

## **CRAZY 181**

### **CRAZY PLEASURE**

#### **Chapter 181 Inside Her Body: Ryans Dream 1**

Thinking back on it now, it all happened so slowly over a long period of time, probably three years, maybe longer.

My mother had me out of wedlock when she was 16 and in 1953 that was the kind of thing that made so called decent people turn away from you when they passed you on the street. Even though my mom had been raped by her high school principal, it didn't matter. Sure he lost his job. In her small hometown was that my mom had been the guilty party, leading the poor man on until he had no choice but to take her virginity in the boiler room of the school basement after her final performance in the junior class play.

Six weeks later when my mother's parents found out about her condition they shipped her off to live with her widowed aunt Rose in Topeka and that's where I was born and where my story begins.

Everyone urged my mom to give me up. too young to raise a child by yourself" they'd tell her.

"Better for you and for the boy to let him go."

"How will you ever find a man to marry you when you're burdened with a child?" She heard it all and in truth she actually tried to give me up at one point only to change her mind at the last second. , the aunt we lived with gave up and accepted us and for the next 15 years we lived with her. Mom got a part time job as a waitress at the Rainbow Café to help pay expenses and I delivered the daily paper around the neighborhood to contribute to the cause. All in all it wasn't a bad life growing up in a household with two women.

For all those years, my mom and I shared a bedroom in Aunt Rose's small house. Of course we had twin beds, but still I got used to seeing my mom in her long nightgown at night and often in her plain white bra and white cotton panties as she got ready for work. I got used to bathing in a lion claw tub with her lingerie hanging all over the bathroom and the scent of her "Evening in Paris" perfume permeating our little room.

She dated some, but not often. It wasn't because she was unattractive, in fact she was very pretty in a small town, country girl sort of way. Dishwater blonde hair that hung down to her shoulders, smoky gray eyes, 5 foot 4 with a slight build. No she was attractive enough, but as soon as the guy found out she had a son, he was out the door. So, I grew up feeling like I was the cause of her misery, the reason she never married.

By the time I was 19 I'd graduated from high school and had a good job as a carpenter. Mom's lot had improved too and she was office manager at a local doctor's office and together we had enough money to move into our own house, modest but more than adequate for our needs. Our relationship had changed too, still mother and son, but more like good friends.

Like many sons, I was attracted to my mom in a physical way, but was careful not to let her know I had those thoughts about her. I never wanted her to think badly of me and knew she would think I was perverted if she learned that sometimes in my room at night I masturbated, holding a pair of her recently worn panties to my nose, smelling her feminine aroma, pretending my mom was lying beneath me, our bodies coupled together.

During the years between my 16th and 19th birthday mom would occasionally date and even though she would tell me it wasn't serious, I often found her sitting alone in her bedroom crying softly. I cared so much for her that I would sit beside her on her bed, asking her what was wrong, putting my arm around her to comfort her. She would always tell me it was nothing, but it really hurt me to see how sad she was so I would press the issue till she admitted that her current boyfriend was only after one thing and she just wasn't ready to commit to that level knowing how devastated she had been because of the one and only time she had been with a man that way.

We would talk and hug and that would be that, until one night a few months after I'd turned 19 when she came in from her date later than normal and she was upset. I followed her into her room where she lay face down on her bed and wept. I tried to comfort her, lying beside her, rubbing her back. "What's wrong with me?" she asked.

"Nothing" I told her. "There is nothing wrong with you. You are so near perfect it's scary."

"Then why can't I just give a man what he wants? Why can't I just give in and make him happy?"

"Maybe it's because you don't love him?" I said.

She turned on her side and looked at me, "What's love got to do with sex? If I'd just let him have what he wants then maybe he'd marry me and we could have a real family?"

"You have a family mom, you have me." I told her.

"It's not the same, you're my son. I know you love me and I love you, but we can't give each other the things a man and wife can. We can't share a bed and be intimate with each other that way."

And then I said it and regretted it the second it was out of my mouth. "We could be...you know, intimate that way."

"Oh my god Ryan do you realize what you just said?" The look on her face filled me with grief.

"It's not impossible, I know it happens" I said quietly.

"Not here, not with us, I 'm your mother and you're my son. Don't ever say that again."

"I'm sorry mom, really sorry, but it does happen. History is full of mothers and sons doing it, even getting

married."

"We are not history Ryan. We are a 35 year old mother and her 19 year old son living in Topeka Kansas, trying to survive in the crazy world we live in."

"It is crazy mom and in this craziness, I'm in love with you. I have been for a long time."

"I know you are. The way a son loves his mother" she said.

"And more" I told her, "the way a man loves a woman."

" Stop it Ryan, Stop it right now. I don't want to hear any more. Go to your room." She yelled at me.

I looked down at her for a few seconds, realizing I'd made a big mistake. I shrugged my shoulders and told her "I'm sorry mom. I thought we could talk about anything. Guess I was wrong."

"Not anything, Ryan. Some things are way out of bounds, way, way, way out of bounds." I left her room, closing her door behind me.

For several days we stayed out of each other's way. Saturday night came and I went to the movies by myself and when I got home around ten I walked past her room, her door was open and a lamp was lit beside her bed. I glanced in as I walked by and saw she was propped up against her head board reading a magazine. "Ryan, can I see you for a moment." She said and I turned and stopped at her door, realizing it was time to face the music.

"You can come in" she said and I took several steps towards her bed, dreading what was coming. "She patted the bed beside her, "sit down for a minute, I think we should talk" she said looking serious and I did as she asked, making sure to keep my shoes off the covers. "About the other night" she started.

"I told you I was sorry." I interrupted.

"I know you did and I believe you were, but I have a question for you, did you mean what you said?"

"Said about what?"

"You told me you loved me like a man loves a woman and you implied, well really more than implied, that you wanted to have sex with me. Did you mean that?"

"What if I did?" I asked.

"Well for one thing that would be incest, mothers and sons are not supposed to have sex together." She said quietly "And for another thing it would change our relationship forever."

"So?"

"Ryan look at me" and I did. "If we did what you want to do, have sex together, our lives would never be the same. I'm hardly an expert on the subject, but I'm pretty sure that sex changes things Ryan, especially sex between a mother and her son." She looked at me then turned her head away, staring in front of her, suddenly looking very shy. Even her voice got soft as if she was hesitant to say what she felt needed to be said. "When a woman allows a man to take her, be inside her body, that way, she gives up all her defenses. She not only allows his body to become a part of hers, but she allows his sperm to enter her womb and possibly create another life."

"I know that" I told her.

"But a mother and son can't take that chance Ryan. If you made love to me right now, you could very well make me pregnant."

"Maybe, maybe not, but if we only did it once you probably wouldn't get pregnant."

She shook her head, still not looking at me, "That's not true Ryan, you are living proof that once is all it takes if that once happens at the wrong time of the month and one of your sperm finds one of my eggs inside my womb, our world would collapse."

"I could wear a rubber."

Now she looked at me, her face was flushed "Wow , that would be romantic wouldn't it?"

"It would work."

"Do you have a rubber handy Ryan?"

"No, but I can run and get one fast enough."

Again she shook her head "They don't always work anyway, and besides," she paused, then looked at me, "do you really think we would only do it once, just once and then never again. We'd just have sex one time, go on with our lives as if nothing had happened and never be tempted to do it again?"

"We could try" I said, not convincing either one of us.

Another shake of her beautiful head, "I don't think sex works that way Ryan, at least not when two people love each other. Once we did it with all the feelings and powerful sensations and emotions of having our two bodies joined so completely in that..very...intimate.. way I don't believe we could just stop and never do it again."

"It sounds to me like you've thought about it mom." I said, realizing I'd crossed the line.

CRAZY PLEASURE

## Chapter 182 Inside My Pussy: Ryans Dream 2

She was quiet for a full minute that seemed like an hour, a troubled look on her face as she chewed at her lower lip. She glanced at me for a second and then looked away again, "You're right, I have thought about it Ryan. Actually I've thought a lot about it since the other night."

"And?"

"And, because I love you and realize how badly you want to be with me that way I'm actually a little flattered, but mainly the idea just scares me, scares the hell out of me."

"Why?" She looked at me, her face now showing anger, "Why? Because you're my son. I gave birth to you. Your whole body came head first out of that hole between my legs that you seem so eager to climb back into."

"You make it sound ugly mom, I only want to make love to you."

"And what does that mean Ryan? What happens when you make love to me?"

"You know"

"Tell me. Tell me what it means. What happens when you make love to me?"

"Mom, you know" I told her, frustrated at her questions.

"I realize I know Ryan, but do you know?"

"Sure I know."

"Then tell me. I want to hear you tell me. How would you make love to me?" She was still propped up in bed, but she'd turned her body to face me, her face serious.

"I'd just do it; you know, take all your clothes off and lay down on top of you."

"And then what?"

"I'd put my" and I looked away from her and cleared my throat. "I'd put my, my thing in your, uh, inside your place and do it to you."

She actually smiled at that. "Let me see if I understand this. You'd make me naked, lie down on top of me, put your thing inside my place and do it to me, is that it?"

"Yes."

"Do you know where my place is?"

"Sure, it's between your legs."

"Do you know what it's called?"

"Pussy?"

Her eyes got big, "well that's one word for it, though there are others, some that women like even less. So you want to put your thing inside my pussy?" I shook my head yes. "Well aside from the fact that it sounds a little crude, what then?"

"We do it"

"Do what "

"It, you know...IT."

"No tell me"

"ERRRR! Fuck mom,we fuck! I lay on top of you, put my thing in your pussy and we fuck. I fuck you!"

She was quiet for a few seconds, just staring at me and then released her breath "Whew! that doesn't sound very romantic."

"It could be, would be, you just have me confused with all your questions."

She reached out and took my hand, "Ryan look at me" and I did. "I understand what you're saying and I know you don't mean it exactly the way you're saying it, but do you realize how really serious and earth shattering this thing you want us to do together really is?" I looked sideways at her. "You think it's so simple Ryan, just spread your legs wide open mom and let me get my penis inside you for a few minutes, but it isn't simple at all Ryan. You are asking me to give up everything I've ever believed in, everything I've ever considered normal and moral and right in order to have sex with you. Do you really want me to do that? Is taking your mother, is having me, being inside me in that very special way that is important to you?"

"You said you thought about it" I told her.

"And I did think about it Ryan, I thought a lot about it."

"And?"

"And... I can't deny that I think it would be powerful and emotional, probably the most powerful and emotional thing I've ever experienced to feel my son, to feel you Ryan, on top of me, inside of me, moving in me, spraying your seed inside me, loving me in that special way. but,"

"But what?"

"But, I don't know, it's just so complicated and messy, very, very messy. We'd be breaking the law and every moral code ever written and how could I ever look you in the eyes again after I let you do that to me, after you possessed me, entered my body with your penis and shot your sperm up inside my womb? That's for lovers to do, husbands and wives, not mothers and sons." Her eyes filled with tears and one leaked down her cheek. I kicked my shoes off and scooted next to her on the bed and put my arm around her.

"I love you so much mom"

"I know you do Ryan and I love you."

"Then let me show you."

"I can't, we can't, not that way."

"Yes we can mom, we can." I let go of her hand and put my free arm around her stomach and held her arm and pulled down on her body, trying to get her to lie on the bed. "Slide down on the bed with me mom, give yourself to me and let me love you."

"Ryan no" she told me and used her hands against the bed to try to keep her body in a sitting position but my persistent tugging on her slowly forced her down, onto her side on the bed, she tightened her body and arched it away from me, her head against my chest. I kissed the side of her face. "I need to get up now" she said and tried to pull away from me "

Wait a minute, not yet, let's talk." I told her while I held her in place.

"We have talked Ryan, and I can see you've made up your mind, but I haven't."

"You just told me you think it would be wonderful" I told her.

"No, I didn't say wonderful, I said powerful and emotional, not wonderful. I could also say life altering and scary, horribly scary Ryan."

"It's not going to hurt mom."

"Not my body maybe, but it's been over 19 years since I've done it so that might not even be true, but it will certainly hurt my mind."

"Why mom?"

"Because you are my son Ryan. Can't you understand that? I carried you inside me when I was just a

young girl and through more pain than I ever imagined possible I gave birth to you and changed your diapers and washed your little penis when I bathed you and I'm just not ready to have you put that penis back inside of me."

"It's not so little anymore" I told her.

"And that makes it worse because now that penis can make me pregnant."

"I kissed her head again and said "mom, I love you, I want you."

"Let me go Ryan and go to your room. I mean it "

"But you said it would be powerful."

"And it would be Ryan, but not now, maybe not ever. Let me go." And I did. She got off the bed and stood up, her face was flushed. "Now go to bed." she told me and I got off her bed.

"I'm sorry I made you mad mom." I told her.

"You didn't make me mad Ryan. I can tell how badly you want to have me and as I said, in a way it's flattering. Just not now, not yet, maybe never, I have to think about it. It would be the most important decision I ever made in my life, and I can't make it right now, goodnight."

"Goodnight" I told her and went to my room. I took off my clothes and lay on my bed, naked, staring at the ceiling. I wanted to masturbate, but I hesitated. The walls in our home were thin and I thought I heard a sound from my mother's room. I stood and put my ear to the wall and listened. It sounded like she was crying. I felt terrible. It was my fault she was sad. I tried to make her do something that was repugnant to her, but she said she thought about it and that it would be powerful and emotional, then why was she crying. I held my breath and listened intently.

She sobbed and said, "What can I do? What should I do? I know he wants me, but I'm scared, really scared." Then her sobbing quieted and I couldn't hear anything so I laid back down on my bed, pulled the sheet up around my waist and slowly drifted off to sleep.

I'm not sure how long I slept, but something woke me, a presence, someone sitting on the side of my bed, a hand touching my arm, a voice.

"Ryan, are you awake?"

"Yes, yes mom, what's the matter, are you ok?"

"I just wanted to tell you I'm sorry about earlier. You bared your heart to me and I didn't respond to you very well."



"It's ok mom, I shouldn't have been such a pig."

"You weren't a pig Ryan. You told me how you felt, you were being honest. It just surprised me. I guess I never really understood how badly you wanted me, wanted to have me, you know, that way."

"I've wanted you that way for a long time mom, I just never got the nerve to tell you before, that's all." In the dim room light I saw her smile weakly. Her sweet face was tear stained.

"Do you really understand what a major event that would be in my life, in both our lives, the secret that we would have to keep the rest of our lives?"

"I do mom. It's always been you and me against everyone and everything else. We're a team, the two of us and I just want to get as close to you as I can."

"Well, if we had sex you would be about as close to me as you could ever get." She was quiet for a minute and I was afraid she was going to leave and go back to her room, but she surprised me. "Can I lie down beside you for a minute?"

"Sure you can" I told her.

"I think I just need a hug" she told me and snuggled next to me. I put one arm under her neck and draped the other across her stomach and held her waist and pulled her close to me. "Thank you Ryan. This feels nice." she said. "I've never had a strong man hold me like this. I had a strong man pin me down on the boiler room floor a long time ago, but it didn't feel good like this."

"I'm glad I'm that strong man that can make you feel good mom."

"Me too" she murmured, "You're my baby, my rock."

We stayed like that for quite awhile, not speaking, just feeling the closeness of each other, but I could tell that she was thinking. I kissed the side of her face and she snuggled closer. I allowed my hand to move up and down her side, caressing her through the soft material of her nightgown, occasionally letting my palm brush lightly against the side of her breast, it was so soft. The first few times I did it she didn't say or do anything, until I did it one more time, only slowly, allowing my hand to graze fully across her left breast, feeling her softness, my fingers nudging her nipple. I felt her inhale sharply, then she spoke softly, "Ryan, please understand, I won't baby , I can't."

"Won't what mom?" She turned slightly so that her face rested on my naked chest. I felt her kiss me softly there.

"I won't stop you. I mean, if you want me that way, if it's so important for you to have me, to be with me in that way I won't stop you. I can't help you do it with me, but if you need to have me now, you know, go ahead and do it to me, I'll spread my legs and lay here and let you... you know, take me the way you

want me."

## CRAZY PLEASURE

### Chapter 183 With My Sperm: Ryans Dream 3

I was stunned, my mother just gave me permission to have sex with her. "Are you sure mom?"

"Do you want me Ryan?"

"You know I want you" I told her.

"Then tell me, tell me what you want."

"I want you mom."

"What do you want?"

"I want to make love to you."

She kissed my chest again, "There's another word for it isn't there. A word you boys use ? You said it earlier this evening." She sounded like a young girl.

"Yes, but I don't think you'd like it." She laughed softly, nervously for a second,

"I don't know, why don't 't you try it and I'll see."

"I...I want to..want to fuck you mom. More than anything I've ever wanted in my life I want to fuck you, need to fuck you, right here, right now, on my bed."

"Wow, that kind of says it doesn't it?" she said. "Fuck. It has a wet sound to it, like sex is wet, like a woman gets wet when she's ready to accept her man inside her, say it again."

I moved my hand back to her breast and cupped it, letting the feel of its softness penetrate my mind. I was holding my mother's breast and she wasn't telling me no. "I want to fuck you mom." and I lifted up and gently rolled her from her side onto her back. I looked down on her beautiful face, she wore no expression, no smile, no frown, but there was a tension in her, a vulnerable anticipation. "I am going to fuck you mom, right now, here, on my bed." She swallowed and blinked her eyes.

"I can't help you Ryan" she said softly, "but if you take me now, love me now the way you want to, I won't stop you."

I bent and placed my lips on hers, they were soft and she let me kiss her, but she didn't return the kiss. "Are you wet mom? Like you said a woman gets when she's ready to accept her man inside her? "

"You need to find that out for yourself Ryan." she told me.

"I'm going to take your gown off now" and I began to bunch the material up. I got it as far as her waist. "Sit up a ways so I can get this over your head." I pulled on her arms and without comment she did as I told her and I pulled it over her head and removed it from her arms and tossed it onto the floor. She closed her eyes and I held her shoulders and eased her body back down to lie flat on the bed , realizing I was positioning my mother so I could fuck her. I was stunned at how beautiful she looked and found it impossible to believe that in a moment my cock was going to be buried deep inside her body making love to her.

She wore panties, but no bra. Her breasts were small, but beautiful. I touched first one, then the other, squeezing them gently and rubbing her nipples between my finger and thumb, making them hard. She opened her eyes and I gazed into them as I lowered my mouth and sucked on first her right breast, then the left and as I sucked her she moaned softly.

I looked at her face, her eyes were closed again and she was biting at her lower lip. My hand slid down her naked stomach and as it neared her panties, her stomach clinched and she said "uh". I laid my palm flat on them. I could feel the soft cushion of her pubic hair beneath the silk of her last item of clothing and as I slowly slid my hand further down, my fingers felt the exciting silkiness of that wonderful place between her legs, finally pressing against my mother's vaginal slit, my middle finger pressing between her lips, feeling her dampness soaking through the crotch of her panties.

"I believe you are wet mom" I told her.

When she felt me touch her most sacred place, the place from which I had entered the world, she said "oh gawd" and twisted her bottom back and forth as if she couldn't make up her mind whether she wanted to get closer or further away from my finger's intrusion. I pressed in and my finger parted her lips and through the thin material of her panties I felt her clitoris and massaged it. In response, her mouth opened in a silent "O", her head flipped side to side and she moaned softly.

Ryan, I, uh". I massaged her clit through her panties for a minute, then needing to feel the opening that brought me into the world I slipped my fingers under the waistband of her panties and slid my hand palm flat through her pubic hair , dipped my middle finger between her lips and into her silky slit. I was living the dream of my life. I found the fleshy nub that was her clit and massaged it on top and then on both sides making my mother start to moan again until she went stiff and her body jumped.

She came down from her orgasm, looking at me through eyes that were slightly out of focus. While she watched, I put my index fingers inside the waistband of her panties and pulled them down, uncovering her sex. I discarded them and though she told me she wouldn't help me, she did lift her bottom a little to allow me to remove the last item of clothing, the one that covered that special place where our two bodies were going to join together.

My mom was naked and I could see all of her, every beautiful inch. "You are the most beautiful woman I've ever seen." I told her "and I can't believe I'm going to make love to you." Even though her eyes were

closed, she blushed.

I bent and sucked her right breast into my mouth again, tasting her, flicking her nipple with my tongue, then I began to kiss my way down her stomach, sticking my tongue in her belly button causing her to arch her back and shiver as though she was cold. I kissed my way through her pubic hair and her body stiffened as she recognized my target. I licked the inside of her left thigh, pulling her legs apart, freeing the intoxicating aroma of her arousal

. her left thigh and licked and kissed higher and higher until I was a mere inch from her vagina. I could see it, the place of my birth, the center of her very being, the place I wanted to enter and love more than anything else in my life. She reached her hands down and held my head and said "No Ryan don't, I didn't wash down there."

I raised my head and removed her hands. "I don't care mom, I need to taste you."

"No baby, please" but I ignored her and lowered my face to the musky smell of her sex and licked between her vaginal lips, lapping at her clit, then locking my lips around the little nub I sucked on it while I located the sacred hole that led into my mother's body and eased my finger inside of her.

"No Ryan, please." she begged me, but I paid no intention to her. I ate her out like I was possessed, licking and sucking and probing her hole with my finger and my tongue until her body tensed and she moaned and wrapped her fingers in my hair "no Ryan, you shouldn't 't make me...oh...ahhhh" and she came again, her body jerking, her head flopping back and forth like a rag doll.

I raised my face from my mother's vagina and licked her wetness off my lips, she tasted sweet and salty. I watched her intently as she once more came down from her high, then I climbed between her legs, mounting her. My cock was harder than it had ever been in my life in anticipation of finally fucking my dream girl, the woman who gave me birth.

My mother, feeling my body now resting on top of hers, opened her eyes and glanced down between us as I held my cock in my right hand and guided it to her vaginal opening. She felt me nudge it between her lips, against her opening and she said. "Ryan, wait."

"What mom?" "I know we're going to do this but please remember that this will only be the second time in my life that I've done this and the first time was against my will even though it made you. I 'm scared Ryan. Oh, I'm not saying this right, Ryan, next to the night I gave birth to you, this is the most important moment in my life and I just want you to please be gentle with me. Look at me, I'm shaking and I'm overwhelmed. Do you really love me Ryan or am I just a chance to have sex with a girl?"

"I love you mom, I'll always love you."

"OK, ok , I believe you, thank you baby, be gentle, don't hurt me" and my mother closed her eyes and turned her head to the side, waiting for the moment she would feel her son's cock slide inside her body and fuck her.

I nudged my cock at her hole and she said "Oh god" and then I pressed in and felt the silky heat of her vagina open and begin to surround my cock, taking me inside her body, allowing me to sink into her silky warm wetness , melting my body into hers. "Oh God, Ryan!" she cried out as she felt me enter her and as my cock filled her vagina, nudging her cervix she cried out "Oh,...you did it baby, you' re back inside me" and she sobbed.

The inside of my mother's vagina caressed my cock as I slid it in and out of her. It felt like I was plunged in and out of warm wet velvet. I vaguely noticed that she raised her knees at my sides, the soles of her tiny feet flat against the mattress and even though she said she would not help me,she grasped my arms with her hands as our bodies began the ancient dance of fucking each other.

I cannot totally explain the feeling I had as I saw and felt my cock sliding in and out of my mother's vagina. The beauty of that union defies description, seeing my mother weep while at the same time she pulled on my arms and thrust her vagina against me as I filled her over and over again, the silky wet folds of her vagina tugging on me, urging me to fill her with my sperm.

"I'm fucking you mom" I told her."

"Oh god" she moaned "

I love you mom"

"I know" she cried.

"I'm going to come in you mom" I said, my voice tight.

"Oh Ryan, you shouldn't" she cried and I groaned out loud and came like I'd never come before.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 184 Between Your Legs: Ryans Dream 4

My mom felt the hot spurts of my sperm splashing against her cervix and she screeched and sobbed, "oh Ryan, I feel you spraying inside me, you shouldn't have done that."

"I couldn't help it mom."

We rested for several minutes, my body still on top of hers and then slowly I pulled my cock out of her, it was slimy with her pussy juice. My mother rolled onto her side facing away from me and continued to weep. I lay beside her , rubbing her side and her back, unable to comprehend how much I loved and cherished this woman who had given me birth and now given me her body.

"Are you ok mom?"

"I don't know" she wept, "I don't know anything"

"Did I hurt you?"

"I can't talk about it Ryan, please I need to go, we'll talk tomorrow."

"OK, I love you mom"

"I know, I felt it." And she got up, picked up her clothes and quickly left my room.

My mind was reeling. I lay on my bed and felt my mother's vaginal fluids coating my cock, proof it had been deep inside her, fucking her. I wiped some on my finger and tasted her again, musky, earthy. The smell of her, the taste of her, the slick, sticky feel of her vaginal juice made my cock hard again. Oh how I wish I could fuck her again, and again, and again. I was obsessed with her, I wanted her, I wanted to spend the rest of my life, my cock buried inside her, filling her, seeing her face as our bodies worked together, seeking and finding the perfect merging of two bodies into one.

I slept fitfully, reliving each thrust into my mother's beautiful body, remembering every sound she made, every move she made as my body worked inside hers, coming deep inside her, feeling my fluid fill her vagina, knowing my sperm were swimming in there and up into her womb, wondering if one of them would find one of her eggs.

When I woke I couldn't help but wonder if it had all been a dream, but my cock, now hard again was crusted with my mother's dried vaginal fluid. My room still had a lingering odor of sex and as I laid there trying to recall every second of the previous night I also tried to figure out what I would say to her this morning. What if she was now angry with me, or hated me for what I'd done to her. What if she told me she never wanted to see me again?

The reality turned out to be that she wasn't home. She'd left me a note saying she was confused about last night and she needed to get away for a few days to try to sort things out in her head. She had gone to her aunt's house and I shouldn't worry about her. She told me she loved me, but what we'd done last night had completely overwhelmed her.

I was shocked, but at the same time I understood. What I'd done was not only reprehensible, it was illegal. I had committed incest with my mother and although it was the most wonderful moment of my life, one I would remember and cherish forever, to my mother it must have been terrible, lying there, helpless, her son's penis buried deep inside her vagina, fucking her, shooting his sperm inside her.

I thought about calling her aunt's house to see how she was doing, but decided against it. Instead, I moped around the house, wondering if I should pack my things and move out, but where would I go? That Sunday was the longest, loneliest day of my life. I went to work on Monday and Tuesday, still no word from her, the same on Wednesday, but on Thursday, just as I was about to give up hope, when I got off the bus at my corner, I saw my mother's car in front of the house. Instantly I was relieved and at the same time I felt my stomach tying itself in knots. Now I had to confront her, confront what I'd done, I had to face the music.

I let myself in the front door, hung my jacket in the hall closet and went looking for her. I didn't have to look far; she was in the kitchen, putting a chicken in the oven. She turned and smiled at me when I went through the door. "Hi Ryan, dinner will be ready in half an hour." And like that, my mother was back, acting like nothing had ever happened between us. She looked amazing, dressed in a yellow sun dress that came down to her knees. She'd put on makeup including a light red lipstick I'd never seen before.

"How was work?" she asked and I managed to stumble out a "Fine, how was your day?"

"I took a few days off work. Aunt Francis needed someone to help her with some errands and it was good to see her."

I felt like I was in a time warp. Maybe having sex with my mother never happened, maybe I dreamed it all up. "Mom."

"Yes Ryan" and she turned and faced me.

"About last Saturday night."

Her face took on a soft look. "I know it baby and I'm sorry I acted the way I did."

"No, I'm sorry I put you through all that."

She took three steps toward me and placed her hand on my arm. "Ryan, you didn't put me through anything I didn't want. I just wasn't prepared for how I would feel when it happened."

"But..."

"No, I've spent the last three days thinking about it and I'm convinced I wanted it to happen. I came to you and gave myself to you and.. and when you undressed me and kissed my breasts and my, you know, my" and she whispered "pussy and put yourself inside me and I felt you moving in me, I couldn't comprehend the avalanche of feelings and emotions that cascaded down on me. I told myself I wouldn't cry, but I couldn't help it. I kept thinking my baby is back inside me again and he's loving me like I've never been loved before."

I was stunned by how deep you were inside me, how full and stretched you made me feel, I could feel you fill me up and it was wonderful and terrible. I was shocked by how gentle and yet how strong you were with me. were so kind yet you commanded me. You made me open my body to you. You made me take you inside. You made me accept the fact that you were going to come inside me even though you could make me pregnant. , like a mother loves her son and, like a woman loves a man."

"I love you too mom, more than I can ever tell you."

"Yes, you kind of showed me that Saturday night. Boy do you know how to hit the right spots with your

mouth and with that thing between your legs." and she laughed. I pulled her into my arms and this time when I put my lips on hers she kissed me back. Not a kiss of passion, but of love. She pulled back, patted my arm and said "Now, go wash up and get ready for dinner."

"I know what I'd really like to eat right now" I told her.

"I'll bet you do" she said. "We'll have to talk about that later. Set some rules so we don't spiral out of control. Now go."

"Mom "

"Yes"

"Are you pregnant?"

A brief shadow of worry crossed her face and then she gave me a thin smile and said, "I don't know Ryan. We won't know for another few weeks. But, what's done is done, there's no going back. Go wash up, your dinners are almost ready."

The End, or is it?

## CRAZY PLEASURE

### Chapter 185 Fluffer In Training Ch 1

"That's it, girl—suck it. Just keep sucking. I'm almost there. Oh yeah, that's good. Okay, I'm ready to go." The young man pulled his rock-hard cock out of her mouth, leaving a slimy trail dripping down her chin.

"I'm next," another guy said as he stepped in front of her kneeling form. Before Rachel could think twice, the guy dropped the bell-shaped head of his prick between her gaping lips. She willingly closed her mouth around the semi-hard dick and started sucking, her tongue swirling over the pebbly glans as she bathed it with hot saliva. It quickly stiffened, swelling and extending deeper into her eagerly sucking mouth.

"Oh fuck," the guy said as he turned to the row of naked men standing behind him. "This one is something special. Her mouth is like liquid velvet. You won't believe it."

"Here, let me try," the blonde-haired guy right behind him said as he pulled his friend back, the first guy's hard prick rocketing into the air, a shimmering web of saliva bridging the gap between the engorged cockhead and Rachel's full red lips.

"I'm good to go anyways," the first guy said. "I can't believe how fast she got me hard."

Rachel turned to the new semi-hard cock in front of her, the blonde-haired guy stepping right up to her as he inserted the head of his dick between her ovalled lips. She closed her mouth, pushing a big wad of



spit onto the pebbly surface of his glans, her tongue swirling over the surface of the sensitive knob. She brought her hand up to his stiffening dong and started pumping it towards her sucking mouth. The guy let out a low animal-like groan as his cock rapidly stiffened, a trickle of precum sluicing onto the girl's swirling tongue. She groaned with pleasure as the slimy cock-sap slid warmly down her throat, the masculine flavor making her eagerly suck for more. She was rewarded as another silky morsel pulsed forth into her mouth, her busy lips and tongue drawing hungrily from the seeing tip.

Rachel looked past the young man she was sucking to the line of naked guys behind him. She counted 16 more well-hung young men, all of them leisurely stroking their cocks. There was another line with just as many standing in front of Lisa who was on her knees next to her, that girl's mouth and hands working just as hard as Rachel's. As Rachel watched, three guys from the back of that line snuck into Rachel's line, smiles on their faces as they watched her work, their hands toying with their waiting cocks.

"Oh fuck, she's amazing," the blonde-haired guy said as his swelling dick extended and got harder under Rachel's talented efforts. Rachel smiled to herself, feeling her panties getting wetter by the second as she sucked enthusiastically. She knew she'd be here for most of the afternoon, on her knees, working. It was still just her first week of working as a fluffer, and already they'd asked her to work on a bukkake scene. She knew her lips would be puffy and swollen by the end of the day, but she was loving her new job.

#### ONE WEEK EARLIER

"I really need to get a job," Rachel said to herself as she used her fork to carve off a piece of chocolate cake in front of her. She knew she should be watching her weight, but she couldn't resist. Chocolate was her kryptonite. She was 18 and had always been a little chubby. When most girls hit puberty and started to sprout up, Rachel maintained her layer of baby-fat, making her look cute and touchable all through her high school years. Round pretty face and large brown eyes. With her shimmering black hair that glistened like ink, and her full pouty lips, many people thought she looked like Monica Lewinsky, the woman who had once had an affair with a sitting president. Rachel was too young to know who that was, but when she did a Google search on the woman, she could definitely see the resemblance, right down to their weight problem. Although she was slightly overweight like Ms. Lewinski, the one area that was different between the two of them was their bustline—Rachel's bra weighed in at a full 38DD.

Shoveling the cake into her mouth, she turned back to her computer and scanned the want ads posted on an employment website. She'd been in Los Angeles for a week, spending the time up until now settling into her little apartment not far from UCLA where she was a first-year student in the film program. Her mother's sister who lived in Los Angeles had found the apartment for her, home for Rachel being Omaha, Nebraska. She'd arrived in California with the apartment sight unseen, but was happy with the cozy little one-bedroom in the three-storey walkup not far from campus. But now that she'd unpacked and gotten her schedule of courses, it was time to look for a job. She'd had that discussion with her parents when they'd agreed to help with the costs of coming to UCLA. She'd have to get a job, or her stay on the west coast was going to be a short one.

She scrolled down through the list of jobs: waitress, waitress, call center, telephone sales, taxidermist.

That one made her smile. She kept looking as another piece of cake slid between her lips. : 'Production Assistant'. She anxiously clicked on the link and read the complete posting:

"Production assistant required for progressive new film company. Must be willing to work afternoons and evenings. Apply with resume and photo by clicking on the link below."

Rachel beamed with excitement. This was perfect. She checked her schedule, but knew that most of her afternoons were free, the bulk of her classes being in the morning. And being a film student, the idea of working with a film company was better than she could have hoped for.

"Oh gosh, I bet the competition is going to be unbelievable," she said to herself. "I wonder if I even have a chance." She quickly pulled up her resume and looked it over. It listed her previous high school waitressing jobs but stressed her involvement in the film club, and she attached a link to a short film she and two of her classmates had made.

She was just about to send in her reply but wanted to read the ad one more time. She'd forgotten that they'd asked for a photo, which she thought was a little strange. "Welcome to Hollywood, I guess," she thought as she looked at the photos she had of herself and picked out one that showed off her pretty face, the picture cut off at the shoulders. She knew how important looks were in the film industry, and she was definitely self-conscious about her chubby body. She hoped the photograph of her pretty face would be enough—after all, they were just looking for a production assistant—not the next Hollywood starlet.

She happily hit the SEND button, and returned to the list of jobs. There was nothing else that was appealing at all. She literally crossed her fingers that she'd get a reply to the production assistant posting, but she knew that if nothing came at all. of it, it would be a waitressing job for her. She already started dreaming, picturing herself walking down the red carpet on Oscar night, dressed in a lavish gown, a hunky escape on her arm.

"As if," she said to herself , snapping out of her daydream. She stepped out to the local grocery store to pick up a few things. Once she'd put away the groceries she'd bought, she checked her computer. She was excited to see a reply to her response .

"Thank you for your interest in the production assistant position. Following the review of your resume and photograph, you have been scheduled for an interview tomorrow afternoon, Thursday, at 3:15pm."

The address followed, and then the sign-off salutation from 'Rex Smithers, Starlite Films'.

Rachel could barely contain herself. She raced to her closet and surveyed her wardrobe, trying to figure out what to wear. She wanted to look as professional as possible, and she only had one thing in her closet that was even close—a navy skirt suit. The skirt ended at mid-thigh, and she hoped whoever was doing the interviewing wouldn't be put off by her full thighs. Besides the navy suit, she decided to go with a white blouse, hoping she would look professional and confident.

Wanting to be as prepared as possible, Rachel did a Google search for 'Starlite Films'. There were no hits, and then she glanced back at their original posting, noting the words 'progressive NEW film company'. She figured that if they were new and just getting off the ground, that was likely why she hadn't been able to find anything about them.

She awoke from a good night's sleep excited about the interview. She attended her classes in the morning, learning more about Francois Truffaut than she ever wanted to know. She hurried home after her last class and took a shower to freshen up. Time doing her makeup, and then dressed. The white blouse fit tighter than she remembered, her large breasts making the taut fabric strain, but it was the nicest thing she had that would go with the navy suit. It was a sunny, warm California day, so she left her chubby legs bare, knowing that was the way most business women looked during daytime hours. She slid her feet into her only pair of high heels, a pair of classic black pumps. The shoes had quite a pointy toe, and slim 4" heels that made her legs look good. With a final glance in the mirror, she brushed a stray lock of shiny black hair behind one ear and smiled at herself, knowing she looked her best.

"Go get 'em, girl," she said to herself as she slipped her purse over her shoulder and locked the door behind her. She'd looked up on Google Maps the address she'd been given. She knew it was almost an hour away on the bus, so she left herself plenty of time. There was no way she wanted to be late for such an important interview.

The bus took longer than she expected. She checked her watch, feeling a bit frantic. Onto the street that matched the address she'd been given, she was surprised to find that it mostly consisted of single-storey strip plazas, most of them housing second-rate businesses. She moved up to sit right at the front and asked the bus driver about the specific address, anxious to get there on time.

"I have an interview with Starlite films at 3:15," she said. "Do you think we'll make it in time?"

## CRAZY PLEASURE

### Chapter 186 Attractive Woman: Fluffer In Training Ch 2

He smiled as he nodded at her, telling her that address was just a few stops away. "Don't worry, Miss. I'll make sure you're there on time." His foot pressed harder on the accelerator. Strayed to the front of her suit where her impressive breasts were stretching the front of her jacket tight. She knew she'd gained a few pounds lately, and it seemed as if it had all been up top. As she followed the direction of his gaze, she could see the swells of her breasts against the white fabric of her shirt, easily visible beneath the tightly-fitting suit jacket. She realized she might have to go up another cup size the next time she bought a bra.

"Right in there," the bus driver said as he pulled to the curb. She noticed where he pulled over was between the usual bus stops—he'd stopped specifically to let her off. She looked out the open door at the building he nodded towards, another single storey structure with about four or five businesses at the front. The end unit had a simple sign over the large windows at the front, simply reading 'Starlite Films'. The windows reflected the light, and Rachel realized they were covered with a mirror-like film on the inside.

"Thank you," she said as she smiled at the bus driver and stepped off.

"Good luck," he replied. "I look forward to seeing you again."

His words caught her off guard and she instinctively looked back, seeing his eyes focused on her big tits, a smile on his face as he closed the door of the bus and started to drive away. "That's a funny thing to say," she thought, shrugging it off and turning back to the building. She checked her watch. She'd wanted to be early, but she was just going to make it on time.

She saw her reflection in the mirrored glass as she approached the front door, hoping her skirt wasn't too short. It looked a little tight too, the navy fabric pulled tight across her round curvy bum and thighs. Maybe if she got this job and made some extra money, she could buy herself some new clothes as well as some proper-fitting underwear. With a bit of a sigh, she opened the door and strode in. She stopped just inside the door, seeing most of the chairs in what appeared to be the waiting room occupied by a number of young women. The women looked similar to each other, and yet quite different from her. Most seemed to be bleached blondes, their hair and makeup done up excessively. -fitting mini-dresses or tiny short skirts and tight tops. All seemed to be showing off their breasts, which came in a variety of sizes. All were wearing high heels, some with clear plastic platform soles, which she thought of as 'stripper shoes'. When she came through the door, all the girls looked her up and down, blatantly sizing her up.

"Oh my," Rachel said to herself, wondering if these girls were all applying for the same production assistant job that she was.

"Excuse me, are you Rachel?" She turned in the direction of the voice. Her eyes focused on an attractive woman who appeared to be in her mid-40's sitting behind a desk to one side of the room.

"Yes, I'm Rachel," she said, smiling as she stepped over in front of the desk. The woman was nicely dressed, and wore fashionable glasses that gave her the look of a librarian—much more like what Rachel had been expecting from a film company than the women in the waiting room.

"That's good," the woman said, giving Rachel a comforting smile that eased her anxiety. "Your interview is next. Mr. Smithers should be with you momentarily."

Both Rachel and the woman turned as the door behind the woman's desk opened, a young blonde woman stepping through and closing the door behind her. Her face looked flushed as she nodded to the woman behind the desk and walked past Rachel, reaching up to rub her jaw as she made her way out of the building. The phone on the woman's desk buzzed. She picked up the phone and gave Rachel a little wink.

"Yes, sir, she's right here. I'll show her right in."

The woman stood up, allowing Rachel to get a good look at her. She was tall and slim, but with a shapely

hourglass figure. She wore a crisp white blouse and black pencil skirt that fit snugly, emphasizing her curvy rear end and nice legs. Her brunette hair was smartly cut and hung to her shoulders, framing her pretty face attractively. The blouse couldn't hide the full set of breasts beneath. Rachel guessed her at a D-cup, or at least a full generous C. She was an incredibly attractive older woman, and Rachel was envious, hoping she'd look that good when she got to that age.

"Right this way, Rachel," the woman said as she opened the door the blonde woman had just come through. Rachel saw the older woman look her up and down as she stood to the side with her hand on the doorknob. It felt like the woman was undressing her with her eyes as her gaze roamed over Rachel's buxom form. Rachel found herself feeling uncomfortable, and yet excited at the same time. She'd never had a woman look at her like that before.

"Good luck, dear," the woman said as Rachel walked past her into the office, her voice just loud enough for Rachel to hear. "I hope you get it. I'd love to see more of you."

Before Rachel even had a chance to think about what the woman had said, the door closed behind her and she heard a man's voice from across the room. "Come in. Have a seat." She looked over at a man in his mid- 40's sitting behind a desk. His mop of reddish hair was unkempt and went every which way. He wore big owlsh glasses which made his soppy eyes look larger than normal. He had his hand out, gesturing to a pair of chairs across from his desk. Rachel looked to the side and stopped up short in surprise. An attractive young man sat on a black leather couch just a few feet away from the desk, clad in a big white bathtub. Even his feet were bare. Briefly, and then turned his attention to the cell phone in his hand.

"What the hell?" Rachel thought to herself as she tentatively made her way across the room, extending her hand to the man behind the desk. He shook it quickly.

"Uh, Rachel, right?" he said, looking at his computer screen on the side of his desk.

"Yes sir," Rachel replied, taking her place in the offered chair, sitting forward attentively. "Are you Mr. Smithers?"

"Rex. Everybody calls me Rex. Rachel, the picture you sent in was good. From the looks of that picture, and what I see in front of me today, I think you could do very well with us here at Starlite. What can you tell me about your experience as a production assistant?"

Rachel was surprised that he'd mentioned her photograph but hadn't even mentioned anything she'd listed in her resume. She quickly glanced over to the young man on the couch, but he was busy texting on his phone—not paying any attention to them. "Well, to be honest, I have experience in the film club at my high school in Nebraska. A group of us produced a couple of short films. But I'm studying film at UCLA and my goal is to stay and work in the film industry here in California."

"Well that's great, but what I meant was, what is your experience working as a production assistant in the adult film industry?"

"Adult films?" Rachel couldn't keep the surprise out of her voice, finally realizing what she'd stumbled into.

"Yeah. Starlite films will be producing state-of-the-art adult films, and we've recently opened in this location. We've already signed some actors and actresses but we need a number of new production assistants in order to get started right away." He reached down and placed his hand on an index card on his desk. "This is what we pay per scene."

He turned the card around and pushed it across the desk for Rachel to see. She almost gasped out loud when she looked at the dollar figure—it was more than she made in a whole week at her last waitressing job back home, including tips.

"What do the job duties entail?" she asked, her eyes flicking down to the dollar figure again. The man pulled the index card back and, to Rachel, it felt like he was taking money right out of her purse.

"It's a standard production assistant job on films of this type. You'd be asked to do some gopher and cleanup duties as required, but basically, you'd be one of our fluffers."

"Fluffers?"

"Yeah, you know, a fluffer. You'd be sucking cocks of the male stars to get them hard for the next scene being filmed." Mr. Smithers paused, looking at Rachel questioningly. "Umm, you knew what the job was when you applied, right?"

Rachel felt her heart start to race, but she couldn't get her mind off the figure on that index card. She knew money like that would make her life a lot easier, and guarantee she'd have enough to pay for the upcoming term's tuition and not have to go back home with her tail between her legs. "Of course I did. I was just checking to make sure."

"Great. Well, then this is when your interview really starts. I like your face, I like it a lot, and I think the guys are going to like it. That's a great looking mouth you have, and your tits are pretty impressive. How about taking your jacket off?"

"Uh, okay." Rachel replied as she set her purse down and slowly removed her jacket. From the corner of her eye she noticed the young man on the couch look over. She set her blazer over the arm of the chair and sat up straighter, showing off her 38DDs.

"Nice," Mr. Smithers said as he blatantly stared at her chest, her massive tits nicely displayed in her tight white blouse. "What do you think, Steve?"

"Great rack. Pretty face. Good-looking mouth." Rachel turned as the young man in the bathtub spoke. "But can she use it? That's the question."

## CRAZY PLEASURE

### Chapter 187 Throaty Moan: Fluffer In Training Ch 3

"Well, it's time to find out," Mr. Smithers said as he turned his attention back to Rachel. "Okay, that's why Steve's here. He's going to tell me whether you pass this part of the interview. Now, do you have a hairband in your purse? If not, I have some here. I insist that all fluffers have their hair pulled back." He reached into the drawer of his desk and pulled out a handful of elastic hairbands.

"Uh yes, I do have one," Rachel replied, reaching into her purse and pulling out a black band. She quickly reached up and whipped her hair into a ponytail, noticing the eyes of both men focused on her tits as her arms came up, the big round orbs thrusting forward against the tight white blouse.

"Good, then go ahead. Let's see how you do." Smithers nodded to Steve, who opened his robe. He let his legs roll open to each side as he tossed a cushion onto the floor in front of him, still holding his cell phone in one hand.

Rachel knew it was now or never, but she couldn't get that dollar figure out of her head. Maybe I'll just give it a try for a little while, she said to herself, just until I save up enough money for next term's tuition. And then she realized she still had to pass this part of the interview. She thought about all those other young women in the waiting room, and knew she'd have to do her best—they all looked like they had more experience than her when hit came to sucking cock. She'd had a couple of boyfriends in high school that she'd given blowjobs to, and they'd loved it. Both of them were lavish in their praise for her oral talents, saying they'd much rather have her suck them off than fuck her.

Heaving an internal sigh, Rachel got up from her chair and stepped over to the young man on the couch, slipping to her knees on the cushion between his legs. His flaccid prick lay against his thigh. It was circumcised, with a pronounced head, a broad coronary ridge separating the mushroom-shaped head from the shaft. It was bigger than either of her two boyfriends back home, and she figured that was why he was working in this industry.

"Come on, Rachel. I've got more interviews to do," Smithers said as he nodded towards Steve's waiting cock.

Rachel bucked up her courage and decided to go for it. She reached forward and slid her fingers around the slab of flesh, lifting it from his thigh as she brought her mouth forwards, ovalling her lips as she got closer to the tip. Her eyes up, expecting to see Steve looking at her, but he was looking at the cell phone in his hand, not paying any attention to her.

His dick was warm and heavy in her hand, and she slid her lips over the pink knob, locking down on the shaft once she'd cleared the rope-like coronary ridge. She pushed a gob of saliva forward and swirled her tongue all around the pebbly tissues, bathing it in her hot spit. She pushed forwards, her lips sliding further down the shaft, her tongue continuing to roll slowly all around the warm glans as she sucked inwards at the same time. She felt the cock twitch in her mouth, and then felt it start to stiffen.

"What the fuck," she heard Steve mutter under his breath. She flicked her eyes up to see him put his cell phone down on the couch beside him and turn his attention to her, a look of surprised delight on his face. She caved in her cheeks as she started to bob up and down, the hot wet tissues inside her mouth pressed tightly against his growing prick in a hot wet sheath.

"Oh fuck, Rex, this girl is incredible."

"Yeah?"

"Man, her mouth is something else," Steve said, speaking as if Rachel wasn't even there. His dick continued to rapidly stiffen, getting thicker and longer as Rachel worked on it, her circling hand pumping back and forth as her head bobbed rhythmically up and down. "I'm almost completely hard already. Listen to me, Rex, you've got to hire this girl." When Rachel heard that, she doubled her efforts, her teasing tongue working overtime as she rolled it luxuriously over the stimulating cockhead.

"Oh fuck, yes," Steve groaned loudly as he sat back against the couch, laying his head against the back as he surrendered to the delicious sensations flowing through him.

"Okay, okay," Smithers said as he stepped closer, watching in profile as Rachel continued to bob up and down on Steve's thrusting cock. "You can stop now, Rachel. You've got the job."

"But don't you think we should interview her regarding those cleanup duties you mentioned?" Steve said frantically as Rachel lifted her mouth off his rearing prick, a shimmering web of saliva bridging the gap between her full pouty lips and his engorged cockhead. Eye, Rachel noticed Steve give Mr. Smithers a knowing look.

"Oh yeah, the cleanup duties. I almost forgot," Smithers said as he returned the look Steve was giving him. "Rachel, there are times when things don't go quite as planned on set, and you may have to do some clean up. You don't have a problem with that, do you?"

"Umm, what kind of clean up?"

"If some cum ends up somewhere it's not supposed to be, or if one of the actors or actresses gets some on them and we need them to look their best. You'd be called on to clean that up for us. Is that going to be a problem? If it is, perhaps we should end the interview right now."

"Uh, no sir. It's not a problem," she responded hurriedly, hoping she'd pass this part of the interview too.

"Great. But just to be sure, Steve and I need to test you on that. It's probably best if we don't make a mess of your blouse, so why don't just slip that off for now."

"Okay," Rachel replied, sitting back on her haunches as she undid the buttons on her shirt. She peeled the blouse off, noticing the gaze of both men settling on her breasts, the generous mounds of warm tit-



flesh swelling over the top of her lacy white bra. As she looked down, she realized she definitely needed to go up a cup size.

"Beautiful. Now go back to sucking Steve's cock," Smithers said as he undid the fly of his pants and pulled out his own cock. Rachel leaned forward and started sucking the young man's surging prick again, caving in her cheeks as she sucked wantonly, soft purrs emanating from her throat.

Smithers looked down at the young girl, her pretty face clearly visible with her hair pulled back in a ponytail. He liked his fluffers that way—no unwanted interference between their mouth and the cock they were servicing. The girl's full red lips pursed forward as she bobbed up and down on Steve's erection. Her cheeks hollowed in and out like a bellows, her circular hand bumping softly against her lips as she pumped the lower part of the shaft.

"Mmmm..." Smithers heard the girl let out a throaty moan as she sucked, apparently loving the feel of Steve's rigid dick in her mouth. He could tell that it was natural coming from Rachel, not faked like all the girls he'd already interviewed. Knowing her reaction was real turned Smithers on and his cock stiffened in his hand as he stroked it, wanting to catch up with Steve.

"Oh fuck, her mouth is unbelievable," Steve said as Smithers moved closer, pointing his cock at Rachel's face. Steve took Rachel's head in his hands, his fingers sliding gently into her inky black hair as she continued to suck, her head bobbing up and down enthusiastically. The girl was amazing, he'd never had anybody with such a talented mouth work on his cock before. He was surprised to feel the telltale contracts in his stomach, and felt his balls drawing up close to his body already, letting him know he was on the verge of coming. He looked down at those full lips of hers, glistening wetly as they sucked avidly at his thick hard cock. She swirled her tongue magically all around his sensitive cockhead, and the sensations sent him right over the edge.

"Oh fuck...here it comes," Steve warned as the first blast of spunk sped up the shaft of his cock. A thick rope of cum jettisoned from the tip, hitting the tissues at the back of her mouth before pooling on her tongue. Steve immediately lifted her head right of his twitching cock, stopping with her face a couple of inches from his spitting cockhead. Another thick white ribbon of semen rifled forward, plastering itself all over her face. , Rachel pumped his bucking prick, wad after wad of thick hot cum hitting her in the face.

"Here's some more," Smithers said as he stepped closer, pointing his own raging cock at Rachel's face as he started to go off. He reached down with his other hand and cupped Rachel's breast, giving it a squeeze.

From the corner of her eye she saw the yawning red eye at the tip of Mr. Smithers' cock get cloudy for a split second before a long stream of jizz spewed forward, hitting her on the cheek and racing up along her forehead and into her hair. A second rope of thick semen shot forth, hitting her across the nose and dangling from her eyebrow. Steve's rampant erection continued to shoot at the same time, both men basting her face with a glistening coating of milky semen. After what seemed like A full minute, they finally stopped coming, the last dregs of their masculine seed oozing forth.

Rachel had swallowed the initial blast of cum Steve had shot into her mouth, feeling her panties get drenched as his warm semen had slid smoothly down her throat. She remembered sucking off those boys in high school, and how much she had loved the taste of their cum. She'd often ask them to let her suck them off three or four times in a row. She'd loved the taste, and always wanted more. They'd happily agreed, sitting back in their cars while she leaned over their midsections, sucking and swallowing until she'd sucked them dry.

Wanting to make sure she got the job, Rachel turned to the side, slipping her lips over the head of Mr. Smithers' spent dick and sucking out the last of his silky nectar. She turned and did the same to Steve, nursing at his cockhead to get the final drops.

## CRAZY PLEASURE

### Chapter 188 Squirmy Inside: Fluffer In Training Ch 4

"Like I was saying Rachel," Smithers said as he tucked his pecker back into his pants and zipped up, "sometimes things don't go quite as planned when we start a scene, and we end up with a mess of cum—just like what's on your face right now. We need to make sure our stars are presentable, so we often ask our fluffers to do cleanup duties as well. We like them to do that by licking up any stray cum that we hadn't planned on. And of course, they have to swallow it as well. It's all part of the professional atmosphere we're promoting here at Starlite. We don't want any job done poorly. Do you think you can do that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Here, let me feed you," Smithers said as he stepped closer. He reached down and gathered a big gob of cum on his index finger. "Here you go." He slid his finger between her parted lips, her lips closing down on his cummy digit. He felt her tongue swirl all around his fingers as she lapped up the cum, eagerly drawing it deep into her mouth.

"Mmmm..." She purred again and Smithers saw her eyes close in bliss. He flicked a glance over to Steve, who knowingly smiled back. Smithers withdrew his finger from her sucking mouth, the digit coming free with an audible POP! slid his finger up her cheek, gathering up more pearly semen. When he was done with her face, he reached down to the upper swells of her breasts, gathering up the cum that had splattered there when they'd missed her face. At this until she'd lapped up all the cum they'd both dumped on her. All that was left on her skin was a thin glistening layer that shone wetly.

"That's great, Rachel. You're hired," Mr. Smithers said. He walked around his desk and sat down as Steve drew his robe back over his body. "Be here at 2:00pm tomorrow. It's Friday, so we finish early. You'll have to undergo a medical first with the doctor we have on staff here before I can put you to work. If the doc gives me the go ahead, I'll use you for one scene that I've got in mind. That'll be a good start to show you how we do things here at Starlite."

"Thank you, sir," Rachel said as she got to her feet and put her blouse back on. She pulled her jacket on

and picked up her purse while Smithers was busy looking at his computer. Steve was already back on his cell phone, not looking up as she walked across the office. Rachel paused at the office door and looked back. "Mr. Smithers, sir?"

"Yes," the man replied, not even taking his eyes off his computer screen.

"Uh, what should I wear for my job?"

Smithers turned, his eyes resting for a second on Rachel's prominent chest. "You can wear jeans if you want, but I'd like you to wear tight sweaters too. Yeah, sweaters that are nice and tight—that'll help the guys."

"Yes sir. Thank you, sir." Rachel made her way out as Smithers turned back to his computer.

"How'd it go?" the 40-something woman behind the desk asked.

"I got the job," Rachel replied excitedly.

"That's wonderful, dear," the woman said as she got up from her chair and gave Rachel a quick hug. Rachel felt the woman press her breasts against hers as she held the hug a little longer than Rachel expected. The woman finally pulled back, leaving Rachel feeling breathless for some reason. "I'm Carole, by the way." She reached up and touched Rachel's ear. She drew her hand back, showing Rachel a big wad of cum clinging to her fingertips. "I don't think you want to go out on the street with that showing." She gave Rachel a conspiratorial wink before bringing her fingers to her mouth, her eyes glued on Rachel's as the young girl watched her slowly lick off the glistening cum.

"Mmm, nice," Carole said as she winked at Rachel again, making the girl feel all squirmy inside. "When do you start?"

"Tomorrow afternoon. Mr. Smithers said he has some work for me on a scene."

"That's great. I'll see you then." The woman's eyes roamed even more blatantly over Rachel's voluptuous young body, making her shiver. 't know if she was shivering from fear, or excitement.

"Bye," Rachel said, giving the woman a polite smile. Carole simply nodded as Rachel walked out, feeling the older woman's eyes on her as she walked across the room.

She made her way to the street and waited for her bus. She ran her tongue around the inside of her mouth, savoring the masculine taste left behind by the cum she'd swallowed. She could tell that her panties were soaked and she couldn't wait to get home and take care of that itch between her legs. She smiled, wondering what her first day on her new job was going to be like, and wondering what those looks from that Carole woman were all about.

...to be continued...

## CRAZY PLEASURE

### Chapter 189 The Pizza Girl 1

Liz is on her last pizza run for the night. She's trying to be a good delivery girl cause she's helping her dad out at his pizzeria. His regular driver called in sick and being a good daughter, she took his place.

Her ambition is to be a model, if she was taller, or an actress, if she had talent, but basically she just works on her tan. She rings the doorbell and looks up from her pizza cozy as it opens. A tall, dark and handsome Latin guy in his early twenties stands there. He knows he's good looking but never flaunts it. She stammers, coughs, then clears her throat, and starts over.

"Pineapple and Ham extra cheese."

"That's me."

He smiles giving her the perfect opportunity to say something smart-ass. It crosses her mind but instead pulls the pizza out of the warming cozy and hands him the pizza box. She plays with her bleached blond ponytail that sticks out of her baseball cap.

She sees someone walk out from the kitchen to the door. She does a double take and thinks she's seeing double. A mirror image of the athletic tan Adonis walks up to his twin.

"You got extra cheese, right."

"Yeah."

Liz searches her mind for an icebreaker. She sees the basketball hoop in the driveway.

"How much do we owe you?"

"Double or nothing." She says with a smirk.

They guys look at each other with question marks on their faces .

"What?"they both say in unison.

"I'll shoot you hoops for the pizza. If I win you pay double for it, if you win, you get it for free." Liz explains.

"You got deal there, girly."

"I'm Liz, the girly who's going to beat you."

"I'm Connor and this is my brother Scott. Which one of us do you want to take on?"

"Both of you. We'll play a game of cat."

"But won 't you get fired for not delivering?"

"This I was my last stop. I'm off now."

"Cool. So any trick shots go?" asks Scott.

"Sure, but no dunking."

Connor sets the pizza on the counter then grabs the basketball. He tosses it to the spunky spitfire. She dribbles through her legs with ease then calls the shot.

"Left handed hook from three-point land."

She does her version of the left-handed sky-hook and makes the shot with a swish.

The boys look at each other and laugh. She hands Scott the ball. He hits the rim and ball bounces off and out. an air ball.

"You guys got C's," she boasts.

She takes the ball calls her shot, "Right handed hook for three."

She stands on the three-point line and makes her shot. The boys aren't used to hook shots from that distance.

"An A for you and an A for you. Reverse left handed lay-up." She calls.

She takes the ball and drives to the net. Liz dribbles between her legs and spins at the backboard underneath the basket. She trades hands and does the reverse left-handed lay-up. She puts her finger to her butt cheek and makes a sizzle sound.

Connor tells his brother, "Just pay her the money."

"You're ambidextrous aren't you?" asks Scott.

"I can do anything with both hands."

"I find that hard to believe." Says Scott.

"I smell a bet here." She smirks.

"Double or nothing." Inquires Scott.

"Name it."

"I'll bet you can't..." Scott stops.

"Can't what?" She asks.

"No, I better not say." He blushes.

"Come on you nasty boy, what were you thinking."

"Nothing." He says.

"I'll bet you think I can't jerk you two off at the same time. I'll bet I can get the two of you to cum at the same time." She proudly states.

"What are we betting for?" asks Connor.

"Slavery."

"What?" Both together.

"If I win, you two have to be my slaves tonight. If you win I'll do anything you ask." She tells them.

"You have a bet."

The three of them go inside and she sits in the middle of the couch.

"Okay boys, take off your clothes."

In a Flash she watches the Statues of David pull off their tees in one motion and pull down their jeans. They toss off their Nikes and MJ socks and stand there in their boxers, albeit Connor has on a pair of "Sponge Bob Square Pants smoking a joint" briefs to his slight embarrassment and to his brothers taunting. She waits to see the main attraction.

The tanned brothers look at each other to see who pulls down first. They nod and they pull them down together. Two gorgeous half-stiff cocks appear to her dreams delight. She loves to masturbate while thinking of fat pricks and big balls and she's going to memorize these two for later reference. Her pussy floods her panties with cunt juice and the thought of having both pricks in her hands sends the second flood.

"Where's your turbo jar of Vaseline?" She asks.

"In the bathroom, I'll get it," says Scott.

"No, you boys sit down and save room for me in the middle. I'll get the lube."

She finds the bathroom and checks the drawers for any sign of girlfriend pussy products. She finds an assortment of fresh toothbrushes and a few boxes of flavored douches. She gets the jar of Vaseline and heads back to the living room. The boys sit there watching sports center.

"If you boys think you can watch sports scores and that will keep you from squirting, you have another thing coming."

She turns off the TV and turns on the stereo. She finds her favorite station. Rock music thunders from the speakers. She tosses the jar to Connor then begins to dance for the naked boys. All those years at the Bob Fosse academy of dance pay off in spades, or shall we say, pricks. Her moves are as smooth as silk and she adds stripper steps to her jazz dance. The boys see part cheerleader, part stripper, part showgirl and their growing cocks show their appreciation.

She looks at their erect cocks standing proud for her and more marinate drench her silkies. She lifts off her tee a bit showing off her flat sexy stomach. She lifts some more and shows the tanned bottom of her rather big for her size tits. boys know that something heavenly awaits as soon as the curtain rises some more. She caresses her stomach as she rocks her hips. The music gets a little wilder and she throws her head back. Her hands go under her breasts and she and cups them.

The boys watch intensely wishing their hands were under her breasts. She dances and her hands go under the tee and hiding from view. The boys know she's squeezing her boobs under that tee. She pouts her lips and coos and the boys can see that her fingers went to her nipples. She looks at their cocks making sure they know what she's looking at.

She licks her lips then slowly raises the tee. The boys watch as more breasts appear. The tee shirt barely covers her nipples. She shows her pink as a kittens tongue areola then lifts the tee to show the boys her nipples. say hello to the boys. She tosses off her tee shirt and throws it at the boys. It lands on Connor's face and he sniffs the perfume from her tee then sets it aside to watch more of her show.

She cups her tits and rolls her shoulders to the music. She squeezes them together and pinches her nipples. She pushes her tit up and lowers her head with tongue stretched. She manages a feat men love to see. She licks her nipple like she's done in the privacy of her bedroom. She lifts her head and smiles at the entranced handsome young men.

"Do you like my tits, boys?"

A question that needs no answer and she keeps dancing. She unbuttons her cutoffs and unzips them. She shows off her black panties. She spins around to the guitar lead then stands in front of the boys. of

her face is pure orgasmic.

She twiddles her clit and huffs out air. Her hand disappears deeper and her eyes close and mouth opens in a silent ooh. Her eyes bat as she catches her breath and pulls out a wet finger. the boys and puts her finger in Scott's mouth. He sucks her pussy juice off her finger. Not to forget Connor, her hand goes for more juicy treasure. She pulls out her wet finger and feeds him her nectar. He sucks with great pleasure.

She pulls down her jean cutoffs and kicks them to the couch. The boys scramble to grab the cutoffs to sniff them and Scott wins. Just in her wet lacy back Trashy Lingerie panties, her sneakers, and socks, she dances like a go-go dancer in a cage at the club. Liz turns her back to the boys then pulls her panties up to hide the crotch between her buttocks. She pulls some more and bends over to show the boys her panties are now up her cunt.

She plays a game of slip and slide the panty in her crotch. She teases like a porn star and the boys love the peep show. She turns back around and faces the boys. She gives them a sexy smile then pulls her panties to her knees . There it is, the main attraction, with a faint wisp of dark pussy hair. Well, it's no secret who bleaches their blond locks. Her pussy is shaved around her cunt with her labia hidden like a shy girl. The cutest slit with baby camel toe mounds on each side glistens with moisture. She knows her pussy is gorgeous and looks delicious.

Her fingers go to her stomach and caress her abs in a rotating motion. Her other hand squeezes her boob as she pouts her sexy full lips. Her hand goes down her abs to the wispy little square of trimmed pussy hair. short curls as she stares at the boys who stare at her twat.

## CRAZY PLEASURE

### Chapter 190 The Pizza Girl 2

She walks her fingers to the top of her slit. Scotts cock throbs waiting to see penetration. Liz taps her slit to the music. Her finger pushes in-between the camel toe hiding the tip of her finger. She makes a sexy face Penthouse would love then slides the finger deep in her cunt. Both boys cocks throb to her delight. She bangs herself to the music then brings her pussy lips out of hiding. They're wet and pink as pink could be.

She pulls her panties all the way off her and tosses them to Connor. Connor puts the wet crotch in his mouth and sucks her fragrance from them. She sits on each side of the boys. She takes the jar of vas and slicks up both hands. When she feels she has a good coating of the slick stuff, she looks at the boys.

"Get ready boys, or should I say, slaves."

She grabs a thick cock in each hand. The boys loose their breath the moment they feel her hand wrap around their "hungry for touch" cocks. She strokes up their shafts and she does a half twist under their heads. Her thumbs do circles on their pee holes driving shivers through their bodies.

She strokes under their heads just a bit and adds a twist. Her thumbs go back to the top of their pricks



and shows off her ambidextrous talent. Her thumbs make figure eight's in opposite directions.

She makes a circle with her thumb and forefinger like she's making the okay symbol. She places her hand on top of their pricks then squeezes her fingers down their heads. She knows that's the closest thing to breaching a pussy you can get. to the back of their heads from the sensation. Their breathing becomes hard as their chest heave. She does it over and over while squeezing their cocks tight at the base just above their balls. She feels the need for fingers on her genitals

. with my pussy."

The boys reach their hands down and now she has fingers galore caressing her cunt lips. They play with her clit and some fingers find her pussyhole.

"Oh fuck, that feels so fucking good." She says.

She strokes their cocks all the way to their balls and then back up their shafts. She gets into long cock strokes with caressing of the balls. The boys go to town with two fingers on her clit and two fingers in her cunt.

"Oh fuck , don't you boys just love my cunt?"

The boys start breathing hard and she knows she has them. She strokes faster and making sure she touches the tip of their cocks and under their heads. She closes her eyes and starts breathing hard bringing herself to climax.

"I'm going to come." She tells them.

All three of them feel the tingling of impending climaxes. Sperm stirs in the boy's balls. Liz trembles and the boys feel it in her hands on their pricks. Liz arches her back and puffs air from her lungs. pussy G-juice high in air. The twins see this and they squirt sperm onto their chests. She squirts again seeing the boys come. Air explodes from all of their lungs at the same time and the three of them squirt together. sweet sperm and clear cunt ejaculate geyser high in the air. The twins finish their last squirts and Liz gives the boys a show of multiple orgasms.

Both her hands are dripping with hot cum and she puts her fingers in her mouth. She leans over to Connor and licks the sperm off his six-pack and chest. She purrs then moves to lick the sperm off of Scott. Her tongue plays in the ripples of his stomach abs. She slurps up his cum and the Adonis shivers. She sucks on his nipple then licks his chest. She sits back between them and rests.

"Well boys, or should I say, slaves. Looks like I won and you two have to do my bidding."

"Anything you want, gorgeous." Connor says.

"Soon as you boys catch your breath, I think it's going to be pussy eating time. You boys like to lick

pussy, don't you?"

"It's all I live for." Scott states.

"I love pussy and yours looks delicious." His brother says with a big smile on his handsome face.

"Good. Wait here."

She struts her totally tanned body into the bathroom. A few minutes later she comes out carrying two washcloths and a towel. One washcloth is saturated with soapy suds and the other one is wet with clean water. She tosses the soapy one to Connor and the wet one to Scott.

"Handsome, you wash my twat then my butt. You, Gorgeous, wipe the soap off me. Then both of you pat my rump and pussy dry."

She bends over with her tail in the air. She spreads her legs. Connor gets on his knees and scrubs her cunt with loving care.

He attends to every crevice and babies her pussy lips. She glistens with suds. He washes her butt and in-between her cheeks then drags his soapy fingers and cleans her popper. The tip of his finger touches her pursed hole and she coos with pleasure. He takes the washcloth and gives her brownie a scrub.

He backs away and Scott takes over gently wiping the soap off her cunt. Her foot stomps as he touches her clit with his finger. Like an archeologist on a precious dig, he cleans her.. pussy lips with extreme care. He wipes away imaginary suds off her perineum and she's clean enough to eat off of, or just plain eat. The twins pat her dry as to her instructions.

"Okay boys, pick a hole, but don't worry, I'll be rotating you so you'll both get a shot with my hiney."

She gets on her hands and knees, arches her back, and sticks her butt high in the air. From this angle the boys can see that the sun has tanned every minute fraction of her skin. Connor goes to the right of her and kisses the inside of her thigh. Scott positions himself on the other side and kisses her butt cheek.

Their hands caress her legs and their mouths adore her bronzed flesh. Scott moves his lips closer to his third input while Connor kisses closer to her freshly cleaned cunt. Her breathing becomes deep waiting for two tongues in two holes. Scott takes the first dive and the tip of his tongue tickles her hiney hole. She squeals as a schoolgirl having her pigtails pulled. That was Connor's cue to run his tongue across her labia.

"Oh fuck, babies." She hushes in a sexy tone.

Scott swishes his tongue in and around her pursed hole while Connor savors the taste of her pussy lips.

"I want two tongues in my cunt."

Connor crawls between her legs like a car mechanic on his back. She lowers her pussy onto his face . Scott attacks from around the top of her ass. Connor will make love to her clit and Scott will take pussyhole duties. The twins take their work very seriously. Scott's first taste of her pussy drives hot blood to his cock and it grows hard. He's in love with her flavor as he sucks her lips in his mouth.

Connor slides his tongue under her clit hood and the tip of his tongue touches her button and shivers run through her body. The twins bump heads and it's obvious they need her in a new position. She knows it too and tells her slaves what to do.

"Let me flip over, then you boys can resume."

She flips onto her back with her tits pointing up with nipples erect.

"Suck my nipples first, boys."

Each twin take a nipple in their mouth and sucks, licks, and kisses with lustful passion. She combs their hair with her hands while looking at two adoring Adonis' loving her nipples. The boys suckle like newborn wolf pups. She reaches underneath them and grabs their cocks. Both boys are hard and throbbing. under their heads. The boys respond by caressing her breasts.

"Handsome, fuck my pussy with your big cock. Gorgeous, come over here and put your cock on my face."

She kicks her legs up and holds them behind her knee. Connor kisses the back of her silky thigh. She releases her hold on her legs and he takes them and spreads them. He dips his mouth to her lovely pussy and licks with a full broad tongue. Her labium gets bathed by his hot wet tongue. Her head rocks back with her eyes closed. He kisses her pussy then mounts her.

He guides his prick to her cunt. Their genitals say hello and he breaches her. penetrate her twat and she gasps in delight. He pushes in some more then flexes his Kegel muscle. She lights up and opens her eyes.

"Oh you fucking nasty boy." She coos.

He pushes his cock all the way in her then moves to suck her tit. He engulfs a nipple while giving her his first hump. She feels his cock fill up her little pussy and a tremble shocks her system.

Scott moves to the side of her face. He strokes her hair out of the way so he doesn't knee on it.

He bends over her face and puts the tip of his cock on her lips. She hums with her lips vibrating his shaft. He swallows hard from the sensation She grabs his prick and rubs her cheek with it. She turns her head and kisses his pee hole.

Clear sperm pools at his tip and she smears it on her lips then purrs like a kitten. She slips her tongue out

and licks his head .

His fat dick throbs as she opens her mouth and sucks the tip in her mouth. Scott is in dreamland feeling her wet tongue dance under the head of his prick. His brother rides her twat with faster thrusts. Her legs thrash as she sucks with ravishing passion. Both boys tense up and she decides to slow it down.

"Stand up boys, I'm going to suck both your cocks."

The brothers stand up and Liz kneels in front of them. She grabs both their cocks and pulls the boys closer together. She presses her lips and kisses both tips. She opens her mouth and sucks on one then sucks on the other. Her tongue flicks across their pee holes. The boys shudder as a rush of ecstasy streaks through their bodies. on their tips with just her lips.

Liz pulls back and strokes the boys. She goes to one and licks his balls then moves to the sibling. Her tongue plays up and down their shafts bringing clear sperm to their tips. Her eyes grow big seeing the delicious pre-sperm. her lips with the cum then sucks the juice of life in her mouth. Her pussy dips from her own womanly lube and she needs a double dip.

She gets up and grabs the Vaseline. She lubes up both boys giving them a thick film of slick . She lies down on the carpet on her side. She lifts one leg in the air.

"Okay boys, pick a hole."

Scott jumps to the front to get some fucking sweet pussy. Connor takes the backdoor with a smile on his face. Scott breaches her cunt with the tip of his cock. She smiles feeling his prick throb. He pulls out then pushes all the way in her. He fills her up to her delight. Connor guides his boy to her popper shoot. He wipes some of the lube off his cock and covers her pursed canvas. He does a little finger painting on her winkie. She turns her head back to him and blows him a kiss. He pushes his little finger in her and she gives up a little yelp.