

Late Developments

panzerfeck

Introduction

"How are we doing this? How am I letting him do this? How am I letting this happen to me?" I ask as he nudges and thrusts awkwardly into me with his stiff latex-clad cock. He's fucking me with the naivety of a much younger man, an inexperienced man; and that's what he is, or was; a thirty-six year old virgin!

I'm laid out on his single bed, my skirt hitched up around my hips and the crotch of my panties pulled to one side, and as I hold back my knees and close my eyes to think of other things the best I can, my only son breathes heavily down upon me as he drills my trembling depths.

This is his old bedroom, the one he slept in before he left to go to college and then to work away, and which he sleeps in now that he's returned home, broke, broken, and fed up with it all. Such was the pity I felt for he and myself that I welcomed him home to stay, thinking things might look up for him one day. Fancy still being a virgin after your sexual prime, though...

After a while I hear his breathing become more ragged, as I'm biting down on my lower lip, daring not to criticise him, for he has felt quite enough shame. God knows what he's thinking looking down on his fifty-eight year old mother as he stampedes towards his orgasm, but here it comes...

No it doesn't. He's softening up again. Poor boy!

1

Nobody can say that I love my son like only a mother could. There are reasons other than the sex. Jamie is far from ugly, but he is also sadly far from social, especially after some of the horrific ways he's been treated. That, without saying what those incidents were, explains why he gave up on dating. Self-employed and making just enough to cover the cost of living, Jamie lives an isolated life and is too happy with it for his own good.

My name is Sarah and I'd like to believe that age is being kind to me. Maybe when I hit sixty the rug will be pulled out from under me -- the blonde turned completely grey, my slim waist transforming into a paunch, and my pear

shaped bottom and breasts pointing the blame to cruel and shameless gravity. I have a few years left to find out.

We live in a bungalow, on a quiet street in the leafy suburbs. I never married, never had much of a sex life, and I never lived with Jamie's father. He didn't want the responsibility, no matter what his excuse.

Ever since Jamie moved back home, which was now some seven years ago, I became more and more aware of his frustrations as he tried and failed to be noticed. I remember well the frustration of the thirties; all my friends married and moved away, and my own social life growing stagnant. I felt for him. I wished that somebody would at least feel for me.

And so maybe that was all it took to put me on the slippery slope to committing incest. Just a lonely old mother with her socially awkward son!

It's a curious feeling, believing you're over the hill, but always yearning for the life that I see on the television. With all the sex that they show these days, it's probable that I see more than Jamie does when he watches porn on the laptop at night.

Though shocked by some of the things I heard coming from his bedroom, I could only laugh to myself in the end when I heard such gems as, "ooh, fuck your mommy." But what the hell?!

Was he really into that kind of stuff, like Cersei Lannister and his namesake from Game of Thrones, but specifically for his own mommy?

I kept myself to myself and let these thoughts ruminate until they became the norm. I suppose we all have our kinks, no different to when we were teenagers. But when I saw Jamie naked coming out of the shower, or frolicking in his sleep, which he also did naked, sometimes I couldn't help but yearn for that old feel of youth. What it was like to be so comfortable and confident with your own body...

Things took a turn for the weird when he caught me looking one Saturday morning. He was not yet awake when I came into his room. I was going out for the day and wanted to tell him. But instead I stood by the opened door and I watched his sleeping form. Because with one forearm over his face in the sunlight, the other was wrapped around his penis, growing upward to glory!

I watched with fascination, my breath held fast as Jamie stirred and began to stroke himself slowly. What a specimen it was. I hadn't seen such a thing in a long, long time. It was a beautiful thing to behold, his rising from sleep into arousal and self-pleasure. When he gasped and moaned, breathed in deep and released, I found myself brought back to reality so soon. This was getting too much for me. I had to stop it right there...

'Jamie, I'm going out,' I said quietly. He flinched and moved to cover his immodesty too late. Then groaned and rolled his back to me.

I left that morning feeling so guilty and yet I couldn't quell my remorse for wanting to have seen him finish. I could

allow myself to imagine him at full hardness, the whole thing thick, erect and throbbing. And at the point where he would ejaculate thick ropes of pure white seed, I would hate myself. But I didn't.

Imagine, I thought, if I had waited and watched and then thanked him for the show. I grimaced as I searched my purse for change for my train ticket. I'd better not get into the habit of thinking out loud.

3

Poor Jamie was frustrated beyond belief and I could tell simply for the fact that I was his mother. So when I decided to make the effort to involve myself and talk to him, I was faced with the challenge of weeding out the truth from the lies. Not that he was a liar by compulsion or by bad manners. It was clear to see that he had his shame to protect.

Maybe one day the chance would come to him, but then when I found out he was a virgin...

'No you're not,' I persisted, 'you've known plenty girls who found you quite charming. Are you telling me you never got with one of them?'

'I was raised to respect women, mum,' he said. 'And not to fall for trouble. I just wanted to wait for the right one to come along...'

'I don't know what to say.'

'Well the right ones came along and they chose trouble instead!'

Was I foolish to blame myself for having taught him respect? Was it my fault that a gentleman was no longer in fashion? I could have kicked myself. I felt so bad. I was the reason my son was in his mid-thirties and had never gotten laid. And come to think of it, I could have done with getting laid myself.

He dares not touch me when I'm letting him use me. I assume the position and he grasps the mattress, and when he fills me it's never to bursting point, where his balls would come to rest against my behind. Laid out flat on his single bed, knees up to my chest, I close my eyes and bite my lip and I let him have at it; a little more competent now in his deepening strokes and calmer of movement; a little gentler.

It's been three weeks now since we started having sex and still the same conclusion. He won't orgasm, but rather he goes soft at the end. And later at night I hear him masturbating to get to that sweet release that I want for him.

This time I took off my skirt for him and it lies crumpled beside me. I've surprised myself with such an act. Yes, my son is fucking me, but I have deliberately exposed more of myself for his pleasure and mine...

4

'I saw an interesting show last night, about family members who sleep together. I think it's terrible how they're treated,' I tell him during dinner one evening. He gives me a double-

take, his eyes momentarily wide, and he stuffs a boiled potato into his mouth to stifle his sudden laughter.

'I'm glad you find it funny. It's a tough subject,' I persist. 'There was a brother and sister, imprisoned and then separated. And there was a mother and son who looked really happy together, but they ran away so they could live together when somebody reported them.'

'Mum, why are you telling me this?' Jamie asks. 'It's a funny subject out of the blue.'

'I'm just saying that I think they should be left to their own devices. It isn't abusive. Love isn't illegal.'

'But there's a difference between love and shagging your own son,' Jamie suggests, turning to make eye contact with me. That's when I catch him.

'Love and shagging are synonymous, darling,' I point out. And then he catches me off guard.

'Okay, mum,' he nods, and then, 'fancy a shag later then?'

Bastard! I turn red. Beet bloody red! I become flustered and stutter and fail to find words. Yes I would actually and I know it. And if it has to be with my son, well, wouldn't that be strange? That's all the talking that was done there and then. Trying not to look a fool, I glued my eyes to the evening news.

5

Alas Jamie managed to get a date with a girl he had met online. Who was I to judge when the girls elsewhere had other men in mind? On the Friday evening he went out clean shaven and sharp and dressed like a gent, with his hopes set up high enough to break from the fall.

And that is what they did when he returned two hours later, stood up using a message addressed to "YOU SAD FREAK LOL". He was livid and heartbroken as you might imagine. No matter what he could have done, I don't believe he deserved it. Because he was very open in explaining what he was hoping for when he put the bitch behind him.

'I feel sorry for her,' he dismissed. 'She isn't even worth a fuck!'

'Is that how I raised you?' I scolded and said no more.

'No but how did that work out? I can't get a date being honest. I tell them I'm a virgin, all I get is insults and women laughing me off.' And without another word said he stormed off to his room and locked the door. Yet another night of not so stealthy masturbating - good lord!

I thought long and hard as I tossed and turned about this sad quandary, this endless maze my poor baby was trapped in. And until dawn I wrestled with my conscience as I imagined what I might do to motivate him to get over himself.

I knew I was no better for having had him aged twenty-two and having three more lovers than he ever did. I was no better and I was no happier. But to suggest what I might would be a gamble that could break both of us.

When the next weekend rolled around and I was better slept and resolved, I asked Jamie if he had anything nice planned, and was not surprised to find that he didn't. It was evening by then and we were washing the dishes.

'Did you take condoms with you when you went on your date?' I asked as I sponged our soapy plates.

'What kind of question is that?'

'Did you?' I asked again nonchalantly.

'Obviously, I'm gullible, not stupid,' he groans. 'Why?'

'Do you still have them?'

'Yes...'

'Well,' I begin with a sigh and as a chill runs up my spine. By the time I summon the courage to say what I must, my

stomach is in knots. 'If it's going to keep bothering you as much as it is that you can't lose your virginity, you could use me for sex if you wanted to. That would be alright with me...'

Never in my life was there such a silence.

'Mother...'

'Because I love you and I care about you and...'

'You cannot be serious. What are you thinking?' he asks, but I can see he's growing hard against the crotch of his jeans. Well at this point I know that his outrage isn't 100%. But in all honesty, it appears that we would both fuck anything at this point.

'I'm here if you want to talk about it,' I offer. 'Or if you want to take care of your problem.'

I finish the washing up alone. Jamie silently disappears, but later on I discover, after thinking that he was hiding in his room, that he had snuck out. I don't know what to expect when he confronts me. I'm spraying the houseplants when he comes up behind me and in my ear, he says, 'are you sure?'

6

So there I was, reassuring him that it was alright, that it didn't matter that I was his mother. Because he respected me the most and he loved me the most, and because I just wanted to help. I didn't remember what sex felt like when I was much younger. Far from my mind was the thought that I would enjoy it. Because it would be a bit weird, even under these circumstances, if his mother was to enjoy herself while being used for the sake of removing her son's virginity.

I sat down on the edge of his bed and asked if he was ready. Jamie didn't seem to want to get undressed in front of me. Until the last moment he kept his stiffened cock in the

durably covert confines of his jeans, until I lied back, hitched up my skirt and pulled aside my panties.

God knows what was going through his mind. We spoke very little all of a sudden, just a few words wherever necessary. 'Okay?' I asked, my wetting pussy exposed to the air and waiting for his hot, hard touch.

I concentrated on slowing my breathing and untying the knots in my stomach, and looking to the ceiling I listened to him unfasten his belt and lower his zip, and then the rustle and rip of the condom packet.

'Hold your legs back,' I heard him whisper as he stroked himself and ended with a faint latex snap. We were really doing this, me and my son, and now came the moment that he would take me and experience sex for the first time in his life.

I held onto my knees and scooted to the edge as much as I could so that Jamie could reach me from his position on his knees. And my final words as I remember them; 'Jamie, relax and remember that it's okay to enjoy yourself.'

Trembling and chilled, a shaking breath entered my lungs as the thick swollen head of his cock parted me both ways. I heard him steady his breath quietly as the act brought him such pleasure. I closed my eyes and tried hard to steady my nerves.

'Are you sure about this?' he asked a little too late. I could hear anxiety in his voice. Eyes clamped closed, I nodded reassuringly and braced myself. His full length inside me, a magnificent feeling, I drenched his condom-covered hard-on and came instantly.

Oh my god, what was I doing? What were we doing? How did this happen? Don't make a sound. Don't enjoy it, don't moan or gasp. It'll be too weird for him, I thought, as he began to jerk in and out...

7

Believe it or not, my tossing and turning that night was not down to guilt, or remorse for what we had done. I couldn't

sleep for cringing and wanting to laugh, like a hormonal teenager who couldn't believe she had let herself do something so naughty, so wrong!

That first time had lasted all of ten or fifteen minutes, and was nothing to write home about. Well, why would I? I was there?

The next morning I greeted Jamie with breakfast in bed, bright and optimistic: 'How do you feel? You look well slept for a change!'

He gave me a wan smile, maybe a little worried. 'Are you okay?'

'Wonderful,' I beamed. 'You'll have no problems with the girls.'

But in his mind that still wasn't true. And because he couldn't finish, despite me telling him that was apparently common. Jamie told me he was worried that he wasn't up

to scratch. What kind of woman would want a man who couldn't keep it up?

I couldn't believe I was hearing myself when I told him he could try again. And that second time led to a third time. God knows how, don't ask me. It wasn't like I was beginning to enjoy this new kink, having my mature, handsome son slowly screwing me every night over every weekend.

But I was enjoying it, loving it in fact. My senses were awakening a little at a time. Each time he thrust into me with a little more conviction came with greater ease, as his mother's pussy grew wetter for him, hotter, more slippery; more snug and accommodating.

I refused to meet his flirtations with anything other than a curt smile and a dismissive hand, knowing full well that he was humouring me, though knowing that I appreciated it. And when those nights drew in and we were up for it; 'I'm going to bed soon if you want anything...'

How can I say that it never occurred to me that I was no longer being used by my son but possibly using him? How can I say without seeming any more depraved that the sex with my son, now regular, was no longer educational?

Another Saturday came around and I was reading one of my romance novels. It was the kind where the romance was the subtext at best, and wrapped around a plot of seduction and sex. We hadn't had sex since the previous Sunday and the thought of it weighed on my chest. Jamie walked through the door after a trip to town and greeted me with an honest smile, clearly noticing the book.

'Got your dream lover for tonight then have you?' he asked with a cheeky grin.

'I'm free this afternoon,' I implied, eyes fixed firmly on the page.

'How about now?' he asked...

He deliberately started heading for his bedroom. I stood up and followed him part way. And as I stood peeling off my jeans beside my own bed, he came in and looked at me as if to ask, "what gives?"

What did give? I smiled as I then peeled off my panties and stood completely naked from the hips down before perching high on the edge of the bed, and in broad daylight. I'd have shocked myself if I wasn't so horny.

My bed was much larger and taller too, so as he took off his own jeans and approached me, we were at just the right height for him to take me standing. And then another surprise, after he rolled a condom down over his impressive length and girth, he pulled me closer to him by my ankles and pinned back my thighs.

Biting my lip I kept my eyes open, new to this sensation of being held in his hands. Jamie's body commanded me, his throbbing pole divined toward me, and my pussy pulsed hungrily to receive him all.

I gasped as he entered me and stifled too late, aware that I had shown pleasure, which captured his attention immediately, though he didn't stop. Slowly he withdrew and entered me again, his own birth canal hugging him lovingly, lubricating his stiffened sexual excitement for me.

And now that my ass was in his hands, he could feel me trembling and shaking, every tremor. He grunts and I see a smile from the periphery, while transfixed on the sight of him plunging in and out of me. Jesus fucking Christ!

Ten minutes go by of sustained gentle screwing and for every gasp that escapes me I feel him grow harder. He's getting turned on knowing that he's giving me such pleasure. Mother and son are arousing each other.

Another ten minutes go by where he begins to caress me, my ass and my thighs like putty in his hands, and near the end he takes my legs and suspends them with his arms. Shocked, I look at him, and I look directly into his eyes. The sudden urgency overcomes me to clamp down on him, to suck him in deep.

In that moment he smiles involuntarily, through the pained veil of pleasure, and then follows my lead deeper. Shaking violently he erupts and lets out a moan. He feels so good inside me, I'm astonished. It's the first time he's come. Though protected by his thin latex sheath, he came inside me -- his own mother.

'Oh my god,' I gasp, eyes wide with disbelief. I should be terrified but I'm too overwhelmed with pride.

'Jesus,' he sighs heavily, with a satisfied smile, trying to catch his breath. Unexpectedly he reaches down and plants a kiss on my forehead.

9

Jan and Ted are a couple of friends I've known forever. They drop in from the north once or twice a year, whenever they can. Usually it's just on the way to or from Jan's dad's. We have a glass of wine or two, except for Ted, who drives the rest of the way home.

Jan and Ted both remark that Jamie seems so much happier. I digress. I agree. Whatever has gotten into him. Of course, two glasses of white and he's anybody's. 'Go and have a lie down if you're tired,' I laugh and Jamie says his goodbyes.

Jan and I continue to catch up for a while, at the end of which two bottles have been put away. 'we'll be stopping every five minutes all the way back to Yorkshire at this rate,' Ted muses, though he's probably less than amused. Shortly after they're gone and I'm sat all alone.

And I get to thinking...

The summer sun is streaming through Jamie's bedroom window and he's lying there naked beneath a thin white sheet. With one forearm over his eyes, just like that fabled morning, his other is lazily at work elsewhere.

When I climb on top of him he's startled to see that I'm almost completely naked except for a white lace bra. I smile down on him as my eyes make contact with him. 'Let me...'

I take a condom out of his bedside drawer and climb down his torso to do the honours. I take his beautiful cock in my hand for the first time, peeling back gently the foreskin, and carefully roll the condom from glans to hilt.

It's one of the most erotic experiences I've ever had the pleasure of partaking in, I'm wet enough from that alone. Seductively riding my son for the next twenty minutes races lazily into first place. The intimacy of eye contact as we whisper to each other is out of this world. I can't believe what we've come to.

"Look at you plunging into me..."

"The way you slide up and down me..."

"I love you, son!"

"I love you, mum!"

We enjoy many weeks more of casual sex on the weekends until we get to the summer holidays when it gradually becomes more frequent. As we don't take the same weeks off, though next year we definitely will, Jamie's working week is filled with morning sex, which wakes him up bright and cheerful.

Then when August rolls around and it's my turn to take a vacation I decide I'm going to go see old friends. When I come back, Jamie has a surprise for me. For the first time he introduces me to oral sex. I'm not prepared for the orgasms that follow.

In his own words, he ate me out like a bulldog gobbling a bowl of melting ice cream. Never again! I screamed down the whole neighbourhood in the middle of the day!

But it's time to face facts, and it's an easy decision to make. It's what's best for both of us and I'm sure my devoted son will agree. I wait to tell him another day, which happens to be Friday evening. It's a muggy one and the temperature's

high, so it's inevitable that we'll wind up naked sooner or later. I take a cool shower and then call him into the bathroom.

'I need to talk to you a moment,' I say as I use the bath towel to tamp the moisture from my breasts. Jamie, unsurprisingly, is listening, but his eyes are elsewhere. 'I have something to ask you...'

'Do you know why I make you wear a condom?' I asked him. The suddenness and nature of the question took him by surprise.

'To stop you getting pregnant?' he asked.

I shook my head. Jamie shrugged, his cheeks flushing radiantly. 'I'm past having children. I'd have never let us have sex if I still could. It would have been out of the question.'

'Then why?'

'Because I wanted that last barrier to protect us both, to have that one flimsy excuse,' I explained. 'In case things went horribly wrong somehow, we could say that we never truly went all the way...'

'I see,' Jamie muttered, but he didn't truly see. Not yet...

'But thankfully neither of us regrets anything, do we?' I asked with a tight smile. Jamie shook his head, his face on straight, but his eyes smiling back intensely.

'So I have something else to ask you, but more to ask of you,' I went on and finally bit the bullet. 'Do you want to sleep with your mother tonight?'

No less than gawping at that moment, Jamie's mouth had fallen open. 'On one condition,' I added, 'if you think you can handle it...'

'Yes!' Well his mind was already made up.

'No fucking,' I stated, which utterly confused him. 'We make love in my bed...'

We didn't wait until night.

11

To feel my son's warm naked adult flesh against mine drives me dizzy with love and desire. To think that we have come this far is in itself a head-spinning experience. And on this hot evening as the hazy orange summer sun sets over the rooftops, I get to take him all the way, as no other woman ever has. I don't pity him. This is no longer sympathy. He is a good son and I love him so much that I would let him experience that love with me; whether nature intended for it or not!

As we lay coupled side by side, arms and legs entwined, I freely sigh my gratification as once again he nurses from my breasts, only this time to bring me pleasure. Goosebumps break out all over me and between my thighs I melt and trickle in waiting.

I offer him a loving kiss, just a peck on the lips, and tell him his mother loves him, and that kiss is returned and then served back and forth playfully as I stroke his length beneath the sheets and sigh into his mouth.

I soon surprise myself when I ask him if I can suck it, and then take the initiative, smoothing my way down his naked body to taste him. Before long I've found a slow, deliberate rhythm, feeling him glide along my tongue toward the back of my mouth as I coat him in hot saliva. He tastes delicious in my mouth, but I want to feel him sliding deep inside me to where he was conceived.

I lie down, sinking into the goose down pillows and invite him to join me, to get on top of me and to follow his instincts. I don't expect for one moment that with all the adoration in his eyes that he will initiate such a passionate, sensuous, lingering kiss. But he does, and as our lips are at play and our tongues swirl together, I feel him swollen, throbbing, twitching, pulsating, and bareback, as his beautiful big baby-maker eases its way inside me.

I gasp and sigh, we groan together, as his hips ease mine further apart, and as I wrap my legs around his waist, eyes sleepy but alive with wonder, I whisper to him, 'son I love you so much...'

His motions are masterful and maddening at once. His stiff prick impaling me softly, fluidly, I'm at the mercy of his whims, which are now to both love me and to dominate me.

'Oh god, it feels so good to be in you like this,' he whispers as my hands explore his body, eyes glued to the sight of our bodies sliding and fitting together. I'm so wet I'm sloshing around his muscular spearhead as he delves my depths, and then I brace myself, gripping him tight and then slipping hopelessly as his hard incestuous cock resists and pummels my orgasmic inner walls.

It's so much to take that I have to ward him off to catch my breath, but lazily we move around, with Jamie in charge, so that he's now spooning me and entering me from behind. I sigh, I sigh, I close my eyes, and my mind explodes with light and colours. My son is bareback inside me, making

love to me, and these are the hallucinations of my concussed human soul.

And god knows how much time goes by. I feel both so old and yet superhuman, for being able to keep up. We roll around and play and kiss and switch positions, because tonight, for my lover, there are no bounds.

'I'm going to sleep for a couple of days after this,' I will tell him later in all seriousness, but I'll want to remain trapped forever in the moment that my son, my hero, my pride and joy, licked the dripping sweat from my breasts as we rode joyously towards one shared seething hot orgasm, together and in love.

'How does that feel?' I ask from beneath him, my loud crazy heart hammering hard against his, as he ejaculates the last blast of his thick, hot semen deep into his mother's cervix. He smiles down on me, my own flesh and blood, and in place of words, his soft lips and teasing tongue meet mine once again in our secret consanguineous dance.

My relationship with my son remains as strong as ever, several years later. Believe it or not, he's in a relationship now with a woman who knows of our sex life. They met through a special website for those who share fantasies of having such relationships with their beloved family members. When Anna met Jamie and discovered just what a lover he could be, it was no surprise why she was happy to let our sexual relationship continue all the same.

'I couldn't consciously take you away from your mother,' she told him, 'knowing the lover that you are!'

After all she has me to thank.

THE END