

CRAZY 43

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 43 Friend with Benefits with My Mom. 1

CHAPTER 1

Jack POV:

My mother is a stone-cold fox.

She looks like a taller version of the adult film star Ashley Fires.

My mom, no joke, is her doppelganger.

She's 5'9, blond, with blue eyes, and has high cheekbones, a slim body, hour glass figure, long legs, succulent thighs, perky little tits, and the sweetest round apple ass...

My mom has always featured in my jerk off fantasies, ever since I hit puberty...

Now in my 20s, I still think of banging her, I admit.

Sort of a shame, really, that she's my mom. We get along quite well...

Sometimes I wish I could be with her, be closer to her, be intimate...

Vivian POV:

My Jack is such a sweetheart. He's such a caring, loving son. Always visits and calls, holds the door for me, helps me with housework. Constantly doting on me.

And the way he looks at me, even more so these days... Well, if I wasn't his mom, I'd think he was sweet on me.

Besides being a gentleman, what a strapping young lad he's developed into.

Why any girl would be lucky to have him. At 6 feet tall, 190 pounds, he's beefy and muscular and has wavy black hair, a strong square chin and almond eyes.

What a catch!

I can't believe that hussy of a girlfriend he had, Crissy, broke his heart and ran back to her ex...

Guess I'm not alone in the Broken Hearts Club!

Jack POV:

Recently my mom and I have gotten much closer. Being 26 now I can have more "grown up" conversations with her.

She's quite well-read and is a news junkie like me, so we talk a lot about world events, politics, and all sorts of stuff.

Like me, she also went through a recent break-up, with my dad.

I love my pops, don't get me wrong. He's a great provider and gave us a fantastic, upper middle-class life, big house in the suburbs, helped me get through college, got me my first job.

But he and mom, I never saw any sparks there. He'd be gone for months at a time, on business or wherever.

Can't say it surprised me when it turned out he had another family in another state! It did, however, shock and deeply sadden my mom.

At least he wasn't a jerk in the divorce settlement and set my mom up nicely. After her initial anger, a whirlwind of broken dishes and screaming in the kitchen, they parted on amicable terms.

She's been quite lonely ever since. I think she's been lonely, actually, for a long time.

Vivian POV:

It's been tough, yeah. As a young woman, I competed in beauty pageants, modeled, and was a genuine debutante.

When I met my husband, I was a junior in college, 21, and he was a 27-year-old entrepreneur, climbing business ladders.

We weren't careful and, after a couple months, I got pregnant and couldn't bear to lose my baby, so we got hitched, and I left school, abandoned my dreams- to help him reach his... and to raise our son.

I was so busy with parenting, PTA duties, and maintaining my figure, looks, that I didn't feel too lonely until Jack went off to college.

Without him around, with my husband there less and less, things have been just so...

Jack POV:

It's been sad. Sad to see my parents split up, of course. But also sad seeing my mom becoming a hermit, cat lady type.

She certainly doesn't look the part, though. At 47, she looks 37, mature, beautiful... I liken her to a fine bottle of wine or whisky, as she seems to get sexier, prettier, with age.

She's so gentle, and girly too. Always pays meticulous attention to her looks, in the gym nearly every day, doing aerobics, yoga, the StairMaster, the treadmill.

Love all her fishnet stockings and tight blouses and miniskirts, and her makeup, heavy rouge on her cheeks, mascara, and dark blue eye shadow, cherry red lipstick. Almost never see her without makeup.

Her long nails, always done perfectly, manicured, painted all sorts of colors... I gotta say I've had increasing fantasies about her recently since I broke up with my girl.

Sometimes I feel angry in a way, that she's my mom. Because she's so relaxed, fun, enjoyable to be around. And so hot...

The age difference doesn't bother me. It's more the barrier of her being my mom that bothers me. Like here's this amazing mature woman I want to be with, really be with, but it's impossible...

I can still enjoy her companionship. And since we're both single, alone, I've been visiting her more often, and she'll make me dinner (she's such an awesome cook!) and we'll eat her Mediterranean style dishes and sip wine, watch the sunset from the window in the dining room and talk about everything and anything.

If she weren't my mom, oh yeah, I'd totally make a move on her...

Vivian:

As tough as it's been, the divorce, finding my husband had another wife and family, the one benefit it's brought has been getting closer with my son.

He's been so sweet, coming over after work, for dinner, still dressed in his suit and tie. He looks so handsome!

So nice to have a man around the house to do things that need doing.

Speaking of that, well, it's not easy to talk about, but, I, well, miss, certain... Certain duties only a man can perform...

I've never been open about... s.e.x. My husband was my first and the only man I've been with. When we were first together, the first time, it hurt like hell!

I wondered, why would people want to do this, s.e.x thing? I'd always desired to do it, for some reason, then I did it, and it was sooooo painful.

I almost didn't want to do it again, but I couldn't let such a catch go, so I let him have s.e.l with me again.

And the second time, wow, was quite different. I loved it, feeling his...

How large and warm it felt, in and out of me, down there... His hot stuff all squirting in me, that second time, made me experience my first orgasm, something I'll never forget.

We took to doing it like rabbits after that. As soon as I got to his apartment, we'd be on the floor, the table, in the shower, the loveseat, bed, just going at it. He was wild, but gentle, patient, and taught me how to do everything he wanted.

I was sure he'd done it before, probably with multiple partners, given how handsome he was. But I never asked. Nor did I have the courage or awareness to tell him to stop and wear a condom...

I hope Jack is being safer than me... He's had a string of girlfriends but hasn't found the one. I wonder if he's looking...

Maybe he's not having any luck and that's why he's coming over to see me so much.

Maybe he's lonely too...

Jack:

I've been feeling lonely since I broke up with Crissy. Holy shit, she was fine! She looked like a Kardashian, seriously, Armenian, with an angelic face and big bubble butt.

We used to fuck, and I mean, FUCK, constantly.

She was the first girl I really could give it to hard and who'd do anything, deepthroat, anal, even a 3-way with her Finnish blond friend.

Fucking Crissy was like being with a pornstar.

Before her I'd dated several girls, but they were mostly spoiled, prudish types. Most wouldn't let me go all the way, and, if they did, they didn't like the s.e.l, and complained about my dick being too big.

Not that I have a massive, Ron Jeremy dick, but I guess it's slightly above average, 7 inches, thick. I keep it manscaped, too, so it sorta looks big. I'm proud of it, I admit...

With Crissy s.e.l was finally fun. We also got along well. Sounds kinda sick, I know, but Crissy's personality reminded me of my mom. Laidback, fun, knowledgeable, could talk about anything.

I was totally heartbroken when she got back together with her ex, this muscle-bound Greek guy, a former Olympic swimmer. But I've been using it as motivation. Hitting the gym more, trying to get into the best shape of my life so I can bag a superhot chick.

However, every time I think about what I want in a woman, and every time I beat off these days, I think of only one person, my mom.

Vivian POV:

It's so hard to find someone. Everybody is so narcissistic, always on their phone, social media, ignoring each other.

My girlfriends have been encouraging me to get on a dating site or app or Tinder or Snapface or whatever it's called, but I'm so out of the loop with all that.

I don't even know how I would date. So many guys my age don't take care of themselves physically or are recently divorced guys looking for younger women to have flings with.

It's been years, decades, since I went on an actual date. I guess Jack coming over for dinner is the closest I'm getting to male attention.

Isn't that awful to say, that I'm basically dating my son?

Look, it's not like we're doing anything wrong. We just have dinner, drink a little wine.

But when he comes over, he always gives me a hug, and when we hug, it's like I feel this electric shock. I get all tingly. I get goosebumps.

And it's like... when we hug... as if I don't want to let him go. I don't know what's coming over me. I shouldn't feel like this. It's so wrong. Isn't it?

He's a grown man, nearing 30. I... I don't view him as the little boy I used to... It's like he's something else now, entirely...

Last night, too, when he slept over, well, that shouldn't have happened...

Jack:

My visits to mom's house have increased a lot, to almost every night.

I live close enough that I can stop by on the way home from work and walk home if I've had too many glasses of wine.

My sales job is intense and requires me to work practically every day. Not helpful for the social life, but

it certainly helps my bank account. Not too many guys my age making the cash I make.

But yeah, I've been getting tired of eating at restaurants and trying to cook, and my mom makes such healthy, delicious food so it's been quite a good thing going by there for dinner.

Not just the convenience and food, though, it's also about seeing her.

Going by there, I'm always looking forward to her welcoming smile and big beautiful blue eyes lighting up when she sees me, feeling the warmth of her tight hugs, her soft body touching mine, coyly watching her as she walks away, to ready dinner...

Yeah, I get more out of it than just the food...

But last night, things took a, shall we say, different, turn...

I'd been working overtime so I got there later than usual. It was a Saturday night, and, for once, I wasn't working the whole weekend.

We finished dinner around 9pm and drank wine and talked until around 10pm.

I honestly can't remember who suggested it, since I was sorta buzzed, but we agreed I'd stay the night since it was late and I was tired.

I do remember we decided to watch a movie in the living room.

It was some scary movie about a doll. My mom and I both like scary movies, and find them more funny than anything, but this one, maybe because of the creepy doll, really freaked my mom out.

We were sitting on opposite ends of the u-shaped leather couch, but, upon watching a scene where the doll suddenly appears in a closet holding a bloody knife, my mom screamed and slid over next to me, threw her arms around me and clutched me closely as we watched.

Oh fuck, the smell of her hair and feeling it on my cheek, was... indescribable. I put my arm around her and held her like I hadn't held a woman in a while.

Soon enough, maybe through instinct, perhaps due to the wine, I was caressing her arm and slowly worked my hand down, stroking her velvety, pantyhose covered thighs.