

## **CRAZY 49**

### **CRAZY PLEASURE**

#### **Chapter 49 Fuck Me Harder: Sluts & Lovers EP 2**

Everyone has retired to their bedrooms for a well deserved night's sleep. Donna lays awake still feeling the sensation of her son's hand spreading her legs apart. She knows it was innocent enough but no man has touched her there for the longest time. She has not felt that strong but gentle touch. It lingered as she drifted to sleep.

Jason and Robbie pleased themselves to the sight of Donna standing in the pool wet and exposed. The plan further charges their arousal. They agreed that tonight showed them their plan was more the possible.

Claire also pleased herself thinking of Donna. Although for some reason the thought of Donna's son Jason flashes in and out of her mind. She dismisses it to the events of the evening.

Over the next few weeks the plan develops, plan the work, and work the plan. While the goal is the same the approach for each son is slightly different. It had to be. No two relationships are exactly the same. Jason Robinson spends more time the ever before at home. He has taken on the manly duties of keeping the house in good repair, making many improvements. He spent a good deal of time helping his mother with one of her favorite past times, the gardening. She becomes so appreciative of his hard work and dedication long hugs and affectionate kisses on the cheek to express her gratitude for her son's help start to become common place. In this regard they slip into acting more like husband and wife then mother and son.

No one can say how it all started but many of the days spent outside ended with fights over control of the water hose, each one trying to soak the other. Both would end up wet and cooled off but not before wrestling on the grass for control. Though Donna would never admit it to herself she enjoyed and looked forward to the strong physical contact. After all it was just innocent fun. Wasn't it?

Claire's interests were more directed towards art, decorating and design. Robbie would find art galleries, antique stores and exhibitions in the area. Many days and hours were spent driving through the country side looking of a perfect piece for the house or resale. Many hours in an afternoon spent in comfortable silence holding hands while viewing a single painting from one of the masters. Many a night after a long day of driving the country side would end with take out in the family room and falling asleep lying on the couch with each other while watching TV. Claire could not bear the thought of not having Robbie around to share these moments.

Robbie took an interest in his father's digital camera. Claire encouraged him to take a few courses at the local Community College and would help him with his projects. One day Robbie called home. "Mom, I'm on my way to photography class and I left my assignment at home. Do you think you could bring it to the school?"

Claire was more than willing to help. "You know I will Robbie. Where is it?"

"Look in the top right hand draw in my desk. It's in a brown envelope marked assignment four. Class doesn't start for an hour so don't rush. Thanks, you're the best. Bye."

"Bye." The best, no one has told her that for the longest time. Claire felt warm inside. She hurried up the stairs and into Robbie's room. The envelope was right where he said. She was about to close the drawer when she saw the magazine. Putting the envelope down she picks it up only to see a second one, MILFs, and Hot Mature Women. Thumbing through the pages Claire viewed pictures of older women posing in various states of undress, some artistic, some pornographic. There were dog eared pages, all of women with long willowy bodies with small perky breasts. They all resembled her in one way or another. Claire felt bothered and excited at the same time. She quickly put them back in the drawer. She grabs the envelope and leaves for college. The pictures of the women continue to flash in her mind. Her imagination slips to images of her son looking at the same pictures. Women that looked like his mother undoubtedly enjoying what he sees. She needed some time to digest all these thoughts.

Robbie sees his mother standing by her car in the parking lot with the envelope in her hand. There is a slightly odd look on her face. He knows she's seen the magazines. After all that was the plan. "Mom thanks for bringing the assignment. You're a life saver. Are you OK?"

Holding out the envelope her hands slightly trembling, "Sure, I'm OK. Why would you ask?"

"I don't know you look a little rattled or something. Are you sure you're OK? I wouldn't have asked you to come if I thought you were not feeling well."

"No I'm fine, really."

Stepping closer Robbie pulls his mother to him and holds her in a warm embrace. Gently he whispers in her ear. "I worry about you. I love you. I don't want anything to happen to you."

Claire cannot control her increased trembling. "Maybe I should go home and lay down."

"I'll come right home after class to take care of you. Drive carefully." Robbie kisses his mother softly and quickly on the lips, turns and leaves for class.

Claire's legs are weak. As she gets back into the car she becomes aware that she is aroused. More than aroused she is wet. Her head is spinning. What just happened, nothing really? She is slightly overwhelmed with her find and her son's concern for her condition. Is her mind playing tricks on her? The thought that her son is attracted to her...well not her but women who look similar to her. Claire rushes home to go to her bed but, not to relax. She strips. Her orgasm comes quick as her fingers work her pussy. Visions of Robbie looking through his magazine, pleasuring himself flash through her mind. But it is her face on the body of all the pictures he is looking at. Claire explodes as she gushes, two, three, four streams of cum over her bed. Tears swell from her eyes. Her incestuous fantasy has given her the largest orgasm she can remember but with a mix of guilt and pleasure. Her eyes close as she drifts into a deep sleep.

Robbie arrives home several hours later. The house is silent. Quietly he makes his way up stairs to find his mother's bedroom door slightly ajar. Pushing it open just enough to look in he see his mother lying naked on her bed. She is sound asleep. The room has a smell he has experienced only a few times with past girl friends. A knowing, satisfying smile grows on his face as he closes the door. Robbie goes to his room and masturbates to the image he's just seen. Later he calls Jason to discuss their progress.

Three quarters of the summer is done. The relationship of the two families has changed. It seemed so natural. That no one ever questioned what it had developed into. Really, no one was pursuing anyone. Were they?

Donna as her custom was starting a load of laundry before going outside to work in the yard with Jason. She began separating the whites from the darks when she grabbed a wet face towel. "How many times have I told him not to put wet towels in with the dirty laundry?" She stared at her hand. She was holding a pair of her black silk panties. They were soaked. The quantity of fluid moistens her hand. The aroma that filled the room was unmistakable. It had been quite some time since she smelled cum. It's a musky aroma that she's always enjoyed. She enjoyed everything about it, the smell, and the taste. She always loved giving blowjobs for the treat of a man's cum. Suddenly, she's snapped out of her trance. Quick she throws the panties into the washing machine. Picking up a pair of jeans she is about to wipe off her hand, but hesitates. Slowly and almost uncontrollably Donna brings her hand to her face to again smell the aroma. She inhales deeply. Her eyes close as her fingers touch her lips wetting them with his fluid. Her tongue licks clean those same lips tasting the salty fluid. The sound of a lawn mower starting startles Donna back to her senses. Quickly she readies the wash and goes outside.

The first sight she sees is Jason in only a pair of shorts body glistening from sweat as he pushed the mower. She realizes she still has his taste in her mouth. "My god, what just happened." She quickly decides that nothing should be mentioned. What would she say? "I know you use my panties to masturbate. You know you shouldn't use your mother's panties. Oh by the way it's been so long since I've tasted a man I decided to try some." No, nothing would be said.

As the weeks went on Donna continued to find her panties used by her son. Still she said nothing. How could she when she would wait in anticipation of a new pair. Each time it would be the same, the aroma, and the taste. It escalated. She would take them into her room as not to get caught. She would lick her tongue over the salty fabric while her fingers played with her pussy. Then one day when she found what seemed like a freshly used pair she put them on and wore them for the day. What was happening to her? She kept convincing herself that it was an innocent pleasure she deserved, even if slightly perverted.

It had been a long day and both Jason and Donna were spent. Jason showered and went for takeout. Donna showered and got ready to spend a quite comfortable night. Jason was picking up a movie, a chick flick. He always let Donna chose the movie. It's just another thing about her son that made her love him even more. She wore the panties she found in the wash. They were still damp. She pulled the wet crotch between her pussy lips. She rubs herself wanting a quick orgasm when she heard the front door open. Donna quickly dresses in light cotton pajama bottoms and an oversize tee shirt.

After finishing their dinner they scatter their many throw pillows on the family room floor and lay next to each other as has become their custom. Jason rolls on his side and spoons his mother as the movie starts. Half way through the movie Donna heard the familiar deep breathing of a sleeping person. She smiles. He tries so hard to enjoy the movies as much as she does. Though, more times than not he is sleeping before the end. Still he is always willing to watch whatever she picks, insisting he really enjoyed it if for no other reason than to please her. Donna takes his arm and pulls it around her as she presses closer to him.

The movie is nearing the end when Donna becomes aware of something behind her. Jason has an erection that is growing larger and it is pressing between the cheeks of her ass. She thinks about waking him or moving but she lay still as a shiver goes through her body. Try as she will the growing excitement she feels doesn't allow Donna to concentrate on the movie. She struggles trying to control her feelings but does not wanting to move away.

She slowly slips her hand down to her crotch as not to wake her son. Her lips are swollen as her hand explores the wet place between her legs. Her hand moves in small circles as she ever so slightly pushes on her son's erection.

Jason has been awake all along. Faking sleep was not as difficult as controlling the time to become erect. Waiting long enough to make it seem innocent and real took all the concentration he could muster. Now the stage was set and his mother was reacting as he had hoped. He couldn't move. He wouldn't let on that he was enjoying this moment as much or even more than his mother. He would move when the time was right.

Donna continued to rub her clit through the thin layer of cotton pajamas and cum soaked panties. Thinking how those same panties were soaked only tonight with his cum. The same cum that came from the rather thick cock pressed between her ass checks. What was she doing? She had to stop. She was so close. She only needed a little more, one more small push against his erection. Just about there...oh god...

Jason suddenly sits up. "Oh geez, I'm sorry mom."

Not looking back Donna is frozen in place her hand still between her legs. "Nooo, no son it's my fault."

"What are you talking about? I'm the one who fell asleep. I'm sorry I didn't make it through another movie. God I have to go to the bathroom. I'll be right back."

Jason gets to his feet and leaves the room. Donna though sexually charged moves her hand away from between her legs and sits up. "Oh god, what was I thinking. He never even realized what was happening. What was happening?" Donna felt out of control. She couldn't blame Jason for anything that just happened. She could have stop it a number of ways but didn't. She was a woman in need and at the moment she needed the warmth and touch of her son. She needed to sort this out. Talk this through.

Later Jason hug and kissed his mother good night as she entered her bedroom. Donna laid in bed unable to sleep. She knew what needed to be done even though she resisted. Quickly removing her panties both hand went to her pussy. She pulled her knees up as one hand rubbed her clit and the fingers of her other hand entered her vagina. The sensation of her son erection pressed between her ass cheeks remained a physical and mental sensation. Her fingers work faster and harder with images of her sons cock moving from her ass cheeks to between her legs as he enters her. She lets out a loud moan as her climax erupts causing her body to shake and convulse uncontrollably. She is temporary satisfied and will be able to sleep.

Outside her door Jason listens stroking his cock.

The next morning Clair picks up the phone.

"Hello."

"Good morning. What are you doing? Is Robbie out with Jason?"

"Well good morning to you. I'm just about to take a shower and yes Robbie is out with Jason. He said something about the beach." What's up with you? Is everything alright?"

"Take your shower I'll be right over" Donna hangs up the phone.

Claire looks at the receive trying to understand what is up with her friend. She'll find out soon enough. She unlocks the front door and goes to the shower. The steamy hot water feels wonderful. Claire takes extra time. Something she hasn't been able to do for awhile. Stepping out of the shower she quickly dries her hair. Wrapping a towel around herself she enters her bedroom to find Donna standing naked waiting.

Before Claire can even react Donna has removed her towel and kissing her passionately lowers her to the floor. Donna is all over Claire hands wandering all over her body finding their way between her legs. Fingering her pussy hard and deep as her tongue continues to probe her mouth. Once Claire is panting and bucking her hips Donna's mouth finds her clit she bring her to near orgasm then stops. Claire is having trouble catching her breath. "Why did she stop?"

Donna crawls to her purse as she tells Claire to stand up. Obediently she complies. Donna take the strap on out as she move back to her good friend.

"God, Donna what has gotten into you? We haven't used "Mr. Big" in a long time."

Donna straps it on Claire. "Nothing has gotten into me lately. That is what this is for. If you want me to finish you off you're going to fuck me with an inch on my life." Donna grabs the long cock and takes it deep in her mouth. Saliva flowing as she gags herself she make the cock wet and slippery. With her pussy and the cock dripping she turns over, on her knees, face on the rug, ass in the air, and legs spread. She is waiting to be taken.

Claire looks down at her friend, exposed and ready. Like a bitch in heat, begging to be fucked. If that is what she wants Claire is going to fuck her till she begs her to stop. Lower herself behind Donna she is amazed at how easily the large dildo slips in. She starts to thrust her hips as she rocks Donna back and forth, the slapping of their bodies echoes through the room. Claire continues to fuck her hard and fast as Donna hand finds her clit.

"Oh god, FUCK ME! FUCK ME HARD! You know I want it as bad as you! I DON'T CARE ANYMORE FUCK ME. AHHHHHHH." Donna's body starts to shake uncontrollably as her orgasms gushing for the first time in her life.