

Baby Steps: Generations

Chapter 1 of 8

I climbed the ladder, raising a flashlight above my head and swatting away the shower of dust and cobwebs.

It'd been years since anyone had been in the attic. That meant spiders and moths and a whole shit-ton of dust, if not anything worse. The last thing I needed was to be attacked by some bat or rat or feral cat. Not that any of those things were all that likely to be up here. Hopefully.

No, if there'd been any rodents living up here, someone would've heard them scurrying about at some point.

It'd just be dust. Dust and spiders.

Which was exactly why *I'd* been given the task.

Mom? She wasn't exactly keen on the creepy crawlies. And my sister? Well, you couldn't *pay* her to come up here.

Once I was fully up the ladder, I looked around the attic.

Torchlight shone on a whole lot of grey. A layer of dust coating everything in sight. The only parts of the attic that weren't coated in snow-like dust were the slanted walls and wooden crossbeams. And *those* had enough cobwebs hanging from them that I felt like I'd entered an over-done horror movie set.

This was going to be a pain in the ass.

Oh well, better get on with it.

I pulled myself up onto the attic floor, took a tentative step forward. The boards beneath my feet creaked and groaned, which was unsettling.

"You're not gonna fall through the ceiling," I told myself, tasting dry dust in the air. "Hopefully."

Save for some old furniture and what looked like a fridge, there were only cardboard boxes to be found. A dozen or so, all piled neatly in one corner. The rest of the attic was empty.

Good. Could've been a whole lot worse.

One by one, I picked up the boxes - noticed all of them were sealed up tight with packing tape along every seam. Some were heavier than others, with the heaviest feeling like it was full of metal or something. But, in just a few minutes, I got them all out of the attic. Descending the ladder with boxes in my arms wasn't easy, but I managed it well enough.

Which was to say, I didn't fall and break my neck.

That done, I closed up the attic again, carted the cardboard boxes to my bedroom, then grabbed some clean clothes and went to take a shower.

Dust, it turned out, was real fucking messy.

"Find anything interesting?" My mother asked later that day.

I turned from the kitchen cupboard I was raiding, shrugged at her. It was difficult - looking at my mother and not being overwhelmed by just how beautiful she was.

Red hair, long and luscious. Stunning blue eyes that sucked me in, made me feel breathless. A freckled face, pale skin stark against the little dots. She had full, plump lips that were always curled up in smiles and laughter. A body sculpted by gods; huge breasts that felt magnetic with how much my eyes wanted to drift down to them, how difficult it was to resist that pull. She was slender, fit; had a nice, round ass.

"Not really," I managed to choke out, glancing away from her. "Just some old junk. Clothes and computer stuff mostly, nothing worth keeping so far."

"If the clothes are in good condition," Mom said, stepping into the kitchen and walking over to the freezer, "I'll drop them off at a charity store before we leave. Best not to

waste anything if we can help it.”

My gaze drifted to her butt as she bent over, searching through the freezer for something to cook.

Some deep, annoying part of my brain scolded me for looking at my mother like I was. Ogling her. She was my own mother! It was wrong. I shouldn't look at her like that, shouldn't be getting a boner from watching her.

But what could I do about it?

My body didn't care that the sexy, beautiful woman in front of me was my mother. All it saw was the hottest piece of ass I'd ever seen. I couldn't control when I got boners, or who gave them to me. I was just along for the ride.

Besides, was it *really* that wrong?

I shook my head quickly, retreated from the kitchen before Mom could turn around and notice the bulge in my pants.

Even as I was making my way back upstairs, fantasies filled my head. Impossible things, unreal possibilities. Me staying in the kitchen and Mom turning around, seeing my boner. It turning her on. Her being overwhelmed by lust and desire...

Stupid fantasies.

Yet, I couldn't shake the idea. Couldn't reject it fully.

As far as I was aware, Mom hadn't had a boyfriend or a lover since Dad had kicked the bucket. And that'd been back when I'd been a kid - too young to even remember him. She probably hadn't been laid in close to two decades.

Maybe seeing a guy's hard-on was all it'd take for her to lose control. Maybe her seeing my bulge would awaken a deep, long-buried hunger inside her.

Unlikely.

Still, the fantasies persisted. That one morphing into new ones, all cantered around the sexy redhead that was my mother.

The moment I was back in my room, I collapsed onto my bed.

Fighting the urge to jack off to Mom was always agonising. The temptation was strong, and the reasons not to always felt too quiet and lame. So what if I rubbed one out? Where was the harm in that? But I fought the urge all the same.

I forced myself off the bed, made my legs and arms move as I tried to push thoughts of Mom off my mind.

Still a few boxes to open. Might be something worthwhile in one of them. Probably not, but I still had to check. Better to do it now than later. Get it over with.

Anything to get her out of my head.

I grabbed my pen knife, cut open one of the boxes.

It was filled with paper. Blank paper and stacked documents. After a quick skim through a few pages, I set the whole bunch of documents aside.

Nothing interesting. Just bland data reports or something.

I opened the next box, pushed aside crumpled paper and plastic and plucked out a black box. Square, about the size of my head, metal, with a power cord attached and a few other cables dangling from it.

After a quick examination, I realised what it was.

A small, old-school NAS. A network storage system for computer files. Probably for documents from my father's work. Nowadays, people would just save everything to the cloud.

I opened the NAS up, pulled out the hard drives stored inside.

Archival hard drives. Made for long-term data storage.

“Huh,” I said to myself, hefting the drives. “Okay.”

In one of the other boxes, I'd found my father's old laptop. A massive brick of a thing compared to today's slim and slender laptops. It'd been totally useless. Wouldn't start up, even after plugging in the charger. And, even if it had booted up, the drives inside it

would've degraded so much over the years that there'd be nothing left on them to salvage. Same story with the desktop computer I'd found. Old, dead junk that was only good for recycling.

But these archival drives? They might actually be salvageable.

"Need to get adapters for them," I said to myself, examining the hard drive ports.

"Maybe get an SSD to duplicate them onto, just in case. If they still work, that is."

It wasn't too late yet. I could head out now, get everything I needed and be back in an hour.

"Why not?" I said to myself, stashing the hard drives in my bag. "Gotta take care of *that* anyway."

"Any idea what's on them?"

"Not really," I shrugged. "His old work stuff, I guess. Documents and what-not. I think he was a data analyst or something. Tried asking Mom, but she really has no idea what he used to do - other than it was 'computer stuff'."

"Not helpful," my buddy sighed. "How many drives were there in the NAS?"

"Two," I answered.

Will was a techy guy. The kind of nerd that loved building computers and tearing gadgets apart so he could look at their innards. Dude had circuit boards mounted to his bedroom walls like trophies. If anyone could help me out with tech stuff, it was him.

"Two," he repeated thoughtfully. "Hmm..."

"Is that important?"

"Could be," Will said. "If your dad worked with computers and had a home NAS, and went out of his way to get archival hard drives specifically, chances are he was running them in a small RAID array. And, if that's the case, you'll need more than a simple adapter to get them working."

"Which means...?"

"If I'm right," Will grinned, "chances are the data on the drives will be a lot more secure than I'd thought. Gimme a few minutes and I'll see. Don't suppose you remember the make or model of the NAS?"

"Nope," I shrugged.

"Didn't think so."

Will spent the next twenty minutes doing techy stuff that went way over my amateur head. Slotting the drives into some blocky contraption next to each other, running some command line programs, typing on his very loud keyboard. Lost in his own world.

"How's it all looking?" I asked when he plugged a USB stick into his computer, started running a new program.

"All good," he answered.

There was a long moment of silence. My chest lurched.

Looked like it was time to do it. Say 'goodbye' and all.

"Hey," I said, looking away from him. "Sorry I haven't been around much lately. Things have been... busy at home."

"I figured," Will said, not looking at me.

"It's gonna suck," I sighed. "Us not being able to hang any more. I'm gonna miss it."

"Shit happens," Will said softly. He turned to look at me. "Look at the bright side. You won't have to keep making excuses for why I always destroy you in Bonestorm."

"You don't *a/ways* win," I grunted.

"Uh-huh," Will smirked. "It only happens when the controller is sticky, right? And when the sun's in your eyes. And when you need to use the can. And-"

"Yeah, yeah. I get it," I grunted, nodded at his computer screen. "So, how's it looking?"

"Good news and bad news," Will shrugged.

"What's the good news?"

"The data on the drives is fine. I'm transferring everything on them to the USB, and that'll take a lil' while. Lots of large files on there. Should be done in half an hour or so."

"And the bad news?"

"The bad news," Will said gravely, "is that, since you're moving away, I'm not gonna be able to go through with my plans to seduce your mother anymore. Looks like you're not going to have to call me 'dad' after all."

"Fucker."

"But not a mother-fucker, unfortunately," Will grinned. "Come on, let's go play some Bonestorm while the files copy over. Don't worry, I'll go easy on you."

It was several hours later when I got back home. The sun was down, the house dark. Mom was probably sleeping already, and my sister was either in bed or out with friends - most likely the latter.

I crept upstairs, not wanting to wake anyone, and headed to my bedroom.

After a few moments of internal debate, I decided to boot up my computer and check out the files. The temptation to sleep was strong, but curiosity won out.

Keeping the computer's speakers off, I turned on the computer and slotted the USB drive into an empty slot. A pop-up folder appeared and, leaning back in my chair, I began browsing the different folders and subfolders.

It didn't take me long to find the 'Audio Logs' folder.

Dozens and dozens - hundreds - of different audio files were listed, all fairly large in size. Countless hours worth of... Something.

Not work-related stuff, from the file names. What could the audio files be?

Not wanting to wake up Mom with the noise, I kept my speakers off. Whatever those logs were, they could wait until tomorrow.

Another folder, labelled 'Pregnancy Progression', caught my attention. My immediate thought was that it'd be some kind of photo-record of Mom's pregnancy or something.

What I found when I opened the folder blew me away.

Video files. Hundreds of them. All with dates and times in the file names. And, from the thumbnails, I knew *exactly* what those video files contained.

Porn. Home-made porn.

Porn of my *mother*.

I could see her face in one of the thumbnails, smiling up at the camera - shoulders bare. Another thumbnail showed two massive tits. Another, I saw, had Mom's backside on full display.

My cock stirred to life instantly.

My hand moved by itself, hovering the mouse cursor over one of the video files.

I hesitated.

This was my mother. Opening one of these files - watching her having sex - there was no going back from that. I'd never be able to unsee it. Did I *really* want to do this?

I double-clicked.

The video player opened, my mother's face appearing on-screen in full. Despite being almost twenty years younger in the video, she looked near enough the exact same as she did now. Beautiful and radiant and breath-taking.

And, in her eyes, a look I'd never seen on her face before.

Lusty excitement. Desire.

She was standing in a bedroom, hair behind her back, wearing a plain, blue dress.

For a few seconds, nothing happened.

Then she nodded her head quickly, smiled wide. She opened her mouth, began to speak. With my speakers turned off, I couldn't hear anything she was saying. Answering a

question, maybe. Talking to the camera man - who could only be my father.

Mom's hands went down to her belly lovingly. From how flat her tummy was, it couldn't have been that far into her pregnancy.

She nodded her head again, let out a little laugh.

Then she reached behind her back, began slowly unzipping her dress. She shimmied her shoulders, swayed her hips.

And the fabric dropped from her body.

My breath caught in my throat.

Massive, naked breasts. Mom's huge tits.

They bounced as she shook her chest, dangled when she leaned forward and blew a kiss to the camera.

My cock was out in seconds, hand rubbing it wildly.

After cleaning up my mess with a discarded sock, I was left sitting in my desk chair. Staring at my computer screen. Eyes wide, heart racing, mind blank, chest rising and falling heavily.

There were hundreds of videos. Many from before Mom had ever been pregnant, as well as tons more during her two pregnancies and the time between them. There were some recorded after her second pregnancy too, though a lot less. So many videos that if I put them all in one playlist, it'd take *weeks* for them all to be played. Hundreds and hundreds of hours.

And that was only scratching the surface.

The audio files - they were dated even further back than the earliest videos. All of them around an hour long.

"Emily," I said softly. Mom's name. All the audio files in this folder started with it.

emily_01.mp3

emily_02.mp3

emily_03.mp3

On and on the list went.

I was tempted to get out of bed, search for some earphones. I had a pair laying around somewhere. If I plugged them in, I'd be able to listen to whatever was in these files. But I didn't want to get up and look, not while I had so many more folders to look through.

More searching led me to folders of another woman.

"Helen," I read. "Who's 'Helen'?"

There were audio files for Helen too. And video recordings.

An odd shiver ran up my spine.

There was something here. Something *big*.

I could feel it.

More than home-made porn. More than images of my mother getting fucked or sucking dick. There was something huge hidden away in these files.

I blinked at my screen.

Tired. I was tired. Falling asleep at my desk.

But I couldn't get up. Not yet.

It was like fate itself was guiding me. Urging me on.

I kept searching through the folders and files until I found text documents. Journals and records and plans.

"Hypnosis," I read in disbelief. "Emily... Precautions to prevent... Blah, blah... Similar to Helen's sleep command... What in the hell is all this?"

Just when things were beginning to kind-of make sense, as I was beginning to understand what all this was - my Dad, it seemed, had liked to hypnotise Mom and some lady named Helen or something - I came across something that changed *everything*.

Daughter.

Emily - my mother - was this man's daughter.

My grandfather?

Who was also my father?

It felt like a ton of bricks had been dropped on me. Like the world itself had just stopped turning.

Impossible.

There was no way. It couldn't be. It just couldn't.

My tired, sleep-deprived brain slogged through the revelation. Emotions stirred inside me in a confused, twisted mess. Shock, discomfort, horror. And, beneath it all, something much, much worse.

If Mom had been hypnotised and tricked into sleeping with Dad, starting a whole relationship with him, what was stopping *me* from doing the exact same thing?

Nothing, my brain answered before I could stop it.

The thought - the possibility - was like a seed planted inside my skull. A weed that'd grow and refuse to disappear.

Despite my fatigue, my drowsiness, I didn't try to sleep.

The shock of discovery was more than enough to keep me awake as I browsed through document after document.

Next thing I knew, the sun was coming up and I was still at my desk. Internet browser open on a page of hypnosis instructions and information. Learning everything I could about the craft that'd allowed my old man to seduce his daughter.