

# I SAW MOMMY DOING SANTA CLAUS

*Ahabscribe*

*Son discovers Mom's secret relationship with Santa!*

Incest/Taboo

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*As seems to be my habit, here is a new Christmas story...in March. I hope you enjoy this fun piece of silliness as much as I enjoyed writing it. As I said, it is a fun, silly story - one of a few that I've written that would make a great manga or 3D comic (hint, hint, hint). I look forward to your comments.*

As always, all characters are fictional, existing solely within the confines of the story and my imagination. Enjoy!

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I saw Mommy kissing Santa Claus. Yeah, I know. I know the song and I've seen various silly-assed video versions of it over the years, but the truth is that I really have seen Mommy kissing Santa Claus and doing a whole lot of other things. Now, I was still pretty young when I first saw Mommy kissing the old, white bearded gentleman, but I never ratted Mommy out.

Even as a youngster, I think I realized that Mommy's affection for Saint Nick was the main reason I always had the most rocking presents of anyone on the block. After Christmas, I was always the envy of my friends because no matter how in demand or hard to find a particular item was at Christmas, it was always under the tree. I was the first kid on my block to have an I-Pod, a Playstation, not to mention all the coolest toys when I was little.

Dad was always amazed too -- always shaking his head in wonder as he said, "Christina, I cannot begin to imagine how you pulled that off on our budget."

Mommy would just wink and say, "Santa and I have an understanding!" Poor Dad didn't have a clue.

Now, I could understand why Mommy was a favorite of Santa's. Even when I was little, I perceived that Mommy was the prettiest of all Mommies around. Mommy has a killer body -- huge, firm tits that seem to nearly explode out of every outfit she wears, a trim waist, a firm butt and long, killer legs. Mommy's blue eyes and red lips are framed by a long, full mane of raven black hair. She turned the heads of anyone of the male species from age nine to hundred and nine!

Even after I hit puberty I really didn't have a clue as to what was going on. Before, I might wake up and wander downstairs to the living room, wondering if I would catch a peek at Santa dropping off my presents and maybe being silly with Mommy and just think it funny that Mommy would be sitting on his lap or kissing him or reaching inside his snow suit to tickle him before stumbling back to bed and forgetting about it until the next year. But puberty left me with little time to consider the weirdness of what was going on between Mommy and Santa and as happens when we get older, Mommy and Santa's frolicking behavior faded from my mind.

By the time I was eighteen, I was nearly consumed with my near constant state of erection and even better, the process of relieving myself. Any female would set my pulse to racing and trigger an erection, but more than anyone else, it was Mommy who had me in a constant state of pubescent tumescence. Her body had me thinking of all sorts of things that were not only naughty, but

downright illegal when it concerns your mother and my obsession with her was constant, spurred on by her mere appearance which in retrospect was anything but mere.

Summer time, it was her sexy shorts, dresses and bikinis that had me constantly yanking my cock. In the winter time, it was her tight sweaters, tight jeans and her proclivity to snuggle with her son on cold winter nights as we watched television that lead to near constant self abuse on my part. I had to learn to pace myself or I might have been the first teenager to jack himself off to death while fantasizing about his mother.

Then came that wonderful eighteenth Christmas when it all came together in my head and I saw a side of Mommy long dreamed of, but never thought to be accessible. It was after midnight, Christmas Eve becoming Christmas morning. I had woken from a dirty dream involving Mommy, my old babysitter, Bonnie and myself. I was hard as a rock and sweating like a pig. By now, I had used the internet to discover that sometimes ladies like ladies and that sometimes ladies who like ladies like to have a man involved too, and my dream probably made most hard core porn movies look like a Disney romp.

I was painfully erect and thirsty and hungry too as I almost always was at that age and so I slipped out of bed, threw on my robe and slipped down to raid the kitchen and jack off, although I wasn't yet sure which I'd do first. As I moved silently down the hall, I became aware of Mommy humming a Christmas song, "Here comes Santa Claus," in the living room.

Now, I had gone to bed with my parents still up, Mommy specifically stating that they were waiting for Santa and I decided to peek in on them, if for no other reason than to inspire myself with a quick glimpse of Mommy. When I had gone upstairs, she had been dressed in a long, fluffy bed robe that pretty much covered her up, but you have to remember, this was my hot Mommy we're talking about and even Mommy completely covered up was still my sexy Mommy!

Imagine my surprise when I peeked around the entryway and discovered Mommy standing by the tree, re-hanging some ornaments our pet cat, Sneakers, had no doubt knocked down, only now Mommy was dressed in an incredible red negligee of a gauzy material, lined on the collar and cuffs with white cotton. It was nearly transparent and it was all I could do to not cum in my pajamas as I watched more than a hint of huge, pink breasts under that red cloth and an very interesting dark patch further below. The night gown hung down nearly to her feet, but was cut with great slits that exposed her long and shapely legs as she moved, revealing matching red high heels on her pretty feet.

Sprawled out in his easy chair, Dad was snoring away, the evening paper spread out across his chest. On the television, an old black and white version of The Christmas Carol was on and Scrooge was giving someone hell about what a waste Christmas was. There were several presents under the tree already, but nowhere near what I usually discovered on Christmas morning.

I was memorizing Mommy in her sexy negligee for future reference when suddenly my ears popped like there was a sudden change in air pressure. Just as the grandfather clock began to chime that it was two o'clock, the ringing tone stopped abruptly on the first bong and the roaring fire in the fireplace suddenly dropped away to just glowing embers and then a red and white something floated down and out of the chimney and the air pressure changed again as suddenly Santa was standing there.

"Santa, baby!" Mommy squealed and ran into his arms, and the weirdness of the situation didn't come close to distracting me as much as the way Mommy's tits bounced as she moved.

In one swift and amazing movement, Mommy jumped up and wrapped her legs as best she could around the old man, her arms going around his neck as she kissed him passionately. Santa Claus's arms came up and cupped Mommy's almost completely exposed ass cheeks as I suddenly realized that she was wearing a matching red G-string.

His gloved fingers massaged and squeezed her luscious ass cheeks as they wetly and loudly kissed, a stringer of drool hanging between their lips when the kiss ended that splattered against his thick white beard and on Mommy's partly exposed tits.

"Ho, Ho, Ho, my little ho!" Santa chuckled as he slowly lowered Mommy to her feet. "Has my little Christina been a good little girl this year?"

Mommy undulated her lush body against Santa's, quickly but calmly unbuttoning his coat as she replied, "Hell no, Santa. I've been naughty every chance I could."

Santa laughed again as he tugged off his gloves and cupped Mommy's tits through the filmy negligee. "That's my girl," he said a bit hoarsely. One hand slid between her legs, palming her pussy through her nightgown. "Mmmm, Christine's thinking about being a naughty girl right now, isn't she?"

Mommy was now reaching into Santa's pants, fishing around with her eyes all wide and bright. "I've been wet since Thanksgiving, thinking about you, Saint Nick. You know I live for Christmas and Christmas cock...your Christmas cock." With one hand, Mommy yanked his snow britches down and revealed her other hand wrapped around the biggest cock I had ever seen. In my limited experience, I hadn't even have thought they came that large!

As my own hand crept into my pajamas to wrap around my throbbing cock, I watched as Mommy slowly squatted down, never wavering once in those high heels as her leg muscles swelled as she lowered herself until her face was level with that mammoth penis.

"Can I have a little taste of your candy cane, Santa?" Mommy said in a little girl's voice that damn near had me cumming before I even began stroking my throbbing dick.

"Ho, Ho, Ho," Santa intoned as he laced his fingers into Mommy's thick, black hair and guided her mouth towards his waiting cock. Mommy opened her mouth wide, hesitating when her tongue was within striking distance and making Santa moan as she rolled her tongue nastily around the head of his cock several times, lavishing the swollen crown of his penis with long, lavish licks before she opened her mouth wider and slowly swallowed his cock.

I watched with admiration as Mommy slowly took all of him in her mouth, throat bulging slightly as she took his whole long length, sucking in his shaft until her nose was being tickled by his gray-white pubic hairs. "Christina," he said reverently, "I do believe you're a better cocksucker than your mother!"

Mommy giggled with a mouth full of Santa cock and winked up at him, a pleased look on her face while I had to close my gaping jaw. Grandma sucked him off too? Grandma Hendricks was a gray haired version of Mommy with even more humongous tits that were always threatening to spill out of her old granny dress bodice. She was the epitome of the kindly old grandmother and it both freaked me out and aroused me to think that that dear, sweet old lady was a cocksucker too!

I slowly stroked my cock while Mommy bobbed her head back and forth furiously on Santa's cock, his shaft growing shiny with Mommy's saliva, her lips looking red, swollen and inviting as they slid

back and forth on his long, thick pole. Santa was humming softly as he rested his hand on Mommy's head, occasionally urging her to slow down or speed up as she sucked his cock. Mommy made infrequent noises that indicated that she was deriving a great deal of pleasure from going down on Santa.

Suddenly, Santa's eyes went wide and he sang, "Santa's cumming right now!" as he went rigid, his legs suddenly jerking as Mommy began making a gagging noise. Santa seemed to pump his hips three times before Mommy let his dick slip from her mouth, only to catch a powerful and huge burst of semen across the face as more sperm dripped from her mouth. Several times more, Santa's cock jerked in Mommy's hand and splattered cum across her face the times when she didn't get it aimed onto her outstretched tongue.

Finally, Santa waddled over to the couch and sat heavily down, his pants around his ankles as he caught his breath...his erection not flagging a single inch. Mommy was busy scooping up strands and blobs of his semen with her fingers and feeding it to herself, her lips smacking as she did...apparently finding Santa's seed very delicious.

"I wish Donald's cum tasted so sweet!" Mommy purred as she stared at the hard cock pointing straight up in Santa's lap.

Santa chuckled at that, replying, "It's all the Christmas candy, Christi..." halting as Dad suddenly started, maybe from hearing Mommy say his name. His newspaper slid to the floor and he started to push his seat up as he looked blearily eyed at Mommy, frowning slightly at her wanton appearance. Santa moved more quickly than was humanly possible, his fingers diving into a little leather bag on a drawstring hanging from his belt which was down around his boots. He came up with his forefinger and thumb pinched together and flung...something...at Dad.

Motes of sparkling light enveloped Dad as Santa intoned, "Sleep tight, Donald, dream of big money clients, golf and a Happy New Year." Dad suddenly smiled and leaned back, folding his hands across his chest and resumed snoring.

Mommy giggled and crossed over to Santa, her eyes locked onto his massive erection, jutting out of his white haired crotch like a telephone pole. "Am I getting a special present this year, Santa?" she asked coyly, licking her lips.

Santa Claus arched one eyebrow and grinned slyly as he replied. "Isn't that my specialty, Christina? Giving good and naughty little children their heart's desire?" He held out a hand to my mother and said, "Come here, Christina...you're not the only one who looks forward to this night."

With a moan, Mommy rushed to Santa and still standing, straddled him, yanking at something on her gown that allowed the entire bottom part to fall away, leaving her bottomless except for her nasty-sexy high heels. My eyes widened at the sight of her hairy muff, split wide to reveal wet, pink flesh, peeking out from below her spread legs.

As Mommy kissed Santa again, her breasts brushing his red coat, hard, thick nipples getting caught on the shiny buttons before she reached down and took hold of his cock, bringing it up and rubbing the huge, bulbous head against her wet slit. Mommy broke the kiss with a low moan and then said, "You're so big...Santa...so much bigger than any man I've ever seen. How can a man have such a big cock?"

"Ho, ho, ho," Old Mister Kringle laughed. "I'm Santa Claus, little girl. I have magic in my veins."

Mommy moaned again as she rubbed his cock head against her pussy again, causing her pussy lips to spread wide as if trying to wrap the long fleshy labia around it like a hungry mouth. "I want this magic cock inside me...NOW!" Mommy sobbed. She pressed Santa's cock head into her pussy, moaning as her cunt expanded to encompass it.

The air then was filled with Santa's merry laughs and Mommy's almost anguished moans as she slowly impaled herself onto Santa's long, thick erection. I watched with wide eyes as first the head, then a couple of inches of his penis wormed its way inside my Mommy. Then Mommy seemed to go limp, almost helplessly stuck on Santa's hard, throbbing meat stick. Mommy's head fell limply forward as she moaned with pleasure, her arms slack at her sides. Mommy was still standing, although slightly in a crouch, her legs quivered with effort. I might have been afraid for her if I hadn't heard her say in a whimpering whisper, "So big...so wonderfully big."

Santa took over, placing his hands on Mommy's waist, just above the place where her hips began to swell out. Holding her firmly, Santa Claus began to work Mommy down, lowering her slowly, gently onto his erection as she moaned and shook with pleasure. Honestly, I don't know how he got it all into her, so massively thick and long was his hard dick...maybe it was magic...maybe Mommy's pussy could do magical things. Finally, Mommy's black thatch of pubic hair was grinding against his crotch, his snow white hair combining with her bush to create a salt and pepper effect.

Santa thrust his hips upwards and wiggled as if to get situated perfectly inside Mommy's stuffed cunt, making her stiffen as orgasm swept over her, throwing her head back and letting out a soul wrenching wail of utter carnal pleasure. Santa busied himself with brushing the material of her negligee aside so he could wrap his lips around her swollen to the point of bursting nipple. I'm not sure if he was sucking it or biting it, but Mommy reacted as if he found a way to transcend the ultimate point of pleasure to take her ecstasy to a new level.

I suddenly realized that my own erection was now somehow free of my pajama bottoms and my hand was rapidly stroking it and it was all I could do to not join my moans of delight to Mommy's

As Mommy's initial orgasm faded somewhat, she began to hunch herself on Santa's monster cock, sobbing as she did so, "FUCK ME, SANTA, FUCK YOUR LITTLE CHRISTINA...I'M YOUR BAD LITTLE GIRL, SANTA, FUCK ME, FUCK ME, FUCK ME!" I could see with each minute movement of her pussy how her juices were thickly covering his immense shaft, but despite her sweet, hot lubrication, her pussy was so packed with Santa cock that she could barely move back and forth on it.

Mommy let out another scream as Santa suddenly stood up. My mouth hung open in complete amazement at his obvious strength, rising up as if there wasn't a grown woman impaled on his cock and the fact that he wasn't using his hands to support her...the only thing holding her was the cock buried deep inside her pussy...Mommy's legs hanging limply down, her upper body thrown back as she was again lost in the throes of orgasm, allowing me to see her magnificent breasts bouncing as she shook with pleasure.

Santa began moving around the room, chuckling at Mommy's ecstatic sobs and sighs, his every step making her bounce on his cock, impaling her fractionally deeper every time he took a step until she was nearly convulsing with a seizure of utter and complete sexual joy. Santa retrieved his sack and began pulling out packages and placing them under the tree, pausing to kiss Mommy every so often, his hands mauling Mommy's tits, pulling and pinching her nipples till I thought they would simply explode.

Mommy seemed to slip in and out of coherence as she rode Santa's immense erection, sobbing, "I LOVE YOU, SANTA...I LOVE YOUR HARD COCK!" and trying to wrap her long, shapely legs around his big body, but never quite accomplishing her mission, her legs falling away as a Christmas orgasm took her again and again. Drool hung from Mommy's lower lip as Santa fucked her into a stupor, pausing to lick up her saliva when he took a moment to kiss her, his tongue sweeping it up before he slipped it into her mouth to dance with her tongue.

Finally finished with distributing presents, Santa danced nimbly towards the couch, humming "Santa Claus is Coming to Town," as he slowly squatted until Mommy's ass cheeks hit the leather cushions and then he ran his hands along Mommy's legs till he was gripping her by the ankles, spreading her shapely legs wide and then on his knees, Santa really began to really fuck Mommy, making her scream shrilly with each hard and brutal thrust, never going too fast because his immense cock was wedged tightly inside my mother, but giving her the fucking of her life nevertheless.

Then Santa threw back his head and roared, "HO, HO, HO!" his voice booming so loudly it seemed to make the living room chandelier shake and tinkle, as he rammed his immense cock into Mommy one last time and then she was screaming again and I could see rivulets of his hot semen somehow leaking out of her stuffed cunt, his load making her endure the mother of all orgasms.

Seeing Mommy convulsing lewdly sent me over the edge and I stifled a cry as I began to cum, trying to catch my own impressive load of hot sperm in my cupped hand, astounded that watching my mother getting fucked by Santa Claus could have been such a turn on. I suddenly found myself on my knees, driven there by the intensity of my own orgasm.

Mommy's cries echoed in my ringing ears, her orgasm prolonged when Santa began to slowly worm his still engorged cock out of her well fucked pussy, his cock head exiting with a slight pop to be followed by a gush of thick, whitish semen. I was stunned at the amount of Santa's seed that he'd deposited into Mommy's pussy -- dwarfing what I'd thought was the huge handful of sperm in my cupped hand. I was even more stunned to see Santa again rise to his feet and then carefully reach out and cup the back of Mommy's head and pull it forward to his still large and erect cock, guiding her as she licked him clean.

Mommy mewled with pleasure as she lapped up the ropy strands of his semen and the thick coating of pussy cream that was smeared over his penis. Mommy looked happy, but dazed as she did so...her eyes hooded with sleepy lust as she smiled up at him while her tongue busied itself with lapping up their joined fluids.

Finally, with Santa's cock clean, Mommy planted a final kiss on the still swollen head and reached down to help Santa pull his snow pants back up. "I wish you could stay longer, Santa," Mommy whispered with a slightly pouting tone to her voice.

Santa grinned and replied, "Me too, Christina, but my time is limited and there are a lot of other naughty little girls I need to see tonight...not to mention all those good little boys and girls waiting for their presents."

Santa Claus pulled Mommy to her feet and planted a final long and passionate kiss on her lips, not seeming to mind the almost frosting like coating of sperm and pussy juices coating her mouth. "Next year, my sweet, little thing."

He turned as if to go and then chuckled and said, "Oh, I almost forgot." Santa reached into his little bag and threw a pinch of his magic dust at Mommy's tits. The magic dust sparkled and glittered as it fell through the air and landed on Mommy's breasts. My eyes grew wide as I watched my

mother's superb tits suddenly lift up a little, firming up and unless my imagination had completely run away with me, growing a little larger.

He slapped Mommy on her naked ass, gave a little "Ho, Ho, Ho," as he pressed a finger to his nose and then was gone in a blur, the fire roaring back to life in the hearth as the grandfather clock resumed ringing out two o'clock.

Mommy sighed and stared into the fireplace with an expression that was both sad and happy while I tried to quietly make it back upstairs, absently smearing the wad of semen in my hand on my pajama leg. I managed to get back inside my room and close the door without making a sound, pleased that I'd gotten away cleanly when a booming voice said, "Only naughty little boys jack off while watching their Mommies getting balled by old Saint Nick!"

I spun around and to my surprise, Santa Claus was sitting on the sill of my bedroom window, his arms crossed and a frown on his face. I had to swallow twice, both fear and shame making me feel like I was choking. Finally, I stammered, "S-S-Santa!"

"Well, you might be a peeping Tom, but you're not stupid," Santa said wryly. "So, John...are you a naughty little boy?"

It did cross my mind to deny everything, but this was Santa and I presumed he did know everything. I slowly nodded and said, "Yes, Santa. I've been naughty."

A smile crept onto the older man's face and he nodded. "Not a liar either, I see." He stood up and crossed the room and clapped me on the shoulder. "Good for you, John, good for you." His hand tightened on my shoulder almost enough to make me wince. "The question now is...what are you going to do now that you've seen your mother fucking and sucking someone who's not your father?"

I was momentarily puzzled by the question. It had never entered my mind to tell on Mommy. I mean, Dad's only response if I was to tell him that would be either smack the shit out of me or haul me off to the state asylum. I answered as honestly as I could, replying, "Um...plan on trying to peek on you and Mommy again next year?"

Santa's smile evolved into a broad grin and then my bedroom was echoing with his merry "Ho, Ho, Ho," before he gathered himself up and said, "Yes, no doubt you are your mother's son!" He patted me on the shoulder and turned and headed back towards the window. Santa turned and said, "You're certainly a naughty boy, John...now, if old Kris Kringle could grant you anything you wanted as a reward, what would it be?"

My reply leapt into my mind, a lewd image of me fucking Mommy, making her scream just as Santa had, but before I could open my mouth, Santa grinned and said, "Just as I would've suspected." He studied me appraisingly for a moment and said, "How old are you now, John?"

I told him and he nodded. "I thought so. Well, just keep being the same naughty and discreet boy you are now, John and who knows, but that some Christmas, your greatest Christmas wish might come true." He winked at me and then as my mouth again fell open, he stepped through the window and then fell upwards. I rushed to the window just in time to see an elongated shadow flash overhead, silhouetted by the full moon and it certainly appeared to be an old Scandinavian sleigh, although the reindeer didn't appear to be tiny but rather were great beasts with huge antlers. It might have been my imagination, but I thought I heard Santa's merry laughter echoing in the night as he faded out of sight.

My sleep was steeped in erotic dreams the rest of the night with images of Santa and Mommy mixing with images of Mommy and myself, leaving me Christmas morning with the stiffest hard-on of my life. I managed to start jerking off before Mommy knocked on my door and told me to "Get downstairs, honey, Santa came last night!"

Mommy's words triggered my climax and it was with a strained voice that I replied, "I'm cumming, Mommy...be right down!" as semen burst from my cock. A few minutes later, I was sitting on the couch, right where Mommy had been vigorously fucked by Santa just hours before. Images of Mommy writhing with pleasure while impaled by Santa's cock combined with my own lust for my mother, conspired to create another painful erection despite just having just ejaculated a load. I took great pains to conceal my hard-on under my pajamas and robe, but I could feel Mommy's gaze on me as I tried hard to act normal. Even dressed again in her unflattering, fluffy robe, Mommy looked amazingly sexy especially with what I would come to think of as her 'just been well fucked' glow.

That was the year I got the nice laptop, which I'd been wanting since school had started. Dad, still looking bleary-eyed with sleep and maybe a little magic Santa dust, just shook his head and said, "Damn, Christina, I just can't figure out how you make our Christmas club money go so far."

Mommy beamed at me as I oohed and ahed over my new computer and then said, "Santa and I have an understanding," making me moan as I now realized how true her comments were. Just hearing her say it made me nearly shoot another load in my pajamas and Mommy looked at me curiously as I tried to conceal my nearly overwhelming pleasure and arousal. Somehow, I got my act together and didn't blow my secret.

And so it went. Life went on, the next few years passed. Mommy got more gorgeous and sexy as each year passed, her sexy outfits and unintentional teasing keeping me erect most of the time. I got really adept at peeking at her in all sorts of situations -- sunbathing in those ever growing tinier bikinis, showering, and changing clothes. As Mommy got older, she seemed to grow a little more absentminded, leaving doors slightly ajar in all the most opportune situations and then came a bonus as Mommy began practicing yoga to maintain flexibility. I would French kiss the guy who came up with 'Crouching Dog.'

Christmas over the next few years was a young man's pornographic dream as I watched Mommy get fucked in a wide variety of positions -- missionary, cowgirl, doggie style as well as engage in sixty-nine with old Saint Nick, eating his semen as if it were a creamy Christmas dessert while Santa lapped her pussy juice up like a man dying of thirst. Mommy was increasingly more wanton, reveling in her abandon as Santa's secret slut while Dad snored the night away in his easy chair, clueless and content.

Now I would also try and catch Mommy cheating on Dad with other men, hoping to catch her doing the nasty at times other than Christmas, but I never did and I came to realize that Mommy was completely faithful to my father other than being Santa's little whore. As much as it would have been nice to see Mommy in action, it also made her dearer to me.

Still, I know she was horny...that Dad was not seeing to her needs. By the time I turned twenty-one, I would often come home in the afternoon to hear Mommy groaning in her bedroom, the buzz of a vibrator the only other sound. Often she would emerge with a faint echo of that 'glow' on her face, staring at me unashamedly. We never spoke of it, but we both knew that I was aware of her efforts to sate her own needs.

The Christmas of my twenty-first year saw me peeking at Mommy as she greeted Santa in a very scanty green baby-doll negligee that did not quite fall below her crotch, revealing her very wet pussy, swollen labia splitting her luxurious black haired bush. Santa took one look at Mommy's luscious body, her magnificent breasts jutting out against the filmy material, her huge, erect nipples nearly poking holes through the baby-doll and swept the coffee table clean of decorations and laid Mommy down on it and began drilling her with his monstrously large cock.

Santa took his sweet time, taking Mommy to ear splitting screams of orgasm over and over again, her writhing body reducing her silky negligee to torn remnants in mere minutes. The moments between her screams were punctuated by their bodies slapping together, wet, squishing noises as he wormed his immense cock in and out of Mommy's clasp pussy. At one point, Santa looked up and seemed to leer at me in the darkness, an evil grin that somehow seemed still appropriate for the white bearded Kris Kringle.

Santa's climax was signaled as Mommy's arms and legs flailed wildly, her head thrown back, positioning her upside down face to gaze unseeingly at me crouching in the shadows, her eyes glazed over with devastating ecstasy. Mommy's mouth gaped open with wordless pleasure a few minutes later as Santa slowly withdrew from her pussy with a wet, meaty plop. I was somewhat surprised when Santa broke with tradition, tucking his still sperm and pussy covered cock back into his pants. Mommy held out her arms and whimpered, "More...I want more, Santa."

Santa chuckled and slowly shook his head. "Not this year, Christina. I think Missus Claus might like a taste of your sweet sugar cunt."

Mommy struggled up to sit atop of the coffee table, naked except for a few tattered strips of gauzy, green fabric and high heels. She was trying not to pout, even as Santa sprinkled magic dust on her tits. In a slightly insolent tone, she said, "I want more of your fine cock, Santa," reaching out to cup his crotch for emphasis.

"Ho, Ho, Ho. I'm flattered as always, sweet child, but Santa's already running behind tonight, but..." His eyes slid sideways towards me, hiding in the hallway's shadows. "Santa won't leave you unfulfilled, my dear. He reached down and put a finger underneath Mommy's chin, tilting her head upwards to meet his brilliant gaze.

"You're one of my most favorite naughty little girls, Christina, with nary a complaint and I want to reward you. Now, we both know that Bill there does his level best to please you and you've been good about being faithful to him except for Christmas when I suspend the rules...ho, ho, ho."

He paused and then grinned. "Christina, other than Bill and of course, myself, if you could have anyone as your lover, who might it be?"

Mommy actually blushed...surprising me when you consider what a slut she was for Santa. I saw her lips move, but no words emerged as her face continued to grow redder. Santa grinned however and I knew he'd heard her wish and he nodded and said. "Merry Christmas, Christina, I'm making your Christmas wish come true. John, come join us."

Mommy started at my name and then jumped to her feet, hands moving to try and vainly cover her nakedness as I walked out of the shadows, cock in hand, on the verge of orgasm. Mommy's gaze dropped to my waist, her eyes widening as she saw my erection, although it paled in comparison with old Saint Nick's massive member.

"John," Santa began. "Can you guess what your mother's Christmas wish is?"

"Omigod," Mommy murmured, unable to meet my gaze. "I can't fuck my..."

"Would it help to know that your son's greatest Christmas wish for years has been to fuck his sexy Mommy?" Santa said, his voice the very embodiment of merry.

"What!" Mommy's eyes came up to meet mine, filled not only with surprise, but a sudden realization of new possibilities. "No...surely not me..." Her voice died out as she again looked down at my erect cock.

"I want you, Mommy," I said in a voice scarcely above a whisper. "I've wanted to fuck you, Mommy since the first time I got an erection." I hesitated and then plunged on with, "You gave me that first erection, Mommy."

Mommy's hands dropped to her sides as she stared at me with sudden comprehension...all illusions of my behavior over the last several years abandoned even as she replied, "I believe you. I guess I've always known in a way..." Suddenly, my illusions fell away too as I suddenly perceived that many of my moments of opportunity to spy on Mommy had been deliberately done on her part.

I grinned as I said, "I love you, Mommy!"

Mommy sighed happily as she said softly back, "I love you too, son."

Santa chuckled and gathered up his huge bag of gifts and slung it over his shoulders. "And in the end, that's what Christmas is all about, isn't it? Love...love in whatever form one is fortunate enough to find." He turned to go, saying, "Until next Christmas, Christina...John," but paused and turned back, his fingers going back into his bag. "You are each other's present to each other, but allow me to sweeten the moment a little."

He flicked his fingers towards me and the sparkling, glittering dust floated down over my cock. My whole body seemed to tingle for a second and then I felt my cock grow around my fingers even as Mommy gave out a happy moan. I gazed down in utter shock as I watched my erection grow to a size that rivaled Santa's cock in both length and girth. Santa patted my shoulder and kissed Mommy once on the cheek, whispering into her ear loud enough for me to hear, "Maybe next Christmas, your son and I will have a little three-way with you, Christina."

As Mommy's mouth dropped open in surprise, Santa winked at me and headed towards the fireplace, pausing when he accidentally bumped Dad snoring away in his chair. Dad snorted and sat up, causing the thick book in his lap to fall loudly to the floor.

Santa reacted with those lightning reflexes of his and said to my father as the magic dust fell in brilliant sparkles about his head, "Donald, it won't be bothering you in the least to see your wife and son fucking each other's brains out from now on...in fact, you'll be relieved since it will allow you to focus more on your clients and your golf game."

Just before he disappeared up the chimney, Santa Claus gave us one last loving look and grinned sheepishly. "This is what I love about this time of year. Christmas is so magical!" And then he was gone.

Mommy and I looked at each other and almost like she was hypnotized, her hand reached out to touch and stroke my newly enhanced erection...the slightest touch of her fingers sending great temblors of pleasure through me. "You really want to fuck me, son?" Mommy said.

"I've dreamed about nothing else, Mommy," I replied. "I want to be buried in your hot pussy, morning, noon and night!" My mother's hand tightened around my cock, unable to close her fingers around my pulsating meat stick, but able to pull me to her naked body, rising up on her high heels to kiss me.

I groaned happily as I felt Mommy's tongue slip into my mouth and then we were kissing as only lovers kiss while she stroked my erection and I filled my hands with her huge, firm breasts, nipples throbbing angrily against my palms.

Suddenly, we were both aware of eyes upon us and turned as one to see Dad groggily staring at us, stifling a yawn as he did so. He studied us for a moment and then yawned again. "Merry Christmas, you two," he said with fondness before yawning one more time and settling back into his Christmas sleep.

We both stared with amazement at Dad for a second and then turned to face each other once again. Whether it was my long pent up lust for my mother or a side effect of Santa's magic dust, I was suddenly filled with a nearly animalistic urge to mate with my mother and in her eyes, my incestuous hunger was reflected and we again were kissing, my hands coming down to cup Mommy's firm butt cheeks and then lifting her up, her legs encircling mine, sliding up until she was crossing ankles above my own ass.

As I lifted Mommy up, I could feel her body sliding deliciously along mine...along my long, thick cock trapped between our bodies, her skin, her silky pubic hair and her wet, slick cunt all feeling so good as I lifted her upwards and then my huge cock head was wedged between Mommy's blood swollen labia and her eyes were widening as we stood on the edge of becoming so much more than just mother and son.

"Merry Christmas, Mommy. I love you!" I moaned as I slowly let her descend, her own weight impaling her on my massive fuck pole.

"Merry Christmas, John," Mommy panted in reply. "I lov -- OH...F-F-FUCKKKK!" Mommy's voice went from aroused but calm to a passionate scream of pleasure in the space of a heartbeat as suddenly her tight pussy was being assaulted by a massive log of cock flesh. "FUCKMEEEEEEEE, OH JOHN! OH, SON, FUCKKKK MEEEE!"

Mommy became a wildly flailing handful of ecstatic woman in my hands, her gyrations forcing more of her down onto my hard penis which in turn escalated her pleasure as she reacted to having her pussy crammed with her son's cock. I let her firm butt cheeks slip from my grasp, leaving gravity and her own weight to finish the work for me, marveling that my mother was firmly suspended on my erection which was more than equal to the task of holding the weight of her luscious, sexy body.

I ducked my head and wrapped my lips around a huge, engorged nipple, nipping it with my teeth before beginning to suck her large tit while she clawed at my shoulders, shredding my pajama top with her long fingernails as my cock burrowed up into her womb. I felt impossibly huge and Mommy felt impossibly tight and I was as close to cumming without actually doing so as possibly. Part of me wondered as I fluttered my tongue over her rubbery knob, if my suddenly powerful sense of control was part of Santa's magic too.

Mommy's pussy felt so incredibly hot and slick, pulsating with a power...a life of its own, massaging my swollen penis even as I filled every centimeter of space within her motherly cunt -- our genitals so tightly joined together that they could scarcely move. I felt massively huge inside my mother's

pussy, bigger than should have been possible. I knew instinctively that it was Santa's Christmas magic at work, that no matter how huge I was, I couldn't hurt my mother, but would be accommodated inside her perfectly.

I flexed my cock, feeling it shift ever so slightly inside her as she swooned, her head falling back, throwing her breasts upward as she moaned wordlessly. I began to walk about the room, inspecting the presents Santa had brought us with Mommy suspended on my cock, recalling images of her being impaled on the jolly old elf's penis the first time I had spied on them.

Each step I took sent Mommy plunging deeper into the swirling, raging river of incestuous pleasure as my cock jolted her pussy with its length and girth, making it contract around my shaft even tighter. Every movement I made triggered such intense pleasure that one might have wept with joy if not already crying out with sheer sexual delight.

I fucked my Mommy all over the living room, fucking her as we walked around the brilliantly lit Christmas tree, fucking her on the coffee table, fucking her against the wall -- pinning her against the floral wallpaper as I thrust into her again and again. I even fucked my mother as we sat on the arm of Dad's easy chair, Mommy's body lurching back and forth as she tried to hunch her pussy up and down on my massive hard-on.

Mommy was nearly insensible from countless orgasms when finally I laid her back on the sofa, our naked bodies making odd, scuffing noises as our sweaty bodies moved across the leather cushions and then, lying between Mommy's legs, I thrust as hard and as quick as I could into her tight cunt until I could stand it no longer and with a roar that would rival a rutting panther's, came in a torrent of thick, hot semen inside my mother's cunt.

It seemed like I pumped Mommy full of my jizzum for an hour before my balls were emptied, our mixed juices oozing out of Mommy's cock filled pussy as we whispered "Merry Christmas" and "I love you," to each other before falling asleep.

In the morning light of Christmas morning, we were awakened by Dad's sleepy voice, murmuring, "Up and at them, you two, Santa came last night."

Mommy and I opened our eyes and gazed lovingly at each other, Mommy already moaning as my still hard and massive erection throbbed inside her. "Santa wasn't the only one," Mommy murmured, her fingers slowly running over my face, pausing only as I kissed each digit, sucking gently on them.

Christmas was weird...good, but weird. Mommy and I opened presents along with Dad, him oblivious and accepting of the fact that we were naked and that Mommy was on my lap, my cock buried deep inside her. Dad seemed not to mind waiting as time and time again, we had to pause in opening presents to let Mommy convulse and writhe in orgasm.

The magic of Christmas seemed to last all through Christmas day and well into the 26th of December as Mommy remained joined to me at the crotch all that time. When I at last slid out of her, Mommy nearly collapsed into a babbling mass of well fucked woman, sleeping in my bed, her leg draped across my thigh while her hand possessively held onto my still magically enhanced penis.

As we were to discover to our mutual joy and pleasure, Santa's Christmas present was indeed the gift that kept on giving. There was never a day over the coming year that didn't see Mommy and I madly fucking each other. I had my Santa enhanced cock buried in her in every room in the house,

fucking her when we were alone and when Dad was around. He'd smile at us as if we were working on a crossword table at the kitchen table instead of me having Mommy on her hands and knees, faces scrunched up in incestuous ecstasy as I plowed my massive cock in and out of her ever tight cunt.

Many was the night as we watched television that Mommy would curl up next to me and suck my cock, barely able to get her lips around it, yet somehow always able to deep throat my long, thick meat, enjoying my hot and creamy loads of semen like a yummy snack...often sitting there with my cum dripping off her chin and onto her massive quivering tits while I slipped between her legs and licked her sweet pussy till she was sobbing with pleasure too intense to be long endured.

It brought Mommy and I closer than I would have imagined and made us both realize that the lusty feelings we'd concealed from each other were not wrong and that the greatest gift that Santa had actually given us was to be able to come together and as mother and son lovers, simply bring more love into a world that will sadly, never have enough.

The following Christmas Eve passed into early Christmas morning and Santa's return to our happy home found me on my back next to the Christmas tree and Mommy riding my cock, her gorged cunt sliding minutely around my throbbing cock, Mommy moaning loudly into my mouth, her body slick with fuck sweat, making her heavy tits rub deliciously over my chest. There was suddenly that change of air pressure that signaled the jolly old Elf's arrival, followed by his familiar, "HO, HO, HO!"

Mommy broke the kiss and looked over her shoulder to see Santa grinning lewdly at her. "Nothing warms my old heart or makes my cock harder than to see a loving family," Santa declared. A big grin split his snow white beard and he waggled his frosted eyebrows at us and added, "Or maybe that should be to 'see a family loving each other'." As he spoke, he'd dropped his sack full of toys and gifts and then dropped his snowpants, unleashing his monstrous cock.

"John, my boy -- your mother looks like she's never been happier."

Mommy shuddered as I flexed my hips and thrust a little deeper inside her. In a guttural voice, laced with lusty and lewd passion, Mommy replied, "I'm wonderful, Santa. I've never known such constant pleasure."

Santa shuffled over behind her and agilely dropped to his knees, his long and erect penis brushing up against Mommy's ass cheeks. "Never seen pleasure that couldn't be increased, Christina," Santa said with mirth in his voice. "John, reach out and grab your Mommy's ass and spread those sweet cheeks."

Mommy gasped in shock as she realized what Santa had in mind. "Omigod, Santa...when you said last year that we might have a three-way...OMIGOD!"

I sank fingers into Mommy's firm butt cheeks and spread her ass wide and her pearl of an asshole must have been pleasing to Santa's eyes because a naughty gleam grew in them and he said, "Don't be afraid, my little sweetheart. Surely, you know by now that Santa's very good in getting in through back doors!"

I felt Mommy stiffen as Santa pressed forward and her eyes widened as he must have pressed his cock against her anus. She dropped her head back down to press her lips against mine, her tongue spearing into my mouth and swirling around mine in a frenzy. Then Santa must have thrust forward, because Mommy was screaming into my mouth, her fingers digging into my shoulders as old Saint Nick pierced her sphincter and began to ram his massive cock into her asshole.

Mommy collapsed atop me, her body suddenly limp and helpless as she was now impaled on two massive cocks in her pussy and asshole. In the thin sheath of flesh that separated my cock and Santa's, I could feel his massive, carnal candy cane sliding inside my mother who was already stuffed with her son's hugely swollen penis. Santa's magic had to be in play otherwise, I'm sure Mommy would have been torn apart. Instead, she was now swept away in a veritable storm of orgasmic pleasure, nearly rendered senseless in an onslaught of carnal yuletide ecstasy.

Mommy was so packed with cock, that none of us could move much, but every fraction of motion created pleasure unlike anything any of us (except I suspect for Santa), had ever experienced...Mommy most of all. Conscious thought dissipated into something akin to animal lust as we became one organism caught up in pursuing, capturing and maintaining absolute pleasure. The room reeked of sweat and pussy and pheromones and echoed with our pants, sighs and moans, Mommy's voice becoming hoarse and whispery as her screams of pleasure rendered her nearly voiceless.

In the end, Mommy was convulsing in something akin to a carnal epileptic seizure, orgasm building on orgasm, rising and rising, becoming something almost too great to be contained by any mortal. I burrowed that last sweet fraction of an inch and began to cum, flooding Mommy's womb with hot, baby-making semen, triggering her most intense orgasm yet which in turn seemed to set off Santa's climax, his laughter shaking the room's chandelier and making the Christmas tree's glass ornaments tinkle.

Santa's hot jizzum spilled into Mommy's bowels, escalating her orgasm to even newer heights and she seemed to slip into a state somewhere between conscious and unconscious, her pelvis hunching hungrily as the rest of her body lost control under the onslaught of pure ecstasy.

I knew Mommy was close to blacking out and even I was quivering with more pleasure than I could ever imagined and I happily surrendered to the approaching carnal oblivion, my last conscious thoughts being of the sheer joy of having Mommy's body squirming atop mine and feeling her slick cunt walls wrapped so tight around my throbbing cock and Santa's lusty voice crying out as he plowed his cock into Mommy's ass, "MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT!"

To Everyone at Literotica, A VERY, MERRY CHRISTMAS (BELATED AS IT IS)!