

A Lifetime Lust

panzerfeck

FOREWORD

Welcome back to the secret world of Stevie and her son, Lee. I'm not yet sure where I want this new installment to go. As a result of current life circumstances I'm not even sure when I'll get to continue, but I'm certain that the characters will write themselves as they have from the start.

Also I was high as fuck when I wrote this over the space of a couple hours and didn't bother to edit, so fuck knows, publishing this might be a terrible idea. I just so happen to like terrible ideas, though, so I'm happy. That's something I guess.

Update: I have no marshmallows and I'm really in the mood for marshmallows now. I am no longer happy...

Why, God?

Why?

With long smooth strokes up and down, Lee massaged his rock hard cock with a fistful of baby oil and a mind full of vivid mental pictures. Slippery wet and gliding up and down, the exposed head fat and angry red with repetitive friction and building orgasmic pressure, it was no substitute for the real thing but it was close enough that he could close his eyes and let his imagination do the rest.

What it was to be young – he was hard all if not most of the time lately, but working full-time took away such quality time. And the irony was that he could get all the sex he wanted. The real thing wasn't far away at all. Just sometimes he couldn't wait so long.

He needed release sometimes up to six times a day. There was no need to guess what side of the family he got his sex drive from.

Masturbating in the comfort of his bed, in the privacy of his own room, he could imagine in peace the thing he loved to do most, not that it helped him to keep the monster down, under wraps.

Thinking about her made him this way. Doing this to himself didn't help. But he didn't want help. He just wanted her.

But alone he could picture sexual acts that some people wouldn't dare indulge in, and to a level of realism that betrayed the truth. He had done these things, like so few others, and loved doing them to the point of obsession; like any number of boys his age would binge Netflix or Xbox games.

His toes curled as each slippery stroke sent seething waves of pleasure from the tip of his penis and to the other end of every corresponding nerve. Blowing hard he bent his knees and lifted his hips off the bed, as though wrestling with the thick veiny monster in his hand.

But he was edging, trying to build up his stamina and work up his endurance, trying to see how far he could make an erection go. Sometimes he could fuck for close to two hours without coming and still go again after a little recovery time.

But working himself over like this, he got so hot that a splash of cold water afterwards might sizzle on the end of his cock. All he ever wanted was to be back inside the greatest pussy he'd ever had in his life-

His mother's!

'I can think of better uses for that, you know?' she said softly from the doorway. Lee almost leapt out of his skin at the sound of her voice, full of amusement, and sinful temptation, and shameless mischief.

He turned to look her in the eyes, seething with the desire to plunge his red hot sword into her cooling waters, and caught the last words on her lips...

'Come see me in my room if you fancy it,' she offered with glassy eyes and a hungry stare, before turning around to leave, her hips waltzing seductively.

'When did you get home?' Lee asked.

Distantly she mumbled; 'Long enough to skip the foreplay.' She laughed to herself, and was naked and spread-eagled on the bed before he laid eyes on her again, toying with her wet pussy. And she was so sensitive down there, so hot to the touch, that her hips bucked involuntarily at the sensation.

2

They kept up the pretence that all was as it had been in family life, though their relationship was now irreversibly changed. They liked the change. They liked what they had now, seeing each other's humanity unconditionally, their sexuality – that one latent vulnerability a man and a woman couldn't always share for fear of being taken advantage of in other ways.

There was a sexual thrill beyond what ordinary people knew, to a mother and son discovering each other's sexual weaknesses, and what turned their encounters from often awkward beginnings and nervous fumbblings to passionate and pornographic fuck-sessions.

One moment life went on as it had as far as memory served – but just the two of them, the way they liked it – and then all it took was a certain glance, a suggestive hint, or even the slightest bit of body language and the game of seduction would begin.

Summer was rolling on now, a few months after it all began. The rainy season was inching in, but every sunny day was still hot enough that the garden hose came out most evenings.

One such day Stevie was watering the garden after an afternoon bathing in the sun. She had on her favourite bikini – Lee's too, the frilly black one she had teased him out of his mind with – and was traipsing around the lawn barefoot, thinking she was alone.

Six inches was all it took...

The perfect spank, loud, hard, and stinging, had her leaping and yelping, before she pirouetted to see her son grinning

cockily, lunging for her. 'I'll do that,' he said, snatching the garden hose, only to turn the nozzle on his mother and give her a thorough drenching.

She waited for Lee in the kitchen shortly after, with a tray of ice cubes, pouring them down the back of his shorts when he unwittingly bent over into the open fridge in search of orange juice.

He chased her, they ended up wrestling on the stairs, laughing, and then spilling onto the landing, before fighting their way into her bedroom.

Clamped together, a mess of struggling limbs, damp and breathing heavily, he noticed that her nipples were hard and poking through the thin black bikini material. And Stevie, observing that her son was as hard for her as he was the day this very same thing happened on the lawn, asked again;

'Need to get up?'

Her legs were wrapped around his waist, ankles locked at the small of his back. And Lee, grinning mischievously, looked her straight in the eyes and replied;

'I'm already up!'

That was all it took. He stripped out of his shorts and pulled the crotch of her bottoms to one side, and slid long and deep inside her. And she was so wet and warm, snug and inviting, that every time they had sex, neither wanted it to end.

It was the third time they'd had sex that day since morning. Arousal was at a constant high between them, to the extent that Lee couldn't stop touching himself, needing to be back inside his mother again.

Stevie didn't even need that. Just putting one foot in front of the other caused the gusset of her thong to rub her throbbing clit. And honestly her sex life had never been so deliciously exciting and satisfying.

And some men had trophy girlfriends and some go on to trophy wives. Blonde, tattooed, big-titted and highly-sexed, Stevie was her son's trophy mother. For her there was currently no need to jump back onto the playing field and screw around with the type of mind-fuckers she seemed to attract.

As wrong as it was supposed to be – to feel – morally and principally, he was the perfect lover. Why go out for a dirty burger when you can stay home and have steak?

Why indeed – he wasn't the type to fuck with her mind. That was the last thing he could want for her. His mother, who would never abandon him again for some narcissistic prick ego, just needed the physical love and she would never need to put herself in danger of attracting such types again.

Eventually, most likely she thought, this new side to their relationship would die down, and Lee would need to seek it elsewhere. When that happened, Stevie would be happy to

embrace her age and grow old. But that was a faraway time and place.

And as much as she wanted Lee to go enjoy his youth and meet a nice girl, the full-time job at the warehouse was a start, and until that girl came along, she was living out her deepest fantasy, with his consent, and with the full understanding that it was all just a bit of fun.

But it was more than that, at least in a deep-down residing reality. Not only was Lee the man of the house, he was her man, and nobody else was near his league.

If she wasn't careful, if she became too hypnotised by the biological tick-tock-tick-tock inside to honour the laws of reality...

Well she couldn't let that happen. It would ruin the fantasy. It would bear consequences for which her only child would have to take responsibility, and that wouldn't be fair.

Little did she know that the danger she felt compelled to hide away, rather than to address, had become part of her son's routine whenever they gave into their urges and indulged in their heated sex sessions. He just kept it to himself.

4

'Hey mum,' Lee greeted warmly, passing through into the kitchen like a warm breeze. On the way past his smiling lips caught hers, and his hand caught one tightly denim clad hip and lingered a little.

Thirst called. The day was warm, to say the least, and travel from work was hectic, the trains packed like sardine tins, but sticky and uncomfortably hot. Beads of sweat dotted his smooth forehead and his mouth was hot and dry to hers.

'How was work?'

'Busy,' he said cautiously. He needed a moment to recover. 'I didn't stop all day. I'm knackered!'

'Well then get a cold drink and get out of your clothes,' Stevie suggested, leaving space between them as she followed. 'Cool off...'

'I will if you will,' he smirked before chugging from the juice bottle he'd retrieved from the fridge, though then there's be no cooling off at all if that happened.

'And how's the office?' It was his turn to ask. He didn't want to talk about the petty stresses of picking and packing at the Amazon warehouse in holiday time. 'The postman still drooling after you?'

'He finally found someone,' Stevie said, almost a little too excited about the matter. 'We're giving it two weeks, but she looks a little slow so maybe there's hope she's right for him.'

You get me all to yourself, she wanted to add.

Her body language might have said it for her. Lee seemed to stare a while before a knowing grin flashed across his face

and exposed his brilliant young pearly smile. Half an hour later he had that handful of baby oil, working out the kinks and thinking about her in ways that wouldn't fail to make her blush.

The bedroom door was wide open again. She could see everything. She'd just come upstairs to dress down into something airy and to get out of her boots. Now barefoot on the laminate flooring, he couldn't hear her footsteps over his own laboured breaths.

Stevie was suddenly feeling lightheaded with lust, just thinking about the orgasms that boy gave her with his big beautiful cock, and that youthful stamina he brought to the bedroom. For every stroke his hand made, audibly slick and slippery just like the way he ploughed her pussy, she thought exactly about that, and that left her shaking and breathless just like that fateful first day she walked in on him masturbating.

Jesus, it wasn't right what he was doing to her sex drive. She wanted it day and night now!

Stevie took a quick shower, barely getting through the menial but refreshing task without pleasuring herself. So many options, so many possibilities – nothing but sex filled her thoughts, eyes open or closed.

She read a new story on her Kindle after dinner, settled into the sofa in her usual feline way, and she could purr for how the simple things pleased her so.

It must have been the constant stimulation and the increased blood-flow as of late, but she swore that her clit was buzzing of its own accord and without a battery-operated friend. Pinching her thighs together she discovered this to be true.

It was like a low but prominent humming that radiated from that hot spot down inside the confines of her underwear.

A new story, and an exceptionally taboo and erotic one, portrayed a mother who willingly gets pregnant to her own son, and all the dangerous thoughts running through her mind leading up to the decision.

It was the call of nature for all women, she supposed. Stevie found herself not only highly aroused, but deep in thought about how that worked in any scenario. Sooner or later a woman found that one man they wanted to submit their very womb to.

Eve of "Master of Eden" found that one such man in her prodigal son. Stevie was thankful for the pill, and its 99% success rate, because there was nothing in the world that matched the feeling of Lee's throbbing, pulsating baby-maker sliding home to spurt its seed deep inside.

Nothing on Earth left her with that afterglow, that vitality, of being filled with the stuff of life. And before she could admit to herself that the thought of taking her son back into the womb electrified her, she tore herself out of that deep train of thought and wondered...

What did he think about leading up to that awesome, irresistible moment?

6

'Where are you?' she asked. He received the text in short time and was hasty to reply. It was 8pm. He had slipped out quietly just after tea, saying he'd be back soon.

'I took a train to the marina to drop by a few friends. I won't be long.'

'I feel like some ice cream.'

'Ooh, me too,' he replied, hastily once again.

'What flavour do you want?' Stevie asked.

'What were you thinking?'

'Pralines...'

'Make that two.'

'I'll make that one. I'm not paying a tenner for two little tubs!'

'Spoilsport.'

'Don't be too late or I'll eat you-

That typo was intentional and Lee knew it. His secret smile showed only in his response, where nobody but Stevie could see. 'Isn't that what he said?'

'Not today, so far,' Stevie shot back.

'I'll be back soon to put him straight,' he quickly typed. Obviously "He", Lee, was "Him".

'Such a gentleman,' Stevie replied and blushed. Yes, Lee could put her straight too with the talent of that silver tongue he possessed.

7

If the small supermarket closest to home had been fully-stocked then she would have been home before him. But once she got a taste for what she wanted there was no stopping her. Stevie was determined to have it.

'And what is a beautiful thing like you doing out hunting ice cream at this time?' an unfamiliar voice asked. It wasn't the chill of the open freezer door that caused her to shudder.

She turned to find a man with possibly five years on her own son, not to say that was an advantage. Even as Lee's secret sexpot, Stevie was not just some thing. The object of his desires, sure – by all means. But he didn't try to convey that by making her want to throw up in her mouth.

The young man was likely Egyptian, very dark skinned, and yet with eyes so black she could have been staring at the face of death itself. Stevie didn't have anything against his ethnicity, and this was not the first time she'd been approached in a supermarket, but damn...

Now she had been staring back, with nothing to say – maybe nothing worth saying – while this guy just stood staring at her tits; which were at eye-level.

Stevie didn't expect that the words, 'Is that abnormal to you?' would come from her mouth. It didn't deter him, which he proved immediately by shaking his head, smiling hungrily, and still staring like he could see right through her clothing.

'You didn't find what you're looking for?' he asked. 'Maybe I would treat you to an ice-cream date?'

'Excuse me? Do you always chat up women old enough to be your mother in the frozen foods section?' Stevie projected defensively.

Still the young man shook his head and smiled. 'No, beautiful lady, the whole supermarket is my oyster.' And then he paused, his eyes widening and becoming serious all of a sudden. She didn't like it. She had never cringed so hard, and was now backing up against the icicle-encrusted shelves.

'But your eyes they speak of oceans on which I yearn to sail...'

Such poetries!

'Okay fuck that!' Stevie snapped, now a little more than eager to escape. In her rush, she turned and grabbed the nearest tub of ice-cream, Mackies of Scotland – plain old trusty vanilla – and forced it into his hand. The young man frowned, confused now, and his eyes questioned her.

'Okay, fuck off away from me and go put your nob in that. You'll need to preserve it for the dick doctor, before it falls off,' Stevie said, and made her hasty exit.

'THE DICK DOCTOR?!!' Lee choked in the resulting hysterics. He struggled for breath too long for nothing as when he looked to his mother, in her own laughter, she had smeared ice cream from her dessert spoon all over the tip of her nose.

Even as Lee got up from his conservatory chair and proceeded to lick the ice-cream from her face, the hysterics didn't stop. But with a playful elbow she nudged him away and retreated to the kitchen to towel off the residual cream.

That didn't do the trick though. That greasy feeling, the same reason she didn't bother with concealer or foundation makeup except for special occasions, was still there. So she bent over the sink in her pyjamas and gave her face a quick scrub with hand sanitizer soap and cold water.

Stevie heard Lee approaching from behind before he indulged himself and grabbed her shimmying bottom

affectionately. 'Licking me – what are you like?' she said almost to herself.

'You're lucky I didn't try to eat you,' Lee said, reminiscent of their earlier texting. There was hinting in the tone of his words, followed by a silence that seemed to smile of its own accord. And then she felt him brush up against her.

His cock was already bulging in his jeans. He didn't truly know what that did to her.

'I am, am I?' Stevie asked, turning to face him with a knowing grin. Her son shrugged. 'Explain how that logic works?!'

It was Stevie's turn to shrug now. Absently her fingers grasped the waistband of her pyjama bottoms and tugged toward herself, causing the crotch to mould to the crease of her pussy. She pulled up then and felt every soft fibre nuzzling at her love-button.

'I mean, thinking about it,' she pondered hazily, and imagined, 'I kinda fuckin' like how you...

And pause.

'Eat me!'

It was dark outside now. It had been for an hour, and Lee was getting harder thinking about an idea he had earlier in the day.

'It's nearly black out there,' he hinted. 'Warm and dry...'

Stevie nearly crumbled there and then when she realised what he was getting at. Instead she got wet in an instant and found herself chewing at her lip in anticipation.

'We're alone and high and full of ice-cream,' Lee continued, only to be robbed of his slam-dunk when his mother replied;

'You're going to make me say "Eat Me" twice?'

So he took his mother out in the night, laid her down in the cool, soft, prickly grass, slipped her out of her pyjama bottoms, and proceeded to kiss, lick, nibble, suck, and snog her dripping pussy.

Lost in the taste and the sensations, Lee's hands embracing his mother's big, squishy tits, they both shared a whispering chorus of whimpers and sighs and quiet growls of approval as he granted her wish and thoroughly ate her.

'Now come upstairs and let your mother fuck you,' she whispered in his ear in time. That night she rode him slow but with the deepest strokes, declaring her love for his big cock and the feelings it brought to her.

9

When they lay dozing, that high feeling was still there, and Stevie gazed dreamily into the beyond. She lay curled up to

her son's side, one hand roaming his increasingly athletic body.

He enjoyed his swimming, testament to his leanness. He also enjoyed his weight-training, testament to the natural rockiness of his arms and shoulders and chest. Now having been his mother's lover for the past few months, his thighs and buttocks were filling out too, and his hips, his abdomen...

Jesus, was it her imagination or was his cock getting longer and fatter for every sexual reverie in which he lovingly slid deep in and out of his mother's drooling pink clam?

And God – basically just Jesus Premium – his balls certainly were producing more of that sticky white spunk. They were washing a double load of laundry now just for the towels.

'I love it when you come in me,' she whispered and softly laughed to herself at the simple fact that she was saying this to her son. Soon he was joining her, though his eyes were happily closed.

'I love coming in you,' he replied in good time, and then; 'I love coming with you more...'

There went that welling in her heart, and the fluttering of butterflies in her abdomen. And for all Stevie knew, a forbidden little sapling could have been planted within that spot earlier and could have been growing stealthily to fruition right now.

'Mmm-hmm,' she purred, warmly cupping his not so lifeless but currently spent cock in the palm of that one hand. 'You can definitely do either of those again.'

His eyes opened. Lee, laid out on his back, turned to catch his mother's gaze. Before he could guarantee it, she had more she wanted to say.

'I've a confession to make actually,' she began, now breathing heavily.

'Go on...'

'I kind of have this new fantasy. I think about it when I feel your orgasm approaching.'

'You can feel my orgasms coming?' Lee asked, somehow shocked at this revelation. Well he was only young. 'How?'

'Oh, I can feel you building up,' she gladly reminisced, and romanticised further. 'Your whole body gets harder and suddenly the end of your cock starts to feel hot. I can hear it in your breathing as well, and you make this sweet little moan...'

'I moan?' Lee begged, not believing her.

'And I love it, because I've heard it all your life – like whenever you're content and ready to collapse into bed. Actually I heard it when I saw you fucking your girlfriend,' Stevie gushed, now squeezing his cock emphatically. 'God that was so fucking hot...'

'But yeah I love hearing you coming,' she concluded; 'And when I feel it coming, into me – where was I?'

'Coming,' Lee reminded her patiently, and he grew harder in her hand again, and squirmed. 'And you had a fantasy to confess!'

She had him to full hardness after a few gently strokes, and he would be ready to satisfy her again soon. 'I fantasise that we're trying to make a baby,' she admitted. 'Don't worry, that'll never happen, ever!'

But Lee wasn't worried, not at all. He wanted, if anything, to tell her to get out of his head. He was ready to fuck her again, right that instant, but resolved to penetrate her searching eyes with his until she blushed hopelessly.

'Why do you think I prefer to come inside you?' he asked, and that told her everything she needed to know.

Lee loved to come on her tits, on her belly, and in between the dimples above her ass. And on the occasions that Stevie

just had to have her son's cock fill her mouth, he loved to hear her literally milk him and drink him down her throat.

But he loved nothing more than to gaze into her eyes, as they battled to parallel each other in that race to the top of the hill – to bring each other to orgasm at once – and to finish deep in that moment, clicking together like padlock and key, to unlock her love for him.

Stevie gasped and not just at his words. Lee had rolled to his side, let one hand roam over the curvaceous peninsula of her side, and then playfully swirled a fingertip over the hood of her clit.

'I'm your mum, you filthy bugger,' Stevie joked. 'Are you seriously suggesting you knock me up right now?'

'I'll die trying,' he responded ironically to her joke. It was late now and he was tired, and there was an early morning ahead, followed by a long day.

Lee spread wide his mother's thighs and positioned himself to glide inside her. As it happened, she was already very wet and willing.

'Oh,' she gasped involuntarily as she felt herself cleaved up the middle in the most delicious way, and then with a trembling voice; 'Yeah, nice and deep, so you can shoot right into my cervix!'

'You don't know how often I think about impregnating you when I'm close to coming,' Lee confessed in a series of gasps as he took Stevie's ankles and angled them up into the air in a way so that he could – on his knees – bear his pelvis down to achieve a depth she had never felt.

'Fuck... me,' she stammered, eyes and mouth open wide when his rigid length plumbed deep and completely bottomed out. 'How deep are you?' she begged, staring down to where his wet shaft disappeared between her thighs.

Suddenly her kegels were all but strangling him and Stevie could not fully grasp the immensity of how much of her

son was inside her, nor that of the sensations it caused. She had never felt so full.

'So fucking deep,' he seethed from between pursed lips, continuing his languid but gradually quickening assault of her sexual senses. 'So I can fill your womb,' he added, sending her over the edge.

'Jesus fucking Christ I want all of you in my womb,' Stevie moaned, and then pushing up to meet his gliding thrusts; 'Get in me!' she whimpered. 'Fucking get all the way in me!'

Well, he tried his best.

10

The next morning she awoke on her side, facing away, but with him spooning her. He was rock hard, and judging by his occasional shifting and nudging – and against her aching pussy – she wasn't the only one awake.

It was half six, so said the clock, and when she turned over to face him, she was greeted by a kiss on the lips. Smiling she said good morning and they made love...

They actually made love...

And it was so good that she believed him, about what he said that previous night. He wasn't just faking a confession to entertain her fantasy. Indulging in their shared fantasy, of Stevie and Lee making a baby, had founded a new connection.

But she could never have his baby. She was telling herself this because it was all so clear. Her body was crying out for his in one of the oldest expressions in the history of body language. And now his was talking back in a way it had never done before.

How the fuck she'd get through the day without people reading into the perpetual enchanted smile on her face, God only knew. Stevie only knew that at the next opportune moment she would reach into her son's boxers, fall to her

knees, and worship the god of fertility for all the wishes he was worth.

And a god-level troll, she would cheat him again of his power, denying her body what it seemed to need, if only to revel in the pleasures of the act itself.

'Are you alone?' she managed to ask by text at lunchtime, after some careful pussyfooting.

'I am now,' he replied from the warehouse bathroom stall.

'You can make love to me again like that anytime,' she texted back, then nonchalantly added; 'Love you!'

'I will as soon as I get you all to myself again,' her son replied quickly. 'Love you too!'

And – XXX –

Again, it seemed that work couldn't go by quick enough. But when the day finally passed, they both rushed back home like the wind.

'We're not in Kansas anymore, Dorothy,' Stevie thought on the ride back, at the same place she had back when this was all just beginning.

'But how I wish I could click my heels!'

THE END