*This is what I hope will be the first chapter of a series of stories about actress Virginia Madsen and her incestuous adventures with her son. These stories will be unrelated and do not need to be read in any order.*

inc, celebrity, Fb, mom/son

Virginia Madsen and her Son; Story 1, Chapter 1

Virginia Madsen pulled into her driveway, put her car in park and shut off the engine. She slumped backwards in her seat and let out a long sigh, the die had been cast, she was going for it; win, lose, or draw. She took one short drink from the bottle which sent her into a mild coughing fit and then dripped some of the whiskey on her blouse to give off the smell of having been drinking heavily.

She removed her heels and began walking up the steps to her front door. Before she entered, she went over her looks; her spectacular blonde hair in a disarray around her shoulders, white dress blouse unbuttoned just enough to reveal the valley between her breasts and the black lace bra that matched her panties, black business dress skirt, no hose or stockings, shoes in one hand and purse in the other. Now? Time for action.

She stepped into her foyer and hearing the TV tuned to a basketball game, gave out a shaky “Hi.” Her son answered from the living room with something that approximated, “Hi Mom.” “Perfect.” She thought, “Step one out of the way.” She stepped into the living room and saw exactly what she expected, her son sitting on the couch, wear athletic socks, baggy athletic shorts, no shirt, no shoes, and drinking a soft drink. She leaned against the doorway drinking in his good looks as he blithely ignored her. She entered the room with an exaggerated stagger, this he noticed and gallantly though clumsily got to his feet and took her by the waist and began and not for the first time to guide her to her bedroom. He wrinkled his nose and inquired what was the occasion? She replied that she had gotten the part and thought “so far so good” as he helped her sit on the edge of her gigantic King-Size Plus brass bed. She said truthfully, “Yeah, today was the physical testing for the role, it is an action movie after all.” And added not so truthfully since her first drink of the day had been a few minutes ago in the driveway, she was going to be cold sober for this “So afterwards when we finished me and the girls went out to celebrate.” “Cool.” He answered and began to turn away. She stopped him and asked him do something for her and directed him to rinse out the compress and fill it with ice, make a large glass of ice water, and bring them and the bottle of aspirin from the kitchen. He shrugged and walked away as she began to untuck her blouse making sure he saw her, “Step two,” she thought. She slipped out of her blouse and skirt and waited in the black lacy underwear as she heard her son putter around in the kitchen.

She wondered what his reaction would be when he came back and saw her like this. Her semi-flirtations of the last few months had revealed no reaction on his part. Of course he had been seeing her in swimsuits including bikinis, underwear, and nightgowns his whole life and had probably looked up at least a couple her nude scenes from the internet so maybe he wouldn’t even notice. No matter, she was going for it. His incredible looks especially his young oh so taut physique, love for her and hers for him, and her own long unfulfilled love life had made that decision.

His return snapped her out of his reverie. She gratefully took the bottle of aspirin from him and swallowed almost half of its contents and drained the glass of water. She lay back on her bed and began daubing her upper chest with the cold compress. With her eyes half closed she checked where his eyes were directed and was pleased to see them slowly moving up and down her body. “You going to be okay Mom?” He asked half turning away. “I’ll be fine baby,” She assured him while thinking, “You have no idea.” “Why don’t you sit down and talk to me,” She said as she scooted over and gestured for him to sit next to her. She moved just enough for him to sit on the edge of the bed but little enough that the full lengths of their thighs were touching which sent a shiver of joy and pleasure through her. “Step three!” She then set the compress over her eyes so that he could (she hoped) continue checking her out unobtrusively. “How was your day?” She asked. His response was a very teenage, “Okay I guess.” She hopelessly continued to try and make small talk until he finally asked her how her day had gone. She began to talk about the testing; the morning with the dialogue coach necessitated by her character being proficient in several Oriental languages and the physical workout that had taken up most of the afternoon to see if she could be convincing in the multiple fight and action scenes the role called for. She jokingly or perhaps not so jokingly told him that she felt like a bunch of ninjas had beaten her with sticks. She removed the compress from her eyes and placed it between her breasts and smiled inwardly as she saw the way that his eyes followed her movements.

“Now it was time to go for it,” She thought as she took the compress in her hand and rolled on to her stomach, she pulled her magnificent mane of hair to one side and placed the compress at the bottom of her neck/top of her back. She smiled inwardly as she felt her son move so that their thighs remained in contact. “Step four, yesss!!!” She knew he wouldn’t ask or offer so she, in her most innocent voice asked him, “Give an old lady a back rub?” Immediately, he, somewhat shakily, answered in the affirmative. Virginia placed the compress on the nightstand and gestured for him to start. Shakily and with little pressure (or technique) he began to rub her neck. The pleasure was still immeasurable and began to soak her panties but after the first couple of minutes she stopped him and gave him a couple of brief instructions, he began to apply more serious pressure and began using his thumbs along with his fingers and hands starting at her spine moving out to her sides. He stopped as she let out her first slight moan, to which she answered, “Don’t you dare stop, you are supposed to make a girl moan when you give her a back rub.” When he got to her bra strap, she casually reached back and unhooked it and pulled them to the sides leaving her back fully exposed. She could feel his breath becoming short and ragged and heat beginning to build and spread her own increasingly wet pussy . She turned her reddening, flushed face to the right so he could see the effect he was having on her. As he went lower and lower he began to slowdown to which she half whispered, half moaned, “Oh baby don’t stop.” When he got to her ass he failed to alter his path and she knew it was finally going to happen. He rubbed her ass, with his thumbs going deep into her crack, when he reached to bottom of her panties he reached back up to the top of her panties and slid his hand down the crack of her perfect ass, lower he went until his fingers reached her cunt and slowly with one finger, then two, he began fucking her pussy. Powerfully he fucked her cunt with his fingers. In and out he shoved into her pussy. He moved until he was laying half on top of her and began to kiss his way across the top of her shoulders. Alternately crying, whimpering, and moaning with pleasure she had never felt before, Virginia buried her face into her pillow and felt her orgasm approach. Then without warning it happened, the world turned red, an explosion shot through her, something like boiling hot water exploded out of her cunt and she screamed and screamed into her pillow. It seemed like forever before she stopped coming, when she dared to open her eyes and the red haze faded away. She detected that her son, her beautiful young son had removed his hand from her sopping wet cunt and was stroking her hair and continued to kiss her shoulders.

To be continued