

## **CRAZY 45**

### CRAZY PLEASURE

#### Chapter 45 Friends with Benefits with My Mom. 3

"Mom POV

I always thought his compliments on my looks were him just being nice. I have to say I was rather flattered to find out he'd developed something of a crush on me and really thought of me as beautiful.

Jack POV:

I've watched a little MILF porn here and there, Ashley Fires, only, because, she's like my mom's identical twin, but the MILF thing has never been my thing... Except for my mom.

She's practically perfect looking. And cool too. Since we're both single now, and highly compatible, attracted to each other, grown-ups, why not date? She'd be an ideal girlfriend.

Vivian POV:

I felt weird about it at first, and still kind of do. It's not normal, to be with your son, like that.

But I guess we never had a usual relationship anyway. I love him, feel at ease with him, and enjoy his company. And, honestly, I enjoy the male company.

He's old enough to make his own decisions and if this is really what he decides...

Still, the idea of dating, being his "girlfriend". I don't know. I can't wrap my head around it. It's not like we could tell anyone.

Pretty much everywhere there's laws about this thing. Isn't there? I'm not sure. I would never tell my girlfriends or nosy neighbors about it. No matter how handsome they think Jack is.

Oh my word, if his grandparents found out!

Jack POV:

I'm jumping the gun again with "girlfriend" talk. Amazing to me that I've gotten this far.

She's right, though, no one can know. We have to keep it quiet. That is rule number one.

Vivian POV:

I told him we could be friends. Couldn't say the "benefits" part.

But we need to set parameters. Rules for this, I told him.

Besides not talking about it, there needs to be others.

It's not like we're getting married. And I'm still getting my period, so we must take precautions.

Did I just say that to him? Precautions... What am I thinking? Oh, my...

Jack POV:

When she told me we have to take "precautions" it was like a bolt of lightning shooting up my spine.

I knew. I knew what she meant. We were going to have s\*e\*x. I was going to have s\*e\*x with my mom. My 10/10 mom. The woman of all women I'd wanted to have s\*e\*x with most. It was actually happening.

Vivian POV:

I couldn't lie to myself. I'm sick of being alone and his touch and kisses last night were beyond incredible.

I don't feel totally right about it, but I'm into the "friends with benefits" thing. He's already my friend...So...Maybe... We can do... Some things... I'm not totally sure what yet...

Jack:

I'm gonna be friends with benefits with my mom. My mom who looks like a pornstar. I really hope I don't cum too quick.

Will this really happen, though? I've talked her this far. Let's see.

Vivian:

After we agreed to do the friends with benefits thing, he got up and approached me, with a look in his eye, like a lion after its prey!

Not so fast, young man, I said. Don't think I'm that easy. That this is easy. I still have to think about all this... We still have to talk about this...

Jack:

I respect that. I respect her. I'm not gonna be pushy and mess it up.

I asked if I could take her out to somewhere nice.

Vivian:

Oh no, we're not doing the dinner and movie. This isn't dating. We already see each other every night, nearly. So we'll lay out the rules first, agree to them, then we'll proceed from there.

Jack:

Will these be written or oral rules, I queried. We both laughed when I said "oral". I guess my mom isn't as prudish as I thought. This was getting better and better.

Vivian:

These will be... Spoken... Spoken rules.

First one is we don't talk about it. To anyone. It's a secret we keep to ourselves. Forever.

Jack:

The second is we take... Precautions... Like you said before...

Vivian:

The third is that either of us can stop at any time. Either during, before or after anything.

The fourth is that we don't go out together, no hand holding, PDA.

Jack:

My mom was really getting into these rules. I'd always been a good kid. Never got in trouble. Always did well in my studies, athletics.

My parents never had to ground me or discipline me, so this was the first time ever my mom was laying down the law. Gotta say I liked her assertiveness.

The more she talked about it, the realer it got...

Vivian:

Right as we were having this very, unusual, discussion, the doorbell rang. It was my ex-husband! He'd come by to pick up some documents he'd forgotten in his old office.

Jack and I both froze upon seeing him. Aside from business, he was never that shrewd, and asked us, innocently, if he was "interrupting" anything.

Jack:

That was crazy seeing my dad. Good thing I wasn't behind my mom at the kitchen counter or something, plowing into her sweet pussy wildly or even just making out.

Definitely good he didn't come by last night. Woulda given him a heart attack.

Vivian:

Seeing my ex-husband and thinking of him lying and betraying me all those years solidified my resolve.

I was going to have s\*e\*x again. I was going all the way. I was going to have s\*e\*x with Jack.

Jack:

I could see how my mom was still pissed at dad. With good reason too.

His "other" wife, I'd seen a picture of her, and she's not nearly as hot as mom. Not sure what he was thinking. His loss, my gain, though.

Vivian:

With my ex-husband gone, I set out the last rule. Anything we did, it had to be with the lights off.

We would finish dinner. Afterwards, I'd go up to my bedroom, get ready, turn off the lights, and he'd come in, and we'd, do, whatever we did...

I still couldn't say it directly to him.

Jack:

She was nervous and her voice cracked as she laid out the last rule. I was slightly nervous too, I must admit.

Vivian:

He left soon after we finished discussing the rules. I suggested he come back later for dinner. We usually hugged, but this time, when he left, we didn't.

We just giggled a bit and I waved goodbye and scampered back up to my bedroom to get ready for the gym...

CHAPTER 3

Jack:

That whole day I could think of nothing but my mom. I was possibly gonna have s\*e\*x with her tonight. Even if I didn't fuck her, I'd at least make out with her. Again. How lucky was I?

I met some buddies for lunch. As the conversation turned to girls, one of my buddies ribbed me for being single so long and needing to get back in the "game."

My buddies had always indirectly told me my mom was hot. I know they all wanna fuck her as much as I do, but they know I'd punch their teeth in if they said so.

I took their ribbing in stride. I wondered how they'd react if I told them about what happened last night...

Vivian:

At the gym I ran into a girlfriend who kept pestering me to get on this or that dating app. She was saying how I needed to just dive in to something, even a casual fling.

Little did she know...

Jack:

After lunch, I hit the gym, did weights. I bumped into my mom by the front counter and we said a passing hello, quickly, clumsily, but nothing else, and I caught a sneaky glimpse of her tight ass in her yoga pants.

Vivian:

I sort of knew he was looking at my behind.

He'd always had a way of watching me from behind me, especially when I dressed up or went to the gym. I'd always thought it was him being sweet, seeing me off.

But now I know what he was really thinking... And felt myself blush a bit...

Jack:

I got to the house around 7pm. It smelled so good in there. She'd made a roast chicken dish that was immaculate.

I'd worn a button-down dress shirt, designer slacks and wingtips. Even though it was Sunday evening and a casual setting, I wanted to dress to impress.

Vivian:

I knew that chicken I do has been his recent favorite.

I'd dressed casually, loose t-shirt and jeans, simple white cotton bra and panties underneath...

I like to show off my figure, I mean, I work so hard at it... But I didn't want anything too revealing because I didn't want this to be weird. Weirder than it already was.

And same as that morning, I didn't hug him... Kept him at a safe distance...

Although he looked all handsome and GQ, I wished he'd looked plainer. It felt too much like a "date."

Jack:

Even in her t-shirt and jeans, fuck, she was a dime! Her ass and thighs made those blue jeans talk.

Vivian:

We sat at far opposite ends of the long mahogany dining table. We usually were closer to one another and ate by candlelight. However, I didn't want any candles and kept the chandelier on instead.

While eating, we didn't talk much. We only talked about the weather. And we never talked about the weather. Our conversations were always more substantive.

Jack:

It was... Different. For the first time, we had nothing to say to each other.

Vivian:

I worried that we'd made a mistake. We shouldn't be doing this. I told him so too.

Jack:

I told her she's beautiful and that her hair looked better curly and parted to the side, the way she'd styled it tonight.

Vivian:

I wondered if he'd listened to anything I'd said.

Jack:

I told her we should finish that bottle of wine. Then I'd put the dishes in the dishwasher and would meet her in the bedroom when I was done.

I was pushing all my chips on the table. It was now or never. My cock swelled up.

Vivian:

Like most women, I like an alpha-man. Not only was he taking charge, he was gonna load the dishwasher for me. God, I loved my son.

And I'm sick of being alone.

Jack POV:

We tore through that bottle of pinot.

My mom really perked up and relaxed when I mentioned the dishes.

She finished before me, smiled sheepishly and went up to her bedroom. I gulped down a couple more glasses of liquid courage and loaded up the dishwasher.

I was so excited that I bumbled and nearly dropped a couple cups on the kitchen floor.