

GEORGIA AND DARCY CH. 02

sunburycd

Carols story and Georgia reveals her tattoo.

Incest/Taboo

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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.

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"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.

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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 William's 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 father's 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 paid 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 William's 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 William's 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 Dougs 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 mothers 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 others 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.

End of Chapter 2