

CRAZY 50

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 50 Sluts & Lovers EP 3

Claire pulls out. Standing she removes the strap on and grabs the towel. Rolling Donna on her back she spread the towel under her head. The fuck session has put Claire at the edge. Kneeling, she straddles Donna's face. Hand on her clit she grab Donna's hand and inserts two of her fingers into her vagina. Donna with barely enough strength fingers her friend as she brings herself to orgasm. Gushing streams of cum she soaks her friends face. She has never done anything like this to someone before but the sense of power after fucking her to orgasm made it feel right. Looking down she see the last gush hit Donna's face as she fights for air. Finally, her orgasm subsides.

"My god what got into you? I've never seen you like this before." Donna wave her hand dismissively as Claire dismounts.

"No, no Donna what is going on?"

"Oh god, I don't know what to say. You'll think I'm either crazy or sick."

"After what just happened I do think you are a pretty crazy bitch but not in a bad way." Claire starts to laugh breaking the tension.

Wiping her face with the towel Donna turns to Claire. "It's Jason."

"Jason, what about Jason."

Donna tells Claire all about the panties, last night and her feelings about her own son. "I was so charged up just getting myself off wasn't enough." Claire starts to laugh.

"What's so funny, for god sakes? This is serious."

"No I know it is, it's just that here you are telling me you think you're crazy or sick when...well...I...I have my own issues."

"OK now what are you talking about." Claire tells Donna about the magazines with the pictures of women that resembled her, and her own masturbation sessions fantasizing about her son.

"Well I don't think Jason is thinking about me. The problem is I'm thinking about him."

"Really Donna? You don't think so. Let me ask you a question. All of the panties you've been finding, were they freshly washed or used."

"Oh...well, they're used."

"I guess that's as close as he could get to your pussy."

"Claire, we have to control the situation, ourselves. They may think they want us but, I think we want them more. God I need a man and a cock."

"Well that's easily gotten."

"No way, no way am I having a bunch of one night stands. And there isn't a man around that is eligible. No we just can't let this go any further."

"Well that may be a problem."

"What do you mean? What problem?"

"It started so innocent and well if it weren't for you I might have fucked Robbie."

"What do you mean if it wasn't for me? What the hell happened?"

"OK, last week, the night we went to dinner with the woman's club I see Robbie's car parked in Janet Simmons driveway. I have no idea what's going on but, I figure I'll find out when Robbie gets home. I shower and get ready for later. I hear Robbie downstairs. So I go to see what's going on..."

"Hi mom, you look really nice."

"Thanks Robbie. What were you doing at Mrs. Simmons's house?"

"They are thinking of selling their house on their own. She's seen me around taking pictures and asked if I would take some of the house to put on the web."

"Wow that's great. I guessed you're now published. Can I see them?"

"Sure. I wouldn't say I was published. When you're done I need to down load them and email them to Mrs. Simmons."

"Robbie, these are very good." As Claire pages through the pictures, Janet Simmons start to appear in the pictures. Then Janet becomes the focus of the pictures. Janet has always been a flirt. Each picture was a little more risqué then the last. Poses became, leggy, then cleavage. Her blouse slightly unbuttoned and a lace bra exposed. "Robbie what is going on with these pictures of Mrs. Simmons?"

"Oh that. Well I don't know, she wanted some pictures for her husband and well I've wanted to shoot a live model. One thing led to another and well..."

"Well I don't think I approve. She should know better."

"Take it easy. There only pictures for her husband. The opportunity was there. It seemed okay. I've wanted to do it for a long time and there is no one to ask. I was thinking of asking you but, I felt kind of funny about it."

"Me? You wanted to do a photo shoot with me."

"Sure, why not you're beautiful. You look great all dressed up. Let me take a couple of you right now. Come on let go into the family room the late noon lighting should be just right."

"Robbie I don't know." Robbie grabs his mother's hand and leads her to the family room in tow. This is a unplanned opportunity that he can't pass up.

"OK now stand by the fire place. Turn slightly, great. Now hands on your hips, good. Let's put some music on to set a mood."

Claire waits nervously. She is so willing to pose for her son she can think of nothing else. The pictures of the women he has been looking at for the last few months flash through her mind.

"OK, we're set. OK now squat down and put your hands on your knees. Good, look away from the camera. Yes, very artsy and hot at the same time. God, I love that pleated mini skirt you have on. Tell you what sit on the couch. Good now spread your leg and push the skirt between your legs. OK lean forward a little."

"Like this? Is this what you want?"

Yes perfect, great! Could you undo a few top buttons on your blouse to show some of your bra like Mrs. Simmons?"

"I don't know. I'm not as big as Janet. And I'm not wearing a bra."

"Listen you are a hundred times better looking the Mrs. Simmons. No bra will look hotter."

The reality was Claire would take her top off if asked. She needed to feel as if she had some control. She would oblige. She would do whatever was asked to please him.

"You think so?"

"God, yes!"

Her hands trembled as she started to unbutton her blouse. She knew how wet she had become and feared she would leak through her panties at any moment. One, two three buttons, Claire kept going till there were only two buttons left. Spreading her legs she struck the same pose. Leaning forward a hint of her nipples were exposed while the rest poked through the material like erases.

"Fantastic! You are incredible! Are you ready for the next pose?"

"Sure whatever you want. You're the photographer."

"OK, so you not embarrassed, you can turn around. Take off the blouse. Then cover your... err...breasts with your hands then face me."

Claire did as she was told. All the time wanting to show him her body and he worrying about her embarrassment. She wanted to take him in her arms.

"Good now face me." Soooo, hot! Could we do the same shot in just your panties?"

Claire didn't hesitate. Lower her hands she freed her breasts, firm hard, nipples pointing accursedly at her son. Her hands reached behind her to unzip her skirt. It fell to her feet. She stepped out of the bunched skirt. Standing in her heels and panties her hand cupped her breasts as she stared into the camera. The bulge in her son's pant could not be ignored.

She knew what was coming. She ached to take her panties off. Stand naked for her son. Expose herself totally. Allow him to have his way with her. The shutter clicked and the ring of the phone shattered the sexual tension in the room like a brick through a plate glass window. Two rings, three rings, Claire gathers herself and runs to the phone.

"Hi Claire, listen I could only get reservations for 5:30. Can you be ready earlier?"

"Oh, yeah, sure I can be ready."

"Great, come right over. We can all have a couple of drinks at the bar. See you in a few."

By the time Claire hangs up the phone Robbie has gone up to his room. Claire dresses. Goes to the bar and chugs a stiff drink. She stands there composing herself think of what was about to happen. What she thought was going to happen. A second drink before she goes to her room to change her panties.

She goes to Robbie's room before she leaves. "Hey mom, these pictures came out great. I'll print them off and leave them in your bedroom for you to look at when you get home. Have a great time and say hello to Mrs. Robinson." "Robbie, I..."

"What mom?"

"I love you very much."

Robbie stands and walks to his mother. He hugs her tightly. "Mom I love you! I love you so much sometimes it hurts. Now go and have a good time." He pulls back slightly to look into her eyes. Claire stands on her toes and presses her lips to his in a soft, wet, loving kiss. Then she turns and leaves.

Claire walks unsteadily to the car. Robbie calls Jason to tell him the events of the afternoon then masturbates several times to the photo of his mother.

"I don't know Donna. I almost can't be in the same room with him without getting wet. I try to control myself but no one has made me feel like he has, not even his father."

"I know. I'm always horny having him around. I try to masturbate thinking of anyone else, but Jason ends up creeping into my fantasy. I've given up trying to fight it. Oh my god Claire what are we going to do?"

"I don't know. I do know if the dam ever breaks I won't be able to hold back."

"Do they want us as much as we want them?"

"I would like to think so. You have to promise if something does happen you're going to tell me right away."

"Right away, why the sense of urgency?"

"If you give in to your desires I'm going to be right behind you."

"Look I think we should just keep the status quo. Don't do anything different till we sort everything out. Now, we have each other for support. If things get a little crazy we call. Agreed?"

"I guess you're right, for now. I just hope we don't wear Mr. Big out. Now strap him on. It's your turn to give me a good fucking."

The sexual tension does not subside. If anything it is growing stronger. The boys increase the innocent physical contact with longer hugs and caresses, and soft hello, good bye and thank you kisses on the lips. They have stuck to the plan. The mothers try to cope with their desires by satisfying each other. Their exchange of new and heighten fantasies about their sons fuel their desires. Each meeting is the same. They are quickly naked recounting the encounters with their sons, their masturbation fantasies, and then "Mr. Big". Taking turns pound each other's pussies, at times calling out their son's name. The release is complete though temporary. Less time elapses before they need to meet again.

Jason enters the kitchen. He hasn't been this excited since the State race. "Hey mom."

"Jason what's got you so excited?"

You know I've been helping Mr. Jones at the school pool in my spare time. Well he wanted to thank me for volunteering. So he is going to let us have his lake house for the week. The place is great. Remember he took the swim team there last summer. It's private spot on the lake and has plenty of room."

She would be alone with her son for a week at a private lake house. Donna immediately became

nervous. "That's great Jason, but..."

"No buts! It will be great. We haven't been away all summer and besides I told Robbie and he already asked his mom. She said she'd go if you did. Come on mom!"

Claire would be there! "OK when do we leave?"

"Sunday afternoon."

"Well we have a lot to do to get ready. You'll have to help."

Jason approaches his mother. He holds her tight. "You know you never have to ask for my help. I'll always be there for you, always." He leans in and softly kisses his mother's lips lingering longer than ever before. Donna accepts his affection. She is ready to part her lips and offer her tongue just as Justin breaks their kiss. Looking deep into her eye, "I love you. I always will. I'll go call Robbie to give him the good news."

Jason goes to his room to call Robbie. Donna only thoughts are "Thank god Claire will be there".

Up in his room Jason and Robbie plan the last phase. They talk about the number of times they could have seduced their mothers but stopped wanting it to be them to initiate the final act.

"Man they are as ready as they are going to be. This better work because I'm starting to climb the walls. I don't think I can hold out much longer. How hard was it to get Mr. Jones to let you use the house?"

"Not hard. I told him how our moms really needed the time off and we wouldn't see them much after we left for college. Besides being the first State Champs the school had he was more than happy to let us have it. Listen it's going to work. And if it doesn't, well then all bets off. You can press the issue when we come back."

"Make sure you tell your mom to pack some going out clothes. We can hit a couple of the restaurants. Getting them dressed up will go well with the plan. Now what else do we need?"