

GEORGIA AND DARCY CH. 01

sunburycd

Mother discovers son's obsession.

Incest/Taboo

4.63

8.5k words

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 dialing 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, 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.

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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"

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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 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!"

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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.

End of chapter 1