

## **CRAZY 44**

### **CRAZY PLEASURE**

#### **Chapter 44 Friend with Benefits with My Mom. 2**

Vivian POV:

I have no idea how it started. Too much wine. But we were cuddling and he starts feeling me up. First my thighs, then he moved up to my stomach, and up to... my breasts...

Jack POV:

I was touching my mom's perfect little tits. I never thought I'd ever, ever do that or be able to say that.

I figured that if a situation arose in which I'd really touch them that it would be by accident or that she'd stop me immediately.

But here I was, feeling her up... And she wasn't stopping me...

Vivian POV:

It'd been years since a man had touched me like that. My husband and I hadn't been intimate in... forever... And here I was, with my son.

I should have stopped him before it went further. That was of course my first thought, even though I was tipsy.

But it felt... So good. I could feel myself getting wet. Down there.

While he was touching me, I held onto him. I didn't move my arms. At first. But then I also felt around his chest too. Felt his rock hard... Pecs...

We both stared directly at the movie and didn't make eye contact as any of this happened.

But as I adjusted my position a bit, my elbow brushed up against something quite... firm... that wasn't his pecs...

Jack POV:

Of course I got excited quickly. Here I was, with my smoking hot mom, who I've been beating off to for years, feeling on her legs and tits. And she was letting me do it.

Not only that, she was breathing deeply, making these cute, slight whimpers as I touched her.

I always wondered what she'd sound like when getting fucked. Now I realistically had an idea. And it

made me hard. So hard. My cock was throbbing like never before.

But I couldn't help feeling indecisive. If this was any other female, I'd have taken it further right then and there. But it was my mom! On the one hand, she was letting me feel her up, on the other, we were slightly intoxicated.

Should I go in for a kiss? What if she flipped out? What if she #MeToo-ed me? How fucked up would that be? Getting #MeToo-ed by your mom?! I mean, of course I'd have stopped if she told me to, but she wasn't telling me to.

Instead, she took it further. She looked down at my dick, grabbed it and started rubbing it over my pants...

Vivian POV:

His, you know, was so big and... I... I didn't know what was happening... It was like... Suddenly... I was touching it. Touching him.

Then he did it. He lifted his face up to mine. We looked into each other's eyes. We knew exactly what the other was thinking, what we both wanted. What we both needed.

This part, I do remember. I so remember... Him leaning in, but me pulling back.

He then leaned in more aggressively. I could have pushed him away. Gotten up and left right then and there.

But I didn't. And it happened.

Jack POV:

It was one of those situations where nature takes over. Biology.

I'm with this gorgeous, mature woman in a tight black blouse and matching miniskirt. I'd been feeling her up. Her hand was on my cock. Of course I would kiss her.

I leaned in and she was reluctant. I don't know if it was because I was her son or just that she'd not done anything like this, anything sexual, in years.

But once her guard fell, damn, did it fall.

I lightly pressed my lips to hers. Her lips were moist and I could feel the humidity of her breath.

I pushed my tongue into her mouth. At first hers didn't meet mine. So I pulled my tongue out and kissed her lips gently a couple times, then I slipped my tongue in again.

This time our tongues met and we French-kissed for about a minute or so.

She kissed me almost too enthusiastically, her tongue jabbing forcefully into mine. But as I tenderly twirled my tongue to hers, we found our rhythm.

My hands had been massaging her body from her thighs to stomach to breasts and neck, but perhaps I jumped the gun and went up her skirt, feeling my way to her lace panties, then down to her pussy...

Vivian:

As soon as my son touched me there, I came to my senses.

I couldn't go any further. I suddenly realized it was my son I was making out with. His... was in my hand. And now his hand was up inside my skirt!

His handsome looks, the wine, and loneliness had taken over me, and, if I didn't get the situation under control, we would be having..., probably unprotected, on the living room couch!

I pushed him off me. Got up and told him that this was a mistake, or something like that, I can't remember really...

Then I darted out of the room and ran up to my bedroom. I was hyperventilating and had to take a Xanax to calm down. Shortly after that, I passed out.

Jack:

Yeah, my mom kinda freaked out. I felt bad about it. I guess I took things too far. Probably should never have touched her like that. Or kissed her.

She's a lonely, older divorced lady, and slightly drunk. How much of an asshole am I? Was I gonna really fuck her?

Yeah, I probably was, I thought to myself, as I sat alone on the couch, the movie's ending credits flickering to spooky orchestral music.

I'm not an asshole, I thought. It's not my fault my mom is so hot!

She'd told me to stop and I did. I wasn't a creep.

I mean, hey, she'd grabbed my dick! Where is her responsibility in this? What type of woman goes around grabbing dicks and thinks that's just the end of it...

Whatever it was, I had just made out and felt up my mom. My superhot mom. I had touched her pussy.

She was rubbing my dick.

My dick was still erect, so I went into the bathroom, lowered my pants, took a handful of body lotion and began to beat off, thinking of hiking up my mom's miniskirt, ripping open her panties and stabbing her hot pussy. The pussy I'd just touched.

I thought back on those little whimpering sounds she'd made as I'd felt her body. How perky her tits were. The heat of her pussy. How her vanilla shampoo smelled. When I came into a wad of toilet paper, I wished that the next time I came, it could be into her...

Vivian POV:

The next morning when I woke up, my head hurt a little from all the wine, but not too bad. I've never been one to get serious hangovers.

I did feel quite guilty about what had happened, though. At first I was hoping it was a dream. Given how difficult it was when I saw Jack in the kitchen for breakfast, I knew otherwise.

Jack POV:

That was weird. I've always been a steady girlfriend guy. Even in college, I always had a girlfriend, and didn't do the whole drunken hook-up thing.

I'd heard from buddies how it can be waking up next to someone you probably shouldn't have been with. Now it was happening to me. With my mom!

Vivian:

Neither of us knew what to say. We just looked at each other for a second, didn't say anything, not even "good morning" and we were quiet for a few minutes, not making eye contact at all.

Jack POV:

I sat down to the kitchen table and we were both completely silent for a few minutes.

She brought me a plate of buttermilk pancakes and bacon. I looked at it and then up at her.

Then, nearly simultaneously, we broke into mutual laughter.

Vivian POV:

I don't know what it was. Maybe it was that my pancakes were mangled. I usually make such perfectly circular ones. Being so flustered that morning, I'd messed them up...

Whatever happened, the hideous pancakes or otherwise, then and there, as we laughed, all the awkwardness vanished.

Jack:

I told her it was cool.

Vivian:

I told him it was no big deal. Boys will be boys.

Jack:

I told her I'd had fun...

And I suddenly felt emboldened. Us laughing about it had set me at ease.

I wanted her. More than any other woman. Ever. I wanted more, to go farther. Now that it was in the open, I wasn't shy to admit it.

I told her that I wanted to do it again. That we could date or at least be "friends with benefits."

Vivian:

I was quite surprised. He's such a handsome young man, not to mention, my son. What would he want with me?

I mean, I know I look good for my age, I think, not trying to be arrogant, but I work at it and take pride in it...

Jack:

I had to explain to her what a MILF and cougar is.

Vivian:

I'd never heard of a MILF or cougar. Honestly, I can appreciate a well-put together young man, but I never thought of being with one. I'm usually more attracted to guys around my age.

It could be that my son reminds me of my husband, when he was young and courting me. I don't know. He's such a gentleman, my Jack, and so sweet to me.