

Georgia and Darcy

Chapter 1

Georgia Reed met the man of her dreams when he saved her from an overly aggressive mosh pit at a Fugazi concert in 1992. A blonde undercut and a Red Hot Chili Peppers t-shirt, she thought he looked like Kurt Cobain. His eyes seemed to see into her very psyche and his body was that of an Olympic swimmer. She discovered in the back seat of his car, his cock was made of granite and his caresses came from heaven. As he came inside her on that same night they met, she told him she loved him and he said the same. When he drove her home and promised to phone her the next day she imagined wedding bells and white picket fences. When two days had passed and no call came, she hesitated dialling the number he'd given her. Her mind knew what was happening but her heart held out hope. The number wasn't connected, and she never saw him again. Nine months later she met the true love of her life and she named him Darcy.

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25 years later, Georgia was running late for work. She'd hurried her shower and skipped breakfast. Stumbling along the hallway, her skirt around her waist, attempting to pull up her pantyhose she was thankful Darcy had already left the house. What a sight she must have looked, she thought. Another thought entered her mind, and she voiced her frustration in an audible, "Fuck!" She'd forgotten to email a copy of her driver's license to the DMV. Some mix-up at their end had seen her car's registration become invalid and her plan was to scan all the relevant details and email them the night before.

Georgia entered the kitchen, looked at the time and took a deep breath. Not wanting to be driving an unregistered car she made a fateful decision. "Fuck it, work will have to wait." She stated.

She'd asked Darcy about using his computer and scanner a couple of days previous and he'd been compliant. Fetching her I.D and the relevant documents from a drawer she made her way to her son's room and entered his domain. She shook her head and smiled at his unmade bed and tried not to get annoyed at the dirty clothing scattered on the floor. Boys will be boys, she thought to herself and sat down at his desk, turning on the PC in the process.

The lock screen appeared with some kind of demon face staring back at her. She entered the password she knew he used for everything and the home screen, with an equally as unsettling image of horror became the backdrop for his desktop. As she navigated her way to the internet it dawned on her what a violation she may have been committing. Yes, he had said she could use the computer but that was probably implied under his supervision. As she opened the search engine to access her email she was instantly apprehensive as to what may inadvertently appear. To her relief, the history had been deleted and no other search terms popped up.

Turning on the scanner she placed her drivers license on the glass and closed the lid. Finding the icon for the printer/scanner she opened the application and pressed scan. A notification box popped up on the screen. "Before proceeding do you want to save previous file? Yes. No. More details." Georgia was in two minds as to what to do. Clicking on "more details," in the hope of being provided another

option, like "ignore" she was greeted with an image that took her breath away.

The woman on the screen was her but not her! Georgia's mind was struggling to fathom what she was seeing. The photo was definitely her, taken last Christmas as she enjoyed a glass of wine in the kitchen. Her face looked the same, the kitchen looked the same but the woman in the photo wasn't wearing pants.

For a moment she wondered when it may have happened. Did she get that drunk that somehow she'd forgotten it? But reality swept away the ridiculous notion. She knew the exact photo, it was one of the rare photos they'd actually made a physical print of. No, the photo had been doctored, "photo-shopped" she thought the word was. Someone had edited it to make her appear half naked. Not just "someone" she thought, the only person who even had access to the photo. Her son!

The more she stared at herself the more detail she noticed. He'd matched the legs up perfectly with her torso. They were slender like her own, the black high heels they wore could have been her own. One thing stood out to her though. The woman in the photo had a completely bald vagina. Does he think I shave my pussy? She thought to herself and immediately rebuked herself for posing such an unimportant question at this time. What she should have been asking herself was why the hell her own son was creating such an image to begin with? It was sick, wasn't it? It was perverted. For god's sake, it was incestuous. She hadn't raised him like this had she? She'd taught him respect for women, for her. He had girlfriends, why

would he even need to do something like this? My god, are there more, she thought? Right now, finding porn in his search history seemed like a much better outcome. With trembling hands she closed the photo and the pop up. She clicked out of the printer application and retrieved her drivers license from the scanner and shut down her son's PC. A quick scan of the desk to make sure her presence would go unnoticed and she exited his bedroom. Unregistered car be damned, she'd deal with the DMV another time. Right now she had to get to work and she had a lot of thinking to do.

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Carol Oakley greeted Georgia with a smile and an offer to get her a cup of coffee when she fell down into her chair in the cubicle next to her, 45 minutes late for work. "I can see you've had a bad morning, I'll make sure it's not de-caf!" She laughed and wandered off to get them both refreshments. Georgia's mind couldn't focus on anything but what she'd seen on her son's computer. In her confused state she inadvertently entered her son's password on her own computers lock screen, "Mother." It was the the name of the computer in the movie Alien, but now the word took on a whole new meaning.

Managing to remember her own password Georgia opened her work email and began sifting through the business of the day. Carol returned and presented Georgia with a mug of steaming black coffee which she took gratefully. "Looks like you've had a morning! Want to talk about it?" Carol asked, sipping at her own cup of tea.

Georgia looked at the older woman and contemplated what she should say. At nearly 60, Carol had 15 years of experience over Georgia, she also had two sons. If she could confide in anyone it would be her.

"Your boys Carol. Did they ever do anything, I don't know, weird?" She asked.

Carol let out a snort and laughed at the question, "Oh honey, everything they did was weird! You'll have to be a little more specific."

Georgia wanted to tell her but couldn't find the words to express it. "I found something on his computer," she at last answered.

"Ah, well there was your first mistake. Curiosity killed the cat and all that. Some things you just don't really want to know do you? What was it, s&m, homosexual?"

Georgia was taken aback at Carol's frankness. "What? No. It was nothing like that. It was just one photo. He must have doctored it somehow, to make it pornographic." She leaned in to talk closer to Carol. "It was me!" Georgia resumed her position and waited for Carol's inevitable shocked response.

"Oh is that it? God I thought you were going to say it was to do with animals or something!"

Georgia was again shocked at Carol's nonchalance. It felt good to unburden herself of the secret but Carol was making her feel silly for even fretting over it in the first place. "But don't you understand, he made a photo of me look as though I was naked. His mother, naked! Don't you think that's weird?"

"Trust me sweetheart, "weird" comes naturally to men. Does he take your panties?"

Georgia felt herself redden. "I..I don't think so. What do you mean?"

"Well my boys would take my dirty panties from the wash. I'd find them stuffed back in the laundry basket dripping with... well, you know what. Often they'd forget and leave them in their beds, under a pillow or something. I'd find them when changing their sheets. It was such a regular thing I was surprised when I didn't."

"So it was just your dirty ones?" Georgia asked, fascinated by Carol's story.

"Uh-huh." She replied. "Kind of flattering if you think about it." She took a sip of tea and went on, Georgia hugging her coffee mug, all thought of working out of her mind. "You know, they'd spy on me too."

Carol began to surprise even herself at the level of her admission. She and Georgia were more than just colleagues but that had never extended to sharing such intimate details about her life. "It began with peeping through a keyhole in the bathroom. They would try and be surreptitious but ended up making more noise than elephants, I knew what they were up to. I even began to enjoy it and play along."

"My god Carol, you didn't!" Georgia interjected. "What did you do?"

The memories came flooding back to Carol. It had been years since she'd even thought about it and now here she was openly discussing it at work of all places. "I'd stay naked for longer in the bathroom, allowing them both to get their fill through the keyhole."

"You've got twins haven't you?" Georgia added, imagining the scene in her own head.

"Uh-huh. They were late teens at the time, 18 or 19. I would pretend to examine my breasts but really I was just caressing myself. This went on for months. Eventually one afternoon I left my bedroom door ajar and lay naked on the bed. I'm sure you can imagine what I did."

Georgia, mouth slightly agape, nodded in understanding.

"Well, sure enough I soon heard them at the door. You know Georgia, I've never told anyone this. I'm not ashamed to admit it, I wanted them to come in." Carol's face was flushed, she felt a familiar wetness in her crotch as she recounted the memory. "I had a hand between my legs and one on my breast. My head was high enough on the pillow I could see their faces, one above the other in the doorway. I wondered if their cocks were hard? My sons. I wanted to see them. I wanted to feel them inside me."

Georgia herself was turned on by the story. She shifted in her seat and felt the dampness in her panties. "My god Carol, what happened?"

"That's just it. Nothing. Their father caught them spying on me and gave them a thrashing. Charles never found out what I was doing in there, they sure as hell didn't say anything to him. I was up and out of bed by the time he saw me so he just assumed I was changing for dinner."

"You really would have gone through with it? It's incest Carol!" Georgia exclaimed.

"Oh laws be damned. As they say, it's better to regret something you did than something you didn't." Carol retorted. "Sadly that was the end of it. They stopped taking my underwear and didn't dare spy on me again for fear of my husband. They both met girls and are now married with kids of their own." Carol paused and seemed to Georgia to choose her next words carefully. "I'm just saying Georgia,

I don't know how you feel about all this but you're still young and in good shape. Don't get to my age and wonder what could have been."

For the third time in their conversation, Georgia was taken aback. "You're telling me to sleep with my own son!"

"No honey. I'm advising you to not humiliate him and think about your own happiness. I know you haven't seen anyone for some time, don't close your mind to any possibilities."

Georgia didn't respond to Carol's last statement. A manager began doing the rounds of the office and both women thought it best to at least seem as though they were working. In reality their minds were elsewhere. Carol was fixated on long suppressed incestuous desire and Georgia's head was spinning with the implications of what she'd discovered just hours before. It was all ridiculous she thought. Sleeping with her son! It was just a photo, possibly the only one and most probably a joke at that. He'd never shown any desire towards her. Unlike Carol's boys, he'd never taken her underwear. And then the thought came to her. Not that she knew!

The office had all of a sudden become stiflingly hot to her and she made her way to the bathroom to splash some water on her face. Looking in the mirror she assessed the reflection. At 45 the years had been kind to her, with wrinkle free skin and a high metabolism that never saw her put on excess weight. Men found her attractive and she'd had suitors over the years but never met someone she wanted to share her entire life with and therefore was happy to be a single mom. Georgia looked down to her breasts and was shocked to see

her nipples protruding proudly through the white cotton shirt and she couldn't blame the air temperature. I wonder if Darcy likes my tits? She thought to herself and the idea worked its way to her groin. She entered a cubicle and lifted her skirt. Pulling down her pantyhose and underwear she looked at the gusset of her panties. Soaking wet. Her upper thighs in the same state. Oh god, she thought. What am I doing?

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Darcy loaded a bag of cement onto the back of a tray truck. He'd had the job as a laborer at the building site for over a month now and it was having a noticeable effect on his muscle strength and fitness. Returning to the pallet a sudden panicked feeling swept over him. He'd gone to bed late after manipulating another photo of his mother and he couldn't recall now whether he'd saved it to his USB or not. Ordinarily it wouldn't be a problem but he remembered his mother had asked to use his computer. She wouldn't use it when I'm not there surely, he thought but doubt crept in. Oh Jesus, he thought. What if she saw it? The rest of the afternoon seemed to drag as he eyed the clock. When it was time to finish work he was first to the exit and nervous to see what awaited him at home.

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Georgia wasn't at the house when he returned and he quickly made his way to his room and turned on his computer. He'd been right. He hadn't saved the image but all seemed normal and untouched. He'd dodged a bullet, he thought but would have to be more careful in the

future. The photo editing had started out as a bit of fun. He'd seen it done on porn sites and decided to give it a go and who's image more than anyone else's did he have access to? His mother. He hadn't even been attracted to her sexually up until this point. The moment he superimposed her face over that of a porn star however, something changed. She was no longer just his mother, she was a woman. Breasts, vagina and all.

Darcy took a USB from a drawer in the desk and plugged it into his computer. Opening the device, multiple folders appeared, each with describing titles. He moved the image of his mother into a file titled "Kitchen" between "Jeans" and "Lingerie." Opening another folder he scrolled through the hundreds of images before him. Every photo was of his mother in varying states of undress or fully clothed but in sexy attire. They were of course all manipulated using actual portraits of Georgia superimposed on porn. Darcy's cock began to swell as he stroked it beneath his jeans. He stopped on a photo that impressed him. "That's it Mom, show me your pussy!" The image was a woman in a suburban garden lifting the front of her sun dress, Georgia's head flawlessly transplanted on the model. Darcy undid his fly and pulled his now hard cock from his pants, his hand working up and down his shaft. "Oh you naughty girl. You're gonna make me cum!" He told the screen. This won't take long, Darcy thought and reached for a box of tissues beside the desk just in time to catch his orgasm. "Oh yes Mom, fuck yeeassss," he cried as the relief flooded over him.

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Georgia pulled into the driveway and entered the house only moments after Darcy came. Perfect timing, he thought as he pulled a can of soft drink from the fridge and welcomed his mother home. Any apprehension Georgia felt about seeing Darcy melted away as he behaved in his normal manner. "Oh Mom, we can do that license thing you asked about when you're ready," Darcy offered, opening his can and taking a sip.

"Oh great honey," Georgia responded placing down her handbag and retrieving the documents from inside. "I'm ready to go!"

For the second time that day, Darcy felt the panic of his obsession potentially being discovered by his mother. As he led her to his room he couldn't recall whether he'd closed the photo he'd been viewing on the computer. To his relief as they entered, the screen was displaying just his desktop wallpaper and he breathed a sigh of relief. Sitting down Darcy turned on the scanner and pulled the USB from the PC and placed it in his drawer. The action didn't go unnoticed by Georgia and she wondered what was on the memory stick to make him feel the need to remove it.

Handing her license and the paperwork to Darcy he quickly scanned the items and opened the browser. "You're gmail right?" he asked, to which Georgia nodded. "Just enter your password Mom." Darcy sat back and Georgia leaned in to access the keyboard. Her arm brushed against her son's and Darcy could smell her hair they were so close. When she straightened up Darcy took over again, finding the relevant email, attaching the documents and sending the mail. "Done!" He exclaimed, "too easy."

"My hero. Thank you." Georgia responded and leaned in to kiss Darcy on the cheek. She didn't regret it but immediately wondered if it was appropriate after the knowledge she now held. Dismissing the notion she asked what he'd like for dinner and when neither of them could come up with an option Georgia proposed trying the new Italian restaurant that had opened locally, to which Darcy agreed. "It's a date then," Georgia piped and again questioned her words and actions. God when will I stop walking on eggshells? She thought to herself and went to freshen for the evening.

Standing naked in the bathroom Georgia looked at the underwear in her hand. Her panties were still wet. She placed them on top of her pantyhose and discarded clothing and entered the shower. The pressurized water massaged her body, she soaped herself and a hand found her pussy. "No don't!" She told herself and pulled her hand away. "Not again." Earlier in the day she'd masturbated in the bathroom cubicle at work. Sitting atop the toilet she'd fingered herself to orgasm imagining Darcy, watching her much the same as Carol's boys had. When the orgasm came she felt a wave of guilt. What kind of mother was she? She thought, Masturbating in her workplace like an oversexed teen, to a fantasy of her son as well. "No," she repeated. "Not again!"

With her hair dried and makeup done Georgia exited the bathroom wearing a short-sleeved mid-thigh, white satin robe. "Bathroom's free," she yelled to Darcy who responded with a thank you from his bedroom.

When Darcy closed the door behind him, the air in the bathroom was still steamy but his eyes had no problem making out his mother's discarded clothing on the bath's edge. Or more to the point, her light blue cotton panties sitting atop the pile of clothing. Making sure the door was locked he gingerly picked up his mother's intimate apparel and held it before him. The crotch was damp, no not damp, wet. What the fuck? Darcy thought. He had never been in the habit of smelling his mother's panties but now with them seemingly offered to him and being in such a state he couldn't resist. Pressing the gusset to his nose and mouth he inhaled the scent of his mother.

If it had been socially acceptable to wear them over his face for the rest of the evening, he would have. If he never inhaled another aroma, it would be too soon. The smell was divine. His cock arose in accordance. As before, his orgasm came quickly and he was careful to replace the underwear exactly as he'd found them.

Georgia contemplated what to wear. She'd decided on the underwear, a black satin thong with lace waist and matching bra and was now debating between jeans or a dress. She chose the dress. Not exactly a dress. The shopping channel had convinced her a year ago she needed a shape-wear slip, the added bonus being (they said) it could double as a "little black dress." When on and studying her reflection, she decided the bra looked too bulky beneath the tight, thin material. The slip gave enough support on its own, and upon removing the 12D, was satisfied with the result. As she slipped into black heels she again caught her reflection. Are you dressing like this for him? She asked herself. The light in the room wasn't bright and yet she could see the slip was transparent. Another question entered her mind. Are you trying to turn him on? For god's sake woman, he's

your son! She told herself. Georgia suddenly felt queasy. She momentarily considered changing into the jeans but Darcy's voice asking her if she was ready from the hall halted the notion. "What will happen, will happen," she whispered and went to join her son in the kitchen.

"Mom. You look...wow!" Darcy exclaimed as Georgia entered the well lit room.

"'Wow' good, or 'wow' bad?" She asked.

Darcy could clearly see his mother's panties through the dress and he tried as best he could to lift his eyes from her perfectly formed breasts, the small nipples erect and also visible. "Ah, no definitely 'wow' good. Um I've organized an Uber so we can both have a drink, Ok?"

"Good idea honey," she remarked and as if on cue a car beeped it's horn in the driveway.

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As Georgia had expected the restaurant was dimly lit and her dress seemed to go unnoticed by other patrons. They accepted a window table and a staff member approached to take their order. The girl was young and introduced herself as Amy. Georgia noticed her seeming to pay more attention to her son than her as they ordered and she

could understand why. She looked at Darcy and saw what other women did. A very hot guy! His black shirt was rolled up to his elbows which accentuated not only his strong biceps but his sleeve tattooed forearms. She'd been unsure of them at first but when she saw him with his shirt off, the full effect from wrist to shoulder was impressive. His hair was shaved at the sides, long on top and slicked down, a popular style at the time and he wore it well. Darcy took after her in looks, seeing his father in him would be a daily reminder of his betrayal and she was thankful for this small mercy.

Georgia noticed Darcy now seemed to be paying special attention to the waitress and a twinge of jealousy crept into her.

"Um," the girl stuttered to Darcy. "I know you. You work with my brother. Thomas. I've seen you at the building site a few times when I've met him there."

The girls face reddened but relief showed upon her when Darcy responded with acknowledgement. "Oh yeah, you're twins right?"

"Yeah, I'm older though," she returned. "By like an hour!" Freshly blushing at her lame response. Darcy however smiled at her nervousness which she seemed to enjoy.

Georgia could see she was attracted to her son and she suddenly felt old when Darcy shook the girls hand and introduced her as his mother. Amy assured them she'd put their drinks on the house and Georgia took full advantage, ordering a cosmopolitan to start. Darcy

stuck with beer and Georgia watched his eyes follow Amy's ample ass as she walked away.

When the food came and the alcohol flowed Georgia chose to cast aside the jealousy she'd earlier felt. Darcy was having dinner with her, it was her photo on his computer, whatever may happen between this girl and her son, she was his date tonight and she'd make the most of it. They talked and laughed and their conversation came around to Darcy's tattoos. More than a little drunk Georgia proclaimed, "You know you're not the only one in our house with a tat, honey!"

Darcy, about to take a sip from his glass stopped and looked quizzically. "You don't have a tattoo Mom!"

Georgia smiled smugly, running a finger around the rim of her glass. "Maybe I do!"

"Where? I would have seen it." He replied and then realizing if he hadn't seen it, it meant it was on a place on her body he had never seen, somewhere intimate, and began to blush.

Georgia was happy with his reaction. "That's right mister. Sorry you asked?" She giggled.

Darcy decided to take the opportunity. Georgia had drunk more than him, he figured she'd probably forget the conversation the next day anyway. "Actually no. I'd love to see it Mom."

Georgia opened her mouth in mock horror. "Oh you naughty boy," she laughed. "I think that would be illegal. We'd end up going to prison."

Darcy went all in. "It'd be worth it!" He added and Georgia slapped the back of his hand resting on the table.

"Goodness Darcy, when did you become so crude?" She joked.

"Probably when you told me you had a secret tattoo."

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Darcy held his mother around the waist to help her balance as they entered the house. Georgia had taken her heels off in the car but was still unsteady on her feet. Once inside and the door closed she turned to face him in the hallway and put her arms up over her sons shoulders, clasping her hands behind his neck. Slurring her words she looked him in the eyes. "You're my favorite son in the world."

Darcy smiled, her lower body was pressed against him allowing him to still see her breasts. He placed his hands on her hips and felt the

lace waist band of her panties through her slip. "I'm also your only son in the world! Unless there's something else you've been keeping from me!"

"Oh you're silly. I love you. Do you love me?"

Darcy couldn't recall ever seeing her this drunk and he wondered why she'd decided to drink so much. "Of course I love you."

"Then kiss me, I need proof."

Darcy complied by kissing her lightly on the cheek but Georgia wouldn't have any of it, puckering her lips demanding he kiss her again. Darcy did as ordered, again lightly kissing her. As he pulled away her mouth opened slightly and her eyes remained closed. He wanted to do more. To kiss her passionately, to feel her tongue but she was too drunk for him to be sure she knew what she was doing. If he made a move it could be disastrous.

"Oh you're no fun," Georgia relented. "I know, why don't you get us a nightcap while I go get changed."

Darcy watched her stumble along the hall using the wall as support. There was no way he was going to give her more alcohol, he poured a tumbler of water and waited in the lounge room for her to return.

Georgia came back minutes later wearing her satin robe. She'd removed her makeup and her hair was wet where she'd washed her face. "Probably for the best," she said as she drank the water and lay down on the couch next to Darcy. A music video program played on the television and the rhythm soon had Georgia feeling drowsy. Resting her head on the cushions she pulled her knees up alongside her. The act caused her robe to uncover her buttocks and it was deliberate. She placed a hand over her face as if to shield her eyes from the light and lay quietly, waiting.

She didn't have to wait long. Through her fingers she watched her sons gaze turn from the television to her. She couldn't be sure how much of her he could see but her decision to remove her panties before coming back out seemed to be paying off. She purposefully breathed louder to feign sleep and it did the trick. She watched as Darcy moved a hand to his crotch and began rubbing the front of his jeans, all the while staring at her ass. Oh Jesus he's doing it! She thought. He's masturbating over me. This proves it, he does want me. The realization still came as a shock to Georgia. Oh god, she thought. If he tries to fuck me, will I let him? The thought of him fucking her caused a familiar and pleasant sensation in her vagina. She felt herself wet and wondered if he could see.

Darcy couldn't believe his eyes. His mother's bare pussy and asshole were less than two foot from him. How could she not realize she was on display like this? That's when the thought hit him. Maybe it was on purpose. Did she want him to see her? She'd acted strangely, flirting in the hallway, the talk of the tattoo. Did she actually want him? Whatever her reasons he wasn't going to let this moment slip. Stroking his hardening cock though his jeans, he feasted his eyes

upon her holes. His mother's holes. Oh to touch them, he thought. To taste them. He pressed harder against his cock, grinding it into his leg. Georgia moved her leg slightly and it parted her pussy, her pink slit, wet amid her pubes. The sight was too much. Darcy began cumming in his pants, he squeezed his cock and expelled his semen with stifled breaths. He looked down and was thankful his jeans had contained the evidence. Quickly getting up he grabbed the throw rug and placed it over his mother, turned off the television and light and left the room.

Georgia's face beamed with delight.

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When Georgia awoke the next day she feared she would be hungover but was surprised at feeling so well. Darcy's early starts saw her alone in the house and ahead of her routine for work. In her bedroom after showering she looked in her underwear drawer. The thong she'd worn the night before was easily the sexiest item she owned and she wondered if that was the reason she, unlike Carol had never found her panties in her son's bed. Maybe I need to wear some lingerie for him, she thought. Maybe I can convince him to come shopping with me, she added. My god she reasoned, listen to me, was it only yesterday I found that photo on his computer? "His computer," Georgia said out loud. "I wonder what's on that USB?"

She did feel guilty as she turned on her son's PC. She felt ashamed when she opened the drawer and retrieved the memory stick from it's location. She felt exhilaration when she clicked open the folder

titled "Asshole." What greeted her were countless pornographic images of women in varying states of dress, all with two things in common. Their assholes were either on display or were being filled by cocks or toys and every woman had her face. She could see the progression in his work. The earliest dated images had her face often looking out of place or the wrong tone. The most recent however, were flawless. It could actually have been her in the photos. Opening the next folder, "Boobs" she discovered her face photo-shopped on topless women with varying breast sizes. The next file was "Cum." Georgia clicked open the icon and was shocked. Somehow he'd managed to take innocent photos of her and turn them into a gallery of cum facials.

Two things ran through her mind, first, it was just her. Darcy had other female relatives and other women in his life, yet he hadn't treated anyone else to his artwork. And secondly, she was turned on. And how could she not be? Yes, she thought, it was degrading. He had reduced her to merely a sexual object for his gratification but it was definitely flattering. He was obsessed with her. He craved her. Here before her was an A to Z of her son's sexual fantasies about her. She hadn't even realized it when it happened, it was only when the pleasure increased did she notice. She was fingering herself. She looked down at her hand nestled between her legs, Her skirt was around her waist, her legs spread. She looked at the time on the screen, still half an hour before work. "Oh why not?" She panted, and pulled her panties aside to gain access to her cunt. Georgia expertly flicked her fingers across her clitoris as she clicked her way through the catalogue. Her son's chair became wet beneath her. When her orgasm came she was fixated on a photo of herself sucking a cock. "Oh fuck Darcy yes, cum in my mouth baby!" She screamed as she flooded her hand and shivers ran down her body. Turning off the

computer and replacing the USB, Georgia smiled to herself, "Oh we are going to have some fun baby, Mommy promises."

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Georgia walked proudly into the office, late again she ran her hand across Carol's shoulders as she passed and sat at her work-space. Carol looked up from her computer at Georgia's beaming smile. "Well don't you look like the cat that ate the cream! What's got you so perky this morning?" Then when the recollection of the previous mornings conversation came to her she dropped her jaw. "Oh my, Georgia have you...? You know!"

Georgia surprised herself by how frank and openly she revealed the recent events. She'd never really spoken about her sex life to anyone but Carol's incestuous confession had given her license to share, and share she did. Beginning with the flirtatious dinner and provocative clothing, to flashing herself on the couch and her masturbation session before work. Carol took it all in with relish and when Georgia's story was ended she excused herself to the bathroom no doubt, Georgia believed, to relieve herself much as she'd done the day before.

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Darcy sat in the sun on his break. Looking down at his phone, his finger hovered above the number the girl from the restaurant had given to him. She was cute, he thought. She had a great ass, chunky,

the way he liked them. She wasn't wearing a see-through dress though. She hadn't tried to drunkenly make out with him in the hallway. She hadn't openly flashed her pussy and asshole to him on the couch, he thought. Fuck, what was that? Sure she'd been drunk but had never been so openly sexual towards him. "Does she want to fuck me?" Darcy whispered under his breath. Darcy placed his phone back in his pocket without calling Amy. Let's just see how this plays out, he thought.

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Friday afternoon was the one day of the week Georgia and Darcy arrived home at same time. Georgia had been formulating her next move for much of the day, in her bedroom she changed into a denim skirt she hadn't worn in a decade. It was (apart from the slip she wore the night before) the sluttiest item she owned, the length of which struggled to cover her ass. A white shirt complimented the look, it was a work shirt but had shrunk in the wash leaving it far too tight across her breasts. Perfect for the task at hand.

Darcy sat at the kitchen table watching youtube on his phone.

"Coffee?" Georgia asked as she entered the room. Darcy looked up, nodded, then returned his gaze downwards. Only momentarily though. It was the time it took his brain to acknowledge his mother's appearance. His eyes tracked back to Georgia as she crossed the floor. She wore brown wedges on her feet that lengthened her legs. He watched her from behind as she reached up to retrieve two mugs from a high cupboard. Leaning forward caused her ridiculously

short skirt to reveal her white panties, the bulge of her pussy clearly visible to her son. Darcy closed the youtube app and opened the camera. If I'm quick, he thought, this will be amazing. Knowing her next move would be to reach for the coffee he aimed the phone and wasn't disappointed. Georgia bent forward at the waist and opened a cupboard at her knees. Her skirt lifted mid way up the cheeks of her bottom. The flash of the camera lit the kitchen and Darcy scolded himself for not disabling the function.

Georgia turned around as Darcy diverted his phone from her direction, blood flushing his cheeks. "Did you just take a photo of me?" She asked, knowing full well he did. She'd felt his eyes on her from the moment she entered.

"What? No, I accidentally pressed it on my phone!" He lied and hoped she bought it.

"Oh, Ok." Georgia replied, a doubting smirk on her face. "Hey, I wanted to ask a favor of you. You can say no."

"Sure, what?"

"Well I need to go to the mall to get some things and I don't want to drive around in my car, it not being registered and all. I was wondering if you could take me. If you have plans, that's Ok."

Darcy jumped at the chance. Whatever was going on with his mother, the more time he spent with her the better he imagined. And a favor! She'd owe him. What could this lead to? His mind wondered.

* * * * *

In the car Darcy found it hard to keep his eyes on the road. Georgia's legs were parted, her body slightly turned towards him in the seat. He could see her panties, his mother's panties. My god, he thought. Is she doing this on purpose? Blood rushed to his penis. The devil on his shoulder told him to pull the car over, take out his cock and offer it to her. The sensible half of his brain advised him to keep playing the game. She was making up the rules, she was in control of the field. "So what do you need at the mall?" Darcy asked, in an effort to take his mind from between his mother's legs.

"Oh you wouldn't be interested, just some new underwear," she teased.

Darcy groaned inside. "Oh, should I just wait in the car?"

"Oh would you come with me? You know I can never remember where the car is parked at that place!"

Darcy mentally leaped into the air but he remained cool on the outside. "Yeah, I guess. If you want"

* * * * *

Friday night, walking around a department store with their mother. Not how the average 25 year old man would ideally spend his time. Darcy however was in his element. Georgia had made a beeline to the lingerie section and was taking multiple items from varying racks. Darcy's role was to follow and carry the fruits of her labor. He noticed her progression. Beginning with plain cotton bras and briefs she gradually chose sexier items until she was passing him lacy thongs and what looked to him to be bridal lingerie. As Georgia held a red lace teddy against her body to judge the size Darcy summoned up the courage to ask her a pertinent question. "Mom, are you seeing someone?"

Georgia was a little surprised by it and furrowed her brow. "No. Why would you ask that?"

Darcy looked down at the lingerie in his arms. "It's just all this, who are you buying this stuff for?"

"For me! What, do you think you mom's too old to try and feel sexy?"

Darcy blushed and looked away. "No..I..I just.."

"Oh come on silly," Georgia grabbed him by the arm. "I just need to try on a couple of things, then we can get going."

She led him to the change rooms and relieved him of the underwear as Darcy took a seat outside. He watched a group of teenage girls looking at bras and they blushed and giggled at his attention. He was just about to pull out his phone and access the net to pass the time when Georgia called out from the rooms. "Darcy, honey are you there?"

He made his way outside her cubicle and answered in the affirmative. The door opened a fraction and Georgia's head appeared in the space. Slipping the red teddy out of the opening she passed it to Darcy. "Honey would you be able to get me the next size up please?" She was totally nude and though all Darcy could see of her in person was her face and hand, behind her in the mirror he could see everything. Her skin was white in the fluorescent light of the change room. As she was leaning at the door, her bottom stuck out from behind. Jesus, Darcy thought, I can see her asshole. The second time in two days, the thought was not lost on him. He took the teddy and promptly swapped it for the larger size, still only a size 10.

When he returned the same scene played out only this time in the reflection he saw she was wearing the bridal lingerie, all but the white stockings. The sight was still wonderful and he couldn't refrain his cock from hardening. She took the teddy. "Thanks honey, won't be a minute," she replied and Darcy was left to return to his seat outside the rooms. That was her chance, he thought. If she really wanted him she could have pulled him into the change room right then. They could have fucked in there, no one would have ever known. No, he thought. It must be all in his head, the flirting, the flashing. The years of fantasizing about her were making him project his obsessions onto her. He wasn't going to fuck his mom. It was an

unreality. The teenage girls were still in the bra section and he decided to approach them, maybe meet up with them later but as he arose Georgia exited the dressing rooms. "I'm ready honey, let's go!"

* * * * *

Darcy wasn't prone to sulking but on the drive home he found it hard not to. He tried as best he could not to look in his mother's direction, her short skirt still revealing her panties. He was frustrated sexually enough already, he didn't need any more stimulus. Georgia sensed his mood. The dressing rooms had been a tease, possibly cruel and she could understand his frustration. Hell, she felt it too. Her plan had been to seduce him in the changing rooms but a noise and voices in the adjoining cubicle had spooked her, denting her confidence. Now she wanted him more than ever. Every time a girl had looked in his direction she ached to place her arms around him and claim him as her own. To have him hold her as a woman and not just his mother. To have him inside her.

His sulking continued at home. After changing into sweat pants he drifted to the couch to watch a ball game on TV. Georgia took her newly acquired lingerie to her room and contemplated changing into an outfit, walking out into the living room and fucking her son on the sofa. She however decided to save the lingerie for another occasion. Give him something to look forward to, she thought. Instead, remaining in her denim, skirt she removed her shirt and bra and replaced it with a tight nylon tank top, her breasts pressed tight to the silky material. In the kitchen she took two beers from the refrigerator and entered the lounge room. Passing a bottle to Darcy

she sat beside him, her legs up on the couch. They both took sips of beer and watched the game. Georgia turned her body to face Darcy, her toes inches from his thigh. She moved her own thighs apart, spreading her knees then back together. Again and again she repeated the move. The skirt did nothing to hide her underwear and in Darcy's peripheral vision he saw the flash of her white panties. His mother's white panties.

His cock was as hard as it got which frustrated him no end. He wondered if he should just go to his room, 'rub one out' and fall asleep, or maybe call the girl from the restaurant. Georgia interrupted his thought process.

"This is boring!" She stated, referring to the game. She reached for the remote and switched channels, purposefully taunting her son.

Mom! I was watching that," Darcy complained and switched the game back on.

Georgia snatched at the remote and caught it before Darcy could react, changing the station again. Darcy put down his beer and Georgia in anticipation of what was to come did the same.

"Give me the remote Mom."

"No," Georgia replied obstinately.

"I won't ask again."

Georgia in response turned on her side, presenting her bottom to Darcy in much the same position as the night before and tucked the remote into her chest, a self satisfied grin plastered on her face.

"Right, you asked for it!" Darcy pounced on his mother from behind, his hands attempted to grasp the remote from it's position between her breasts and his groin pressed into her panty clad ass. Georgia squealed in excitement as she felt his hardness against her for the first time. She attempted to roll onto her stomach to trap the remote beneath her and Darcy allowed it to happen.

The length of Darcy's cock lay along the crack of his mother's ass and his hands groped at her sides, tickling her ribs in the process of reaching beneath her. Georgia began to laugh and wriggled below her son, she pushed her ass back against his cock, lifting her chest and in a quick motion, stuck the remote down her top. "I don't think so!" Darcy whispered and ran his hands up beneath her tank top from below, the action causing her top to ride up over her breasts, his palms against her nipples. Exposed yet unfazed, Georgia released the remote and quickly rolled onto her back. She wanted Darcy to see her tits, she wanted him between her legs. The remote control now behind her, Darcy wrapped his arms around his mother and fell atop her, his chest to her bare breasts. His left hand made contact with the remote but instead of seizing it, ran his hand down her back until he was grasping her right butt cheek, his other hand behind her neck.

Georgia spread her legs, causing her skirt to ride up around her waist and Darcy pressed his cock against the now saturated panties and began grinding against her cunt. Georgia responded by pushing her pelvis against each thrust and the remote fell to the floor with a thud, the pretext this was a fight over it's ownership falling away with it.

Darcy buried his face in Georgia's hair beside her ear and he inhaled her perfume. His exhalation against her neck causing goosebumps to break out over her arms. Georgia lifted up her son's t-shirt allowing his chest to press against hers and in the same movement pulled his pants down over his cock. When his mother's hand wrapped around his erection, Darcy finally accepted this was really happening and in turn moved his hand from her ass to her pussy. His fingers entered through the leg band, coating his hand with her juices. Two fingers found her hole and he entered his mother.

Georgia let out a sigh of pleasure and Darcy pressed his face alongside hers, their mouths beside each others. Georgia furiously stroked her son's hard cock in the little room between their bodies. Faster and faster she pulled and Darcy tried to match her progress, stabbing her sopping pussy with his digits. Darcy held his breath as his orgasm approached and Georgia sensing this, pressed her legs tightly together trapping Darcy's fingers inside her. Turning her head she thrust her tongue into her sons mouth. Darcy sucked on her, biting lightly down on her tongue as she brought him to orgasm, the volcano of cum spraying across his mother's stomach and breasts. She held onto his cock, even squeezing tighter as she milked the last of his semen. Darcy's fingers remained deep in his mother's cunt and she spread her legs slightly to allow their release, relinquishing hold of his cock in the process. Darcy collapsed atop his mother, his cum

smearing between their bodies and there they lay for minutes afterward, like lovers in a post-coital embrace.

It was Georgia who finally made a move and broke the silence. "I think I might take a shower," she matter-of-factly stated and Darcy allowed her to slide from beneath him. The cum was everywhere and he began to feel embarrassed at the mess he'd made. Doubts began to form in his mind, was she disgusted by his cum? Maybe she regretted what happened. Half way across the room Georgia turned to face her son and Darcy feared she would say it had been a mistake. "Maybe you should join me, you still haven't seen my tattoo!" She smiled and Darcy's cock began to harden.

Chapter 2

Carol Oakley left her desk and headed quickly to the ladies' room, her cheeks burning. She wasn't prone to behaving this way, the hot flush would have been mistaken for a symptom of menopause to anyone but her. No, what she felt at that very moment was sheer carnal lust. A desire for sex she'd not had in eons. Her husband passing more than ten years before, she believed her sexual life over but the stories Georgia was now sharing had awakened the dormant volcano inside.

Once alone in a cubicle she unbuttoned her pants and slipped them and her underwear to her knees. Leaning back against the wall, her legs spread, she used her left hand to lift and part her labia and her right found her clitoris and began the stimulation. Closing her eyes

she imagined how Georgia must have looked, masturbating to the images on her son's computer. Her see-through dress and kissing her son in the hallway. And then her own fantasy crept in. Her boys. Always her boys.

She thought of them coming to her in the night. Their hands on her body, her breasts. Carol lifted a hand under her shirt and into her bra, squeezing tightly on her right nipple. The slapping of her masturbation echoing around the bathroom. Her son's hot breath between her legs, a cock taken into her mouth. She moved her hand from her breast to her mouth and plunged two fingers in, her tongue wrapping around her digits, coating them with saliva. On her bed she was atop one son, his brother moved behind her and then "it" would happen. Carol quickly dropped her hand from her mouth and moved it behind her. Her fingers found her waiting asshole and entered. The orgasm came in an explosion of relief, fire spreading throughout her body from her cunt to her brain. Her knees weakened and she slowly slid her back down the wall until she was sitting bare bottomed on the cold tiles of the ladies room.

The two fingers remained buried in her ass. Her eyes kept closed. She knew when she opened her lids and withdrew her hand the fantasy would be over, reality would dawn on her. Her sons would not be there. She heard the outer door of the bathroom open and footsteps at the sink. She opened her eyes and looked down. What am I doing? She asked herself. Here she was, a mature aged woman, mid 60's (although she told everyone she was late 50's) sitting on the floor of a toilet, half naked, having incestuous fantasies about her boys. Is this how a respectable woman behaves? She asked herself. Standing up she took toilet paper and wiped dry her hands and

flooded vagina. Pulling up her pants and fixing her bra and shirt she flushed and exited the bathroom. Checking her appearance in the mirror she did look every part the "respectable" woman and she gave herself a wry smile.

* * * * *

"So what's your next move?" Carol asked Georgia, sitting beside her as the last person drifted out of the lunchroom.

"I'm going to take him lingerie shopping!" She replied, feeling more than a little like a teenager discussing boys with a girlfriend. "Hopefully he'll make a move on me in the change rooms. I've always had a public sex fantasy!" She amazed herself at how frank she was now speaking.

"Oh sweetie, that does sound wonderful. I do hope it works out for you." Carol felt more than a tinge of jealousy. She was happy for Georgia of course but had to admit she wished it was her detailing her planned seduction of her sons.

"I am doing the right thing, aren't I?" Society wouldn't condone it I suppose." Georgia reflected.

"Screw society, I think you should do whatever makes you happy. As long as it doesn't hurt someone else of course. Oh if only I was in your shoes my dear!" Carol proposed.

"And why can't you be?" Georgia asked. "You said yourself your sons were interested, surely those feelings don't go away."

"My God Georgia, that was more than 20 years ago! They have families now. They probably wouldn't even remember."

"Don't be so sure. I certainly remember what I was doing when I was 18, I'm sure men are the same. And the families thing?" Georgia placed a hand on Carol's and looked her deeply in the eyes. "Is it really cheating if it's with your own mother?"

The two women couldn't help bursting into laughter. "Oh my Georgia, you are so bad!" Carol stated.

"Just following your lead." Georgia smiled.

The rest of the afternoon Carol found it hard to concentrate. A photo of her family stood in a frame beside her PC and her eyes regularly drifted towards it. Her sons stood proud either side of her, their wives and children around them. They were twins but not identical. Douglas, the elder and the taller and William, secretly her favorite and a mommy's boy at heart. Taken at her 60th birthday party she remembered their arms around her waist, their hands on her hips. The birthday kisses on the lips. She raised her fingers to her mouth and pressed them lightly in remembrance, smelling herself from the earlier indiscretion. Would they remember? She asked herself.

* * * * *

Upon arriving home, Carol poured herself a generous gin, defrosted a meal and ran a bath as it cooked. Standing naked in the bathroom she dipped a toe into the steaming water and finding it adequate, lowered herself into the warmth. Between sips from the glass she used a wash cloth to continually drip the water down her face and across her breasts. She looked at them, glistening in the light. Still perky! She thought. She wasn't unhappy with the progression of time on her body, or her face for that matter. She lied about her age, not out of shame but to avoid other people placing her in a category she believed she didn't belong. Inside she felt no older than her twenties. Under her clothes, she didn't look in her 60's.

Carol lifted her pelvis above the water and gazed across her flat stomach to her groin. Her mound covered by a small trimmed patch of brown pubic hair. Taking the razor for her legs and soaping up her crotch she carefully shaved herself smooth and delighted in the vision she beheld. Her bottom again resting on the floor of the bath she ran a finger along her slit and found herself lubricated. Wetter than water! She thought and smiled.

Drying her body and hair, then moisturizing, the sound of the oven signaled her meal was ready. Wrapping her robe around herself and now quite ravenous, she left the bathroom for dinner.

On Carol's third gin of the night she made her first phone call. She would call Douglas to begin. He would be hesitant to come around on a Friday night, he lived the furthest away and had the more nagging wife. If she could secure his attendance, William would be a piece of cake. She ended up not even having to speak with him. Her daughter-in-law answered and when Carol explained to her she needed to see her son, Melissa assured her she'd make sure he was there within the hour. William was his usual sweet self, saying he'd drop what he was doing and be right there. Really she hadn't needed to worry about them not coming, very rarely did she ask a favor and if she was asking them to come to her on a Friday night, then it must have been something important. She scolded herself for not mentioning to come alone but upon reflection it may have sounded weird.

Carol took the time she had to dress for the evening. Taking her glass with her and already feeling quite tipsy she opened her dresser and chose her ensemble. Black thigh highs, transparent black panties and matching bra. Standing in her room admiring herself she had the wicked inclination of greeting her boys dressed as is. She looked at her empty gin glass and decided she had maybe had enough. A white with black polka dots dress completed her look and after tying her hair up and slipping into black heels she heard her doorbell ring and the nerves finally kicked in.

"Hey Mom, you look pretty," was Williams opening when she greeted him at the door. He was dressed casually in jeans and a checked shirt. Her heart raced when he kissed her on the cheek and touched her bare arm. Another car drove up the driveway and turning, William recognized it as his brother's. "Doug's here too? I

just thought you needed me to fix something. Mom, what's going on?" He asked.

Before Carol had a chance to elaborate, Douglas was on her doorstep. He was still wearing his suit and tie, having come from work and looked as handsome as ever. "Hey Billy, still playing out your cowboy fantasy I see!" He jibed, referring to his shirt.

"Still suckin' corporate cock I see!" William retorted and the two threw air punches at each other and began regressing before Carol's eyes.

"My god, are you two going to grow up soon?" Carol jokingly rebuked them. "And as for you William. Mind your language. You're not too old for a spanking!" The words had just slipped out of Carol's mouth and when she thought about the reason they were there, the idea of a spanking sent a shock-wave to her vagina.

Douglas finally noticed his mother and complimented her appearance in the exact words as his brother. "So what needs fixing, Mom. Though if we're both here, what needs moving?" He asked as Carol ushered them inside and into the living room.

"Actually nothing, do I have to have an ulterior motive for wanting to see my boys?" Carol asked, moving towards the bar on the far side of the room. Douglas watched his mother's dress move with her ass as she walked, clinging to each cheek. William's eyes hadn't left her body since they'd entered the house.

Stepping behind the bar, her lower body shielded from the prying eyes of her boys, Carol offered drinks all round. Douglas was quick to accept a post work whiskey and William settled on a beer. Carol thought about how much she'd already imbibed and chose a beer for herself as well. "I think I'll join you honey," Carol stated and knelt down to retrieve two bottles from the small bar fridge. A plan entered her mind and she quickly shook one of the two beers before returning to her feet and pouring Douglas' whiskey. William sat down on the couch and Douglas took up residence in his fathers old recliner, something he would never have dared to do when he was alive.

Douglas raised his eyebrows, "Since when do you drink beer Mom?"

"I'm trying a lot of new things actually. I'll be retiring soon, I'll need something to keep me busy." Carol opened one of the beers and came out from behind the bar.

"What, drinking?" Douglas joked as she walked past him to give William his bottle then presented the glass to Douglas.

"Ah no mister. In fact I've got a lot of new things in mind, one of them selling this house!" Carol knew the mention of which would stun her sons.

Before they had a chance to respond to her bombshell Carol sat at the bar, crossing her legs and used the bottle opener on her beer. As she'd

expected the agitated brew burst forth from the neck. Douglas missed the initial explosion, he'd looked towards William for a reaction to the selling of the house news but William saw it all. The surge of froth caught his mother on the chin and sprayed her chest. To his surprise she didn't direct the spray away from herself, allowing the beer to flow down the front of her dress. If it wasn't his mother, he would have suspected she had done it on purpose, such was the action.

"Oh no!" Carol exclaimed, finally placing her mouth over the neck of the bottle (in a suggestive way to Douglas' eyes, now he was looking in her direction) to stem the flow. Douglas was sitting to the side of his mother and didn't have the best vantage point for what happened next. It was the reason it was 'he' who scooted behind the bar to obtain a cloth for Carol and not William, who sat transfixed by his mother.

The front of Carol's dress was saturated, her black bra clearly visible through the white material. Placing her bottle on the bar, she swiveled on the stool to completely face William. Looking down at herself she marveled at how well the stunt had payed off. Innocently spreading her legs she took hold of the hem of her dress and lifted it off her thighs. "Oh god, I'm drenched!" She cried. William saw the tops of her stockings and the flash of black underwear. She then stood up, still holding out her dress. "God even my panties are wet!"

The words struck William and Douglas like a bolt of lightning and Carol could almost hear their minds blowing. "Oh, that came out wrong," she giggled and continued to hold out the front of her dress,

flapping the material as if to dry it. From Williams lower position he stared at his mother's aforementioned panties. Are they? Jesus, are they see-through!? He asked himself. Does my mother shave her pussy!?

The sight of Carol's long legs, stocking tops and exposed panties, as well as the thoughts running through his mind caused a swelling in Williams groin and he was thankful when Douglas finally handed his mother the towel to dry herself. The last thing he needed right now was his mother to see his erection. Finally Carol allowed her dress to fall back into position and accepted the towel from Douglas. "Thank you honey but I think I'll have to go to the bathroom and get out of this dress." She pressed the towel to her front as she walked out of the living room, the eyes of her boys fixed again on her bottom.

"What the fuck was that!?" Douglas whispered when she was out of sight.

"Are you kidding me, you didn't see half of what I did!" William responded, trying to mentally will his erection to subside. There was silence between them for a few moments before Douglas spoke again.

"She's gone to the bathroom."

"Yeah?" William replied.

"Remember what we used to do?" A wry smile appeared on Doug's face. "Do you think we should, you know..?"

"Dude, she's in her 60's!" The thought of her standing before him flashed back into his mind. "We can't, can we?"

Douglas debated it in his head for a few seconds. "Fuck it, I'm gonna do it!"

William meekly whispered back, "no" but followed his brother quietly out of the room towards the bathroom anyway.

Carol stood in the bathroom in her wet dress and waited. Her eyes were fixed on the light of the hall beneath the door. Maybe they won't come? She thought. They might think me foolish. She hated to even consider it, maybe senile? She held her breath as the seconds ticked by and then it happened. A shadow appeared at the door. A wicked smile crept across her face and she released a breath of relief. Game's begun, she thought.

Douglas placed his eye to the keyhole and commended himself on his perfect timing. Carol stood facing him and lifted her dress up and over her head placing it on the vanity beside her. In Douglas' eyes his mother looked better than she had more than 20 years ago, the last time he had spied on her in the bathroom. His mouth went dry as she reached behind herself and unclasped her bra, discarding it with her dress. Her tits look bigger, he thought to himself as she grasped her panties and slid them down her stockinged legs.

A sudden pang of guilt swept over Douglas as he spied his mothers nudity, her still pert breasts, her perfectly bald pussy and as she turned, her rounded buttocks. He wrenched his eyes from the keyhole and vacated the prime spot at the door. What am I doing? He asked himself. A happily married, middle aged man spying on his mother like a horny teen.

William saw the expression on his brothers face and recognized the guilt, he felt the same yet those teenage memories were impossible to resist.

Lowering his face to the keyhole and looking through, Williams breath was taken away. His mother stood facing him, legs shoulder width apart. She was in the process of wringing a washcloth out just below her chin, allowing the water to run down her breasts, her stomach, and over her smooth pubic mound to trickle to the floor beneath her. It was a vision of beauty unsurpassed by anything in his memory. That she still wore her heels and stockings accentuated the wondrous sight. The erection he'd managed to will away came roaring back and instinctively his hand went to the area. Douglas tapped him on his shoulder, breaking the spell he was under. "Dude! We're not teenagers anymore. Come on." William watched as his brother walked back to the living room. Knowing he was right, he deprived himself of one last look at his mother and followed Douglas' example.

Carol watched the shadows depart. She dried herself off and reached for a long black satin robe hanging from a hook on the back of the

door. Picking up her panties which were actually untouched by the beer, she tucked them into her pocket and walked out of the bathroom. Her second mission accomplished.

Douglas had poured himself another whiskey and William was now sitting on his fathers recliner. Carol looked at the half empty beer, "I think I might stick to my gin and tonics, what do you boys think?" She asked and Douglas offered to make one for her.

"So what's this about selling the house Mom," Douglas asked, passing her the tumbler.

"Thank you honey. Well I have been debating it. I mean it's so big, more than I need really." She replied. Douglas having passed her the drink was now focused on her attire. His mother had returned to the bar stool she had been previously and the robe, although tied at the waist wasn't tight around her torso. Each time she moved he noticed it opening further until finally. Jesus, he thought, I can see her nipple!

William tried not to stare at his mothers legs but his cock was controlling his faculties. She had climbed upon the stool and crossed her legs which allowed her robe to fall aside, revealing the lace top of her stockings. He positioned his beer bottle over his crotch and subtly pressed it hard into his erect penis. Not listening to anything she was saying he thought back to the countless times he and Douglas had spied on her. Then came the recollection of her panties. Stealing them from the laundry. Smelling her feminine scent, tasting her on them. The feeling of wrapping them around his cock and cumming to the image of her nude in the bathroom. And then it all

stopped. Their father catching them spying on her. He hadn't thought about this in years. He hadn't really discussed it with Douglas after the beating either. She had been masturbating. Openly. She wasn't hiding it and she must have known they were watching. Did she want them to come in and join her? The way she was acting towards them now, did she still want it?

Douglas was thankful he was behind the bar. His cock was proudly erect and unlike William wearing jeans, in his suit pants it would be hard to hide. His mother's breast was now half exposed and as she swiveled on the stool he noticed her robe loosening at the waist as well. Another few twists, he thought. And then, sure enough, it happened. The robe opened up at the waist revealing her bare stomach. Her legs were crossed, preventing him seeing her pussy but the triangle of smooth skin below her stomach was equally as appetizing. Much of what she was saying went in one ear and out the other but he did catch the words "I'm sorry" and it brought him out of his horny stupor.

"What was that Mom?" he asked. "Sorry for what?"

"For what your father did. That day. It was my fault!"

Jesus, Douglas thought. Here she was talking about the day we watched her masturbating and I'm off in fantasy land.

Williams ears pricked up as well. He hadn't heard a word she was saying either. Managing to pry his eyes from her stocking tops he asked her to repeat what she was saying.

"My god. Men. Do you ever listen?" Carol exclaimed taking another sip of her gin. "I was saying, we're all adults here. I was hoping we could finally be honest with each other."

"Honest about what?" William asked.

"That day. When you both saw me, well, you know. And your father caught you."

Douglas and William looked at each other with the same shocked expression and remained silent.

Carol went on. "It was my fault. I left the door open on purpose. Do you understand? I wanted you both to see me." She intentionally left out her knowledge of the bathroom spying and the panty stealing to not humiliate them, turning it back onto herself. "It was wrong and I hope you can forgive me."

The boys were dumbfounded and aroused at the same time. Douglas was first to speak. "Mom, there's nothing to forgive. While we're talking openly, I think I can speak for Billy as well here, we were pretty obsessed by you back then. We would've done anything to see you doing that. We wanted to come in!"

William didn't expect Douglas to admit it but was relieved when he did. A twenty year open secret was laid bare between the three, it felt as if a weight had been lifted.

Carol placed down her glass and lay a hand atop Douglas'. "You don't know how happy that makes me honey. To hear you say that. I know it's wrong but I wanted to make love to you. To teach you how to be men. Both of you." Carol turned towards William leaving her hand on Dougs, her robe opened up fully, exposing both breasts. William immediately got up and approached his mother as she held out her other hand to him. "It can still happen you know, if you want it!"

William took her hand in his and held it against his heart, almost pledging himself to her. Douglas on the other hand withdrew his. "Mom! That was a lifetime ago. We're married now. We've got kids!"

Carol turned back to him. "They never need know. Tell me Douglas, how is your sex life? Is it once a month, on your birthday?"

Douglas was shocked. "Mom!"

"Does she go down on you honey? I'm just saying, I'm willing to do anything for my boys. Whatever you want." Looking back at William she lowered her hand down his chest and over his stomach. Reaching his belt she went further until she felt his hardness. William let out his breath as his mother rubbed her hand along his length.

Douglas had seen enough. Coming out from behind the bar he made towards to hallway. "I can't do this," he stated as he passed by his mother and brother. Carol stood up and went to him, catching him by the arm. "Honey wait," she stated. Her robe was now fully open, her breasts jutting out towards him and her smooth pussy barely a foot from his groin. Carol moved in closer and ran her hand down his side. "Before you go, just one more question Douglas. Does she let you put it in her ass?"

Douglas didn't answer. He looked at William as if for support then left the room and the house. Reversing his car out of the driveway he took one final look at the house and began driving home. His mind was a blur. None of it seemed real. What had just been teenage fantasies was now a reality. Well for William at least, he thought. He needed some normality back in his life, the sound of his wife's voice. Pulling over the car he decided to call her and let her know he was on his way home. Reaching into his jacket pocket for his phone his hand met something soft. He pulled it out and tuned on the interior light. He was holding his mothers panties. "What the fuck?" He asked himself. "When did she?" And he quickly remembered as he left, her running her hand down his side. He ran his fingers across the transparent material where only minutes before his mothers pussy had been. The teenager in him took control, lifting the panties to his face and inhaling their scent. He closed his eyes and thought of her naked. She did look good for her age. She had been so honest. It must have taken such courage, he thought. As he breathed in his mothers aroma he was suddenly aware his erection had returned. "What am I doing?"

Douglas' car screeched to a halt in the driveway. He burst through the door and into the living room. Carol sat on the couch with William laying on her lap. Her left breast was in her sons mouth and he was sucking at her nipple like a baby. Williams pants were down mid thigh and Carol was masturbating him, not stopping as her other son entered the room. "OK. I want in!" Was all Douglas said.

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In 1993, Yvette and Georgia left the bar after 2am. The band they'd seen, Tool, had been amazing and Georgia was still buzzing. The first night out for Georgia after the birth of her child and the first drinks she'd had in nearly a year, she wasn't as drunk as she'd thought she'd be. "What do we do now sis?" Yvette asked as they walked along the entertainment strip. "Another bar, a nightclub?"

Georgia's eyes focused on a neon sign ahead of them and an idea formed in her head. She thought of her baby boy at home with her mother. The love she had for her son, the boy she named Darcy. "That!" She pointed at the red flashing letters.

"Are you serious? Mom'll kill you!" Yvette laughed as the girls entered the building, the word "Tattoo" illuminating their faces.

"I'll just have to get it where she won't see!" Georgia smiled.

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Darcy knelt on the shower floor before his mother. His face was inches from her groin. He looked up into her eyes as hot water cascaded down from her head and body. "I love it Mom!" He looked back at his mothers crotch and the small love heart tattoo to the left of her pubes. The word 'Darcy' wrapped around it in italics. He kissed the tattoo and then her pubic mound. His lips went lower and he kissed the top of her labia. Water ran into his mouth and he sucked it up along with her clitoris. Georgia sighed and clutched at her breasts, pinching the nipples between her fingers. She kept her eyes on her son, not wanting to miss a moment of their lovemaking. Darcy took hold of Georgia's buttocks and squeezed whilst pulling her onto his face. His tongue found the entrance to her vagina and he penetrated, reveling in the taste and heat of her cunt. Georgia obscenely worked her pelvis back and forth across her sons mouth. She wanted to taste herself on him, she needed him inside her.

With a reluctant gasp Georgia extracted her son's mouth from between her legs and pushed down on his tattooed shoulders, causing Darcy to sit on the floor of the shower. His cock stood rigid below her and Georgia lowered herself to within inches of the proud head. Darcy steadied her progress by holding her buttocks and Georgia took hold of his cock. She directed it to her opening and then allowed her son's length to slowly invade her vagina, filling her completely. Their pubic bones met and their faces came together. Georgia's tongue thrust inside her sons mouth and Darcy sucked it as he'd done her clitoris moments before. Georgia tasted cunt on her son, her own cunt. She felt a surge of maternal love, of devotion. Nothing could have prepared her for the emotion she now felt. Tears welled in her eyes as she realized she'd found her soulmate.

She thrust her hips back and forth on his cock. Darcy had one hand on her ass and the other on her breast. He could have cum at any time but he forced himself not to. She would cum before him, he would guarantee it. He moved his mouth from hers and kissed her chin, gently biting along her jawline, her neck. Georgia leaned back and his mouth went to her breast. He enveloped a nipple and sucked, moving his hand up to the other to pinch. Georgia leaned further back, one hand on the floor behind her and her feet either side of Darcy. Her son watched as she placed a hand at her cunt and whilst riding his cock, began masturbating her clitoris. The water sprayed across their bodies and the heat in the shower increased. Georgia's neck and face were flushed red as she slapped at her clit and began to climax, her body shivered and explosions went off in her head, her scream filling the bathroom. She clasped her hand down hard on her clit and slowed her gyrating.

The orgasm subsiding, Georgia thrust forward and wrapped her arms around her son. Her mouth went to his ear. "You can cum inside me." Darcy needed no further prompting, the slightest movement of his hips against his mother's groin had his orgasm approaching. He held his breath with his mouth open as Georgia again moved her lips to his. She felt his cock release inside her, every pulse, every spurt of semen. She squeezed her pelvic floor around him prolonging his orgasm. Darcy finally took a breath and kissed his mother's mouth, their tongues entwined like mating snakes. For minutes they made out like teens, caressing each other's body, joined at the hip. The water continued to fall and their adventure had just begun.

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A suburb away, Carol lay in the bath shaving her pussy.

Chapter 3

Her dress was all tulle, white lace and ruffles. She felt like a princess under her veil. Charles looked so handsome, she thought. The brown tuxedo brought out his almond eyes. His father, a minister, conducted the ceremony and she cried when Charles said, "I do." At the reception they slow danced to Roberta Flack and Carol felt the world could never be as perfect as that summer day in 1973.

In the hotel room she undressed for her husband. The very first time they would make love. She wanted the lights on, to not miss a moment as she gave him her virginity, Charles however insisted they went off. Not a big thing, she told herself. The sex would make up for it. Charles didn't enjoy her mouth on his penis and didn't even consider reciprocating the act. Her attempt to direct his fingers to her ass failed, recoiling in disgust at even the thought. She abandoned asking him to put his cock in there. In the end, she lay on her back and stared at the darkened ceiling as the man she'd pledged her life to, came inside her. It can only improve, she told herself. It can only improve.

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William relinquished his mouth's hermetic grip on his mother's nipple and sat up when his brother entered the living room. He took the opportunity to remove his pants fully and take off his shirt. Carol stood up and went to her son. Her robe fully open and hanging loosely from her shoulders. Douglas again admired his mother's beauty. She was nearly 65 but had the body of a woman half her age. Of course she had stray grey hairs on her head and a few wrinkles on her face but Douglas marveled at her almost Madame Bathory-like ability to stave off the effects of time. He felt like the teenager he was more than twenty years prior, Seeing his mother in her prime through the bathroom keyhole. His cock had been hard before he entered the room and now as she approached he was almost bursting out of his pants.

"You don't know how happy this makes me darling." Carol hummed as she placed her hands on Doug's shoulders. She leaned in and kissed him on the cheek. A motherly kiss. Their faces stayed close and ever so slowly each turned until their mouths came together. Carol's tongue gingerly licked Doug's top lip. He felt the warmth of her breath, he smelled the pleasant juniper aroma of gin and the perfume on her neck. Her belly pressed against his cock and they kissed the way a mother and son rarely do.

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Georgia walked along the hallway naked. Her feet making no sound on the long pile carpet. Darcy had told her he would only be a minute, leaving her alone in her bed. That had stretched out to ten and she was curious as to his whereabouts. Really she hoped she

would find him on his computer. Catch him in the act of manipulating another of her images. She'd feign horror and as punishment force him to show her each and every picture he'd created. Maybe whilst sitting on his lap! She giggled to herself.

When she reached his room she stopped at the sound of his voice. "Come on, you've always wanted to see my cock!" For a moment Georgia thought he was talking to himself, possibly playing out some fantasy whilst looking at the computer screen but then he continued. "No, Mom doesn't know." He was on the phone, she realized. "First thing tomorrow morning, I'll tell her I'm going to the gym or something." It's a girl, she thought. He always softens his voice when he's speaking to a girl. And then came the words that broke her heart. "Oh I'm sure you can get me hard!"

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William, now completely naked approached his mother from behind and pressed himself against her. His cock nestled between the cheeks of her ass and he moved his groin up and down the satin covered crevice, pre-cum dampening her robe. Carol begun undressing Douglas, first his suit jacket and then loosening his tie. Douglas didn't want to break the kiss now it had begun but eventually took a step back to finish the job his mother had started. Unbuttoning his shirt he wrenched it from his body and had his shoes and pants off in seconds. William's hands were now on his mother's breasts from behind as he kissed her neck.

Carol raised a hand and ran her fingers through William's hair. In the process she turned and broke the embrace. "Let me see my boys cocks." She purred while making her way to the couch, sitting back and spreading her legs. Douglas and William stood naked before her, dicks rigid. Their erections, the sincerest form of flattery on display for her eyes only. All for her. Pulling both legs up she revealed the glory of her cunt to her sons, glistening under the bright lights above. "Pull those cocks boys, jerk your cocks off for Mommy." She ordered and delighted in the sight of her son's masturbating before her. Douglas was bigger than she'd imagined, thicker and longer than William by at least an inch. William was completely shaven whereas Douglas although with shaven smooth balls, had a strip of light hair from his pubic bone to his navel. She couldn't decide which cock she thought more beautiful and called it a draw.

Lowering a hand to her pussy she ran her fingers up and down her dripping slit, then using her whole hand to smear her wetness around her entire vulva. Desiring to taste herself she brought her hand up to her mouth and licked the length of her fingers. "Can I taste you Mom?" Douglas pleaded. "You both can! Leaving her robe behind, Carol stood between her sons, her legs parted. As if reading her mind Douglas dropped to his knees before her and William did the same behind. With one hand she spread the upper labia of her pussy and the other she spread a cheek of her ass. "Dinner's ready boys!"

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Georgia returned to her bed and pulled the covers over herself. I'm so stupid she thought, why would he want to be with me alone? It had been so hot though, the wrestle, the shower. All the teasing. Maybe he just needed to get me out of his system. Who was she, she wondered? The girl from the restaurant? When Darcy eventually came to her bed she pretended to be sleeping and he didn't attempt to wake her. Tears ran onto her pillow.

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William couldn't believe what he was looking at. His mother's anus before his eyes. Level with his mouth. She was holding aside a cheek demanding he kiss it, taste it. The most intimate, private part of her body. He wouldn't waste any more time. One hand on his cock he used the other to part her left cheek, her ass now obscenely spread for his perusal. Leaning in, he first pressed his nose to her puckered hole and inhaled deeply the aroma he'd only had hints of from her underwear as a teen. I have to taste it, he thought and opened his mouth to encircle his mother's anus. His tongue flattened against her wrinkled skin and licked across the hole. His hand gripped his cock, already harder than he reasoned it could get. He heard his mother sigh as he attempted to poke his tongue inside her tight sphincter. She loosened her anus and his access was granted, allowing his tongue to dig deep inside her rectum, his mouth sealed to her butt.

Douglas kissed the insides of his mother's glistening parted thighs. Her shaved smooth pussy was literally dripping onto his face and he sucked at her moisture like a man dying of thirst. When his tongue slid between the folds of her labia he had to cease masturbating his

own cock for fear the excitement would cause a premature ejaculation. Doug's chin bumped up against his brothers as he buried his tongue further into his mother as if seeking the womb from whence it originated.

Carol could hardly contain herself. She released hold of her ass and pussy and clutched her breasts, pinching and pulling on her engorged nipples. Never had she felt such pleasure. A tongue in her asshole and another in her cunt. Not just any tongues, the loving mouths of her adult sons. It was all too much, her climax was beginning. She began moving her pelvis back and forth upon her son's upturned faces. With their chins touching she found she could almost rest her weight on them, sliding her cunt and ass over nose, then mouth, mouth, then nose and back again. Their faces became a slip and slide, slick with her vaginal juice and saliva. A tongue would enter her anus and then her cunt and repeat. She became light headed with the exhilaration and her orgasm came with a wave relief. Her cunt stopped on Douglas' mouth and she reached down and pulled the back of his head into her. William took the opportunity to bury his tongue back inside her anus as a rush of fluid gushed forth from her vagina and into Douglas' mouth. Her asshole tightened around the tongue inside it and her legs became weak as Carol realized she had just cum in her son's mouth.

Douglas would give his wife oral regularly but never had she cum in his mouth. Not to this extent where he had to swallow the fluid. Carol lifted herself off William's tongue and Douglas' mouth and with a flushed red face looked down at him, he thought, almost apologetically. "Oh darling I'm sorry, I didn't know that would happen." She offered. "Sorry? What for? I loved it." Douglas pointed

down to his erect penis. "Look how hard you've made me." Carol did look where he directed, she also noticed Williams hard cock, his hand still manipulating his organ. "Well, let mommy do something about them then."

William sat on his mother's satin robe on the couch. The material felt good beneath his ass, cold and silky. His cock stood erect and waiting as Carol climbed upon his lap. First sliding her greased pussy along his length she took hold of his shaft and guided the head to her opening. And then he was inside her. Deep inside. Further than her husband was ever able to penetrate, kissing her cervix.

Douglas watched from behind and waited until his brother was fully inside before acting. His mother's anus beckoned his attention, her hands reached behind, separating her ass cheeks wider, further emphasizing her need for more cock. If his mother was unsure whether she could accommodate his larger size (and anally), she didn't show it. He pressed the bulbous head of his member to her anus and gently pushed. Her lubricated sphincter opened and swallowed his glans, drawing him inside her, begging for further intrusion.

William could feel his brother's cock sliding against his own through his mother's vaginal wall. He grasped her breasts as she moaned her ecstasy at the double penetration. "Oh yesss. Boys, fuck me. Fuck my ass baby!" Carol ordered as Douglas began pumping his cock in and out of his mother's ass, filling her rectum with his nearly eight inches. Carol lifted one of William's hands from her breast and pulled two fingers into her mouth, sucking his digits like a third cock. He

dropped his other hand to her cunt, tickling her clitoris. Douglas was quick to take hold of his mother's abandoned breasts, reaching around and squeezing the engorged nipples and kneading her flesh.

Carol could feel another orgasm approaching, pulling William's fingers out long enough to beg Douglas not to stop. He would keep it going all night if she ordered. The slapping of his groin against her ass echoed through the house and Carol's scream when she came could be heard from the street. It was too much for William. "Mom I have to cum!" "Me too!" Douglas chimed in. "I want to see it, I want it on me boys!" Carol proclaimed.

Douglas pulled out of his mother's ass with a pop and Carol eased herself off William. She went to her knees beside the couch, her face turned upwards, "I think you know what I want." The brothers were quick to satisfy her. Douglas began to cum even before William was off the couch. Aiming his penis directly at his mother's face he unleashed jet after jet of thick cream from her forehead to her chin. Minimal pulls of his cock saw William emptying his balls in and around her mouth. Carol squealed in delight as her face was coated in her sons frosting. Taking hold of Douglas first she wrapped her mouth around the head of his cock and sucked out any excess sperm, then doing the same with William. She lifted both hands to her face and smeared the cum all over as she would a moisturizer and the boys agreed afterwards they'd never seen her look so lovely or as happy.

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Darcy left the house early, writing a note indicating he would be at the gym and attaching it to the fridge. When the girl opened the door to him she was still yawning. "Only for you do I do this!" She remarked and welcomed him inside the tattoo parlor. "What, the tattoo?" Darcy replied. "No. Get up this early!"

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Georgia took the note off the fridge, crumpled the paper and threw it in the trash. He'd lied, she thought. He was seeing someone else. It was so strange though. He'd been so loving, so eager to fuck. Another idea entered her mind, a faint glimmer of hope, maybe he was breaking up with someone. If that was the case, he'd be home soon to discover her unwashed, makeup smeared, she looked at the unflattering gown she wore. "Nuh Uh! If it is the end, I'm going down fighting." Georgia headed for the bathroom to prepare for his return.

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Chrissie did all of Darcy's work. From the first small Celtic design on his shoulder to the mural of skulls, vines and symbols that now decorated both arms entirely. Her own body was a tapestry of color, piercings adorned her face. Her hair was dyed a vivid red. "Are you sure about this?" Darcy enthusiastically nodded his assurance. "Never more so." "I don't have to tell you, it's gonna hurt!" She warned. "It's worth it." "Ok, get yourself ready." Darcy took out his phone and opened the photo he had taken of his mother in the kitchen as she bent over. Her long legs, her denim skirt riding up over her ass. He zoomed the photo in, the white panties clinging

tightly to her buttocks. His cock began to rise. "Alright, I'm good to go!"

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It was just before noon when Darcy entered the house. Georgia was nowhere to be seen and he presumed she'd gone for a run. Good, he thought. I'll have to avoid her for a while anyway. Taking a can of coke from the fridge he made his way to his bedroom. Georgia sat at his desk, the computer on, displaying the manipulated photo she'd discovered of herself only two days before, standing pants-less in the kitchen.

Darcy stopped inside the doorway and took a moment to take in the scene. His mother had never looked so beautiful. Her hair was tied up tightly in a high ponytail, her eyes smokey, her lips bright red with lipstick. She wore the bridal lingerie she'd purchased the day before with white thigh high stockings and heels. It was then he noticed the image on the screen and his heart raced with nerves, his face flushed with embarrassment. "How long have you known?" He asked sheepishly. "A couple of days." "I'm sorry, I'll delete them. All of them." Darcy made a move towards the computer but Georgia stopped him. "Don't!" She placed a hand over his as he attempted to reach for the mouse. "I like them. It's flattering." Darcy looked down at his mother. More alluring than any image he'd created onscreen. Her cleavage heaved in the tight white corset, her stocking clad legs slightly parted. She lifted and hand and placed it against his crotch. Darcy reeled back at her unexpected touch.

To Georgia it was verification of her suspicions. "There's someone else isn't there?" Darcy looked confused. "What? No!" "Then why don't you want to?" "I can't!" Georgia looked confused. "I'll have to show you." Darcy began by taking off his shirt, revealing his bare chest and tattooed arms. He gingerly undid his pants and pulled them down along with his boxers. Standing naked before his lingerie clad mother his cock began to rise.

Georgia's mind began to process the wondrous sight before her eyes. Her sons cock looked red and swollen and seemed to glisten with what looked to be Vaseline. Her first thought was there was something wrong but as he hardened she realized the reason why it was in this state. The first letter sat beneath the underside of the head, below the eye of his cock. A "G" emblazoned in bold grey italic. The other letters trailed downwards towards his ball sack, the "A" at the base of his now fully erect penis. Her name, "GEORGIA" tattooed forever on her son's cock.

The tears that now flowed from Georgia were not out of sadness. "My god baby, what have you done?" "I did it for you. You have my name on your body, I wanted to show how much I love you as well." So many thoughts ran through Georgia's mind. The devotion it took, the dedication, the pain he must have gone through. The love he must have for her. She stood and went to him, careful as she pressed her body to his. "You don't hate it do you?" Georgia kissed Darcy lightly on the lips, leaving her mouth to his. "How long until it heals?" His lips touched hers as he answered. "A couple of days, why?" "Because I'm curious to know just how many letters I can swallow!"