the bed again. Still with her arms around his neck, and still with his cock buried deep inside her, she began to ride him like that, and so he willingly passed the torch, his hands steadying her from beneath her bottom.

Sara ground her hips up against his pelvis for all she was worth, milking her son's cock with her convulsing pussy, and shortly after an unexpected surprise signalled a climax unlike any she'd felt before.

Her eyes and mouth widening in a silent scream, Sara bore holes through Eric's eyes. He was so deep that if he were to come now, he would surely spurt directly into her womb, rushing back to where he belonged. And as she worked him

over, her own body now burning within every working muscle, the orgasm didn't simply escalate that time...

She began to tremble and shiver from within and all of a sudden, she was squirting and squishing around his invading phallus, soaking the both of them and the bed beneath. And that itself set off a chain reaction of multiple orgasms.

Part 11

'I need to ride you now,' she urged, fighting to unhook herself from him and to roll him onto his back. It was Eric's turn to stare in bewilderment at what was happening.

Like a woman possessed, Sara straddled his hips and moaned on the long slide back down the length of her son's cock, and then began to ride him reckless and breathless.

He mashed her tits with his hands, eyes flitting excitedly between her contorting face and where they conjoined

down below. She was so wet now after ejaculating on his hard cock that her hot depths flowed over him.

And as Sara looked down on Eric in her sexual frenzy, bucking and rolling her hips around him for all she was worth, it struck her that they were now fucking on Jim's side of the bed. As much as she wanted to tell Eric that she loved fucking him like this, that chain reaction firing off inside her left no breath for words.

With his hands now cupping her buttocks and coaxing her back and forth over his stiff big prick, it was Eric now doing the talking. 'That's it, mum,' he encouraged; 'Come on, mum, let it happen. Let it out, mum!'

Surrendering after one last climax, Sara collapsed laughing into his shoulder. When had she ever experienced multiple orgasms? Never, until now, with the word Mum being spoken repeatedly into her ears.

Sara took two minutes to regain steadier breathing. Still inside her he hadn't yet come and he was hard as a rock. She kept him that way and coaxed him with the same

muscles that once upon a time had been strong enough to birth three children. Now instead of pushing put her youngest, she held him tight in place and drew her arms around his shoulders to just hold him.

Eric's large hands held her steady at her hips, his lips soon finding hers to relay his stunned silent gratitude, even if he wasn't done fucking her.

'I just want to keep you inside me forever,' Sara finally said. 'I've never felt anything like that before.'

'We are utter fucking filth together,' Eric agreed in his own unique way. And she agreed, wagging her chin against his as she nodded, making them both laugh again.

Sara overrode the urge to scold him for his language, bolstered by knowing that what they were doing was utter fucking filth. Now for the third time she was making love with Eric, or rather he was pornographically fucking her brains out like never before in her life.

'You haven't finished yet,' Sara hinted.

'Yet,' Eric emphasised with a cheeky wink.

'How do you want me?' his mother asked.

'How do you want me?' he countered.

Without any thought, she rolled off him, onto her side of the bed, eyes bulging and smiling widely at the way his wet cock sprang back up into the air. Instantly she tucked her knees up against her chest and held them there.

'Come on up and fill your mum,' she teased now as though it was the most normal thing in the world to be fucking with her youngest son. Eric was on top of her in a matter of seconds, and slapping his heavy head against her stiff clit a couple times, he rutted himself between her labia and slid home again, deep and snug.

'You really will make some special girl very lucky some day,' Sara mused when the momentary pain of being stretched again gave way to bone-deep sexual bliss once more.

'She'll have to be really special to top you, mum,' Eric promised, mashing his lips to hers. She gazed dreamily into his eyes, studying the intense look of concentration on his face - how his brow creased, and how his jaw jutted and strained.

To be told that made her feel all the more special and loved, and especially as their sweating bodies began to buck and grind in tandem.

'Still,' Sara sighed, 'I get to help you practice making me a grandmother one day...'

'Ew, don't say that,' Eric suddenly voiced his distaste, though he knew she was seeking to be humoured. And, well, actually Sara just wanted his come inside her, and the thought of not only fucking his own mother, but enacting

baby-making with her, it suddenly fuelled him to fuck her deep and hard.

Sara noticed. 'You like the idea of making a baby with your mother,' she intuited, offering him an impish grin as she held her knees apart for him to drive home. The thought itself was driving her mad with lust too all of a sudden.

'I like what it involves,' he replied, fixated by the sight of his hard cock plunging in and out of her stretched and soaking cunt.

'And spurting all that spunk deep inside me?' she gasped, Sara herself now feeling the approach of another orgasm deep inside. Eric nodded, now sawing in and out of her quickly, his breathing harsh and uneven.

'Mmmphhh, especially that,' he grunted, every muscle in his body now tightening up in anticipation of such intense release.

'Well then this might turn out to be one hell of a sex education course,' she teased, bucking her hips to meet his deep thrusts, imagining the tip of his cock kissing the gateway to her womb, ready to plant his fertile seed. And the feeling of his length now throbbing and swelling with each stroke as he slid himself deep again and again...

'Better late than never,' Eric replied tensely as he pounded her so hard that his balls slapped wetly against her perineum.

'How late?' she wondered.

'About ten years...'

With that, Sara lost her mind!

Part 12

He came like a beast - roaring from deep within his throat, almost snarling at one point, as his loins tightened to unload his seed deep inside her. Still he continued to bottom out inside his mother until every last hot sticky spurt was spent; which she received with her hips raised up off the bed and planted firmly in his lap.

Her tits flopping back and forth, her hands bracing the headboard behind her, Sara never took her eyes off Eric as he came and came again, driven by the thought of impregnating his mother there and then.

He collapsed into a heap on top of her, embraced in her arms as he all but sobbed into the curve of her neck and shoulder, fighting for air.

Her hand soaked with the sweat now streaming from the sodden hairline at the nape of his neck, Sara soothed her son, another hand tenderly rubbing at his back. He was burning feverishly. They both were.

The bed would need to be changed and they would both need to shower before Eric went...

Before his dad would return from his trip!

But for that long and blissful moment, the comedown from their intense lovemaking, they just held each other in silence and gradually regained the will to live.

'I really don't ever want to stop this with you,' Eric finally said. Sara shook her head dreamily, and a whimsical smile radiated over him then. She was up on one elbow, the other hand roaming his spent body in awe.

'Me either,' she agreed and planted a kiss on his forehead, his nose, and then on his lips. It saddened her even deeper now to imagine having to, for the sake of her crumbling family life. Then again, she was beginning to feel that she would rather let go and to just fall, and to keep falling with him.

Part 13

The timing was almost perfect. Eric was gone by the time Jim arrived home, just after 11pm. When he came back, the dirty laundry was replaced, fresh linen now lining the bed, and the evidence of Sara and Eric's love affair sashed around inside the washing machine.

Sara and Eric had showered together, and there he had taken her once more - just a quickie to say goodnight. By the time he was gone, she was aching with deep satisfaction and screwed into complete exhaustion.

Jim greeted her with a look. What that look said nobody could know. It said nothing, and neither did he as he closed the door behind him and set his car keys on the rack behind the porch door.

Timidly Sara welcomed him back with a peck on the cheek and asked him how the drive had been. Naturally he looked tired himself. He hadn't intended on keeping her updated between destinations, but then that was Jim to a tee nowadays.

'It was fine,' he said, dragging himself out of his thin summer jacket and hanging it over the balustrade at the bottom of the stairs.

'Cup of tea, dear?' Sara offered.

Resigning himself, her husband's shoulders slumped and he nodded. 'Err, yes please...'

But then; 'Sara, do we need to talk?'

It was completely out of character for him. Once upon a time a man of confidence rather than words, Jim was never a man who needed to talk about his feelings and had no bad feelings to talk of. But the idea of him suggesting they talk - Sara could not believe her ears!

'I've been trying to talk to you, Jim,' she said tiredly and left that there for him to consider. 'Go and sit down and I'll bring your tea to you.'

'Right,' he said and turned to the living room.

'Have you eaten?' she asked. 'Shall I make you a sandwich?'

Half an hour later and a glass plate littered with crumbs sat at the edge of the living room coffee table, a half-drunk cup of tea perched on top. Sara sat dutifully in her usual seat, beside his, and sat listening to the lecture that inevitably came.

A lot of it was unfairly so about Eric and his attitude - his regular appearances as of late, and the way he seemed to act like he ran the place. Biting her tongue, Sara waited until he was done. But there was also the matter of her becoming distant and taking sides against her other children.

When she imagined that maybe Jim had taken time outside the box to see things differently, he was leaving her utterly disappointed. In not one instance did he stop to consider that anything but Sara and her youngest son was to blame for anything.

And there was not one thing that Jim considered needed changing in regards to his own ways to make things better.

'I don't love you anymore,' she finally said, and it severed his words like a scalpel to an artery. And again that look in his eyes - the lights are on but nobody's home. Sara felt no dread in telling him. In fact now it needed to be said for the sake of her sanity, and maybe after all for the sake of their family.

'Do you know why?' she asked. Jim said nothing. He just glared at her, disgusted with what she had said. So it was easier for her to just come out and say it. 'Because I know you stopped loving me years ago...

'Don't deny it,' she warned him before he could defend himself. He was still here. He hadn't left her to find love elsewhere, but that shouldn't have meant that they should suffer instead. 'You haven't loved me for years and that's why you've changed so much. You just don't care anymore, but you're just like our parents were - keeping up appearances - and it's making you bitter...

'I don't want to leave you. I don't want you to leave me,' she said, wringing her fingers. 'I don't want this family to become anymore distant than it's already become. But that's why I sleep in that small room now, and I can't pretend while you make your feelings perfectly clear.'

'Right,' he said, and nothing else.

'So no, I don't love you anymore. And frankly I hate the way you speak of your own youngest son. He's not a criminal. He never did a thing to hurt this family. Why do you hate him?'

Jim paused. In the time that he did, glaring coldly at his wife, he didn't even seem to breathe. The moment he did speak, Sara almost leapt out of her skin, expecting him to explode.

'Because you ruined him,' he finally replied. 'You coddled him and now he isn't doing anything with his life. He just

wants to be around you all the time. He doesn't care about anything else!

'He cares more about me than you do, Jim,' Sara said in her son's defence, and that led back to her original argument. 'You're my husband. He cares more than my husband does, and that's not hard to do. All he has to do is to be there and to listen and to understand me.'

Jim breathed a harsh sigh. It sounded full of disappointment. 'I do understand you, Sara. I've had decades to know you inside out.'

'So has he,' she shot back. 'He doesn't treat me like a bitter afterthought.'

'Well for god's sake, woman, what do you want?' Jim snapped.

'I want to know where it went wrong,' she shouted, splitting the air with her high pitch.

'Do you want a divorce?' he then asked after some consideration. The gall, the ignorance, the sheer stupidity knocked her for six and sent her reeling in her seat.

'I want the answer to the question I just asked,' she cried. 'Can't you answer a simple bloody question?'

'Do you want a divorce?' he asked again, dryly, coldly.

'Yes,' her mind screamed.

'No,' her lips whispered. 'I want my family.'

But gone now was the resolution to sleep in the same bed as Jim ever again. Never in her life had she been so outraged and disgusted by him. It was as though she was talking to a bitter stranger now, after all these years, and Sara could not fathom what made them this way.

Even the irony that she was now sleeping with her own son, and the dishonesty and dishonour that came with that,

seemed to pale in comparison to Jim's attitude towards her, and towards his own child.

'Right,' Jim said again - his answer for everything now - and it caused her to grit her teeth.

'Are you going to answer my question?' Sara asked one more time.

'Let me sleep on it,' he replied, slowly standing up and brushing breadcrumbs from his lap as he did, and as he passed her on the way out, slow and clunky as a gnarled tree with legs might be, Sara battled the urge to say instead; 'I do want a divorce!'

Instead, she burned inside, scorned - like litter at the wayside of Jim's own lonely path, a passing afterthought not worth a damn anymore.

And for all their good years now far behind, gone and clearly forgotten to him, Sara quietly cried for what they were now worth. In the space of a few words, she had been

reduced to nothing, as though she had never been there at all.

Chapter 4

1

Keller Close was the same middle-income suburban dead-end it had always been. The only charm Eric saw in such places was that they never aged, and that was because there was little distinguishable between these "cookie-cutter" housing estates and the stone-age pebble-dashed blocks on the cheap side of town.

One had winding little backstreets and driveways, and square lawns worth four dog shits at most, the other was all straight lines, a few antique cars that even the '90s had forgotten, and the shit piled up regardless.

Sandra had been so proud of her little house, which soon filled up with children, and that made Eric realise just how cramped and claustrophobic even the suburbs were getting to be.

At seven the next evening he casually strolled into the close, a crate of beer under one arm, approached the house and rang the doorbell.

An obligatory friendly smile settling into his face as the door lock clicked, when it opened and he expected to be met with Sandra's husband Kevin, maybe a brat hanging from each arm, that smile soon faded.

'Eric...'

'Hi Sandra,' he replied warily. Well wasn't this a pleasant surprise, sarcastically.

'What are you doing here?' she asked, the colour draining quickly from her face. She appeared mortified but tried quickly to subdue her rising anxiety. All she could do was stand there fidgeting as Eric let sink in what was transpiring here.

'What are you doing here?' she asked. Eric strained his already tested nerve and glared at her ever patiently. He wouldn't be the one explaining what was going on right now.

'Came to see if Kevin could use the company,' he said, nodding down to the beer crate under his arm. 'What are you doing here?' he wanted to ask. Or more to the point; 'How are you and John enjoying Scotland?'

Before he could speak, Kevin was right behind his wife, a pleasantly surprised grin on his face, and he was soon talking enough for all three of them.

'Eric, I haven't seen you in ages,' he was saying. 'How are you, mate? Need a bottle opener for those beers?'

2

So now Eric was sat relatively comfortably, at least in regards to his aching muscles, back into the plush and princely sofa, all the while tensing up inside - sat watching

the kids in the living room while Sandra and Kevin had disappeared into the kitchen.

If they had gone to Scotland and then cancelled their holiday, that might have been understandable. If there had been a double-booking or some kind of mix up, that would also have been understandable.

But if they hadn't in fact gone on holiday, and if dad had lied about where he was for that one day, after treating his mother the way he had lately, then there would be complications and he'd have liked to have gotten to the bottom of it.

He could hear the two of them - Kevin and Sandra - talking beneath their breath in the kitchen, but didn't try to get a listen in. The potential revelation had him rooted to the spot.

Then deep in thought, he barely registered Kevin returning with two bottles in hand and offering one to him. For a moment Kevin stood there talking, and then realised that Eric wasn't quite all there.

Eric eventually came around and thanked him, but still looking confused if anything. Once again his poker face was slipping, so it seemed.

'Where were you just then?' Kevin asked, slinking back into his armchair and again thanking him for the drink. Grolsch was not his usual choice - no Dutch beers at all in fact - but he never turned down a freebie. It all had the same effect after five or six, or ten or fifteen.

'Long day at work, mate,' Eric lied, rubbing a hand over his flushed face. 'The moment I sat down on this thing,' he trailed off, one hand patting the empty seat beside him. But what now? Did he test the waters and ask Kevin about that week away?

Imagine that he wouldn't know what Eric was talking about!

Kevin laughed, maybe a little forcedly, and agreed, saying; 'You could sleep on that thing and not know the difference with most beds. Maybe your body's telling you something.'

'Don't tempt me,' Eric played along, though sleep was the last thing on his mind. He needed to think of something to say and fast. He needed to find out something, anything, just to affirm his suspicions. With any luck, Kevin would talk his ears off while he thought of something.

And he did, right until Sandra awkwardly made her return and sat quietly beside Eric. Then silence loomed and Eric, ever paranoid, started to wonder. Were they both in on it?

3

Ironically at a similar time their mother Sara pulled up into John and Marie's driveway. They lived in a similar area, actually in the next post code over. There on Hartman Street, somebody else's kids played football in the road, and Sara's maternal instincts saw her having words with them about looking out for the cars driving through.

Just the same as Eric being faced with his own sister, both she and her eldest, John, were left gawping at each other quietly on either side of the front door's threshold.

Awkwardly he tried to hide his guilt, even going so far as to avoid admitting that he had been caught red-handed, as Sara glared right through him. The only mercy he would have that evening was that his wife and kids weren't there. She had taken them to see the latest Pixar movie at the Odeon.

The ultimate in irony, she asked; 'So how's Scotland going?'

'Mum, can we not do this right now?' John begged, and he was actually close to losing his temper. Just as stubborn as his father, not knowing when to admit defeat even when it had him by the balls, he refused to be dominated.

He refused to admit that he had lied, and he absolutely would not confess the truth. Ever more so than his younger brother, John was his father's son - through and through!

'Yes let's not,' Sara agreed, and flared up inside at the sigh of relief that then escaped his lips. 'Let's not pretend. Let's not lie. It wasn't enough that you and your sister and father actually played mind-games with me...'

'It's not how it looks,' John insisted, but he could hardly assure her while refusing to own up to what he had been a part of.

'I didn't raise you this way!' Sara angrily declared, but even that morsel of pride swallowed like rocks and sand and left an immovable lump in her throat. Still as she wondered what any of this meant, Sara refused her feelings victimhood. She would not make a fool of herself.

'Tell me what's going on right now,' she demanded; 'Or so help me god, this is the last time I suffer so you don't have to.'

And just like that, John broke. He didn't just give up the truth, which was not all as it seemed. He literally broke down in tears, crying; 'I never wanted any part of this!'

'John,' Sara said more calmly, hoping that her demeanour alone would help to bring him back down off his ledge, but he had indeed broken.

'You don't know what it's like to know what I know,' he screamed, and now she was trying to get hold of him, to try to subdue him before he hurt himself. 'You don't know what it's like to know that no matter what I do I ruin everything,' he cried.

For such an apparently stoic grown man, he could cry a gallon of snot like a little girl with a grazed knee, but that didn't mean he wasn't hers.

'Then tell me, John,' she insisted. 'What's the meaning of all this?'

'Everything's ruined, mum,' he kept babbling after that. 'Everything is utterly fucking ruined!'

'Mum, we need to talk,' Eric's voice came through distant and grainy. The wind coming in off the marina made it hard to hear. Ten o'clock and the sun was only just beneath the horizon - Sara had stood there, leant against the railings, trying to make sense of it all.

She felt sick to her stomach and she didn't know what was worse. She could call him a sick bastard and rightfully so, but she would be a hypocrite in saying so.

'Mum?'

'Hold on a minute, I'll call you back,' Sara said, sounding evermore distant herself, and her expression was flat and lifeless when she hung up and began to walk back to the car. Bar two other cars, she was the only one there.

She might as well have been the only living thing for miles, considering what she felt. Complete numbness from behind her eyes and to the depths of her soul - that's what she felt!

Sat in the car again and now out of the wind, she dialled back and Eric picked up in an instant. 'Everything okay?' she asked flatly, almost lifelessly.

'You sound...'

She knew what he was trying to say, or at least that he recognised the tone of her voice. She was utterly defeated, destroyed, depressed, and unable to pretend otherwise. She was as empty as the horizon above the rolling waves, and nothing could hide it.

'I can't talk much right now,' she excused. 'What's up?'

'I went to see Kevin earlier,' Eric revealed. 'You know something don't you?'

'Yes, I know more than I wish I knew,' Sara admitted and swallowed quickly the urge to let the whole dam of tears come crashing down on top of everything. 'I found John at home. They lied...'

'The fucking bastards I knew it,' Eric seethed.

'Don't be angry at them, sweetheart,' she then said. He couldn't believe his ears.

'What am I supposed to do?'

'It's not how it seems,' Sara revealed, just that little scrap of truth and nothing else. 'It's not how it seems. It's all backwards...'

'I don't understand,' Eric stuttered, his usual calm in tatters, and all because he knew they had been betrayed, deceived, and yet could point the blame but with nothing to say for sure. 'Where are you?'

'I'm at the marina, in the car park,' Sara struggled to say. The effort just to speak was suddenly exhausting. 'I don't want to go home, Eric,' she then said, and that was when the dam burst. 'I don't know what to do, Eric. It's all ruined!'

If any time would have been a good time to own a car, now would have been it. Into the darkening night Eric rushed to the train station. Two trains he had to ride, taking just over an hour to get to the marina and find his mother sitting behind the steering wheel.

By then they were just black silhouettes in each other's presence, but for the gold crescents of lamplight that barely lit their faces.

Eric rapped lightly on the front passenger window, bending down, and slowly Sara searched for the button to lower it, rather than to just let him in. She wasn't thinking with a clear mind, not yet at least.

'It's me,' he said. Then she unlocked the door and he climbed in beside her.

'I can't go back,' she muttered solemnly, looking out into the black. As far off as they were, the waves of the sea seemed to crash right into her. She didn't know what else to say.

'Can you drive?' Eric asked.

'Yes...'

'You can have my bed. I'll sleep on the couch. Then you can decide what to do,' he suggested. Eric then reached out and placed a hand on her knee, and patted it. 'Mum, has dad tried to contact you?'

'No,' she said, looking down at his hand.

'Do you want me to tell him where you are?'

'Fuck him!' she spat. 'It's over.'

Those words hit him like a tonne of bricks. Still Eric had no idea what was going on. He could have imagined though

that he was to blame, that the both of them were. Otherwise, again, there was too much missing from the jigsaw puzzle for him to make out the whole picture.

Right now though, all he cared about was his mother. And aside from giving her a place to stay, he wasn't sure what else he could do that didn't involve beating the shit out of his father, whatever he had done.

'Are you sure that's okay, if you take the couch?' Sara then asked, breaking him out of his daze, and it was the first time she had consciously looked her son in the eyes. Eric nodded, and sombrely she thanked him for that. After a deep breath, she turned the key in the ignition.

6

It took Eric all the willpower he had, and then some, to allow himself to leave the apartment the next morning. He had considered calling into work and asking for at least a day for what he would have called a family emergency.

Sara, who had been up some time before him, flat out refused, and practically made him go. If anything she wanted to be left alone to think through what she should do about her situation.

Jim hadn't even sent a message to ask if she was alright, even to ask where she was. At any time that day he could even have turned up at the apartment, providing he knew where it was.

At noon she made three quick calls. At half five that day she and her kids would meet for the first time outside of the presence of their father, and then the truth would be out.

Sara would be the first to arrive at the pub. On the off-chance that the small function suite it sported wouldn't be in use, she would slip the manager forty pounds just so they could talk in private for an hour or two. The manager, just another opportunist, demanded fifty.

Considering the drama that would unfold, to begrudge the conditional fee wasn't worth it. Like clockwork Sandra and Eric turned up. John slinked in fifteen minutes later,

seemingly using all his strength to be able to face up to what was going to happen.

It wasn't only his mother who was shocked at his ashen-faced and dark-eyed appearance. 'Alright, what's gone on?' Eric asked.

'I might as well just say it and we can work our way from there,' Sara sighed. And then she told them so John wouldn't have to. It would also have saved them from wrongly ending up at each other's throats.

'Your dad's been having an affair for the past seven years,' Sara finally summoned the courage to say.

It was as if the whole building sunk into the ground the moment she said that. Eric's broad shoulders slumped considerably. Sandra's head dropped. John let out an exasperated gasp. All the while Sara sat nodding in acceptance, sipping bitterly from her gin and lemon tonic.

'With my wife,' John then added, and again he began to cry. Silence followed.

From the corner of her eye Sara sensed Eric turning to look at her and for a long while he just stared as he struggled to separate himself from his father's hypocrisy. In his own mind, he too was guilty of a similar crime. There was no way he could come out on top of this.

It wasn't his place and he felt all the smaller for it. Only days earlier had he dominated one side of the family at the dinner table as his father sought to draw first blood.

But maybe there were to be no heroes in this situation. Not one family was to be destroyed now, but two. Nobody had seen that coming.

So Eric sacrificed any respect he might have had left, and played the part of the villain, and especially when he asked; 'How the fuck didn't you see that, John?'

'I did fucking see it, Eric,' John snapped back through the tears. 'I didn't want to believe it until I fucking saw it with my own fucking eyes!'

'When John told me I didn't want to believe it either,' Sandra chimed in, defensive of her older brother. 'Then I started to see more and more signals. We came up with a scheme to see if we could catch them out. That was the holiday to Scotland...'

'I knew my marriage was over five fucking years ago,' John went on, strangling back the tears. Eric slid his pint over to his older brother and watched him drink. Half of it was gone in three gulps.

Wiping his eyes, then his mouth, John went on to tell of how his wife had basically started to try to cuckold him. How he had hidden such psychological abuse over the years not only astounded Eric, and everybody else. Eric now felt like the biggest dickhead in the universe for how he had spoken to John.

'I'm such a fucking asshole,' he whispered to himself and lowered his head into one hand. Beneath the table he was surprised to feel a supportive hand from his mother, proudly patting his knee.

'I honestly thought you two were just sided with your father no matter what,' Sara admitted sadly. And she too felt guilty for that and everything else.

'And what if we'd just made you aware of our suspicions without knowing?' Sandra asked.

'Baby, seven years though,' Sara replied, hoping that they would both understand. 'I've been going out of my mind wondering what bitch I'd been in a past life, or what I'd done wrong in this one...'

For that there was nothing to say but sorry. Again, there were no heroes here. John slid Eric's pint back over, and Eric passed it back, telling him that he needed it more.

'I thought you two were banging,' Eric blurted with his usual absence of finesse, and surprisingly both John and Sandra looked at each other and began laughing loud and hard. No, they might never have admitted that they had, when John was at his lowest and when his sister would literally lay down her life to preserve even just his sanity - if there was such a way.

Then Eric felt his mother's eyes on him, but he didn't look. The poker face was back on form and he wanted to get to the bottom of the other sordid business. Everybody was guilty of something, but there was one undeniable crime here that had to be held to account.

So they ordered more drinks and settled in.

7

'I actually confronted your father the night before last, about his behaviour recently,' Sara told her children. She avoided telling them about the part where she ended up sleeping in Eric's bed. It would be too close to the truth to avoid betraying something else entirely.

It made her feel like scum, hiding what she and Eric had done together, when in fact it remained the one thing that helped her to keep her head above water during that time.

'He asked me if I wanted a divorce. In fact I'll rephrase that. He tried to put the words into my mouth. I wanted to say yes, more than anything. I said no because I didn't want to destroy my family.'

Sandra gasped, cupped her mouth in both hands, and looked between the three others. 'I want to know how you caught them out,' Eric interjected before she could think of something to say for the sake of speaking.

'Well funnily enough, dad was dead set on driving us to Scotland, only once,' John began to explain; 'And then it was utterly forgotten. It seemed too easy to lay the trap, talking his ears off about our planned getaway - when we were going and for how long. Like we'd go on holiday and leave our families behind...'

'You could have,' Sandra said, looking at John sympathetically; 'But not me!'

'Where were you staying?' Eric asked.

John looked to Sandra. 'Spare room. Kevin knew the score,' Sandra chimed in. 'That's why things looked the way they did.'

'Anyway, Marie home alone for a week and nothing to do when the kids were at school?' You figure it out, John's expression read. 'But I was so stressed I booked a week out of work and didn't tell her. All I had to do was bullshit Marie with the odd text message and phone call, and I knew every opportunity she and dad might take...'

'When and how did you catch them, John?' Eric pursued less patiently. Sandra shot him a forbidding look, but it was too late. All he wanted was to get to the details.

'Sunday,' Sara said for him. The look on her face was one of defeat and acceptance - or more aptly, resignation.

John nodded sadly, his eyes red and puffy. 'Practically all Sunday he was there. I didn't even have to approach the house to know. I could hear the fucking pigs from the bedroom window. I know what my wife's fake orgasms sound like, all too well!'

That gave Sara the absolute minimum of satisfaction, but it was something. Jim could still get it up after all, and he'd sooner have fucked his son's whore of a wife, even though she was faking it. And what was Marie hoping to get out of it?

There was a loaded question. But John had more to tell. 'Monday afternoon I crept into the house after she told me she was going to get her hair and nails done, amongst other things. That bitch already milks me dry. A divorce would wreck me, mum,' he pleaded, suddenly looking at her.

'I came home and heard them upstairs...'

'Christ, why didn't you do something, John?' Eric asked, growing all the more frustrated.

'I'd have killed them, Eric,' John bitterly spat, and then; 'That's not me! I don't want to suffer them any more than I already have to.'

'What'll happen?' Sandra asked her mum, her eyes searching desperately. 'What are you going to do?'

Sara wondered, and then Sara shrugged. That was it?

'I gave him my answer,' she finally said, and it shocked her children to the core to hear it. But there was a bitterness she couldn't hide. She had given him her answer, alright - against all common sense and for the sake of the family that he had destroyed in the end.

Or maybe there was still a way of saving it. 'You can't be serious,' Sandra implored. 'You just can't!'

'Sandra!' This time, against odds, it was Eric speaking up, and his reasoning all but came to the rescue. When he had her attention, he suggested; 'Maybe it's John's choice first and foremost what he wants to do?'

Sandra immediately looked to her mother and then to John, and then she settled down. 'What do you want to do?'

'I want out,' he choked. 'But I have kids. She'll take me to the cleaners...'

'Not if it's her fault for the divorce, surely,' Sandra reasoned.

'The law is almost always on the mother's side,' Eric said. 'She might have failed as a wife but if she gets the court on her side as a mother, she gets the kids and the "maintenance".'

'And she stay home and looks after the kids anyway, while I work twelve hour days to afford them. They practically eat out of her hands,' John considered the facts grimly.

Then looking to his mother; 'What if I wanted a divorce anyway?' he asked. 'What could I do?'

8

Jim's last sandwich in his marital home consisted of boiled ham, mature cheddar cheese, and piccalilli on white medium sliced bread. On the same plate he piled on a packet of ready salted crisps, and hobnobs, which he slowly devoured in front of the television; watching an old Robert Mitchum war movie.

He heard the voices at the window before he heard the key slide into the lock. Just as he suspected, his ever-distant wife and her brat Eric. It was going to be entertaining to say the least, hearing her explain where she'd been the past two days.

But then as he lowered the TV volume to eavesdrop, a chill ran down his spine, leaving him with a sense of unease. Those weren't the only voices.

'Alright then,' Sandra said beneath her breath.

Exhaling heavily, John supposed; 'Now or never!'

Neither of them would forget the image of their father sitting there in his pigsty, eyeing them inquisitively from his seat the moment they walked into the room. Especially the way John and his mother glared at him, Eric and Sandra could easily imagine that their dad knew the score.

The gig was over. They all knew!

'What are you two doing back?' he asked.

'We never left...' John was careful not to add the term of endearment on the end that he was so used to using all his life - Dad!

'Just like you never went to Scotland,' Sara said coldly. Until the later words - "I think I will take that divorce now" - that would be all she said.

'Yup,' John nodded. 'Never went to work yesterday either,' he added.

Jim didn't know where to look. Worse than having to face the truth was the fact that he was forced to face it from his corner - his most vulnerable spot in the house once that armchair of his now that his children no longer saw it as his throne - and with no escape.

There would be no hearing it from an untouchable place, from a safe distance, and his face said that he knew it.

'Busy getting your dick into my wife,' John added, nodding furiously, and again the dam burst and he was in tears. 'I expected she was a fucking backstabbing bitch, but you of all people?'

Horrified, Jim had nowhere to look but the television. Now more than ever he wanted to reach for the controls - how he loved being in control - and turn up the volume again,

drown out reality and not have to look into either of their faces.

And just like his father had done to him on numerous occasions, Eric took the remote, turned off the TV, and threw it back down onto the table for the piece of shit that it was. Yes he was like his father in ways, and he had his own crimes to atone for, but now would not be the time.

Now was the time to do right by those who deserved it!

'Are you listening?' he wanted to ask, but he didn't. Just like his mother, whose side he returned to, Eric held his silence and let John say what needed to be said.

'I want her out of my life,' John struggled to conclude beyond the flood of tears now blurring his vision and strangling his words; 'But you don't always get what you want, do you? You always told me that. In the near future I'll get to see my kids maybe two days a week? I'll still have to look at that cunt and remember how she fucked up my life...

'But you,' he struggled on; 'You I'll remember as the piece of shit she was fucking on the side while she messed with my head. And you I won't have to look at for as long as I live, "dad"!'

'John, whatever she told you,' Jim began to say, his hands stretched out defensively, and his words were slow and deliberate.

'Shut up,' Sandra murmured, unable to look her father in the eye. 'You don't get to explain yourself unless he wants an explanation. Admit that you're caught...'

'You can go to hell for all I care, you fucking bastard,' John spat. 'I might fucking kill myself rather than have to live with how you've fucking betrayed me.'

Sara, Sandra, and Eric, would never have allowed it. For a long time they would draw together as a family like never before to make sure it would never come to that, but for

now nobody believed it quite like John, who was bordering on hysterical.

Now was the time, Eric reckoned, to give their mother five minutes alone with the old man. And so he asked Sandra to help John to their old room. Once there, alone with them, he saw something between them unexpected.

Maybe it was that he was the outsider of the three, the third wheel might have been a better phrase, but as John sank into his old unmade bed, Sandra instinctually curled up behind him and began to whisper inaudibly into his ear.

The way she kissed his earlobe too - maybe he could see what he had never seen before because of the relationship that had grown between he and his mother - Eric saw a closeness they had never shown anywhere else.

But they had always been closer than most siblings. He had only grown used to it over the years, which was why he joked about them getting married.

'Can you leave me alone with him a bit?' Sandra asked quietly. Eric nodded and left for his own room to wallow in the utter surrealism of it all. Meanwhile he remained at great unease of the silence downstairs. Were they even talking?

Of course they were, like two cats on the garden wall at night, preparing to battle for the sake of territory and with no love lost. But finally he heard his mother's words and they really did just come down to that one sentence:

'I think I will take that divorce after all!'

9

The house looked different. Just over a year passed now, and Sara looked at her lot in life, at least what remained, and was blessed to discover that she could be happy with it. It only took for her family to pull together for each other - Jim now gone and most often forgotten - and with John on the mend.

Eric spent so much time at the house now that she sometimes joked he was paying rent to the wrong landlord. John often joked that he was sick at the sight of Eric, but he didn't mean it. He was occasionally quite verbal about how much he appreciated his little brother being there when it mattered the most.

With Sandra too, it mattered a lot. Sandra's own marriage seemed to be put on hold a couple times after that night of nights. But Kevin seemed to understand. He was there too with the kids when they and John's kids weren't turning Sara's house into the Wacky Warehouse.

On a fine summer's day everybody was there - at least everybody that mattered. Marie had resorted to having her niece drop off the kids, knowing that everybody would be there.

They had a party and a barbecue in the garden, plus special guest. John had invited a girl he met at a work employee's night out recently, and he seemed quite taken by her. Notably Karen also had a good head on her shoulders, Sara saw.

She was a working girl, a carer by vocation rather than career, not that either was a plus or negative really. What was evident to her, even before John seemed to realise, was that Karen could be a keeper.

Even before they had started dating, she was thinking about how empty the house would be once he was back on his feet. But she would always have him, Sandra, and Eric, and the grandkids - never too far away by one means or the other.

It didn't take forever for Sara to realise that, yes, the chances of marrying again and growing old with somebody would be slim to nil. But she wasn't alone and she could be happier this way than to have bitten her tongue and to watch her family self-destruct while hoping to keep up appearances.

They had all been guilty of something and they had all suffered, but was that not their atonement? It was time to move on the best way they could, and that was happening in good time.

One cool evening the doorbell rang out. Eric stood waiting, spinning the keys to his car on one finger, perusing the flowers in his mother's garden. The door opened and he heard the words; 'Oh not you again?'

'You dressed for a funeral?' Eric asked his brother, who was fixing the tie of his suit. His black leather oxford shoes were polished almost religiously, and nearly sparkled.

'I got a date, you cheeky sod,' John responded, looking down on him with a hopeless grin. 'Last I heard so do you,' he added, taking note of Eric's usual shabby attire. 'Where are you taking mum, Taco Bell?'

'Hahahahaaaa,' Eric laughed sardonically. 'Look at you, growing a sense of humour.'

'No I appreciate you doing that for her,' John dialled it in. 'I know I owe her more than I've done for her.'

Together they walked into the living room, where Eric put his brother at ease. 'No the deal is that you get your life together, and that's all she's asking for. You let me take care of mum.'

'You always have,' John said appreciatively.

'Don't you forget it,' Eric responded cheekily. 'Where is she?'

'She's been in the bathroom the past hour.'

'Women,' Eric exclaimed and his brother chuckled dryly. Five minutes later his brother surprised him with a hug. He had grown used to this new side of John by now, but still it surprised him that things had changed this much.

His breakdown had worked wonders for his character. It had also worked well in court, coupled with the social media and phone evidence of that dumb moose Marie trying everything from threats of violence and blackmail, to suggestions that he should in fact just kill himself.

Everything was coming up roses for John, and Eric was happy for him.

'I'm off now,' John said as he was leaving the house.

'That what the smell was?' Eric called out. No answer - he was gone already.

11

Eric climbed the stairs slowly, and even from the bottom he could sense the intermingled scents of steam, soap, moisturiser, and perfume. As giddy as it made him, it was the smell of home and he couldn't have felt more relaxed at that point.

Lightly he knocked on the bathroom door and announced his arrival. The lock on the door clicked, and with a waft of brightly lit steam, the door opened, and there was Sara stood wrapped in her fluffy white bath towel, her damp hair

glittering like brushed gold, and with a sweet smile on her lips.

'Hi,' she greeted.

'You're always in the shower when I arrive,' Eric noted, and then; 'I'm starting to think you're a bit of an exhibitionist.'

Sara laughed shamelessly, holding her towel so that it wouldn't "accidentally" fall to the floor and leave her exposed to him. Brushing past, she assured him that she was nearly ready, before slinking off to her bedroom.

These days her bedroom was John and Sandra's old room. They'd completely redecorated the house, threw out the old beds and replaced them, and her old room was now temporarily John's.

Eric followed, and as she sat at her dress mirror, now blow-drying her hair into a long and feathery golden mane, he sat on the edge of the bed and regarded the sensuality of her smooth and slightly bronzed shoulders.

In the mirror Sara watched and was aware of his roaming eyes. Her hair done, she switched off the dryer and settled it on the makeup table, regarding her own appearance for a moment. 'What do you think?' she demanded his opinion. 'Little bit of makeup?'

'Gorgeous either way,' Eric answered in all honesty.

'You're biased,' she chided with a pouting smile.

'Favouritism,' was all he said after that, which made it hard for her to control the smile broadening on her lips.

'Good, but that doesn't answer my question,' Sara pushed.

'Would it make you feel prettier for me?' he asked.

The smooth bastard! Sara said nothing and began to apply a little eyebrow pencil, a little eye-shadow, blusher, and lip gloss. He did like the lip gloss, more so than the regular

lipstick. And against all odds it worked for her, despite her deceitful age.

'Beautiful,' Eric whispered, and how he'd done it without her noticing - Sara must have gotten too engrossed in her handiwork - he was whispering right into her ear, his big warm hands settling on the bare skin of her shoulders.

Delicious tingles began to run down her spine, like a bonfire night sparkler fizzling hot and cold at the same time. She baited her breath at the sensation of his breath against her neck and stared deep into his eyes through the mirror's reflection.

'You really think so?' Sara asked, turning to putty in his hands - more malleable the warmer his touch became. Eric nodded quietly, and then lowered his head to kiss one exposed shoulder. That time she clearly shivered.

'What shall I wear tonight?' Sara asked. 'What do you think?'

'Where would you like to go?' he asked in return.

She swallowed dryly, and couldn't believe that after all they'd been through, that she still had to summon the courage to just go with her feelings. Those three times they'd been together in secret had happened over a year ago now.

That year and a few months seemed a lifetime though. Everybody had changed to some extent. She never thought she would go back to feeling the way she had when everything was falling apart.

But now everything was on the up, and everybody was moving on with their lives, and once she started to think of her youngest son again that way, her feelings warming towards him again that way quickly became a certainty.

He was just yet to know about it. And so where would she like to go that night?

Sara hitched a thumb in his direction, and over one broad shoulder to the opposite wall, where he had been sitting on the bed, watching her.

'About six steps back in the direction you came from,' Sara said, and turned her head to gauge his reaction. Slowly but surely, realisation dawned on Eric, and his lips too began to hitch up into a smile.

Their eyes meeting, full of wonder and amazement, for a moment they just gazed and smiled hopelessly. She really meant what she meant. When that truth hit home, his lips met his mother's in a tender kiss, which she immediately reciprocated with a now familiar language of their own.

'What do you think then?' she asked one more time.

Eric showed her what he thought, with one hand gently unwrapping the towel to reveal her nakedness for the first time in what felt like forever - too long!

'Oh well I think we should dress down,' he flirted, and kissed her again and again. And soon he had her breasts and shoulders heaving with heavy breaths as their lips together worked their magic.

Before they could even move from her seat at the mirror, he had her turn around and he was on his knees, one nipple sucked into his mouth and then soon the other.

'Oh,' she gasped each time he sucked and licked at her tits, tickling her with his tongue and drawing the shallowing breaths from her narrowing throat.

John would not be home until sometime the next day. They had the house to themselves all night long and the night was young, like him, and the way he made her feel. Sara forgot how young he made her feel when he had ravished her those three times. Now it all came flooding back, like the juices now collecting deep in the pit that once brought him life.

'This'd be easier lying down,' she suggested with a wicked smirk.

'There's no rush,' Eric assured her, nursing from each breast like that was all his mouth was for. Again he flicked his tongue over a nipple before planting a dozen soft wet kisses on it, and soon her pussy was electrified with the power of thousands of receptive nerve endings.

'Then in that case I wouldn't mind getting on my knees for you,' she hinted. Eric didn't need that spelling out.

12

It'd been a long time since Sara had willingly gotten down on her knees. She hadn't forgotten the thrill of it, having a man's hard cock in her mouth, having such power and control over body and mind and with only the use of her lips and tongue.

In the most feminine way it was a reversal of the roles. Eric's expression said it all, looking down on her as she glided back and forth, widening her jaw a little at a time to try to fit in one girthy inch after the other.

She was screwing him, and so very intensely, deliberately so unpredictable in rhythm, tempo, and intensity, that the poor boy didn't know whether he was coming or going. All the while she looked up to him with wide searching eyes, reading his tense expression, his body language and his loudening groans.

From where Eric was standing, the birds-eye view of his mother perched before him, wetly plunging her mouth back and forth on the end of his rock hard boner, was driving him wild with arousal. Her pinup girl posture, the way she seemed to offer up her tits to him, arse curving outward around behind, it wouldn't be long before he would want her in that bed as she had suggested.

With a wet pop, Sara pulled off and licked her lips, gushing, 'I've missed the taste of you,' before gripping the thick base of his erection and guiding him back in.

'You feel so fucking good I swear I don't even...'

Pop!

'You don't what?' Sara asked with an innocent smile. She might have suited a halo, but it'd have been propped up on two horns the way she was behaving now. She knew what she wanted, she knew how to get it, and she knew that to give was to receive and that she was well and truly going to.

'I don't have the words,' Eric panted as she went back to rolling her smooth tongue around the head of his cock, tasting and swallowing eagerly the preview of things to come.

'Feel free to show me,' she suggested, then ran her tongue underneath his entire length. His manhood was large, bigger than she could recall, and maybe because she had measured him with her mouth, her hand, and her pussy before, but this was a first - kneeling before him with his balls resting against her chin, while his hardness rested heavy from her lips to the top of her forehead.

Ripping off his t-shirt, Eric proposed that he did have something to show her. Excitement overrode her body

then, as she looked up to his almost godly strongman physique. Her roaming hands quickly went to explore his hard abs and his ruddy hips and loins.

He picked her up, his hands using hers to pull her up to her feet, and not for the first time he picked her up effortlessly and threw her down on the bed, where she landed with a yelp. As he approached her legs spread like the lock bridge on the canal, to let the barge sail through.

Sara began to laugh, almost deliriously, not knowing what would come next or first, but not caring which came so long as something came, full-stop. No surprise, it was her, on the end of his tongue this time, and the roles were once again reversed.

Her giggling soon replaced with moans, her eyes fixated on the sights and sounds of his tongue wrenching away at her waterworks, Sara lay enraptured, her body easily wrapped up in his strong arms - her tits cupped easily in the burning palms of his hands.

And for every time she exhaled in submission to his mouth, and to the sensations it brought her, she seemed to sink deeper and deeper into the mattress, awaiting the moment that it would lead to full-on sex with her son, her reacquainted lover, and her mutual saviour.

13

This time was different. Maybe as a result of all that had transpired over the course of their lifetime relationship's new developments, or maybe because of time making the heart grow fonder and the body grow needier - it didn't matter which.

They handled each other like first-time lovers again, but also with an old instinctual familiarity. They had been here before, but this time their lust and affection combined was something else; the word being 'Unbridled.'

Eric's mind went back to all the times he broached the subject of his brother and sister's inseparableness, and how close they had seemed at times. And then came that fateful night, first of all their reactions when he had confessed he

thought they were in fact closer than siblings, and then secondly how Sandra had handled John pending his complete breakdown after his confrontation with the old man.

Now in his mind he had it so that John and Sandra had been like he and his mother long before them, and so the natural conclusion was that there could be no guilt. To indulge in the old cliché, it was something in the family.

It didn't have to be known, but now he assaulted his mother's senses without holding back. And without her being emotionally torn in different directions, they were free to enjoy it without guilt.

Now they were in bed together, the rest of his clothes discarded, and beneath the messy duvet he was between her legs as they exchanged the most passionate bout of kisses.

'My, what has gotten into you?' Sara cooed excitedly, her widening eyes sparkling with lustful surprise. Again and again she reciprocated his barrage of kisses, her hands all over him.

'The thought of getting into you,' Eric replied smoothly, running the length of his stiffness up over her slippery clitoral hood. A shiver ran through her body as she imagined all of that length sliding back inside her once again.

'Dirty boy,' she mock-scorned, still receiving his kisses, while her hand ran down his body and finally came to grips with him again. And he felt even bigger now, an much, much harder. 'Just do me one favour...'

'Anything,' Eric promised.

'Let's not wait this long again?' she insisted. And guiding the swollen bulbous tip of his cock to her dripping hot melting pot of lustful flesh, she grinned up at him briefly before her face would once again contort with such pleasure that even the muscle between her ears would cramp and churn.

Her eyes rolled up into her head. Eric slid forth an inch and back out, and then in another two inches and back again.

Repeating this until he was soaking with her love juices and sliding home all the way, it wasn't long before they were riding and rolling together like a single wave to the shore.

And just as wet and loud, Eric had his mother coming crashing down to her first penetrative orgasm, before she could even wrap herself consciously around him.

'Oh I have missed you, mum,' he sighed into her ear, pinning her wrists back above her head, deep in the pillows. At that Sara uttered a deep moan of satisfaction.

Wanting her hands all over him the moment he pinned her down, she was suddenly being driven crazy and she knew that he knew it. 'God I've missed this with you,' she moaned back, wrapping him up in her thighs and relishing in how their sexes slid so deliciously together deep inside.

So hot and dripping wet, he fit into her now with increased ease, stickily plumbing her depths as she cried and came again. All the while he tasted the lip gloss on her lips, their tongues swirling playfully when they weren't just gazing lustfully into each others eyes.

Sara wondered. Sara simply wondered as they gazed deeply, fucking deeper, bucking and grinding faster and faster. There was no way on Earth any mother could love their son like she loved him, and frankly this was just so fucking magical that nothing could be wrong about it.

They fucked in every position that naturally came to them that night - gentle and hard, slow and vigorous, pornographically and otherwise lovingly. Even that first time didn't seem to end, and neither wanted it to.

It was the first, again, of more to come, and by god was she coming and coming. Her legs hung at his elbows, using them for a pair of stirrups, Sara regarded her son - a living sex god in her eyes - with total awe, spurning him on with every bit of filth that sprang to mind.

'I love feeling your hard cock in your mother's pussy,' she would tell him, eyelids heavy and narrowed as she rode him to victory. Up on her elbows she fixed her eyes on how his tremendous cock glided home.

He would appear, wet and glistening, and then disappear again beneath the split of her mound, and then the sensation would replace the sight as he filled her and emptied her again and again.

'Deeper, baby,' she begged, and he bottomed out to give her his all, but the filthy slut inside wanted more. She wanted him as far deep inside her as was humanly possible, so that she could feel full with him.

Taking the initiative, Sara flipped herself over and got on all fours, offering herself up to him from behind, and his greedy eager hands filled themselves with her fleshy buttocks in an instant.

Eric pulled apart his mother's cheeks, causing her already well-used pussy to come open. And then the unexpected happened - she began to gush all over his cock.

In an instant, Eric was back inside her, plugging the dam again so to speak. And she thanked him with the deepest, filthiest growl. And when every inch was inside of her, his

soaked balls resting at her perineum again, then she knew the meaning of full.

Slowly again she felt her son begin to slide out and back in again, and her arms and legs were already trembling madly. She wouldn't last long, but she hoped that neither would he.

'Are you okay?' he asked.

Sara chuckled; 'I am no spring chicken!'

'Good,' he decided. 'If I wanted chicken, I'd opt for a greasy bucket. You're no such thing, mum!'

Now Sara was howling laughter, meanwhile voicing her sudden disgust.

'Really? Did you really have to say that now?'

Laughing with her, Eric continued his deep assault, like a bunker buster missile homing in to obliterate its target, and

with every deep stroke, watching the pink flesh of his mother's pussy clinging to his cock as he sawed back and forth, all bad taste jokes were suddenly forgotten again, and they were both breathing hard and fast.

'Oh god come in me,' she cried and begged; 'As much as you can, whenever you can!'

'All the way in,' Eric growled hoarsely, his throat now burning along with every other fibre of his exhausted being. 'I am so close,' he declared. 'Try to come with me?'

'Baby, you come, I come,' Sara assured her son and urged him on.

Ten seconds later, and just like the legend Ron Jeremy - as she recalled, not him - he had counted down to zero, where they both called out to each other, and pushed hard into each other for him to reach his release and to spurt directly into her cervix to fill her womb.

Sara pushed back as hard as she could, feeling her son pulsing and throbbing with each spurt, and there was no greater biological wonder, or orgasmic height, than to feel him fill her up in every sense.

Glad, happy, orgasmic, ecstatic, over the moon and howling, pain turned to intense, mind-blowing pleasure, as the world came quaking around them.

'Fuck,' she whimpered, falling trembling into the pillows, but with her arse in the air, and his cock still hard and planted deep inside her.

'Fucking hell,' he echoed, unable to move. His knees, his hips, every joint and muscle had seized with the toll of their sexual frenzy.

'Oh fuck me,' she moaned unintelligibly into the pillows, now soaked with her perspiration. She felt utterly filthy and whoreish and used, and it was the greatest feeling in the world.

'I'm fucked,' Eric gasped, trembling behind her as he carefully pulled out and fell onto the bed beside her. There he lay for a while, one hand roaming the soft curves of his mother's body, enraptured by their ultimate consummation.

'I think you really needed that,' she said after a while, gazing at him again, and still her eyes were filled with such wonder.

'I think we both did, because I've never had it quite like that before,' Eric suspected.

Sara wondered and wondered hard. Sara wondered how strange but beautiful life could be. She wondered because that's who she was and what she did. Sara just lied there and wondered about everything and nothing, because no words beyond the common as muck and inappropriate were in the slightest bit appropriate.

'I've needed you for a very long time,' she finally said, and then considered a cup of tea and something light to eat - for the energy she would need.

'Well, it'll be all 'Want' from now on, won't it?' Eric supposed.

And she supposed he was right about that. 'In that case, let me know as soon as you want to go again,' Sara whispered into his ear; 'Because fucking hell I really want to ride that thing!'

Otherwise, Sara and her son really hoped John's date was going well...

THE END