Sonteaser

Part 1

Sara Spencer had spent the last few years readjusting to life as a single woman after losing her husband young. For the first couple of years she'd been the archetypal grieving widow, but she'd gradually realized over time that life goes on and she couldn't simply remain on her own forever. Although she still craved intimacy she knew that she wasn't looking for another serious relationship, let alone another marriage.

Being a very attractive woman who looked at least ten years younger than her age, Sara had eventually found a new lease of life when she'd discovered the cougar scene.

With her lustrous blonde hair, pretty face and sizeable bosom she had proven a huge hit with younger men and Sara had been taken aback by how popular she was on any cougar website that she signed up to. Feeling flattered at first, she then began to get used to the attention and started dating younger men for the first time in her life.

She'd had to keep this aspect of her life a secret from her thirty-two year old son, Trevor. Even though it had been a few years since his father had passed Sara felt a little

awkward around confessing that she was once again dating, let alone men around her son's age.

For a while, she managed to compartmentalize this secret side of her life very successfully and Trevor just assumed that his mother was happy to remain a spinster widow. Things became somewhat more difficult for Sara when Trevor found himself a very attractive girlfriend, Jenna. It soon became obvious that Jenna wasn't just a casual girlfriend and Trevor had seemingly fallen for her in a big way.

At first, Sara was delighted to see her son's romantic happiness as she wanted nothing but the best for him. But as Trevor began spending more and more time with Jenna, Sara started to feel a little neglected. Trevor had always been an attentive, affectionate son and would usually visit her several times a week. But once he was besotted with Jenna those visits began to decrease and Sara found herself missing her son badly.

But she couldn't let on her feelings, not wanting to make him feel bad. After all, he was just a young man who'd fallen in love and it wasn't like he'd stopped visiting altogether. It just felt like they'd lost that special bond as mother and son and Sara felt like she'd been relegated to background scenery in his life.

Her way of dealing with it was distraction. She began dating more and more younger men, making the most of her cougar appeal. Sara loved the sexual energy and stamina of young men and had to admit to herself she was getting better sex as a widow than she ever did while married.

But whenever Trevor would visit she would still keep up the pretense that she was happy to spend the rest of her life as a spinster and her son believed her. Yet, as time went on, his emotionally distant behavior began to irk her more and more. Sara found herself wanting to confess her love and lust for younger guys.

Yet every time she was on the verge of telling Trevor, something would hold her back. She feared he would react negatively, especially as there was still such a taboo about mature women dating guys half their age or younger. Their relationship already felt precarious and she didn't want it to deteriorate further, so managed to keep her sexy secret to herself.

However, her issues with her son began to manifest in ways she wasn't consciously aware of at first. Whereas before she'd avoided dating any guy who was her son's exact age or resembled him, a dating pattern began to emerge where she found herself accepting dates from younger men who subconsciously reminded her of her son. It was a few months

before she had to finally confront her own behavior and when the moment came, it was quite a shock.

She'd started dating a good looking thirty-two year old called Alex and, after a dinner date, Sara had brought him home for sex. She had just gone to the kitchen to open a bottle of rosé wine, leaving Alex stood in the lounge. When she returned with two glasses brimming with rosé, she saw Alex stood by her mantelpiece holding a framed picture of Trevor, her favorite picture of her son.

She strolled over and said, "That's me with my son, Trevor. He's a wonderful young man, you two would get along...".

Alex looked at her quizzically and replied, "I'm sure he's a great guy, Sara. But...don't you notice anything a little strange?"

Sara felt confused and said, "I'm not sure I follow...".

"It's just....I look like your son. I mean, a lot. We even have the exact type of beard...".

Sara looked at the picture, then at Alex. Even though the resemblance was uncanny, she'd honestly not been consciously aware of it.

"Well, now that you mention it..." she replied, not sure what to say.

"How old is Trevor, Sara?"

"He's thirty-two..."

"So....my age. Look, Sara....you're a great lady and it's not like me to ever turn down sex. But this feels a little weird to me. I think you have some Oedipal issues going on with Trevor, to be honest. I think you're attracted to men who look like him, who are his age. I can't be a doppelgänger for your son, Sara. I'm going to call a cab home."

"Really? You're leaving over this? I mean...I agree there's a physical resemblance, sure. But I'm disappointed this is a dealbreaker for you."

Alex held the picture up to his face and pointed at it.

"Physical resemblance? I could be his double in a movie! I don't think I could handle it if I heard you say his name while we were having sex. So I'm sorry, but I'm out of here."

Alex abruptly left the house and waited on the sidewalk for his cab to arrive.

Sara felt in a state of shock and downed both glasses of wine to steady her nerves. She clutched the picture of her smiling son and it dawned on her that the last few guys she'd dated had all looked a little like Trevor. It amazed her that she had been so blissfully unaware, but now that Alex had pointed it out it was indisputable.

It left her reeling. She spent the rest of the night trying to psychoanalyze herself, trying to figure out whether she was dating young men who resembled her son to compensate for her feelings of neglect from Trevor or whether it was something much more Freudian.

She knew she was missing his affection, but was there a part of her that craved him physically, sexually? The thought both alarmed and aroused her. Her arousal came with a heavy dose of guilt, knowing that incest was one of society's biggest taboos.

As she thought about it, she realized that the mother and son incest taboo was why some saw older women dating young men so distasteful and even immoral.

The next few days were spent processing what had happened and Sara was feeling isolated and rather disoriented by having her subconscious attraction to her son exposed so dramatically. To deal with it, she told herself she could continue dating younger men, just none that looked like Trevor.

She resumed chatting online and returned to her favorite website for finding young men, a chat app called Wire. It's where she'd found the majority of her dates and she loved the attention she'd get in the cougar rooms, even if it did get overwhelming. But she also felt she needed to find someone she could confide in and found herself looking at the profiles of women around her age.

She wanted to discuss her dilemma with a woman who also had experience of dating younger men and so began messaging a few in the same room. Sara enjoyed a few conversations with fellow cougars, exchanging experiences and anecdotes, but she didn't feel she could open up to any over her issues with her son.

That changed one night when she messaged a woman from England with an intriguing profile handle: Opentoideas. Sara couldn't resist saying hi and soon got chatting with Dani, finding that they were both single mature women with one son.

The two cougars hit it off well and it wasn't long before Dani told Sara that she made her living writing cougar and milf erotica. This was true, but only half the story, as Sara eventually found out. As the two women became fast friends Dani offered to email Sara some of her erotic stories, to which Sara happily agreed.

Sara found her cougar stories immensely arousing, capturing the exciting sexual dynamic and intense energy generated by an older woman with a younger man. As Sara was feeling a bit hesitant about dating since her awkward experience with Alex she relished finding sexual relief through reading Dani's stories and couldn't get enough of them.

As the two women got to know each other better Dani confessed that her stories were not just in the cougar genre, but that her real specialty was in the taboo genre. Just that word "taboo" made Sara feel tingly and she asked Dani exactly what she wrote about.

The answer shocked her but excited her. Dani replied that she wrote erotica about mother and son incest. Just seeing those words on screen made Sara feel overwhelmingly turned on, knowing it was such a forbidden subject to even talk about, let alone write about.

At the end of the conversation Dani asked Sara if she'd like to read some of her mother and son stories. Sara didn't hesitate to say yes, though it felt incredibly naughty to do so.

But as soon as she received an email with a taboo story called Bad Mommy attached Sara went straight to her room and read it on her phone, pleasuring herself with her free hand.

When it got to the first incest scene in the story Sara felt her nipples throbbing, her pussy absolutely sopping wet as she frigged herself with two fingers. When the story reached its climax Sara reached hers as well, a shuddering orgasm that drenched her sheets so much that she had to change them with trembling hands.

She felt shaky for a while afterwards, but had to admit to herself that taboo erotica turned her on like nothing else. And, for the first time, she allowed her imagination to stray to taboo thoughts about Trevor.

Sara was now prepared to acknowledge that she'd been dating guys who looked like her son because she craved him sexually. There was no point in denying it any longer; she wanted to commit incest with Trevor. Sara began wondering if Dani could help, seeing as her stories came across as so knowledgeable on the subject.

The next night she was pleased to see Dani online in the cougar room. Sara instantly messaged her, telling her how much she loved Bad Mommy, how reading about such a wild mother had made her think about Trevor in a different way. Dani was intrigued and sensed rightly that Sara had a serious desire for her son.

'Did the story make you want to be a bad mommy, Sara?' asked Dani, taking a sip of wine.

'Yes....have you ever known any Moms who have gone as far as that?'

'I've gone that far. I've been close with my son since he was eighteen. That's how I became a taboo erotica writer. I write from experience.'

Sara felt her whole body shiver and tingle with excitement, having suspected that was the case from the authentic tone in her stories.

'What's it like?' asked Sara with trembling fingers.

'Beyond words. Intense. Both incredibly loving and sexual at the same time. There's nothing like it, Sara'

Dani could sense that Sara could use her advice and support, here was a Mom who wanted more than just to read about incest.

'You make it sound so exciting. I let myself think about Trevor that way for the first time and I got so turned on that I could barely stand it. But I don't have a clue as to how I'd go about seducing him.'

Dani smiled, taking another sip of wine.

'I've helped several moms get started with their sons over the years, Sara. I'd be happy to help you if you'd like. It would be a pleasure...'.

Sara felt her nipples hardening and her clit throbbing, so aroused by the thought of letting Dani guide her in the art of son seduction. It was an offer she couldn't possibly refuse.

'I would love that. I can tell you have so much experience in this field. You sound like an expert!'

'You could say that, darling....now tell me more about your son.'

The next couple of hours were spent with Sara telling Dani everything she could think of about Trevor.

Dani made a mental note as Sara said that whenever Trevor would visit she would always suggest they watch a movie together, it was something they always did.

Once Sara had told Dani all she could she then tentatively asked Dani how she should go about flirting and teasing her son.

Dani replied: 'The first thing you need to do is to open up his mind to the idea that a mother and son can be sexually intimate. You told me you always watch a movie when he visits. Good. I have the perfect film in mind.

You need to get a copy of a movie called The Manchurian Candidate. Not the original, the remake starring Meryl Streep. Your son will just think you've picked a thriller to watch. But Meryl Streep plays a mother with incestuous designs on her son. There is a very erotic scene where they kiss. You'll be able to gauge your son's reaction to that scene. Then after it's over you can talk about it. And then you can start to tease and flirt.'

Sara felt exhilarated at Dani's quickly concocted masterplan and wrote down the name of the movie, making a note to get

the right version. It was such a perfect choice by Dani as it was, ostensibly, just a mainstream Hollywood thriller but with the moment of taboo mother and son intimacy that Sara needed to expose Trevor to.

'I'm loving this idea, Dani. I'll order the DVD straight away. I can't even imagine how hot it will be, watching that scene with him. But what if he's totally grossed out, disgusted by it?'

'Well, you can just say you had no idea that the film had a scene like that. Why would you, if you've never seen it before? That's why it's a perfect plan. But I suspect he will be turned on by it, even if he pretends not to be. In my experience, almost all sons have repressed desires for their mother. And I have a lot of experience....'

'You sure do, Dani. Knowing that I can play dumb makes me feel a lot better. I wonder what I should wear for the evening...'

'Wear something sexy, but not outrageous. You musn't be too obvious at first, but you should be definitely be aiming to show off your assets a little. You have great boobs, Sara. A little cleavage couldn't hurt. And get the alcohol flowing, loosen him up.'

'This is all great advice, Dani. I'm writing it all down. It's all so exciting!'

After their online chat Sara ordered The Manchurian Candidate, but then couldn't resist looking up the film on YouTube, to see if the scene she was talking about was on there. It was!

With butterflies in her stomach Sara pressed play on the three minute clip and watched in excited awe as Meryl Streep, looking a lot like Sara, shared an intimate scene with her son, played by Liev Schreiber. With his chiseled jaw and handsome face, she instantly saw the similarity to Trevor. Liev stood half naked with a towel round his waist and Sara's mouth fell open as Meryl Streep's character kissed her son right on the mouth. It wasn't an innocent kiss, it was sexual and sensual.

Sara was soaking almost instantly at the thought that Trevor would see this with her. Dani had thought of an incestuous scene perfectly tailored to Sara and her son and Sara realized she'd found the one person who could help her accomplish her fantasy of seducing Trevor.

The next few days Sara obsessed over every detail for her planned night of seduction. After deliberating endlessly over what to wear she decided on a delicious sheer white dress

that was both classy and very eye catching. It was low cut, allowing her pert bosom to be on display while still managing to look respectable. She didn't want to open the door to Trevor looking like a slut, even though the thought of dressing like one excited her.

The day the DVD arrived in the mail Sara felt overwhelmed by the mounting tension and wondered when Trevor was going to give her a call to see how she was. His visits had been few and far between since he began dating Jenna, but Sara knew she just needed him to visit once to carry out her plan.

But there was plenty Sara didn't know about Trevor's relationship with Jenna. For the past ten years Trevor had been steadily climbing the ranks of the accountancy firm he worked for, excelling at every promotion he'd been given. He'd become his boss's favorite and knew he was potentially being lined up to take over the firm once his boss decided to retire.

It was through being invited to his boss's house for dinner that he was introduced to his attractive blonde daughter, Jenna. Her father was looking to find her an eligible man with good financial prospects and he knew Trevor was still single.

Even though Trevor was a very handsome man still in his early thirties his devotion to his job had meant there hadn't been much time for dating. When his boss began to hint that Jenna was available, and looking for something long term, Trevor realized this was an offer he couldn't refuse. He knew that if he married into the family he was guaranteed to eventually take over the firm, which would pretty much guarantee his financial future.

The decision was made easier by Jenna's attractiveness. They'd begun dating and found they got along well, with a mutual physical attraction. There were just two catches to the situation, as Trevor soon discovered; Jenna was very emotionally clingy and demanding as well as, rather more importantly, a firm believer in no sex before marriage.

She wasn't even religious, but simply believed that a relationship should be tested with celibacy until marriage to see how strong it was. It was her way of making sure she got a husband who loved her for who she was.

Normally, this would have been a dealbreaker for Trevor. He was a red blooded man with a very high sex drive, which he'd mostly dealt with through masturbating to porn, or the occasional one night stand when he wasn't working.

Sex was very important to him, but he told himself it would be worth marrying Jenna to consolidate his position as heir to the throne of the company. He was just going to have to put up with no sex and show enormous self restraint.

After months of dating Jenna, the situation was starting to drive him crazy. Jenna would pull away whenever he tried anything more than a peck on the cheek. She obviously saw even making out as too risky, worried that their passion might overwhelm them. So Trevor found himself walking round feeling permanently sexually frustrated and it was getting to him.

He was also feeling guilty about having hardly seen his mother since he'd begun dating Jenna, who demanded so much of his free time when he wasn't working. When Sara finally felt ready to execute her plan of seduction she took a deep breath and rang his number.

"Hi, Mom. Sorry I've not been in contact much lately..."

"Hello stranger! I'm starting to forget what you look like...you haven't been to see me for a while."

"I'm really sorry about that, it's just been so hectic with work and my new girlfriend is what you'd call high

maintenance....I really do want to come and see you soon, Mom...".

"Well, when is soon? I miss you, Trevor."

Trevor then remembered something Jenna had told him in passing.

"Actually, I could maybe come over next weekend. Jenna is going on vacation with her parents and I'm not going as I'll be temporarily taking over from the boss. It's the first time he's letting me take charge, so it's a big deal. But I'll be free at the weekend."

"Well, that sounds great! I'm so pleased to know how well you're doing at work. The boss must really rate you highly. If you're free all weekend, why don't you stay over? We can have a movie night together, I can get some of your favorite beer stocked up in the fridge...".

"Ok, Mom. It's a deal. It will be great to see you again, I really mean it."

"I really hope nothing gets in the way this time, Trevor."

"It won't, Mom. I promise".

Trevor was actually pleased to hear from his mother, who demanded nothing of him except the occasional visit. After the clinginess and possessiveness of Jenna, his Mom was a pleasing contrast.

For him, the week taking charge at work was a good one as he'd developed the skills necessary to be the boss. He was well respected by his colleagues and they were happy to defer to him in the absence of the real boss. Jenna still wouldn't leave him alone, though, ringing him every night from Salou in Spain, where they were staying in a luxury resort.

As for Sara, the week was taking a long time as she knew that it was soon going to be showtime in attempting to seduce her son and, as the day approached, she felt daunted by how much she was risking. She knew if it backfired it could permanently damage her relationship with him.

But she talked through her issues online with Dani and began to feel a lot better. The thought of never even trying to seduce him bothered her more than the risks it entailed. And, as Dani pointed out, Sara was only going to try to tease her son and just hope he would take the hint.

When Saturday finally came around Sara woke up with butterflies in her stomach, knowing that in several hours she would be opening the front door to her handsome son. She spent hours getting ready, deciding on black thigh-highs under her sexy, off the shoulder sheer white dress.

When she received a text from him saying he was on his way she knew it was now or never and sprayed herself with her most intoxicating perfume. Sara looked at herself in her full length mirror and had to admit she looked pretty damn hot. But would Trevor even notice or just simply see her as "Mom", whatever she did?

She had to find out. When she heard a firm wrap on the front door she took a deep breath and walked across her wooden floor in four inch black heels. Sara opened the door with a beaming smile.

Trevor stood before her looking tanned and handsome, wearing a loosely buttoned blue Hawaiian shirt which exposed his hairy chest. A pair of shades were propped up on his head and his goatee beard was well trimmed. He looked fantastic.

"Well, hello handsome!" exclaimed Sara, already feeling a frisson of attraction at just seeing him face to face again.

"Mom...you're looking great! Have you got all dressed up just for me?"

Sara blushed, sensing his gaze roaming over her body.

"Oh...I've just been treating myself to a few nice dresses lately and this seemed like a nice excuse to wear one!" said Sara.

It was a convincing alibi and Trevor bought it, strolling inside with a smile.

"I've got a risotto on the boil and the fridge is full of beer, let me get one for you....".

Sara had also thrown in some brandy in the risotto to give it a bit of kick, wanting Trevor to be nicely inebriated by the time they got to watch the movie together.

The next couple of hours were spent eating and talking, Trevor happy to brag about how well he was handling being the boss for a week at his company. Sara made sure he sank a few beers while he ate, while she got tipsy on chilled rosé wine. Just occasionally she would catch him glancing at her firm bosom, which was on full display in such a low cut dress.

Trevor told her all about Jenna and showed her some pictures on his phone. Jenna was certainly very attractive, blonde and slim. Sara felt like her Jenna's youthful beauty was hard to compete with. She figured that they must already be enjoying a lot of sex together and Sara started feeling out of her depth.

But Trevor didn't divulge what was driving him crazy; that Jenna was a "no sex till the wedding night" type of girl and his sexual needs were going unattended. He felt embarrassed and his mother was the last person he wanted to discuss it with. Yet, though he wasn't consciously acknowledging it, he was somewhat stimulated by the sight of Sara in such a revealing dress.

As the alcohol flowed they began to really relax in each other's company and Sara felt so pleased to have him home again, if just for a short while. When the meal was finished she announced it was "movie time". They sauntered through to the lounge, Trevor with a beer bottle in his hand.

As he reclined on the plush white sofa Sara picked up the DVD off the table, her hand shaking a little.

"So, my friend Dani told me about this film, she said it's a great remake of the original. I love anything with Meryl

Streep but I know you love thrillers too..." said Sara, deliberately teasing her son by bending over to place the DVD in the tray. She took her time, wanting him to get a good view of her derrière.

Trevor did certainly notice his mother's firm, pert ass but pushed away thoughts of arousal from his mind and swigged his beer. Sara dimmed the lights to give the lounge a cinema-like ambiance and walked back to the sofa.

She sat next to him then crossed her legs, making sure she showed plenty of thigh. Trevor had never seen her dress so sexily before, but he didn't think there was anything she was doing that was suspicious or unusual at that point. He did notice how close she was sat, though.

Sara pressed play on The Manchurian Candidate with the remote control and felt tingles all over. Although she'd already seen the mother and son kiss scene, she didn't know when it was coming up.

This meant that her excitement and inner tension increased with every passing minute and so many conflicting thoughts ran through her mind. She started to worry that he might freak out at that scene, which would definitely ruin the evening. She could at least feign ignorance and act like she had no idea, Sara told herself.

Occasionally she would rub her thigh-high clad legs against each other, hoping to catch Trevor's eye. It felt so exhilarating to be teasing her son like this, so subtly yet still noticeable.

Sara wondered if Trevor had noticed how they resembled the mother and son in the film, she had even done her make up to look like Meryl Streep. The tension waiting for the kiss scene started to become unbearable and yet utterly thrilling.

Sara tensed up as she realized it was only a couple of minutes away, recognizing the scene earlier from the clip she'd seen. She tried not to visibly show it, but she was in such a heightened state of excitement, her mouth dry, her heart pounding.

She quickly glanced at Trevor, who looked ensconced in the movie. Sara felt a shiver run up her spine as she watched Meryl Streep's character Eleanor towel drying her half naked son, letting the towel roam over his manly, muscular chest.

Sara sensed Trevor shifting uncomfortably in his seat as he realized they were watching an erotic scene between a mother and son. Trevor felt both embarrassed and aroused, his cock starting to unfurl in his black jeans. He adjusted his crotch as subtly as he could, not wanting his mother to see he was turned on by this scene.

Sara was shivering and tingling all over as the climax of the scene unfolded, Meryl Streep looking up at her son adoringly and saying, "But when you smile...when you smile...that's when I realize I just live for you...".

Sara gulped and Trevor felt his cock swell as they watched the mother lean in for a full kiss on the lips. It was unmistakably a sexual, incestuous kiss and Sara pretended to gasp in shock, as if she'd not watched this scene dozens of times already.

She glanced down and saw a visible bulge in her son's jeans. He was hard! Sara felt flustered and said, "Gosh, I think I need another drink after that scene...would you like another beer, Trevor?"

Trevor was still reeling from what he'd just seen and replied, "Uh...yeah. Sure. I was not expecting that...".

"Me neither!" said Sara, then hurried off to the kitchen. Knowing the scene had aroused him made Sara wonder if she should risk teasing him even more and she wondered what she could do. She decided to go for broke by taking off her bra.

As her dress was partially sheer she knew her breasts would be partly visible through the fabric, though not so overtly that it was outrageous. Her nipples were rock hard after that scene and poked through her dress rather prominently after she'd removed her bra and hid it in a drawer.

Sara waltzed back into the lounge carrying a glass brimming with rosé and another cold beer for Trevor. She hoped he'd notice she was now braless but he was avoiding looking at her, feeling incredibly awkward at having watched such an erotic scene with his mother sat right next to him.

Not for a second did he think that she'd planned it this way, it was just an unexpected surprise for them both, or so he thought. They watched the rest of the movie in silence and Sara felt glad she had a few glasses of wine inside her to steady her frayed nerves.

Sara knew that she was now in no man's land, she had no plan in place as to where to take it from here. Acting purely on instinct she said, "Gosh, what a thrilling movie! I've been on the edge of my seat throughout. My neck and shoulders are all tensed up now. Trevor....would you be a honey and give my shoulders a rub? Just to loosen the tension a little....".

Trevor thought this was a little unusual but put down his beer and said, "Sure, Mom...". He went behind the sofa and

Sara felt her son's strong hands on her shoulders, his fingers kneading and massaging slowly.

As he did so, it was impossible not to notice that his mother was no longer wearing a bra and he had a full view of her cleavage from above. He could see her nipples poking through her dress and it finally dawned on him that something was going on.

It suddenly all clicked into place, the sexy dress, plying him with beer, the movie with the mother son kiss and now this. He didn't know how to react, he just knew he felt turned on instinctively.

"Ohhh...that feels so nice. Thank you. Y'know, they really should put trigger warnings at the beginning if they're going to have a kissing scene like that. I wouldn't have chosen it if I'd have known....".

Trevor didn't believe her but decided to play along.

"Yeah, you're right. Was kind of shocking even though it was just a kiss."

"Makes you wonder what they edited out, doesn't it?" replied Sara, imagining how incredibly hot a full sex scene could have been.

Trevor felt his still hard cock straining inside his jeans as his mother's words made him think of what a fully incestuous sex scene would be like. He knew full well by now that she had carefully planned this evening.

In the position he was in, it was virtually impossible to resist gazing at her large breasts and he wondered just what her full intentions were. Surely she hadn't invited him over to seduce him? It seemed unthinkable.

He told himself she was just a lonely widow enjoying putting her finger in the flame, teasing him to inject some excitement into her life and give her self esteem a little boost.

"Sure does, Mom...certainly not a movie I'll forget in a hurry...".

"Oh, you have great hands for massage, I feel so much better now, thank you" said Sara as Trevor sat back down again.

Sara wondered if she should make a move but she just had no idea if her advances would be rebuffed. She wished she

could talk to Dani for advice on how to play things from here. But she knew she was on her own and just had to act on instinct.

They got talking about his life once more, Sara asking lots of questions about Jenna. The more his mother probed the more he was reminded of how sexually frustrated he was at the moment, as well as the moral dilemma of whether he could marry someone just to secure his future position as boss at the company.

The conversation had turned a little serious and Sara realized the sensual mood created by the movie had passed. She figured that she just didn't have the nerve to seduce her son and wasn't too surprised when Trevor announced he was heading to bed for an early night.

He claimed he was tired from running the company all week, though really it was his Mom bringing up the Jenna situation that was bugging him.

As he got up off the sofa to head to bed Sara said, "It's been a great night, thank you....I know that movie was a little wild but I hope you've had a nice evening too...".

"I've really enjoyed it, Mom. The risotto was delicious and it's been so good to relax for a night and sink a few beers. I

needed it after the hectic week I've had. It's much appreciated."

"Thank you, honey. I hope you sleep well."

"Goodnight, Mom." he said as he stood in the doorway with a smile, then headed upstairs.

Sara sighed, feeling disappointed. She'd done everything perfectly and teased him as much as he could, but to no avail. She told herself that at least the kiss scene didn't freak her son out and she did get a very enjoyable massage out of it. Sara stayed up for another hour, finishing off the rest of the rosé wine, and went to bed with mixed emotions.

She didn't feel ready to sleep yet, still on edge after a night of so much excitement, and lay on her back still in her white dress. It was wild to think that her stud of a son was just down the hall, probably at least stripped down to his waist, like Raymond in the movie.

Sara thought to herself that if reality hadn't worked out the way she wanted it to, the evening had certainly given her something to fantasize about for months. She lay her head back on her pillow and imagined how it would have been if Trevor had said something while massaging her.

She felt her pussy tingle as she imagined him telling her what nice breasts she had, and how he couldn't help but notice she'd taken her bra off.

She imagined herself saying, "I wanted you to notice....".

Sara felt her clit begin to throb and swell and knew she was going to have to pleasure herself to release the tension. She reached under her dress and slid down her cream silk panties, which were soaked at the gusset.

She began rubbing her wet pussy, with two fingers circling her plump cuntlips. It felt so exhilarating to think about her son sexually, knowing he was just down the hallway. Thinking Trevor was fast asleep, Sara let her thoughts run wild and started to moan as she pleasured herself.

But Trevor hadn't been tired when he went to bed, he'd just wanted to escape the awkward vibe created by the taboo scene in the movie and all that Jenna talk. He was still lying in bed wide awake, wearing just his briefs like he always did.

All he could think about was how horny he'd been all night, how sexually frustrated he was with Jenna, how his mother's behavior had confused him. Had she really been flirting with

him? He'd never seen her look so sexy, she'd never plied him with alcohol before. And then that choice of film seemed too much of a coincidence....

As he lay there with these thoughts rolling round his mind he could hear the sound of female moans gently echoing down the hallway. He immediately realized it must be his mother masturbating and he felt his cock swell once more. The moans seemed to get louder with every passing minute and, in his fevered state of mind, he wondered if this was yet another hint that she wanted him sexually.

Sara certainly did want him sexually, but her sounds of pleasure were simply her getting carried away by the intoxicating thought of wishing she'd turned to her son after that kiss scene and done exactly the same thing.

Just the thought of kissing her son in a sexual, non-motherly way made her so wet and turned on that she couldn't hold back her sheer arousal. When she plunged two fingers inside herself she let out a squeal of delight, then quickly covered her mouth in case she woke her son up.

But he was already intently listening and her squeal made him seriously wonder if she was letting him know she was ready and waiting for him. The thought of having to stay celibate until his wedding night with Jenna, when there

wasn't even a date set, seemed simply unbearable to him. He was sexual and sensual by nature and had his needs, like any other man.

All he could think about was how hard he'd been when he watched that mother kiss her son on the mouth. It felt so forbidden, wicked even.

His cock raged and strained in his briefs as he replayed that moment in his mind, then the sense of titillation he'd enjoyed when he massaged his Mom's shoulders and saw right down her low cut dress. Hearing her moans coming down the corridor seemed to spell it out for him: his mother wanted him to fuck her. To commit incest with her.

His balls tingled with excitement and he realized this was a unique opportunity which he would regret missing out on if he just did nothing. He stroked his cock through his briefs and it twitched against his touch. He wanted to feel his mother's hand on it, caressing it. Taking a deep breath, he got out of bed and stole down the hallway to his mother's bedroom door, which she'd left ajar.

As he approached he could hear her moans and sighs again, which had become muffled by her hand. He knew it was him she was thinking about and he pushed her door open, stepping inside.

He saw his mother on her bed, still in her sheer white dress, with her legs splayed wide, her hand between them. Only the pale light of the moon lit up her body as it seeped through a gap in her curtains and Trevor stood at the foot of her bed stroking his rock hard cock through his tight black briefs.

Sara sensed a presence in her room and opened her eyes, the shadowy figure of her son stood in front of her. She instantly covered her pussy with her hand, so surprised that she wondered whether she was dreaming. But this was no dream and she said softly, "Trevor?"

"Yes, Mom. I heard your moans down the hall. I know what tonight's been about. The way you dressed, the film we watched. You wanted to seduce me, didn't you?".

Sara was dumbstruck but managed to stammer, "Yes....yes, I did. I know it's wrong of me. But I've had this desire for you for so long....I know I'm your mother and I shouldn't be thinking that way about you but I do....".

There was a brief, tense silence and Sara sensed he was close to caving in to temptation. She moved her hand away from her pussy and Trevor gulped as he saw her cuntlips glistening in the moonlight.

Without a word he walked over to the bed and leant down. Sara baited her breath as Trevor began kissing her legs, still clad in black thigh-highs. Soft sighs escaped from her mouth as she felt his gentle kisses slowly rising up her thighs. When he reached the hem of her thigh-highs Sara whispered breathlessly, "Oh my god...oh my god...oh my god".

She spread her legs a little wider, offering her bare cunt to her son. He inhaled her musky scent as his mouth got closer and now it was his turn to tease, alternately kissing both of her thighs while her clit throbbed in anticipation.

The tension became so unbearable for Sara that she placed her hand on the back of her son's head and whispered, "Lick me, please....please lick me!"

Trevor teased just a little longer then finally sated her need, running his tongue along her wet cuntlips, savouring her tangy taste. With just one lick he'd permanently changed their relationship and Sara let out a deep moan of relief.

Knowing it was her son's tongue lapping at her wet mound felt so wonderfully transgressive and forbidden, the most intensely erotic moment she'd ever experienced. She lay her head back on the pillow and closed her eyes as Trevor got to work eating her out.

He'd always been a guy who actually enjoyed giving oral and he was good at it. He splayed her lips with his fingers then licked and lapped at her pink, fleshy labial folds, loving how wet she was getting.

"Oh fuck....don't stop....that feels so good" she groaned, keeping his head in place with her hand.

He probed her pussy with his talented tongue, then drove her wild by flicking her swollen, engorged clit with the tip.

Sara squealed and whimpered, feeling overwhelmed. "That's it, my handsome boy....eat Mommy out, lick the special place where you came from...." she said, barely in control of what she was saying.

Her horny words made Trevor's cock twitch in his briefs and made him lick her even harder and faster. He was like a man possessed as he gorged incessantly on her snatch like a hungry pig at a trough. Sara placed both hands on his head and pulled him into her, rubbing her sopping wet gash on his face, wanting to coat him in her pleasure.

He carried on licking ferociously and Sara knew she couldn't hold back the orgasm welling up inside her. She felt her stomach tighten then a wave of ecstacy engulfed her body as her first climax commenced.

"Oh god....I'm cumming....Mommy is cumming.....oh fuckkkk!!!" she shrieked, a gush of her nectar flowing onto her son's face and all over her bedsheets. He drank down all he could, still lapping at her mound as her body shuddered with delirious delight. It had been the most intense orgasm of her life and all her son had done was lick her.

With her body still shaking she pulled down her low cut dress so that her breasts were bared for her son to see. Her nipples were as hard as rubber bullets and Sara moaned, "Kiss me....kiss your mother on the mouth...".

Those words obviously made Trevor think of that moment in the movie and he didn't hesitate to move up her body. He couldn't resist kissing both her bare breasts which made Sara breathless, then she pulled his head close to her, needing to feel his mouth on hers. Sara tensed up as this was a moment she'd fantasized about so often and she moaned into Trevor's mouth as he latched his lips onto hers and began a slow, sensuous, lingering kiss.

It felt beyond belief, a mother and son expressing a sexual passion for each other that she never thought could occur and she slipped her tongue into his mouth to express her lascivious lust.

Just like Meryl Streep in the movie, she was now an incestuous mother and it felt incredible. Trevor reciprocated with his own tongue and they began a torrid, intense French kiss, both their tongues swirling and roaming in each other's mouths.

As their kiss went on for minutes Sara felt her nipples throbbing and she felt the powerful need to feel his mouth on them. She placed both her hands on her son's cheeks and pulled her mouth from his.

"Mommy needs to feel you suck her breasts....just like you used to, son...." she said softly and Trevor was more than happy to oblige. He moved his head down and clutched her right breast in his hand, swirling his tongue slowly around her tingling nipple then latching on his lips and starting to give suck.

Sara felt her nipple throb even more in his mouth and began moaning, struggling to catch her breath. As he moved from one breast to the other, licking and suckling each one, Sara thought she might even pass out from the pleasure.

As she closed her eyes to savour the heavenly sensation she only wished she had milk for him, bringing back so many happy memories of breastfeeding him as a baby. That had been so loving and innocent, now this was perverse pleasure,

and she loved it even more. She ran her hand through her son's hair as he attended to her with an eager, devouring mouth.

She gulped as she felt his hard cock against her thigh, still trapped in the confines of his briefs. The thought that her pleasure could even increase from here seemed incredible, but she knew full well that they hadn't yet crossed the line into full incest.

Sara felt such an ache, such a need to feel her son's cock inside her that she could think of nothing else. Finally, she whispered with urgency in her voice: "Mommy needs you in her cunt. Are you going to put your cock in Mommy?"

Still guzzling on his mother's teat Trevor nodded, then offered zero resistance as Sara began peeling down his tight briefs. As soon as she pulled them down below his upper thighs she could feel his bare erection pressing against her thigh and she let out a soft moan of anticipation.

Trevor didn't think twice about crossing the line and reached down, grappling his appendage and bringing it to his mother's awaiting orifice. They both knew what they were about to do and both wanted it equally. The sexy kiss from the movie now seemed so tame, this was the real thing taken to its limit.

Sara sighed as she felt the head of his member push against her cuntlips and she baited her breath once more as he fed the head into her cunnyhole, which welcomed him warmly inside. They'd done it...crossed the rubicon, they were committing full incest. Trevor was so turned on that he felt under huge pressure not to cum, but he managed to enter his mother balls deep without losing his load too soon.

Feeling the full length of her stallion son inside her made Sara almost delirious with desire.

"Oh god Trevor, you are a big boy...are you going to fuck Mommy hard with that beautiful cock?"

"Fuck yes....feels like a perfect fit" sighed Trevor and Sara swooned at his words. It really did feel like they were destined to be lovers and that they'd finally reached the sex scene of their own mother and son story.

Trevor started pumping in and out, building his momentum while careful not to become overwhelmed and cum prematurely. Sara let her hands roam over her son's muscular back while whispering words of encouragement.

"Oh yes...you do fit in me perfectly, stud...you fill Mommy up....and stretch me too with your thickness....so much bigger and thicker than your father was....".

Those words about his deceased father nearly made Trevor cum there and then, feeling so aroused by hearing he was superior to his Dad in his Mom's eyes. It really felt like he was playing out his repressed Oedipus complex, just as Sara was doing in reverse.

Being penetrated so passionately by her own son felt like a fireworks display of emotions, and she couldn't help digging her nails into his back, urging him to take her harder and faster.

Trevor felt his mother's shapely legs wrap tightly round his back as he made love to her with a now rampant thrust. Feeling like he was about to shoot his load he slowed down his pace and began licking his mother's breasts, making her whimper from the sensual euphoria.

"You sure know how to make love...but maybe you want to take Mommy hard as well...and maybe Mommy wants to be taken like a slut from behind...".

Trevor felt the cum swirl in his balls once more and he replied, "Then that's what Mommy will get....".

Sara tingled all over at the prospect of being taken doggy style by her own son and Trevor quickly pulled out, his cock now glistening with his mother's cunthoney. Sara felt so deliciously debauched as she got on all fours, feeling the cool night air on her bare ass, her dress hitched up over her waist.

Trevor wasted no time getting back inside, feeding his thick eight inches of prime stallion cockmeat back into his mother's mound. In this position he knew he could be more aggressive and dominant and knew that's exactly what she wanted.

Letting out a slow moan as she felt him enter fully she was taken aback as he grabbed her firm ass cheeks and quickly worked up a rhythmic thrust, his large ballsack swinging against her thighs. This was no longer lovemaking, this was raw, animal fucking and Sara was loving every second.

In the sultry summer heat both of them were beaded with sweat and Sara began to feel weak at the knees as she felt the head of Trevor's cock pounding against her cervix wall, something she'd never experienced with his father.

She felt her large breasts swinging underneath her and yelped as Trevor took full control, ramming into her cunt with all he had. Sara suddenly felt him grab her blonde hair

and yank hard on it as if it were the reins of a horse, and she was reduced to a mess of moans, groans and squeals. As she experienced the sheer erotic overload of mother and son incest for the first time she thought of Dani and all her perfect advice that had led to this door of delight being opened at last.

With one hand wrapping his mother's hair around his wrist, he used the other to slap and smack her ass cheeks while continuing to rut her now sore pussy like a bull on heat.

He could sense his own orgasm approaching and all Sara could think about was how incredible it would feel to experience him ejaculating inside her. Feeling her legs shaking from the intensity, she began to crave that sensation more than anything and found herself shrieking, "Mommy wants your cum! Mommy wants your cum! Mommy needs it....".

That stirred Trevor up even more and he didn't need persuading. He pulled hard on her hair, forcing her back to arch, and reached a furious frenzy of hard fucking that drove Sara utterly wild. Before Trevor could unleash his load in her she felt her own second climax take hold, letting out an ecstatic scream that woke her nearby neighbors.

Trevor suddenly felt his mother's cunt grip his thick cock and he finally gave into his orgasm, letting her tight mound begin to milk his full balls. As she began to gush all down her thighs she shouted, "Do it! Shoot your cum in meeeee! Deep in Mommy!".

Trevor couldn't hold back any longer and didn't want to, the electric rush overwhelming him as his balls went into hard spasm.

"Oh fuck....oh fuck...yesss!!!" he grunted, all his pent up sexual frustration released at last in a moment of incestuous depravity that felt like nothing he'd ever known.

Sara felt the sudden surge of his semen spurting deep inside her, hot torrents of creamy, thick spunk that coated the pink walls of her pussy. Sara's snatch gripped her son so tightly that she managed to milk every last drop from his sack and he finally leant over her back, trying to catch his breath.

Sara felt her whole body shaking as she let her second climax slowly subside, savouring the sensation of her son still inside her.

"Thank you....thank you. You've made Mommy very, very happy...." she sighed and she felt him softly kiss her on the back.

Sara didn't know how this would affect their relationship in the long term or if this illicit sex would ever happen again. But at that magical moment she felt so damn glad that she'd become a sonteaser.

Part 2

Trevor Spencer was a man with a lot on his mind. His situation had become more complicated than he had ever intended as he now found himself dating the daughter of his boss, Jenna. Trevor knew that if he married Jenna, he was guaranteed to inherit the accountancy firm he had spent ten years working for.

He liked Jenna and found her attractive. There were just a couple of catches; as a test of their relationship Jenna had decreed there was to be no sex until their wedding night and he hadn't even proposed yet. The second issue on his mind was that he'd just spent a weekend with his mother Sara. She had seduced him into committing incest in the same bed his late father once slept in.

Ever since then his mind had been a swirl of conflicting emotions. He alternated between guilt and feeling that it wasn't really cheating on Jenna, seeing as was his mother he'd had sex with rather than a woman Jenna's age. He

struggled to believe his own self-explanation, however. He also knew that a "no sex till marriage" rule was a tough ask for a highly sexed man like him.

In his more honest moments he admitted to himself that sex with his mother had been incredible. But there was no way he could allow it to happen again. He decided he shouldn't visit her without someone else being there. Trevor knew that if he visited her on his own he could be lured into temptation once again.

As for Sara, she'd also been obsessing over what had happened that weekend. But, for her, there were no conflicting emotions at all. The night she'd spent with her son had been the best sex of her entire life and her only concern was that he might be having regrets about it. She'd decided to give him some breathing space to adjust to this development in their relationship, one that he could never have predicted.

The only person Sara could talk to about it was her online friend, Dani. She was an erotic author specializing in taboo stories and had given Sara invaluable advice and support in teasing and seducing her son. A few days after the seduction had proven successful Sara saw that Dani was online and said hi.

'How did it go with Trevor?' asked Dani immediately.

'It went perfectly! The movie you suggested was the perfect choice. I thought at first it had backfired as it created an awkward atmosphere and he went to bed early.

But I couldn't give up and I made sure he heard me pleasuring myself in my bed. I opened my eyes and he was stood in my bedroom in just his briefs.

We had the most mindblowing sex. I've never had orgasms so intense! I can't thank you enough, Dani.

I really couldn't have found anyone better to help me seduce my son! I really hope I'm still having sex with him in ten years time...but I still don't know how he feels about what happened. I haven't dared ask yet.'

'Sara, be prepared for a period where he wrestles with incest guilt. It's a guilt borne of societal conditioning because of the taboo surrounding incest. But he will get over it if that's what's going on with him. Because you didn't do anything wrong. You had sex with someone you love.'

'Yes! It felt like we really were making love! Though I also loved it when he got dominant and aggressive at the end. Oh god, I came so much from that!'

'It's natural to enjoy the primal side of sex and it's all the more erotic when it's your son dominating you. Just give him time and you'll find he'll be back for more.'

'Thank you Dani, you always know what to say. I'll just continue giving him some space.'

The two friends talked more about their desire for their sons and Sara felt grateful to have at least one confidante for her sexy secret. Not being able to tell anyone at all would have been unbearable.

As for Trevor, he was still bottling everything up inside as he tried to figure out where his life was heading. Things came to a head when his girlfriend Jenna suggested they go out for dinner as she had some news.

Trevor wondered what the news could be, though he had an idea. Over dinner she explained that during her recent vacation with her parents she brought up the subject of marriage and what they thought of Trevor. Both her parents agreed that Trevor was the right man for her and would give their blessing to their marital union.

He'd been expecting this but Trevor still felt his mouth go dry as she said it in no uncertain terms. She'd essentially cornered him into proposing and he knew his whole future hinged on this decision. Jenna placed her hand on his across the table as they sat in the corner of a quiet restaurant.

"If you're thinking of proposing Trevor, now might be a good time...." she said with a wan smile.

"I don't have a ring yet...." he said, trying to stall for time.

"I don't care....a proposal tonight would be enough".

Trevor smiled but it felt forced. He knew he had no option if he wanted to become the boss of the company. He didn't love Jenna and knew it would be a marriage of convenience. But he got down on one knee in front of her, everyone in the restaurant looking over.

"Jenna....will you marry me?" he said, trying to muster some emotional expression in his voice.

Jenna welled up, wanting to believe he was marrying her for the right reasons.

"Yes. Yes, I will Trevor" she said, wiping away a tear.

As they drove home that evening Jenna suggested that they have a dinner party to celebrate.

"I think it's time our parents met, don't you? I know your father has passed on but my parents would love to meet your Mom! Do you think she'd be willing to host a dinner party for us all?"

Trevor swerved his car over the road as this question touched a raw nerve.

"Something I said?" asked Jenna, as he got the car back on the right side of the road and took a deep breath.

"Oh, it's fine. It's just been an eventful evening, I'm feeling emotional. I think that's a great idea. I'm sure Mom will be delighted to host".

Trevor had panicked because he worried how he could be in the same room as Jenna and his mother, considering what had gone on. But there was no plausible excuse he could make and he knew his Mom would be grateful for any reason to see him again. At least with other people present

there was no risk of his mother trying to seduce him again, he told himself.

He rang her the next night and instantly told her the "good news" about Jenna accepting his marriage proposal. Sara did her best to sound pleased, though she was rather bemused that Trevor didn't have one word to say about what had happened between them. He was deliberately avoiding the subject and quickly switched to asking if she would be willing to host a dinner party for Jenna and her parents.

As Trevor had predicted, Sara readily agreed as she so badly wanted to see her son again. But they both got thinking how difficult it was going to be acting normally around Jenna, each of them knowing their taboo secret. Trevor then told his mother that Jenna's father was his boss at work, so it was important that the dinner party make a good impression.

Knowing that she'd be meeting both Jenna and her son's boss made Sara feel a little nervous, but she knew she was a fine cook and could play the role of party host well. But after their call, Sara began wondering, rightly, whether Trevor was only marrying Jenna to help his career prospects.

The dinner party was arranged for the following weekend and Sara spent the week preparing for it. She was just so glad to be seeing her son again, though she wondered how she

was going to handle knowing Trevor and Jenna were sharing a bed together if they stayed overnight.

This seemed likely if the alcohol was flowing freely, but Sara told herself it was still better than not seeing Trevor at all. Being an experienced dinner party host she enquired about everyone's dietary requirements and was relieved that she didn't have any vegans to deal with.

Sara decided she wanted to look her very best for the party, treating herself to a new dress on the Friday. She chose a very elegant black evening dress which showed a tasteful amount of cleavage, still classy but enough to tease Trevor, as she loved to do.

Saturday was spent preparing the evening meal and getting ready. To tease Trevor a little more she decided on wearing black seamed stockings under her dress, which was quite short and showed plenty of leg. At seven o' clock an expensive looking black Mercedes pulled into the driveway and Sara felt tense as she saw Trevor and Jenna get out of the back, followed by her parents.

She greeted them all warmly at the door and led them straight through to the dining room. Jenna's father, Gerald, took an instant liking to Sara, which didn't go unnoticed by his wife Susan. After Sara had served up the lamb biryani

she'd made, she took her seat at the table, sat opposite to Gerald. He was a distinguished looking man in his early sixties, with a fine mane of silver hair.

Susan was rather prim looking, her short brown hair in a perm and with the air of a woman who was scared to let her husband out of her sight. Sara could tell instantly that Gerald was a charismatic ladies man and so she had to carefully navigate Gerald flirting with her while not embarrassing his wife.

As the wine and conversation flowed Trevor noticed how over complimentary his boss was acting towards his mother and sensed it was making both Jenna and her mother slightly uncomfortable. It was a relief when Gerald got on to the subject of how he'd invited Trevor to his house for dinner and had invited Jenna too.

"I just sensed they would be a great match. My daughter needs someone solid with a bright future ahead of them and Trevor ticked every box. I was delighted to see them hit it off so well."

Jenna smiled and reached across the table, rubbing Trevor's hand. He smiled back, but inside this felt excruciating. It was even more excruciating for Sara to have to listen to all the

details regarding their romance and even she had to admit that Trevor and Jenna made a good looking couple.

Trevor had turned up looking very debonair in black suit trousers, with a designer label white shirt open at the collar. Sara was surprised by how plainly Jenna was dressed, having expected a pretty blonde woman like her to turn up looking glamorous. It felt slightly incongruous that Sara was the sexiest looking woman there and it hadn't gone unnoticed by Trevor.

He was finding it difficult to be sat next to his mother knowing that only a few weeks ago they'd been having sex in her bed. Just breathing in her perfume, the same perfume she'd worn that night, had the effect of arousing him, stirring his sensual senses.

During dessert Sara noticed that Susan hadn't touched her wine.

"Are you not in the mood for wine tonight, Susan?"

Susan felt embarrassed by the question and replied, "I thought I better not drink in case I need to be the designated driver later. We haven't really discussed it."

"Oh... I assumed you'd all be staying over tonight. I have two available rooms with double beds, so it's really not an issue".

Jenna tensed up and interjected, "Um, actually....if we are staying over then I will need a separate bedroom."

She placed her hand on Trevor's and continued, "Trevor and I have agreed to only consummate our relationship on our wedding night. It's our way of proving the purity of our love for each other".

Trevor felt his stomach churn as this was the last thing he wanted discussed over dinner. For Sara, this was a revelation. Suddenly, it made more sense as to how easily he'd caved in to her seduction when he already had an attractive fiancée.

Her poor son was stuck in a sexless relationship and, knowing what a red blooded man he was, Sara knew intuitively that Jenna would never satisfy him sexually even after they were married.

She pushed these thoughts from her mind and replied, "Oh, I see. Well, I think that's very commendable in this day and age. If only there were more couples like you! You can have a room with a double bed to yourself and Trevor can sleep in his old room. It's really not an issue at all."

Jenna smiled and replied, "Oh well, that's great. Thank you for being so accommodating."

"My pleasure..." responded Sara with a slightly forced smile.

Knowing that her son would be staying over, knowing that he was sexually deprived and, no doubt, horny as hell gave Sara the confidence to start teasing her son even more. While Jenna and her parents returned to eating their chocolate mousse Sara slipped her hand under the table and slowly caressed her son's thigh right up to the crotch.

Trevor couldn't believe what she was doing but could only pretend it wasn't happening and carried on eating. But when he felt her hand directly on his crotch his body betrayed him and he felt his cock unfurl at her touch. Sara smiled to herself as she felt him get hard.

She removed her hand before it became conspicuous and Trevor spent the rest of the meal with a raging erection. Once everyone had finished eating Sara turned to her son and said, "Honey, will you help me clear the plates?"

"Sure, Mom" said Trevor, readjusting himself under the table and feeling glad the meal was over. They both took their

share of plates into the kitchen and, as soon as they were safely out of earshot, Sara said to Trevor, "You know it's a hell of a lot to ask, to expect a man to not have sex until his honeymoon. But you don't have to put up with that, Trevor. I'm here for you sexually whenever you want me....I just wanted you to know that...".

"Look, Mom, what happened a few weeks ago can never happen again. I'm engaged to be married now...."

"Well, if you change your mind then come downstairs an hour after everyone has gone to bed. I'll be in the lounge waiting for you....".

Without waiting for his reply Sara sauntered back into the dining room and offered her guests a liqueur. Trevor stood in the kitchen running his hands through his hair. He thought he'd have been safe from his mother's teasing and temptation with Jenna and her parents present, but he'd underestimated just how daring and bold she was now that she'd been awakened to the delights of incest.

He calmed himself down with some deep breaths to get his composure back then strolled back to his seat as if nothing had happened. The rest of the evening was spent convivially, with Gerald and Trevor telling banal work anecdotes while the women made polite small talk. Sara couldn't really take

to Jenna or her mother and just hoped that her son would take her up on her alluring offer.

She was relieved when everyone was ready to go to bed and showed her guests to their rooms. Sara said goodnight to Trevor with a knowing smile and he went to bed feeling conflicted inside, while Sara went back downstairs and carried on drinking liqueur.

Seeing as Trevor had already caved into temptation from her teasing before, she held out hope that he would do so again this time. But she also knew this was a vastly different situation and Trevor would be taking a massive risk seeing as his fiancée and her parents were under the same roof.

All these thoughts went round Trevor's mind as he once again lay in bed, wide awake. He wished he was tired so he could just slip into unconsciousness and not feel the immense temptation to commit incest again, but he'd felt wired and horny as a dog on heat since the moment his mother had caressed his crotch under the table.

He thought about how strangely humiliating it felt to have to sleep in his old bedroom rather than share a double bed with the woman he was going to marry. It felt like Jenna had so little faith that he would be able to restrain himself that he was a liability, a risk not worth taking.

Whereas Jenna had slammed the door shut in his face, figuratively, his mother was the opposite, offering herself to him. Eventually, he looked at the clock on the bedside table. He'd been lying in bed deliberating what to do for almost an hour and now it was decision time.

Sara had also been clockwatching downstairs and the mounting tension was almost as hard to handle as waiting for the kiss scene in The Manchurian Candidate. As soon as she saw that a whole hour had passed she felt her mouth go dry with anticipation and her heart began to pound, her palms clammy.

All Trevor could think about was his mother sat downstairs in the lounge, her sexy legs clad in seamed stockings, ready to spread wide for him. He gulped. Once again, her teasing proved irresistible for him and he stealthily left his bedroom, still dressed, and crept down the stairs.

With Jenna and her parents sound asleep Trevor pushed open the lounge door and saw his mother with a glass of liqueur in her hand, her legs crossed. She looked sexy as hell, twice as attractive as the woman he had agreed to marry.

"I wasn't sure if you'd come down...I'm glad you did."

"I shouldn't have. And you shouldn't have rubbed my crotch under the table at dinner. But...here we are."

"Yes...here we are. As long as we are quiet we can do what we want. And what I want to do right now is take my son's cock in my mouth...." said Sara, looking Trevor right in the eye.

Trevor hardened in seconds, a raging erection that visibly jutted out of his trousers. He walked across to his mother and as soon as he got close she reached her hands round and placed them on his firm butt, then pulled her towards him. She was eager to catch her prey before he could get nervous and change his mind.

Trevor offered no resistance as Sara unzipped him then reached her hand inside his briefs. She grappled his thick appendage and pulled it out through the zip hole, springing out in front of her face like a jack-in-the-box. Sara looked up at her son, her eyes swimming with illicit lust and desire.

"My big boy....my handsome boy...." she said, then wrapped one hand around his long shaft and swirled her tongue around the head. A bead of precum emerged from the tip and Sara savoured the taste, then she wrapped her luscious lips around the crown and slowly sank them down his length.

She kept her gaze on her son while doing it, revelling in the taboo intensity of what they were doing. Trevor watched as her mouth left a rich lipstick stain on his shaft and he closed his eyes to enjoy the incredible sensation of having his cock sucked by his own mother once again.

It had felt incredibly naughty and transgressive the first time, but with Jenna asleep upstairs this time felt even more forbidden and wrong. As much as he didn't want to admit it, there was a real thrill in doing this behind her back and Sara found it so satisfying to know her son couldn't resist what she could give him.

She lovingly and lustfully gave her son head for the next few minutes, working her mouth up and down, getting him as hard as he could get. To her surprise Trevor decided to take control and said, "Your turn now. I've been craving the taste of your pussy since the first time."

Sara took his member out of her mouth, precum sticking to her lips.

"Oh my....well, I'm already nicely wet for you, handsome....".

With that, Sara raised her dress up over her thighs then unhooked her garter clasps and dragged down her soaking wet black lace panties. Flinging them across the lounge Sara then reclined on the sofa and spread her legs as wide as she could for her son.

Trevor looked at her glistening wet peach and felt the cum swirling in his balls. He eagerly got down on his knees and began kissing his mother's stocking-clad legs, caressing them with his hands as his mouth roamed up her shapely thighs.

Sara knew that this time she was going to have to make no noise at all, a tall order. When Trevor reached the top of her thighs she placed her hand over her mouth.

As soon as she felt that first long lick of his tongue on her cuntlips she moaned into her hand.

The first time had been incredible, but knowing there was the possibility of Jenna waking up and walking in on them made it almost unbearably exciting and erotic. She looked down at her son as he began eating her out with his talented tongue, clearly relishing the tangy taste of her sopping wet snatch.

The sight and sensation of his tongue licking and lapping made her breathless and it wasn't long before her son's face was getting wet with her pleasure.

She took her hand off her mouth to say, "Suck on Mommy's clit. Suck on it like a pacifier, my handsome boy....".

She quickly covered her mouth as Trevor obliged, softly sucking her engorged, swollen clit as it poked out of its soft, fleshy hood. Sara squealed into her hand, and once again felt an orgasm building just from receiving oral.

When Trevor pushed two fingers inside her whilst continuing to suck his mother's clit it sent Sara over the edge. Trevor felt her cunt grip his fingers like a vice and felt her juices flowing over his fingers and down his arm. He pulled them out just in time as she started to squirt and gush, moaning into her hand as she came.

He'd never seen a woman squirt like this before and he opened his mouth wide to drink her nectar down, some of it coating the leather sofa and dripping off it. Sara intensified her climax even more by thinking of Jenna's face if she happened to walk in at that second.

Sara didn't want that to happen but just the thought of it was what was making her gush so hard. As her orgasm abated she looked down at her son, her cunthoney dripping off his face onto the carpet. He licked his lips and the way he looked

up at her let Sara know she was about to get a seriously hard fucking.

"My god, I've never cum like that. But what Mommy wants now is her son's stallion cock inside her...".

"That's what Mommy is going to get..." said Trevor in a low, lascivious voice.

Sara stood up and quickly removed her dress, revealing that she was wearing a sheer black bra to go with her black seamed stockings. She turned around and knelt on the sofa, her pert ass pointing up at her son.

"Fuck me, stud....Mommy needs it bad" she said, looking over her shoulder. Without bothering to undress, his cock still rock hard and poking through his zip hole, he licked his lips at the sight of his mother awaiting his entry, her cunt looking deliciously inviting.

As soon she felt the tip of his cock against her cunthole she felt her legs shaking and let out a breathless soft squeal as he fed his length into her. She loved how his girth stretched her and how his length filled her. With no hesitation on either of their part they had once again crossed the line into full incest.

As Trevor took hold of her pert ass cheeks and started to pump in and out Sara imagined not just Jenna walking in, but her parents. The thought of seeing the shocked expression on prim Susan's face was such a turn on and half of Sara wanted that to happen for real.

"Yes...that's it...fuck your mother from behind, you dirty boy....Mommy loves it from behind....".

Sara used one hand to uncup her bra, allowing her pendulous breasts to swing freely as they fucked with mounting passion and intensity. As the pleasure of being pounded by his huge cock became overwhelming Sara buried her face in the sofa and groaned into it, stifling the noise.

She knew her make up was getting smeared all over her face but she didn't care, she just wanted to be a whore for her hung son. Sara knew she had a strong sexual hold on Trevor now, his ability to resist her non existent. Trevor thrust into her, his balls swinging hard. He looked down and couldn't take his eyes off her tight, pink rosebud looking so inviting between her rump cheeks.

He wondered if she'd ever had a cock there before and his balls tingled at the thought of giving his own mother anal sex while his fiancée slept upstairs. He could tell his mother

loved being dominated by her preference for taking it from behind and anal was just the next step up.

Deciding to take charge he leant over her and said, "Cover your mouth....". Sara felt exhilarated hearing those words, not knowing what was coming next. She covered her mouth tightly with her hand then tensed up as Trevor spat hard on her rosebud, making it tingle.

She realized instantly that Trevor wanted to enter her through the back door and she was very much an anal virgin. But she felt thrilled by the dominant role he was starting to take and she tried to relax her sphincter as much as she could.

Trevor pulled out of her pussy with his cock glazed with her nectar, and hoped that and his saliva was going to be enough lube to get inside her rear end. He brought the tip to her rosebud and pushed an inch inside. Sara squealed into her hand and let her son insert his thick, diamond hard cock into her back passage.

She felt her ring stretched wide and it hurt for sure, but it was outweighed by the pleasure of having such a tight orifice stuffed full of her son's cockmeat. Sara felt glad she'd covered her mouth as otherwise she'd have screamed the

house down and woken Jenna and her parents, without a doubt.

Sara gripped the edge of the sofa with one hand, whilst stifling her whimpers with the other. Trevor began to assfuck her, loving how tight she was. Sara couldn't believe how pleasurable it was to take her son there, realizing just how sensitive she was.

Feeling her clit throb Sara risked taking her hand off her mouth so she could reach underneath herself and frantically rub her cunt whilst getting an anal pounding, balls deep. The combination of receiving his thick cock in her stretched anus whilst circling her pussy lips with sticky fingers drove Sara close to the brink.

Gritting her teeth to try to contain her noise, Sara thought to herself how she could simply scream the house down and wake Jenna, wake her parents. Just the idea of them all stood in the lounge with their mouths falling open in shock turned Sara on enormously, letting them catch her sinning with her sexy son. Showing Jenna how to fulfil Trevor's needs.

"Oh fuck...oh fuck...I'm so close...so close....you're going to make Mommy cum again!!" she whimpered and Trevor sensed he was getting very close to climax himself. He felt like he'd truly dominated his mother this time and knew

how much she loved it. Suddenly, she shrieked, "I want to feel your spunk all over my face and tits....all over".

That made Trevor almost shoot instantly but he managed to hold on, pulling out of her puckered, red raw rosebud. Sara quickly flipped round and got on her knees in front of her son, cupping her breasts with both hands.

"Cover Mommy's tits in your seed....cover Mommy's face....I want to feel it...." she said, looking up at her son with licentious lust. Her make up was now nicely smeared and Sara stuck out her tongue to really drive Trevor over the edge. Seeing her outstretched tongue and cupped boobs awaiting his load brought Trevor to the boil as he aggressively jerked his cock near her face.

Just the sheer sight of his own mother embracing her inner slut and asking, begging, to be debauched by him sent his balls into deep spasm.

He had to stifle his own grunts of pleasure as he felt his balls tighten up into his body, suddenly engulfed by ecstasy as he began spurting thick ribbons of warm, creamy semen all over his mother's face and breasts. She felt the pelt on her skin and loved the sensation of his sticky spunk sliding off her chin down onto her tits.

Half of her still wanted Jenna to walk in at that moment and just the thought of it induced another orgasm without even needing to touch herself. As Trevor copiously unloaded over her she began to gush over the carpet, drenching it in her cunthoney.

Managing to stop herself from screaming as she came once again she looked up at her handsome son and smiled, feeling her face coated with cum, rubbing his strong smelling jizm into her sizeable boobs until it formed a sticky white froth.

She licked the seed off her hands, then licked her lips with a mischievous grin. Finally, she took Trevor's cock in her hand and cleaned it up with a loving tongue, wanting to taste every last drop she could.

"That was so good...you were magnificent" she said, putting her large breasts back in her bra cups. She hurriedly dressed and Trevor zipped himself up. They crept upstairs and went to their respective rooms, feeling like naughty children after a midnight feast.

Sara carried on pleasuring herself in her room, reliving what had just happened over and over, amazed by her own audacity. She knew now that she had the power to seduce her son whenever she wanted to, even with his fiancée in the house.

After several more orgasms Sara finally fell asleep, breathing in the scent of her son's semen on her skin, wondering how long it would be before she teased her son to succumb to such sinful sex once again....

Part 3

It had been several weeks since Trevor Spencer had visited his mother, Sara. He'd been wrestling with a troubled conscience ever since the dinner party his mother had hosted for his fiancée, Jenna, and her parents. Having already been seduced by his mother when visiting her alone Trevor thought he'd have been safe from temptation with Jenna and her parents sleeping in the same house that night.

But Sara had gambled everything to tease and seduce him once again, ending up with thrilling but highly risky incestuous sex in the lounge while his fiancée slept soundly upstairs. For Sara, it had been even more exhilarating and exciting than the first time and Trevor had loved it just as much.

But it had been so hard for him to look Jenna in the eye the next day knowing what they'd done, especially as Jenna ended up sitting on the same sofa where he'd fucked his

mother the previous night. Sara got a huge kick out of this and loved seeing how awkward it made Trevor around her.

Sara might have felt bad if she thought that Trevor truly loved Jenna, but she rightly intuited that Trevor was marrying into his boss's family in order to take over his company one day. Sara saw her seductions as giving Trevor the sex he needed, the sex he wasn't getting with Jenna, who had decreed there was to be no sex till they were married.

Their wedding day was only a couple of weeks away and Trevor told himself that if he could just avoid seeing his mother till then he wouldn't succumb to the temptation of being seduced once again.

It wasn't made easy by the fact that Sara would send him texts to tease him, reminding him of the two incredible incestuous experiences they'd shared together, how she couldn't stop thinking about them.

Trevor would be concentrating hard at work when he'd get a text from her then have flashbacks to those nights of illicit pleasure, the still vivid memories of their sordid debauchery. These thoughts would distract him for hours and he'd taken to wearing longer ties to hide his recurring erections from the office staff.

Aside from his lingering guilt over cheating on Jenna with his own mother, he was plagued by the nagging doubt that, even if he was able to resist temptation until his wedding day, his sex life with Jenna would be tame and unspectacular after the unique thrill of committing incest.

He'd never known sex like it and it didn't help that Jenna didn't share his highly sensual nature, his naturally high sex drive. And once he was married that would be it, there could be no more cheating and infidelity. Anything that could risk ruining his marriage would not be worth it as his entire career and future hung on it.

Meanwhile, Sara was very aware that her son getting married would be drawing a line in the sand and he would most likely be much harder to seduce after that. And besides, it wasn't like Jenna wasn't sexually attractive, far from it. So, with the wedding fast approaching Sara decided she couldn't resist trying to tease her son one last time, to make the most of him while she still could.

She began sending more and more flirtatious texts, letting him know she was very much available if he wanted some fun before tying himself down to marriage. Just the messages were hugely distracting for Trevor, but then she began including pictures showing off her thighs, her cleavage.

She knew how much Trevor loved her full, firm breasts and shapely legs. After one particularly erotic text Trevor told her she had to stop teasing him, it was affecting his work.

Sara relented, but with the wedding fast approaching Jenna's parents asked Sara to get involved with organizing the catering for the wedding reception. She was more than happy to help, knowing it would give her a reason to ring Trevor and he'd have to take the call.

One night, after a stressful day at work Trevor heard his cell phone ring and he sighed as he saw it was his Mom calling.

"Hi Mom....what do you want?" he said curtly.

"Well, that's not a very friendly way to speak to your mother! Gerald and Susan have asked me to take care of the catering so I need you and Jenna to decide what you want everyone to eat at the reception. If you can send me a list of all the guests with their contact details I can ask them about their dietary requirements. You know how pernickety people are about food these days!" replied Sara.

Trevor was taken aback, not expecting her answer.

"Oh ok...yeah, sorry if I sounded a little off with you, long day. I will get that list to you in a couple of days and I'll ask Jenna what she wants. And thanks for stopping texting me at work. It was kind of distracting."

"Oh, my pleasure. I didn't mean to interrupt your work. I just know what a strong libido you have and was letting you know I'm here for you if you need me....anytime you want."

"Mom....you can't do this stuff anymore. What we did, we did....twice. But it can never happen again. In two weeks time I'm going to be a married man. I just need you to go back to just being my mother....".

"Oh honey, you know what happened between us has changed our relationship forever. I can't go back to just being the plain ol' Mom that you bring flowers to on my birthday. I will always crave you physically. And if it turns out that Jenna isn't giving you what you need after you're married, I'll always be here for you.....".

Trevor sighed and replied, "Mom, I won't be cheating on Jenna with anyone once we've tied the knot. I feel bad enough as it is, knowing what we did...and so should you".

"I don't feel bad at all, honey....are you going to visit me before the big day? Or are you scared you won't be able to resist me...."

Trevor hung up, feeling flustered but glad that he'd been bold with his mother this time, knowing he could have been easily lured into more forbidden pleasures. He felt relieved that it wasn't long till the wedding, the point at which he knew he'd feel safe from succumbing to temptation for good.

Sara didn't like her son hanging up on her like that and she felt rather disoriented. At first, she'd been getting invaluable support and advice from her online friend, Dani, but she'd not been online for a while.

Sara didn't know how to proceed from here as she was in uncharted territory. All she knew was that she was craving her son sexually and constantly thought about the two amazing sexual experiences they'd enjoyed together. She just couldn't accept that it might never happen again.

After another week went by with no sign of Dani online, Sara was beginning to feel rather dejected about her predicament and even wondered if she should go to the wedding. Watching her son marry a woman he obviously didn't love and who wouldn't make him happy was not exactly

something she found alluring. It was going to be a hard day for her.

Feeling a little down and consoled by red wine, she logged into Wire one night and her eyes lit up as she saw Dani in a chatroom.

'Hi! It's been so long since I saw you online.'

'Oh Sara, so good to see you! Sorry I've not been on, my son has been staying with me and keeping me rather busy!'

Sara felt her nipples throb, knowing what that meant.

'Oh my! Well, lucky you. I had the hottest sex of my life with mine after I threw a dinner party. We had sex downstairs while his fiancée and her parents were asleep upstairs! So bad, I know...'

'So bad, but so good, right? I'm so proud of you, Sara. You seduced him without any more help from me. You're a natural at this.'

'Well, I don't feel a natural anymore, Dani. He hasn't been to see me since and I can't get him to come visit. He's marrying

her in a week and so he's avoiding me like the plague. He knows if he visits he'll cave in to temptation again.'

'That must be difficult for you. But it seems like any time you are in his presence he can't resist you. He's given in twice, he could give in again. You just need to be in close proximity to him and work your magic'

'You're right but the only time I'll be seeing him soon is his wedding to Jenna. So obviously trying anything at the wedding is out of the question.'

'Why? It's not like anyone has ever had naughty sex at a wedding before. I've no idea how you would do it. But just you being near him gives you a chance at seducing him again, Sara.'

'See, Dani, this is why I need your advice and support! I've been feeling so deflated and down that I was wondering whether to even go to the wedding. But yes, it will be worth it just to see him at least. I'm not sure if even I'm brave enough to attempt to seduce him on his wedding day though! Maybe those two wonderful experiences are as far as it's going to go.'

'Oh Sara, I don't think you understand the power you wield over him now. He knows that sex with Mom is incredible

and his wife won't be able to compete, however attractive she is.'

'She thinks he's been celibate throughout their relationship, how little she knows! But I just think once they're married my son won't want to risk anything anymore. And she's the possessive, clingy type who won't let him out of her sight.'

"Well, I wouldn't just give up on it just yet. Maybe you can wear something sexy under the dress you'll be wearing to their wedding. Something that will tease and tempt him.'

'Oh my....well it's worth a shot! Thank you for your advice as always, Dani. None of this would have happened without you'.

'My pleasure, Sara. Message me anytime I'm on'.

Sara felt a lot better after talking to Dani and decided she would go to the wedding after all. But her patience was sorely tested in the week running up to it as she discovered just how much of a control freak Jenna was.

She began calling Sara every day, obsessing over every detail of the catering even though there weren't many guests. Sara

was just glad they hadn't invited a huge amount of people as it would have been an insufferable nightmare.

The only person Trevor had invited was his best man, Pete, who was Trevor's best buddy at work and someone he knew he could trust with the ring. He used Pete to practice his wedding vows, but with Jenna henpecking him about every little last detail he felt increasingly stressed out and couldn't wait for his wedding day to be over. Not having had sex since the last time he visited his mother was not helping with the tension.

Sara gave some considerable thought about what to wear under her dress and, after perusing lingerie websites, decided on a sheer black open crotch bodystocking. She knew that if she could get Trevor on his own on the day there was always the possibility that something could happen, but she had no plan other than that.

When the big day finally arrived Sara woke up feeling as nervous as if it was her who was getting married. She tried to relax with a long soak in the bath then got ready, climbing into her bodystocking for the first time. Checking herself out in the mirror, she had to admit that it really showed off her curves well and it almost seemed a shame to have to hide it under the royal blue dress she'd decided upon.

Twice as nervous was Trevor as he tried to wake himself up by standing under a roaring hot shower that morning and he wished it was just regular wedding nerves. But he knew he was conflicted inside over marrying Jenna, knew he was doing it for his career and financial future.

It didn't sit right with him but he felt like he had no choice but to go through with it. He picked up a little when he put his wedding suit on, looking very handsome and debonair by anyone's standards.

As he drove himself to the wedding his palms felt clammy and he found himself thinking about the possibility of Jenna having last minute doubts and standing him up at the altar. This was usually a groom to be's greatest fear. But Trevor half hoped it would happen, to spare him from the fate of what looked like being an unhappy marriage of convenience.

He picked up his best man, Pete, on the way.

"Hey Trev, how are you feeling buddy?"

"Pretty fucking nervous, to be honest Pete. You got the ring, right?"

Pete tapped his pocket and Trevor nodded in recognition. He knew he could trust Pete at least and it helped him relax a little.

As soon as they reached the church with the towering spire Trevor caught sight of his mother chatting with some of the assembled guests. It was a glorious midsummer's day and Sara immediately stood out, looking resplendent in her royal blue dress and matching wide-brimmed hat.

Little did he know that under that dress was a sheer black bodystocking. As Trevor and Pete approached Sara thought to herself how handsome her son looked.

"You look fabulous, Mom" said Trevor, feeling comfortable with complimenting her with company around.

"Well thank you, Trevor. You're looking very dapper. I hope you're not feeling too nervous!"

"Would be lying if I said I wasn't, Mom..." he replied then introduced her to Pete. The three of them chatted amiably until the church doors opened and all the guests entered, taking their seats.

It felt excruciating for Trevor waiting for his bride to be to arrive as he stood at the altar. Eventually, Jenna and her parents arrived in a black chauffeur driven limo decorated with the usual wedding paraphernalia.

Jenna's mother Susan was the first to enter, looking rather plain in a yellow dress compared to Sara's almost regal appearance. Sara gave her a forced smile as Susan took her seat on the opposite pew and Susan gave her an equally wan smile. Sara knew Susan hated her for the way her husband Gerald would flirt with her.

The whole congregation turned their heads as Jenna walked down the aisle in a flowing white wedding dress, her face covered in a veil, linked arm in arm with her father.

Sara gave Jenna a smile just as forced as the one she gave Susan then looked at Trevor, who looked incredibly on edge. She felt for him as Jenna stood by his side and the wedding ceremony unfolded.

There was something stilted and unnatural in the way they gave their wedding vows and Sara really wondered to herself whether Trevor was making the right decision marrying this controlling, possessive woman.

It felt strangely anticlimactic when Jenna said those usually poignant words, "I do" and Trevor awkwardly lifted her veil, giving her a kiss on the lips. The assembled guests then left the church and threw confetti on the "happy couple".

Trevor and Jenna got in the black limo, heading for the wedding reception at the prestigious Marlboro hotel while Gerald offered to take Sara and Pete in his car, which they gladly accepted. Susan naturally had a face like thunder as Gerald complimented Sara on her dress, flirting outrageously as usual.

Gerald had spared no expense on the wedding reception and they walked into a lavishly decorated room, Trevor and Jenna already seated at the main table. They all took their seats and a waiter came round with a carafe of wine. Sara noticed how eagerly Trevor downed his first glass, a sign of his nervous tension.

Jenna seemed uptight as well, looking unhappy that Sara had been seated next to Gerald, who kept making flirty remarks at every opportunity. Even though the catering was absolutely perfect thanks to Sara's efforts, everyone found the meal an arduous and tense experience as Sara tried to downplay Gerald's constant double entendres, even though both Jenna and Susan were giving him daggers whenever he caught their eye.

The tension was relieved somewhat as Gerald clinked his glass and demanded that Trevor make his wedding speech. Downing his wine glass, Trevor stood up hesitantly and delivered a solid speech thanking everyone for coming and making a semi-convincing display of love for his newlywed.

Gerald then took over and made some cringeworthy jokes about Trevor marrying into the family just for money, which was far too close to the truth to be comfortable. Sara winced as she saw Trevor looking uptight and embarrassed, and realized that Gerald was deliberately putting him down to make himself look better.

Sara felt glad when his speech was over, but during dessert Gerald managed to find a way to make things even more awkward.

"Sara....as you probably know Trevor and Jenna are spending their honeymoon at our villa in Spain and Susan and myself will be joining them. There will still be a bedroom free at the villa...we'd all love it if you joined us. After all, we are family now!"

Sara instantly clammed up, feeling put on the spot. She looked over at Jenna and Susan, who looked horrified by Gerald's suggestion and it was obvious he hadn't discussed it with them.

But she felt obliged to accept as she feared Gerald would take great offence if she didn't. She looked at Trevor, who looked at her expectantly, clearly terrified that she might embarrass him in front of both his boss and his new father in law.

"Oh, well that's very kind of you to offer Gerald! I would love to...thank you so much!" she said, feeling stuck between a rock and a hard place.

The atmosphere at the table quickly became very uncomfortable as Susan began arguing with Gerald over not having consulted her first. Sara decided to head to the free bar as she needed a stiff drink after that ordeal.

She asked the barman for a vodka on the rocks and decided to stay by the bar as long as she could. Sara felt irritated that she'd been so easily coerced into going on the honeymoon vacation and knew she'd be made to feel a pariah by Jenna and her mother.

She knew that Gerald would no doubt take even more liberties and maybe even try to seduce her. Then she would have the headache of having to reject his advances, which made her worry of how that might affect Trevor's career prospects. She already felt that becoming part of this family was a big mistake and she just didn't know what to do.

As she nursed her second vodka she saw Jenna wander past in her trailing dress, her face looking taut as if she was about to explode. Sara shook her head and sighed, wishing Trevor could have found himself a nice, sweet girl.

But he'd been lured into the world of high flying success and this was the territory that came with it. Yet nothing could have prepared Sara for what came next.

Returning from the ladies restroom, Jenna made a beeline for Sara at the bar, holding her dress up a little with both hands and walking quickly, in a kind of angry shuffle.

"Listen lady, I really don't like that we are family now. I'll be honest Sara, I don't like you at all. I think you have your eye on my father and his money and you're loving all the attention he's giving you. I don't want you coming on the honeymoon, ok? This is my goddamn honeymoon and I'm not going to let you ruin it. I know you want to get your claws into my father but it's not going to happen. You're going to have to come up with a reason why you can't go, got it?"

Sara was stunned but being buffered by alcohol allowed her to retort fast.

"I don't care for your tone, young lady. It's not my fault that your father is a flirt. I've done nothing to encourage him. And he was the one that invited me on the honeymoon. If I don't go it will be out of concern for my son's happiness, not because you're threatening me. Have you got that?"

"Whatever. Just make sure you're out of the picture. And feel free to stay at the bar, if my Mom sees you two flirting anymore she's going to freak out."

"Fine by me. I'm perfectly happy right here".

"Good. Keep it that way" said Jenna curtly and shuffled off back to the main table. Sara glanced over at Trevor who had been observing the whole altercation and could tell it wasn't a very friendly exchange from their body language.

Sara was livid at having to take that from Jenna when she knew she'd done absolutely nothing wrong and hadn't led on Gerald in the slightest. It was no great sacrifice to agree to not go on the honeymoon trip, but it really irked Sara that Jenna thought she could boss her around.

It bothered her even more that her son was now under Jenna's thumb and was destined for a miserable marriage. The whole situation made her blood boil and thoughts of some kind of revenge began to enter her mind.

She'd been so sidetracked by all the wedding drama that she'd almost forgotten she'd only come to the wedding to get some time with her son. Sara thought about how she was wearing that daring, sexy bodystocking under her glamorous dress and how she knew Trevor would be so turned on if he could see her in it, wearing nothing else.

But, even with her ability to tease, that seemed out of the question in this situation and simply outside the realm of possibilities. Sara decided to ask for another vodka as all this whirled round her mind.

She kept glancing over at the main table and Trevor kept glancing back, clearly perturbed by what had been going on. Sara thought to herself how gorgeous he looked and how he deserved so much better than the bitch of a woman he'd married for the wrong reasons.

Feeling tipsy, Sara went to the restroom but found all the cubicles full. As this was a high class hotel she knew there would be more than one restroom on this floor and she walked along the corridor until she found another one. Just as she began thinking she was wrong she found one at the very end.

When she returned she decided it best to resume her place at the bar and that was when Trevor decided to come and have

a word with her. Sara could see the anger on Jenna's face as Trevor wiped his mouth with a napkin and stood up, walking over to his mother with a taciturn expression.

"Mom...what's going on? Why aren't you sat with us at the table?"

"Oh, that would be because your new wife has made me feel seriously unwelcome. She's told me in no uncertain terms that I'm not allowed to join you for the honeymoon in Spain. She's told me I have to come up with an excuse not to go. All because her damn father won't stop flirting with me. He was even playing footsie under the table. I'm trying so hard to keep it together on your big day, Trevor, but Gerald and Jenna are making it so hard. And Susan clearly hates me."

Trevor ran his hands through his hair and then rubbed his thick goatee beard. He had no idea how to resolve this situation and simply said, "Fuck...I'm sorry, Mom. I feel bad that you've been put in such an awkward position. Maybe things will improve once I've settled into married life, once Jenna and Susan are more used to you. I know you're not the one flirting, Gerald flirts with all the women at work. It's not fault you're attractive...".

Just that small compliment from her son gave Sara the first positive feeling she'd had in over an hour.

She looked at him earnestly and said, "Trevor, you know how much I love you and want the best for you. But I think you've made a big mistake marrying Jenna just for the sake of your job. Marriage is a hell of a difficult thing even when you both love each other, marrying someone just for security isn't a good enough reason."

Sara looked around to make sure the barman wasn't eavesdropping and continued, "She's been expecting you to go without sex until today and now you're going to have to wait even longer to finally get your wedding night in Spain. But, even after that, I bet you that she will use sex to control you throughout your marriage, you won't get the regular sex you need. You won't get the wild, passionate sex you need. She's a manipulator and a control freak, we both know it Trevor."

Trevor looked around nervously, pleased that there were no guests within earshot. Sara leant in towards him, looking him straight in the eye.

"And we both know something else....I can give you both the love and passionate, intense sex you crave. But I can't do that if you're under her thumb, she won't let you out of her sight. So I think you're going to have to choose, Trevor...it's either me or her....".

"What?" asked Trevor, dumbfounded. It felt like he'd ended up in a movie scene far more dramatic than any scene in The Manchurian Candidate, the film that had inspired their incestuous affair.

"You heard me, Trevor. You can go back to the table and then you can go on your honeymoon. And you can have mundane, passionless sex with a woman who doesn't really love you. Or you can meet me in the ladies restroom at the end of the corridor. No one else is using it. I'll be in the first cubicle. Oh....and I'm wearing a black bodystocking under this dress. If you haven't knocked on the cubicle door in ten minutes I'll assume you've chosen her over me....".

With that, Sara walked away from the bar and Trevor watched in disbelief as she sauntered off down the corridor after laying down the biggest ultimatum imaginable.

He looked over at Jenna, who looked at him disdainfully. To stall for time and to try to calm his strained nerves he asked the barman for a double Jack Daniels on the rocks.

The hot, bitter tang of the whisky hit the back of his throat as he downed it in one and instantly asked for another. The barman poured him the same again, handing it over with a raised eyebrow.

"Stressful day..." said Trevor, by way of an explanation and the barman nodded, sagely. Trevor made this one last a little longer as he deliberated in his mind what he should do. He mulled over every word his mother had said and he had to admit to himself that everything she'd said was true.

Jenna was a bitch, an ice queen. Someone he never would have married in normal circumstances. Sure, if he stuck it out he was guaranteed a cosy future at the firm, eventually owning it. But a sham marriage was a hell of a price to pay. Was becoming the head of the firm such a big deal? It was just more money and more work.

But he knew money didn't buy happiness, just security. His sexual experiences with his mother had made him feel more alive than anything else he'd ever known, she'd opened his eyes to a different way of life. The pleasure of defying societal norms rather than being enslaved by them. Marriage and work both seemed designed to keep him in a box of conformity for the rest of his life.

Trevor knew he was at a crossroads in his life and whatever decision he made was going to have major ramifications. He thought of his mother wearing that bodystocking under her dress and he felt his cock hardening, his resolve weakening.

Once again, her ability to tease him and tempt him was manifesting itself, and Trevor downed the last of his whisky. He looked over one last time at Jenna and now didn't care that she looked at him as if she was chewing a wasp.

Trevor had made his decision. He got off the bar stool and headed out of the reception room, then began walking down the corridor feeling incredibly liberated. The walk to the restroom felt like it was in slow motion, the corridor seemed endless.

At last, he reached the end and, for the first time in his life, walked into a ladies restroom. As it was a prestigious hotel it was like no other restroom he'd been in, everything flawlessly clean and shiny.

He looked at the first cubicle and knew his mother was behind that door. Trevor took a deep breath and knocked firmly on the door.

"It's not locked, Trevor. Open it..." said his mother, who had known intuitively that her son would make the right decision. Trevor gulped and pushed the door wide open.

What he saw left him absolutely dumbstruck. Sara was now dressed only in her sheer black bodystocking, sat on the

toilet with her legs spread wide. Trevor gawped at her cunt which was fully exposed, with a light brown thatch.

He could tell she'd been rubbing herself as she was already glistening wet, she'd even rubbed her pussy juice on her exposed, full, bare breasts, with no fabric of the bodystocking covering them either. Her nipples were already rock hard.

Trevor felt the instant stir of his loins and the rapid swelling of his cock. He rubbed his erection through his wedding suit and all he could think about was his mother's sopping wet cunt right in front of him.

"Do you like what you see?" she asked with a lustful smile.

"Oh fuck, yes....".

"Well, my cunt isn't going to lick itself, darling....".

Trevor felt his mouth go dry and didn't reply, simply getting on his knees on the marble floor and eagerly kissing his mother's splayed thighs, rising higher with every kiss. He inhaled her musky cuntscent and looked up at her with desirous eyes.

Sara tensed up, eagerly awaiting his first lick. The sexual tension was beyond belief and she couldn't hold back a deep moan as Trevor took a long lick over her cuntlips, her moan echoing around the restroom.

"Oh fuck...that feels good. Lick your mother, darling. Lick Mommy...." she said, her voice purring with lust. Trevor got to work eating out her snatch with a hungry tongue, Sara placing both her hands on his head, keeping it in place.

The pleasure of getting such a licking combined with the satisfaction of knowing he'd chosen her over Jenna turned Sara on enormously. As he feverishly licked and lapped at her labial folds he could feel his face getting wet with her nectar, her taste divine.

He teased her clit with the tip of his tongue and felt it throb and swell. Sara's moans and sighs continued to echo round the restroom, and she closed her eyes to absorb this heavenly sensation.

She took one hand off his head and began tweaking her rubber hard nipples, rubbing them between two fingers to add to her pleasure. Trevor felt his cock throbbing and his balls stirring as he rubbed his beard against his mother's snatch, which drove her wild.

For the first time, she covered her mouth with her hand, moaning into it as her pleasure increased. Trevor was simply so good with his tongue that it wasn't long before Sara felt on the verge of orgasm.

She felt her stomach tighten as a wave of the most incredible, intense pleasure took hold of her body. Sara screamed into her hand as she became engulfed in ecstasy and started to gush over Trevor's face. He quickly opened his mouth and drank down all she gave him, a fountain of pleasure squirting straight down his throat.

As soon as her climax subsided Sara felt the need to taste herself and leant down to kiss her son's wet mouth. They shared a feral, deeply sexual French kiss, their tongues entwining in a ballet of incestuous lust, their desire for each other almost uncontainable.

Sara loved the tangy taste of her cunthoney and never wanted that kiss to end. When she'd satiated her need she pulled her mouth off his and said, "Get that big cock of yours in Mommy's slut mouth...".

Trevor got up off the marble floor, his knees aching, but he didn't care. He immediately unzipped and unbuckled his belt, letting his trousers fall. Sara eagerly peeled down his

plain white briefs after seeing the prominent bulge straining against the fabric, and out sprung her son's perfect cock.

It looked so delicious and as hard as she'd seen him yet. She took it in hand and swirled her tongue around the head, licking it like she was eating an ice cream.

Then she drove Trevor absolutely wild by running her tongue from the very base of her cock all the way to the top, while gazing up at him adoringly. Trevor loved the sensation of his mother's warm tongue sliding up his long, thick shaft and then said, "Oh fuck...lick my ballsack too....feels so fucking good...".

Sara gladly obliged, roaming her tongue over his big balls, full of swirling cum. She went back and forth, licking his sack and then his shaft before enclosing her luscious, lipstick-coated lips around his bulbous crown. Trevor placed his hand on the back of her head and, rather than her sucking him, he began to fuck her mouth.

Sara loved him taking control and slackened her mouth as much as she could, stretched by his meaty girth. A froth of precum quickly formed around her lips as he thrust his cock in and out, the tip hitting the back of her throat and making her gag a little.

As her stallion son facefucked her with mounting aggression she began rubbing her wet mound before inserting two fingers inside. She could feel the precum seeping off her chin as she frigged herself ferociously, both fingers knuckle deep.

Her cunt began to ache for her son's thick stallion meat and Trevor was feeling a similar need to fuck his mother once again, holding her by the hair as he pumped into her gaped mouth with his balls swinging hard.

Back in the reception room, Jenna was starting to get very irate at the strange disappearance of her husband. Her parents tried to calm her, but as the minutes passed without Trevor's return Jenna started to feel he was ruining her big day.

She knew he'd left the room after talking to his mother at the bar and just wondered where the hell he'd got to. It just seemed so inconsiderate when, of all days, she expected to be the centre of his attention.

Her sense of resentment towards Sara only grew, feeling that not only had she been flirting with her father but was now stealing her husband away from her on the biggest day of her life.

As these thoughts whirled round Jenna's head, she started getting intensely angry, exacerbated by the champagne and wine she'd been quaffing. Her father was getting on her nerves as he tried to placate her.

"Honey, try not to get upset...Trevor will be back in no time. He can't have gone far, he left his car at the church, remember? He's probably just found somewhere quiet to talk to Sara about something....".

"I'm done waiting for him to come back. It's just so damn rude of him to do this to me on my wedding day. It's that interfering bitch getting in the way as usual. I don't like Sara, Daddy. I don't like how she flirts with you either."

Gerald felt rather awkward at this outburst, knowing full well it was him doing all the flirting while Sara was getting all the blame for everything.

"I understand how you feel, honey. Just got to try to be patient and then things will be fine...I promise you, honey".

Jenna was in no mood to listen, though, and replied, "Fuck that shit, Daddy. I've been patient enough. I want you to come with me, we will find them wherever they are. If I sit here any longer I'll go mad...".

Gerald looked at his wife Susan, who was unimpressed as his daughter by Trevor's behavior and she gave Gerald a nod of approval. He sighed, taking the napkin off his lap and tossing it onto the table.

"Ok, honey. If it will put your mind at ease....".

Jenna felt pleased at least that she was getting her way as always and they made their way out of the reception room.

There was no sign of Trevor and Sara in the corridor and so Jenna suggested to her father that he should check out the men's restroom to see if Trevor had locked himself away. Jenna entered the ladies restroom just in case Sara was in there but both Jenna and Gerald emerged shaking their heads.

"They have to be on this floor somewhere...let's just keep looking. Every room that's open, let's check it, ok?"

"Ok, honey. Whatever it takes..." said Gerald, hoping this could get resolved soon.

Completely unaware that Jenna and Gerald were looking for them, Trevor had stripped naked and now had his mother

pressed up against the cubicle wall, groping her bare breasts as they French kissed passionately.

As Sara felt her son's tongue roaming around her mouth she felt her nipples throbbing and swelling. She pulled off the kiss, her lipstick now all smeared around her mouth and said, "Mommy needs you to suck her breasts....just like you used to".

Trevor nodded and clutched her right breast in his strong hand, then took a long lick over her protruding nipple surrounded by a reddened areole. He then eagerly latched his mouth on it, feeling her nipple swell and harden even more.

Sara let out a long, slow moan as she closed her eyes and let the pleasure engulf her. There was simply no sensation like having her own son suck and lick her breasts so sensually, so sexually. He went from one breast to the other and Sara only wished she could breastfeed him properly, like she had so many years ago.

The thought of having milk for him to drink aroused her so much that her hand strayed between her legs and she began rubbing her quim in a circular motion. She was hopelessly wet by now, an audible sticky sound emerging as she began fingering herself, then sucking the juices off her fingers.

Feeling enormously turned on, Sara began rubbing her juices onto her available nipple. As soon as Trevor moved his mouth to gorge on her other breast he tasted the familiar tang of her delicious cunt and it made him suck even harder.

Sara could feel her clit throbbing as she felt Trevor's raging erection pressing against her thigh. She was used to being the one who did the teasing, but now it was his turn to drive her wild by delaying his entry.

She enjoyed the torment of her cunt aching for his cock and they were both so immersed in their mutual incestuous lust that they'd lost all sense of the huge risk they were taking.

After having both breasts well attended to by Trevor's devouring mouth Sara couldn't bear the sexual tension a moment longer and she begged, "Please put your cock in me! Mommy needs it so bad....I need my big boy deep inside me....".

Trevor had enjoyed making her wait for this moment of satiated desire and kissed her hard once more before pushing her right up against the cubicle wall, lifting both her legs off the floor by gripping her thighs.

Seeing her in her black bodystocking had inflamed his sexual attraction to her even more than usual and they both experienced a magnificent moment of sexual synergy as he thrust inside his mother once again.

Sara let out a yelp of delight and realized she was about to receive the pounding of her life. All the pent up tension and frustration Trevor had been building up inside was now exploding in a display of feral masculinity and Sara felt her shoulder blades aching as they banged against the cubicle wall.

"Oh yes! Fuck me!!! Fuck me as hard as you can! Fuck Mommy with that stallion cock!"

With Trevor ramming in balls deep Sara felt her cervix wall getting a bruising and all her pain mingled with her intense pleasure to create a potent cocktail of heady, hot incestuous sex.

Sara couldn't resist looking down, thrilled by the sight of her son's well endowed appendage thrusting and pumping into her sopping wet mound with a pneumatic, relentless rhythm, his low hanging ballsack swinging against her thighs.

Trevor felt his mother's nails digging into his back and she began whimpering from the fucking she was receiving, making no effort to contain the sounds of her pleasure.

Things got even more intense as Trevor lifted her legs over his shoulders and began ramming into her even harder in a wild fury of testosterone fuelled motherlust. Sara was reduced to breathless moans and squeals as her breasts bobbed about in front of her son's face.

Meanwhile, Gerald and Jenna had made their way down the corridor and checked every room that wasn't locked. Jenna was in a state of apoplexy by now and was on the verge of screaming.

"Where the fuck are they? They can't have just left the hotel. Goddammit, Trevor better have a damn good reason for doing this to me on my wedding day. It better be real good!" she shrieked as they reached the end of the corridor.

"Honey....we've checked every room. We've checked the restrooms. I don't know where they are but they'll turn up."

"Wait...we haven't checked these restrooms right here...go check the men's, Daddy..." she said with desperation in her voice.

"Oh honey...if they weren't in the first restrooms they aren't going to be in these ones..." replied Gerald with a sigh.

"Just do it, ok?" she said with venom and Gerald held up his hands in surrender.

"Ok, ok!! I'll go look, just for you....".

Gerald needed the lavatory anyway after drinking so much, so he didn't mind. He entered and headed straight to the urinal to relieve himself.

Jenna clutched her wedding dress in one hand as she pushed the ladies restroom door open and her mouth instantly fell open as she heard the distinct words, "Oh that's it, harder, harder! Fuck Mommy! Fuck my slut cunt!".

Jenna stood in shock as she tried to process what she had just heard. It couldn't be Trevor in there with his mother....it couldn't be! It was unthinkable.

"Oh, my handsome boy! Mommy loves getting fucked hard by your big boy cock!!! Are you going to cum in Mommy? Mommy needs your seed! Mommy needs her son's spunk inside her sooooo bad!!!" shrieked Sara, barely in control of her own words.

Jenna's jaw fell wide open as she realized it could only be them. There was no other possible explanation. She'd just married a man in an incestuous relationship with his mother. They were fucking on her wedding day.

Fighting back tears, Jenna knew she had to find out for sure, feeling like she was going crazy. She pushed the door open of the cubicle next to the one they were in and clambered onto the toilet seat. Taking a deep breath she clung to the top of the cubicle wall and peered over the edge.

Sara saw her instantly but Trevor had his back to her and carried on rutting his mother, oblivious to what was happening. Rather than scream in horror Sara knew this was a moment of victory for her over the woman who hated her and only wanted her son for his financial acumen.

She looked at Jenna with a satisfied smile on her face, then entered the most intense orgasm of her entire life. She felt her body begin to shudder as the climax took hold and Trevor felt her cunt gripping his cock, forcing his balls into spasm.

"Ohhhh fuck!!! That's it! Shoot it in me! Shoot that cum in Mommy!!!" screamed Sara whilst Jenna could only look on in disbelief. She was too stunned to say or do anything,

amazed by Sara's unrepentant and unashamed reaction to getting caught in the act.

The absolute apex of Sara's orgasm coincided with feeling a torrent of her son's semen surging deep into her, a flood of warm cum coating the walls of her pussy, painting her womb white. The deep pleasure of knowing Jenna was watching Trevor seeding her was so overwhelming that Sara thought she might pass out and felt the gush of her own copious cunthoney streaming out of her down onto the cubicle floor. Trevor carried on till he had emptied out every last drop, Sara feeling so happy to be filled with her son's warm seed.

Jenna was too upset for a confrontation and clambered down off the toilet, got out of the cubicle and ran back into the corridor still fighting back the tears.

Gerald was standing waiting for her and looked bemused at her distressed state.

"It's over, Daddy! They are in there....fucking! I just saw it with my own eyes. He's just fucked his own mother on our wedding day!!! It's all over!! Take me home!!!! I can't bear to look at him. I never want to see him again!!!" she screamed at the top of her voice, knowing Trevor would hear.

Trevor was still catching his breath after emptying out his last drops and he looked at his mother in shock.

"She saw us? She was in here?"

Sara caught her own breath and replied, "Yes....I'm glad she saw us. You would never have been happy with her, Trevor."

Trevor tried to take this in and simply replied, "Fuck....".

Sara had never felt like such a bitch in her whole life, but she couldn't help but bask in the glow of her perfect revenge against the cold as ice Jenna.

Jenna hastily left in tears with her mother and father, getting in the limo to be taken home. The rest of the guests were left confused by what could possibly have happened but Jenna didn't want anyone else to know what a sordid scene she had just witnessed.

Once Trevor and Sara had gotten dressed they agreed it was best to leave as quickly as possible and Trevor called a cab to take his mother home. His head was reeling by what they'd done and what the consequences would be, but he could hazard a pretty good guess.

Naturally, Trevor was informed the next day that he was terminated from the company and Jenna had filed for a quick divorce which he agreed to, of course.

At first, it felt like his incestuous affair with Sara had ruined his future and he went through a hard time trying to regain his emotional equilibrium. But as the months passed he began to realize his mother had been right; he'd had a lucky escape from a miserable marriage and a life chained to a demanding, stressful job.

With all the experience he'd gained he started up his own company as a freelance accountant and soon got back on his feet financially.

As for Sara, she knew she'd saved her son from an unhappy fate and, once the dust had settled, she began to tease him once again.

From then on, Trevor made no effort to resist her and he started visiting several times a week, staying over every time. Every year they would watch The Manchurian Candidate together, celebrating the anniversary of their forbidden sexual union, then enjoying a long night of taboo lovemaking. Never having known such happiness and constantly incredible sex, it was fair to say that Sara had no regrets about becoming a sonteaser.