

CHRISTMAS WITH MOM

Ahabscribe

Mother & son become a couple while snowbound.

Incest/Taboo

4.71

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Well, I missed the Winter Story contest, but that's okay. Consider this my Christmas present to everyone here at Literotica. This is an expansion and/or rewrite of a story I wrote a long, long time ago for a website far, far away and now sadly defunct. I lost my copies of the story and recently decided that I would create a revised (and hopefully improved), version for you. This is the first installment. I have been asked often if this story is fiction or reality. My response is, "Do any of us truly know where reality ends and our dreams begin?" Enjoy. Please respond and share your opinions. Your feedback, negative or positive is important. Oh, and have a very Merry Christmas, one and all.

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"Omigod! Look at it snow, son!" Mom looked over at me with amazement and joy on her face. We had just walked out of the mall, arms laden with last minute Christmas presents after several hours of shopping. The weatherman had mentioned snow might be in the forecast, but there were a few inches of the white stuff on the ground and in the dimming afternoon light, the clouds promised more snow, lots more. As we walked through the falling snow, I couldn't help but admire how beautiful Mom looked, her long black hair dusted with snowflakes.

We took our presents to Mom's old station wagon and went in search of a restaurant. At a local steakhouse, we ordered steaks and from our window seat watched as the snow piled up. "I think we might have made a mistake, honey," Mom said. "Maybe we should have headed for home as soon as I got here."

I looked at her and nodded, replying, "Maybe so. Even the weather guy didn't see this coming." I'd stopped at the bar on our way in and instead of sports, everyone was watching the weather reports on the Six O'clock News. An unexpected collision of polar and humid fronts was giving birth to a major snowstorm. The word blizzard was being tossed around.

Mom had driven down from our hometown in western Illinois to drive me back for Christmas break. I'm a junior at a local university in Chicago. I live off campus and ride the 'El' to school. No real need for a car, especially at today's scandalous prices. It was tradition for Mom to drive the four or so hours to pick me up for Christmas break. We'd spend the day catching up, going shopping and having dinner before heading home for the Christmas craziness. It was a chance for Mom and me to have a quiet moment together.

We left the restaurant with a couple of more inches of snow on the ground. Mom's station wagon plowed stolidly through the snow, but it was getting really messy now. On the radio, the report was to expect somewhere between twelve and fifteen inches of snow by noon tomorrow.

Near my studio apartment, we stopped at a local Korean grocery and used the pay phone there. Mom called home to discover that they were already snowed in. Dad wasn't happy, fussing that Mom should have known better and the roads there were in even worse shape. He complained until Mom cut him off, saying, "Just get over it, Harold. You and the twins can survive a few days

without me. You'll probably enjoy Christmas even more." She rolled her eyes at me in disgust. Yeah, my father was a class act, bitching about his own possible discomforts rather than the safety of his wife.

Mom spoke to my younger brothers and reassured them that she'd miss them, but that they and their father would have a fun special Christmas all on their own. I imagine at sixteen, they weren't too broken up about it. Hanging up the phone, and wiping away a couple of tears, Mom shrugged and said, "Well, sweetie, I guess it's just you and me this Christmas."

I hugged my Mom, a shiver going through me. I have to confess, the thought of having my Mom all to myself for several days really appealed to me. I would miss my brothers, heck I might even slightly miss Dad, but I spoke the truth when I replied, "I can't imagine a more wonderful person to spend Christmas with, Mom."

Before we left the grocery, Mom insisted we do a little more shopping, fighting the other customers for last minute buys before the storm closed everything down. From there, we managed to get the station wagon back to my old apartment building and into the back alley where the parking slots were located. I usually used my space for storage, but stacking things up, we managed to squeeze Mom's old boat of a car inside.

We lugged our food and shopping up the five flights of stairs and then collapsed on the couch. On the little black and white television I kept in my studio apartment, the weather man was gleefully assuring everyone that with a projection of now twenty inches of snow, we would be having a very white Christmas. "So, just get comfortable and snuggle up with someone you love and enjoy the snow," he advised. Mom and I just grinned at each other, Mom's smile just a little mysterious. I laughed and said, "Let it snow, let snow, let it snow!" It was December 23, 1981 and I was spending Christmas with the woman I loved more than any other in the world.

Inspired, I went downstairs to the storeroom and brought up our old Christmas tree that Mom had given me when I first went off to college. It was an old artificial tree that I had grown up with. Mom had packed it full of old ornaments and lights. We spent that evening putting it up and thoroughly enjoyed decorating the tree as we recalled special memories evoked by specific ornaments and of hilarious disasters involving the tree and our efforts to decorate it in my youth. Miraculously the lights actually worked the first time we plugged them in. Mom clapped her hands and jumped up and down and I couldn't help but notice how her breasts bounced enticingly under her cable sweater.

We turned off all the other lights and cuddled up on the couch to watch our tree. I had some Christmas music playing softly on my stereo. Mom, her feet curled up beneath her, leaned into me, my arm around her and her head on my shoulder. "This is perfect," she said softly. "This is so..."

"Romantic?" I suggested, pulling her against me.

"Yes, romantic," she replied, looking up into my eyes. "This is how I always wanted Christmas to be like with your father. Cuddled up on the couch with the man I love, but...well, you know how he is." She left the rest unsaid.

"Yeah, I know. Guess you'll have to make do with me," I said it kind of jokingly, but also realizing she might take it as flirting.

"Actually, John, I prefer being with you. You always did know exactly what I like. I can't imagine anyone I'd rather be with right now. Thank you for this." Mom rose up and kissed me on the corner

of the mouth. "I love you, son."

I leaned down and replied, "I love you too, Mom," before I returned her kiss. I missed the corner of her mouth and kissed her smack on the lips. I didn't rush it and the kiss lasted maybe five seconds.

Mom gasped a little and for a moment as I pulled slightly back, she looked as if she might kiss me back. We just gazed at each other for long time, the air full of tension. Finally, she smiled at me and leaned into me again, putting her head on my chest. "It's very romantic," she whispered and then she fell silent and the tension slowly drained away. The moment was wonderful and romantic and we watched our blinking Christmas tree for a long time, content to be in each other's arms.

As we approached midnight, Mom yawned and said, "I reckon I'll go to bed. It's been a long and interesting day." Then she sat up, laughed and said, "Good Lord, I didn't pack anything. I expected us to be home by now!" She stood up and stretched and said, "Can I borrow a T-shirt or something for a night gown?"

Inwardly, I groaned with desire. If Mom only knew how guys felt about seeing their woman in one of their shirts. I don't know why, but I don't think there's a guy alive that isn't turned on by the sight of a good looking woman wearing nothing but one of their shirts. "I'm sure we can find something, Mom. Unless you want to go au' natural like Aunt Debbie? Mom's sister is notorious for her nudist habits.

Mom kinda smirked and said, "In your dreams, John. You don't really want to see an old lady's sagging body!"

As I rummaged around in a dresser and came up with an old, comfortable sweatshirt, tossing it to Mom, I replied, "You might be surprised."

Mom blushed and said, "I'm going to go change. Why don't you fix up the couch for me?" Mom turned and stepped into the bathroom, smiling back at me as she closed the door.

I changed out of my jeans into a T-shirt and some baggy gym shorts. I then changed the sheets on my bed and pulled out fresh sheets and some extra blankets and made a bed for myself on the couch. No way was I gonna make Mom sleep on my couch. Heck, I fall asleep there half the time anyway.

I was sitting there watching the late news shows when Mom came out of the bathroom. Without thinking, I let out an appreciative wolf whistle. Mom looked downright delicious in my sweatshirt. It seemed to mold itself to her chest, drawing attention to her magnificent, meaty breasts and it bottomed out not quite halfway to her knees, looking a lot like a sexy sweater dress. It flattered her sexy legs big time.

"God, shut up, John. You're such a flirt and I am your mother!" Mom growled, although she looked pleased at my reaction. In any case, she stayed in the bathroom doorway, hands on her hips, posing for me for several seconds. Finally she moved on in the room, self consciously tugging the bottom of the sweatshirt downwards as if she was afraid of it rising up.

So, you've got my bed ready?" Mom asked, standing over me.

"Yep, I've changed the sheets on the bed. You're my guest, so you get the bed tonight." I pointed my thumb over my shoulder at the bed across the room.

Mom said, "I don't think so, honey. I'll be fine on the couch."

We argued back and forth for a couple of minutes, ragging each other good naturedly. Hell, I was fine with arguing because it gave me an easy excuse to ogle Mom's sexy body. Finally though, in an exasperated voice I said, "Mom, just quit arguing and get in my bed!"

Mom gave me the funniest look and as I realized what I'd said, I'm sure I had an odd expression on my face. I know from the heat I felt on my face that I was turning red.

Mom then gave me that funny little smile again and said in a quiet voice, "Well, I guess when a son commands his mother to get into his bed, she better do what she's told." She ducked down and kissed me goodnight, this time kissing me on the lips. I sensed her shiver a little and then she said, "Goodnight, son. I love you."

I watched her walk away and said, "I love you, Mom. Good night." I turned off the television and then the light next to the couch. Mom turned off the bedside lamp. We were in partial darkness, our only illumination the multicolored lights of our Christmas tree.

We both had trouble getting to sleep. I could hear the noisy springs of my old brass bed creaking as Mom tossed and turned several times along with some heavy sighs. I was restless too, not because of the couch, but because of the funny tension that was building inside my apartment. All my feelings for Mom were coming to the surface and I wondered if I would be able to restrain them while Mom was stranded with me here. As finally, I heard Mom's breathing settle into a soft, steady rhythm and heard her softly snoring, I began to think about our lives together and how we had come to this moment.

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Growing up, I think I always knew I had a special connection with my mother. Perhaps it was that I was the first born child (I have two younger twin brothers). Maybe it was the fact that as an infant, I was gravely ill and might have died if not for Mom's determination that I pull through. And maybe it is simple fate. I believe that sometimes we're born with powerful bonds to other people, some that we only meet later in life and some we've known literally all our lives.

In any case, all through my childhood and into my early adult years, I knew that our relationship was more than simply mother and son and Mom knew it too. We were friends and soul mates. We could read each other's moods, sometimes it seemed like we could read each other's minds. Just being around each other seemed to cheer the other up. We were inseparable. I guess that made me a little weird in the eyes of my siblings and sometimes my friends. When the others were hell bent on playing outside or doing fun "kid" stuff, I would often be hanging out with Mom, helping her in the kitchen or out in the garden or just hanging out.

My father called me a "momma's boy," and in general regarded me with disgust. I wasn't anything like he'd pictured as the model son, I had little interest in football or hunting which were his primary obsessions in life. My younger brothers were much more to his liking and once they began to exhibit interest in his hobbies, he pretty much ignored me which was fine. If he was out doing his "man" stuff with my brothers, I had just that much more time to spend with Mom.

I was well into my teenage years before I realized I was head over heels in love with my mother. Oh, I was attracted to her as soon as puberty hit and Mom was the center attraction of my adolescent fantasies, but it took awhile to understand that what I felt was more than just teenage lust. I simply felt happier when she was around, and who could blame me? Mom was and is the most wonderful person I have ever known. Mom is kind and generous and loving and in my eyes, the most beautiful woman in the world.

The year of the Great Blizzard, Mom was forty-two years old, and stood five foot, five inches in her stocking feet. She had and still has a gorgeous, zaftig figure. Mom has large, heavy and yes, sagging tits, like great gourds resting on her chest, that are capped with thick and long nipples, as round as quarter. Mom has a slight stomach pooch and wide hips from giving birth twice, but still has a voluptuous figure. She's a little proud of her legs which are still very shapely and sexy. Red letter days are those in which Mom chooses to wear a dress that shows off her lovely legs.

Mom has lovely, pale skin and the most beautiful brown-green eyes. Her thick, black hair she wears long, hanging down below her shoulders and for years whenever possible, I would try and find reasons to press my face into her dark mane, relishing the scent of her hair. Mom always seems to have a fragrance of jasmine around her, mixed with her own natural scent which always provokes a reaction in me.

For her part, I think Mom slowly came to realize how I felt about her and also recognized that she had more than just chaste, motherly feelings about me. She told me often that I resembled her father who had died before she met my father and that I was the handsomest man she knew. I don't know about that. I grew up to be a stocky fellow, muscled, not fat. In high school and in college, I've worked for a soda drink distributor, loading up the delivery trucks. It pays well and keeps me in tip-top shape.

In any case, I knew that Mom and I often acted more intimately than the standard for mother and son. By the time I turned eighteen, we were often mildly flirting with each other, Mom treating me more like a spouse than a son. Certainly we acted more like a couple than did Mom and Dad. Sometimes, this seem to trouble Mom and she'd withdraw from me for a day or two, but like a moth drawn to a candle, our old familiar ways would always resume. But, until the Great Blizzard, we never really found ourselves in a situation that might induce our mutual attraction to lead to something else.

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I woke up feeling somewhat out of sorts. I recalled a jumble of erotic dreams involving Mom and me, much of the kind that I'd had since I was a teenager. I was also feeling horny and I needed to piss really bad. My gym shorts were tented with a massive piss hard-on. I struggled out of my blankets only to hear Mom say cheerily, "Good morning, son!"

I looked up and my aching erection throbbed. Mom was in the kitchen area of my studio apartment, still wearing my sweatshirt and showing off those damn fine legs. Her long black hair was sexily unkempt from sleeping, making her look like some bedroom goddess in my eyes. She was cracking open eggs and dropping them into a frying pan. I suddenly realized that I could smell bacon. "Morning, Mom!" I said slowly, enjoying the sensations of waking up to find a sexy woman making me breakfast.

I stood up and stretched, realizing too late how my hard-on stood out against my shorts. Mom was looking over her shoulder at me. Breakfast in five minutes, John. You better go take care of things before you explode."

I again felt myself blushing and I hurried towards the bathroom while Mom giggled. I did my business and washed up. As I was reaching for a towel, I saw that hanging on the towel rod were Mom's panties. They were your standard white cotton panties, but just seeing them there made my cock began to swell again. I reached out and touched them. They were slightly damp and I realized Mom must have washed them out the night before, although they still carried her distinctive scent

(and yes, I was known to occasionally sniff Mom's soiled panties). My cock jerked as I suddenly wondered what Mom was or not wearing under my sweatshirt.

I tried to adjust my shorts to conceal my rather large bulge and carefully walked back into the main room. Mom could hear the floor creaking and called out, "Breakfast is almost ready, honey. Where do you keep your toaster?"

I turned towards the kitchen area and stopped dead in my tracks. Mom was bent over peering into one of my bottom cupboards, sorting through my kitchen utensils. Mom's sweatshirt had ridden upwards, exposing her full, round butt cheeks and her pussy! Now I had caught glimpses of Mom's hairy bush over the years, walking into the bathroom and catching her by accident, but in this position, her cunt lips were very much exposed, blooming out of her thick pubic hair and exposing a thin, glistening pink line of pussy flesh. This was the holiest of grails for me. I'd dreamed of seeing Mom's pussy so many times and now it was exposed scant feet away from me!

I tried to reply, but only managed a garbled mumble. Mom turned her head to look at me with my pole-axed expression and realized what she was showing off. "OH!" Mom gasped standing up and tugging her sweatshirt down. "I'm so sorry, John!" We both stood there shocked and embarrassed. Finally, Mom laughed and said, "Where's the damn toaster?"

"Um. It's uh, in there." I pointed in the general direction of the cupboard doors over the stove or at least I think I did. My eyes kept moving back towards the hem of the sweatshirt, hoping against hope I'd get another chance to see my mother's pussy.

Mom turned away, trying to get things back to normal. She raised her arm and opened the cupboard door and then went to tiptoe to reach for the toaster, saying "How do you want your toast, buttered or - DAMMIT!" Mom realized too late that reaching for the toaster, she again exposed her bottom to me. I didn't get the crystal clear view of her pussy this time, but enjoyed the view of her dark hair covered mound and her luscious ass.

She spun around, trying to pull the shirt back down, but not before I saw her bush from the front. Mom's bush was a beautiful, wild mat of black pubic hair that grew in an unruly 'V' well above her pussy, gradually thinning out on her lower abdomen.

Mom's face was beet red as was mine and we stared at each other for a few seconds, the tension building until we both burst out laughing. "Get the damn toaster down, John." She moved out of my way, her laughter suddenly cutting off short as I reached up and got the toaster. I glanced over at her and saw that she was looking downward at my crotch. I glanced downward and saw the tent in my shorts. If I could get any harder, I'm sure my cock would have torn right through that cotton fabric.

"My god, John. I'm your mother!" she whispered, stepping away from me. Mom laughed nervously, suddenly trying to make light of things. "Settle down. I'm sure this isn't the first one you've ever seen."

I tried to laugh back as I handed over the toaster, but it sounded strained to me. "No, but it's the prettiest one I've ever seen. Mom, you're beautiful!"

Mom turned away, putting more distance between us. "Son, you shouldn't talk about me like that. I am your mother," she reminded me again.

I felt like we were reaching some critical moment in our lives and said, "Yes you are, and you're a woman too. The most wonderful, beautiful woman I know." I stepped towards Mom, my hand reaching out to her. I started to confess all my feelings for her, but she cut me off.

"Okay, that's enough. Consider this your Christmas present come early. Let's eat before breakfast gets cold." I recognized the edgy tone in her voice. It meant no further discussion was allowed. I looked into Mom's eyes and saw her need to put on the brakes right then and there.

I nodded. "Okay." I swallowed and turned for the small dinette table in the kitchen area. I took a seat. "Okay. Breakfast smells delicious. Let's eat, I said, trying to sound relaxed and normal. We ate in an uncomfortable silence. I kept squirming in my seat trying to get comfortable and trying to will my erection away, but every time I glanced at Mom, I thought of her naked pussy sitting a couple of feet away and felt my penis throb.

Mom kept dropping her fork and after the second time, I realized as she ducked down to pick it up, she was peeking at my hard-on under the table. She did it twice more before we finished eating and her face was now very red and flushed. I could follow the heaving of her breasts as she tried (and failed), to control her breathing.

Afterwards, she excused herself and I cleaned up the morning dishes while she took a shower. She took a very long shower. At one point, I thought I heard Mom cry out and I went to the door and knocked. "Mom, is everything okay?"

"Y-yeah, John. I, um, just dropped the soap," Mom replied in a shaky voice. "I'll be out in a few minutes." I felt my face turn red as my imagination insisted on another explanation. Had Mom been masturbating? Had she been masturbating over me?

When Mom emerged from the bathroom, wearing her jeans and sweater, hair hanging wetly over her shoulders, we could barely look at each other, both of us with blushing faces. Mom sniffed at her sweater and said, "I don't know what to do. I don't have a change of clothes and these things are gonna smell rank before long."

I scratched my head and replied, "Well, I've got plenty of sweatshirts and sweatpants. They might not fit perfect but I doubt if we're going out much. There's a laundry room down on the first floor. Sometimes the dryer works, sometimes it doesn't."

I pointed out the dresser drawer full of sweats and jogging suits. I showered quickly and dressed. The bathroom smelled of jasmine, soap and steam and something else that made my nostrils flare and put steel in my cock. Maybe I was imagining things, but I was positive that I could smell my Mom's juices...her unique musk. My jeans felt extra snug and there was no way to hide the tell-tale bulge in my crotch.

I came out of the bathroom to see Mom looking alluring in an old blue jogging suit of mine, staring out the large window by our Christmas tree. In a pile on the floor were her blue jeans, sweater, bra and socks. The jacket which zipped in front, was open and I saw that Mom was wearing one of my school T-shirts. The cotton material was molded around Mom's heavy breasts, her thick nipples pressed against the shirt seeking freedom, hardened by the cool air seeping in through the old window frame.

"It's a winter wonderland, son!" Mom said as I stood beside her. And she was right. Almost two feet of snow was on the ground now. Virtually nothing was moving. There were no cars and just a few people struggling through the deep snow, moving towards or away from the few neighborhood

stores that were open. I had a view of a small park one street over. There, kids were playing and having the time of their lives.

I put my arm around her shoulders and pulled her against me. I couldn't help, but take sneaking peeks down at her breasts. Mom slipped her arm around my waist, leaned her head on my shoulder and we stood and watched snow continue to fall lightly on the city.

"I'm sorry I sounded rude earlier, honey," Mom whispered suddenly. "I'm a little bit scared."

"Don't be, Mom." I whispered back. "Whatever happens, I'm just glad I'm spending this Christmas with just you. Does that make me selfish?"

Mom chuckled a little and looked up at me with love in her eyes. "Maybe a little. Maybe I'm selfish too. I'm glad we have this time to ourselves too. It's needed to happen for a while now. I just need to take it slow." She rose, up on tip-toe and kissed me on the lips, again quivering a little as she did so. Mom's arms came up around my neck and the kiss went on. Still chaste, but insistent, her lips warm and soft against mine. Mom leaned into me, her breasts pressing against my body, nipples hard. I could feel Mom's heart beating wildly. My heart was pounding too.

The kiss ended and Mom stepped back just a little. "That -- that was nice, son," Mom said in an unsteady voice. She ducked her eyes and seemed to suddenly realize how erect her nipples were. Self-consciously, she pulled the jogging suit jacket closed and zipped it up. "Um, how about we see about washing my clothes?"

Fifteen minutes later we were in the laundry room. We had already started her clothes in the washer when I noticed an "Out of Order" note on the room's dryer. I showed it to Mom who groaned. "These things will take forever to dry out!" she said, fussing.

I shrugged and said, "Guess we can always hang them over the heating vents in my place, Mom." We left the wash to run its cycles and I suggested we go out and play in the snow. I ran back upstairs for our coats and Mom and I went outside. Walking was tough, but we made our way down the block to Mr. Lee's grocery store.

There were a surprising number of people out now as the snow drifted silently down. Most were quite cheerful, given Christmas Eve off by old man winter and as Mom and I walked, her arm through mine, we were given many a Christmas greeting. Mom's worry lines smoothed out and she was all smiles by the time we walked into the store.

Mom called home and spoke to the boys. Dad fussed at her some about having to fix Christmas dinner, but Mom sharply told him to put his nose into a cookbook. "Honestly, Frank, you'd think you'd never cooked before." Mom wished him and the twins a Merry Christmas now because we were unsure whether we'd find a working pay phone on Christmas Day.

We walked out of the store and I steered us towards the park. Mom sighed and said, "Well, at least the boys' presents are at home." She looked up at me and patted my arm. "You're the one getting the short end. All your presents are at the house."

Stopping and facing Mom, I hugged her to me. "I've got my Christmas present right here. I get my lovely Mom all to myself this Christmas!" There, on the middle of a Chicago street, I kissed my Mom. Again, it was chaste, but long. Mom's arms went around my neck again and she leaned into me, pulling my body against hers. Warmth seemed to spread from her lips, filling me with her heat

and her love. I was vaguely aware of people occasionally walking around us in the snow, mostly smiling at the couple, obviously in love, kissing in the snow.

When it ended, we continued to walk. Mom had her head down, a little pleased smile on her face. We wound up in the park, walking in other folks footsteps until we came to the crest of a small hill where grownups and kids were sledding. We watched them for a while, then Mom spoke up and said, "Doesn't that look like fun. Don't you wish you were doing that?"

I laughed and said, "Yeah, I remember us sledding on Watson's Hill when I was a kid. This really makes me wish I had a sled."

Mom shrugged her shoulders and said, "Who say's you need a sled?" Before I could ask what she meant, she lashed out with her boot and kicked my feet out from under me and down the hill I went, skidding down on my back.

I came to a stop at the base of the hill, sputtering and not knowing whether to laugh or cuss. I rolled over and climbed to my knees. A few kids were laughing at me and I looked up to see Mom bent over with laughter. She laughed so hard that she lost her footing and it was my turn to laugh as Mom came sliding down the hill head first.

I moved to catch her, kneeling and raising her up in my arms. Mom also didn't know whether to laugh or cuss so she did both. I fell away from her, I was laughing so hard and I could barely manage to say, "Serves you right!"

Mom tried hard to scowl at me, but couldn't stop giggling. Finally, she held out her hands and said, "Help me up, John, I've got snow in my pants!"

I stood up, walked over and helped her up. I tried to dust her off, but as I brushed her backside, Mom did a little dance. "Oh crap, I've got snow up my butt! It's sooo cold!" That made me laugh even harder. Mom got an evil look and said, "Oh, you think that's funny. Here, you try it!" and she took a chunk of snow clinging to her shoulder and deftly jammed her hand into my pants.

The howl that I let out when that icy stuff hit my crotch would have woken the dead. "Oh, you're gonna get it now, Mom!" I growled. Mom laughed and ran, but didn't get far before I managed to tackle her, pushing us both into a snow drift. We both yelled and screamed as we flung fistfuls of snow at each other. I took a handful of snow and yanked upwards on Mom's jacket, pulling it and the T-shirt up, exposing her alabaster skin. I stuck my hand up under her shirt, intending to rub her belly with the snow, but suddenly felt my fingers brushing against something, heavy and meaty. Mom's scream suddenly cut short as we both realized I was touching her naked breast. Time seemed to slow down. We stared at each other as my fingers rested against her soft flesh.

Suddenly, I snapped out of it, withdrawing my hand and whispering, "Sorry, Mom!"

Mom saw alarm on my face and immediately tried to defuse the situation. "Oh, you will be sorry!" she giggled as she planted a chunk of snow in my face. She rolled free of me and took off running again. She moved off about thirty feet and put her back to a tree. She stood there breathing heavily, watching me and I cannot ever recall seeing her more lovely, her cheeks red from the cold, eyes so brilliant and alive, hair flowing wildly over her shoulders.

I walked up to her, my arms out wide, hands open, free of snow. Mom opened her arms and I stepped into her embrace. I leaned into Mom and we kissed again, mouths closed, but exhilarating just the same. Then as we kissed, chests together, hearts pounding, Mom opened her lips slightly

and I felt her tongue brush against my lips. I opened my lips and flicked my tongue out to greet Mom's probing tongue.

Mom moaned a little, her body pressing against mine as we soul kissed tentatively like young lovers. I felt her crotch grind against my thigh and her arms tightened around my neck, pulling me closer as our first real kiss became more passionate. My hand came around from her back and slid up Mom's front, almost touching her heaving breast when Mom broke the kiss off. A little string of saliva hung between our tongues for just an instant, only to break and splatter against Mom's lips. She licked it off with a slow movement of her tongue almost as if she were savoring my taste.

Mom shivered and said, "We better head back home, darling."

We tromped through the snow back to my apartment building. Mom seemed to be struggling a little as we walked, periodically letting go of my arm to yank on her jogging pants. "Something wrong, Mom?" I asked.

"It's this damned jogging suit," she replied. "It's a little big on me anyway and after playing in the snow, they're soaking wet and the weight is making them sag!" I found this funny, but restrained myself from teasing Mom. We made it back to my building and collected Mom's wet wash and trudged up to the fifth floor.

"Good God!" panted Mom. "That climb is a killer."

"Yeah, but it help keeps me trim!" I struggled to fish out my keys while holding the wet clothes. Finally, I said, "Here, catch," and I tossed Mom's clothes to her.

Mom reached out with both hands and caught her clothes neatly as her jogging pants fell down around her ankles. I paused with my keys in my hand, ready to unlock the door and just stared at my mother who was now naked from the waist down! Mom's thick, hairy bush was like a magnet to my eyes. I couldn't take my eyes off the sweet vision between Mom's legs!

Mom made a little "Eep!" noise and then said, "DAMN!" She looked down and sighed. "I guess I'm just determined to show you my pussy today, son!" She stood there, her arms full of wet clothes and then said, tapping her foot, "Well, c'mon, John, it's getting cold out here!"

For emphasis, Mom threw her wet bra at me. I snapped out of my reverie and mumbling, "Sorry, Mom!" I turned and tried to unlock the door. It took me several seconds as I kept fumbling as I tried to both unlock the door and take glances back at my half naked Mom.

Finally the door swung open and Mom shuffled by me, her face beet red. "I swear -- Men!" she said, rolling her eyes at me. I followed Mom inside, admiring her lush butt cheeks. Inside, Mom dropped her wet clothes into a chair and announced, "I'm freezing, son. I'm going to take a hot shower."

Mom kicked off her boots and then stepped out of her jogging pants. Walking slowly and half naked towards the bathroom, Mom unzipped her jogging jacket and then pulled it and her T-shirt over her head and dropped them to the floor. I stood, slack-jawed, watching Mom's naked body as she walked to the bathroom. At the door, she turned, giving me a splendid view of her body, especially her magnificent, sloping breasts in profile. Mom's nipples were swollen, amazingly thick and long, just seeing her turgid digits made my mouth water, awakening old hungers and appetites.

"Honey, I'll need some dry clothes for when I get finished." Mom said and she disappeared into the bathroom, closing the door behind her. Mom was in there a long time. When she emerged, she had regained her modesty, hiding behind the door and asking me to pass her some clothes. She spent the day wearing my snuggest sweat suit. The pants were still too big for her and she had to be careful, but the sweatshirt, hugged and molded itself to her large breasts.

The afternoon then passed with Mom and me tip-toeing around each other and the growing feelings between us. After we ate supper, I tried to bring up what was happening with Mom one more time, but she just shook her head and said, "John, I need a little more time. We've been moving towards this for a long time, please be patient for a little while longer."

We spent the evening watching the old Alistair Sim version of "A Christmas Carol," on the television. We sat cuddled up together on the couch, a blanket draped over us. Mom's body was pressed firmly up against mine. I could feel her breasts move as she breathed. We held hands and once in a while, Mom would squeeze my hand and I would look at her only to find her staring intently at me. During most of those moments, we would kiss, sometimes chastely, sometimes with the passion that only lovers ever experience.

After the movie, we watched the news, the weatherman gleefully predicting another five or six inches of snow overnight. Mom went and got ready for bed. I tuned the radio into a station playing bluesy, slow jazz Christmas music. I changed into some boxer shorts and a T-shirt. Mom came out wearing only the sweatshirt, again looking sexy as hell as it showed off her shapely legs and was just long enough to make me wonder what she had on underneath. "Mmmm, I like this music, John," Mom said, swaying a little in time to the tune.

I smiled and replied, "Mom, would you like to dance?"

Mom grinned from ear to ear. "I'd love to, son!" I turned off the lights, turned on the Christmas tree lights and took Mom by the hand and walked her to the middle of the room in front of the blinking Christmas tree. Mom put her arms around my neck and I wrapped my arms around her waist and we slowly moved to the music.

As Nat King Cole sang about chestnuts and such, Mom rested her head against my chest and whispered, "I love you, John."

My heart felt like it would burst and I whispered back, "I love you, Carrie."

Mom sighed and pressed herself more snugly against me. "Son, do me a favor. In public when necessary, call me Carrie, but when we're alone like this, please remember to call me Mom."

She lifted her head to look me in the face, her eyes glittering with love and I think desire. "Whatever we are, whatever we become, you and I are always mother and son . Never forget that, John."

I could barely make my voice rise above a whisper, "I won't. I love you so much, Mom." We continued to dance, our movement slow and steady, almost melding into one being, both our hearts beating in rhythm. I pulled Mom more tightly against me, relishing her warmth, her softness against my body. My hands seemed to slowly stray downwards, finding their way underneath Mom's sweatshirt until almost with a start, I realized I holding my mother by her bare ass cheeks. Her skin was soft and hot to the touch. I slowly realized I was as hard as a rock, my cock pressing against Mom's stomach.

Mom sighed and then seemed to realize how I was holding her. She tensed up a little, but didn't pull away from me until the current song ended -- the "I'll be home for Christmas," song that ends with "...if only in my dreams." As the tune ended, Mom said, "Well, we better get some sleep. It's almost Christmas. Mom rose up and kissed me gently on the lips. "Good night, John. I love you, son."

"I love you, Mom. Goodnight." I watched Mom climb into bed. I lay down on the couch and again, hearing Mom's occasional sighs and tossing and turning, took a long time to fall asleep. I thought about the day we'd just had. I thought about how close we had seemed to come to becoming more than mother and son. We were right on the cusp, I was positive of that, of becoming lovers. I was more than ready and I believe Mom was too. She would just have to let her mind catch up with her heart and take that last breathtaking step. I fell asleep imagining a life where Mom and I were lovers, wondering how long it was going to take. In truth, I wished for a Christmas miracle. You know something -- sometimes Christmas wishes do come true.

I woke up suddenly. I glanced at my watch which said it was almost 1:00 A.M. Christmas morning was here. I realized Mom was standing beside the Christmas tree, staring out at the window at the falling snow. She was bathed in a multicolored glow from the lights of the tree. Mom had taken off my sweatshirt and was wearing a lovely negligee. White, I think, but seemingly all colors of the rainbow as it reflected the Christmas lights of the tree.

"Mom? Everything okay?"

It's so beautiful out there, a perfect Christmas snow, son," Mom said softly, glancing back at me. She held out her hand to me. "Come see, honey."

I climbed off the couch and wearing only my boxers, I went to my mother. She took my hand and guided me to stand behind her, my arms wrapped around her upper chest. She leaned back against me, her soft, plush asscheeks pressing into my thighs. I was very much aware of how much of her body was showed off by the gauzy nightie. I could literally look down from above her and see so much of her beautiful body.

Mom's breasts were very much visible, the outfit offering a generous view of her cleavage and the rest covered by a very transparent material that hid nothing. I could even see freckles just to the right of her left nipple which was thick and swollen. Mom's breasts were slowly rising and falling as she was taking deep breaths in an effort to stay calm.

"Isn't it lovely, John?" Mom sighed, her head resting on my chest. "I don't know when I've seen a snow so beautiful." And it was lovely out. Big, heavy flakes were falling, illuminated by the street lights, sifting down to join the heavy white blanket that seemed to have swallowed up so much of the city.

I hugged Mom tightly, relishing the way her bottom seemed to press against my legs. Mom's skin was almost feverish in its heat and she was radiating warmth and her scent, tinged with that waft of jasmine that always seem to be a part of her. "It is lovely, Mom, but not as lovely as you." I shifted us just a little, enough so that we could see our reflections in the window. I could see my mother's sexy body, barely hidden in her negligee, breasts and her bountiful muff clearly in the glass. "You're beautiful, Mom. The most beautiful woman I've ever seen.

Mom smiled, a pleased look on her face. She turned around in my arms, not a bit ashamed that she was rubbing her meaty breasts across my lower chest as she did so. "Do you like this gown, John? I bought it at the Mall the other day thinking maybe I'd try and get a reaction from your father, but I

thought even then that you'd appreciate it even more. Maybe I always knew I was getting it for you, darling."

"It's great, Mom. Thank you."

Mom wrapped her arms around my neck and pressed her body more firmly against me. "We can't ignore this anymore, can we? I love you, John. I love you as my son and I love you as the man you've become. I want us to be lovers, son." Mom looked up at me, her green-brown eyes wide and anxious. I couldn't help but love her more. Did she think there was even a slight chance I'd say no?

"Oh, Mom, I can't think of anything I want more. I love you, Mom. I've dreamed of this for so many years. I've wa-

Mom put a finger against my lips, shushing me. "No more dreams, my darling. Now we make our love real." Mom stood up on tip-toe and kissed me. Her lips pressed firmly, hungrily against mine. She parted her lips and I sucked her tongue into my mouth. I could taste her. The essence that was her scent was present in her taste and it was an essence that I had hungered for so long. We kissed, our tongues kissing as well and we both tightened our hold on the other. I was kissing my mother as a man kisses a woman, as a husband kisses his wife. It was right and it was perfect.

My hands slipped slowly down her back and cupped Mom's bountiful ass cheeks. I lifted her up and as I did so, Mom raised one leg and curled it behind my thigh, using it for leverage to raise herself higher up my front. We both groaned with need as I felt her furry pussy slip across my cloth covered bulge in my cock. Mom reached down and between her raised foot and one hand managed to tug my boxers down. My cock sprung free, slipping into the thick forest of her furry bush. I could feel delicious heat and wetness.

I continued to lift Mom up and she now had both legs wrapped around my middle, trapping my cock against her lush, hairy mound as her legs crossed behind my back and her heels dug into my butt cheeks. In a flurry of motion, Mom relied on me to hold her up and tore the nightgown off her body, gasping, "I need to feel your body against mine, son."

And like that, for the first time, we were naked body pressed against naked body, mother and son in a lover's embrace. We kissed there in the window, oblivious to anyone who might be watching from another window or maybe flying by on their sleigh. My Christmas wish had just come true.

Mom reluctantly ended our kiss and hunching her hips against my crotch, whispered, "Take me to your bed, son. Make love to your mother."

"My honor and my pleasure, Mom. I love you." Carrying my mother carefully, I walked us across the wide room to my bed. The springs creaking as I knelt on the mattress, I eased my mother back until she was on her back and I was kneeling between her thighs. My cock throbbed as I gazed down at the most heavenly sight imaginable, my mother, naked and aroused in my bed, her legs spread wide, waiting for me to make love to her.

Mom was a sight that would have made any artist weep with joy with her long black hair fanned out on the pillows, heavy, meaty tits heaving, her hard, long nipples throbbing while her spread legs revealed a heavy muff glittering with carnal juices, Mom's vaginal lips blossomed wide, revealing her glistening pink flesh, rivulets of pussy cream flowing through the folds of her cunt. Mom's mouth was open as she breathed heavily, her eyes full of incestuous love, desire and need. Mom's hands were raised, her fingers wagging at me in a 'come hither,' motion.

"Merry Christmas, Mom. I love you," I whispered as I lowered myself on top of her.

"I love you, son," Mom gasped back, excitement now in her voice. "Merry Christmas, lover." Mom flung her pelvis upwards, meeting the probing of my cock. The head of my penis slipped between her labial lips and I groaned at the sweet warmth that enveloped my flesh. As inch after hard inch of my dick buried itself in Mom's tight pussy, her warmth, her wetness, her silkiness felt so right. Mom sighed, "So big!" as I buried myself in her to the roots and I was in awe of how right, how perfect it was. My cock and my mother's pussy seemed to be made for each other.

Without a pause, our instincts kicked in and Mom and I began to move together as if we'd been lovers for years. Mom's legs came up and back as she gripped me with her thighs, her heels pressing into my flanks, guiding the pace of my thrusts. I rested on her big, pillow-like breasts, enjoying the sensations of her hard, thick nipples scraping against my hairy chest. I brought my mouth to hers and we teasingly kissed each other, tongues reaching out to lick a lip or to dance together before finally we pressed our mouths together in a passionate kiss of soul mates.

The old brass bed began singing a song of lustful abandon, the old metal springs and posts creaking, marking the rhythm of our incestuous lovemaking. As we moved together and kissed, we kept our eyes open, losing ourselves in each other's gaze. Mom's pussy clapped at my shaft, resisting every movement my cock took to withdraw and then gently caressing my flesh as I sank back into her moist, creamy flesh. Buried deep within Mom's womb, her whole body seemed to throb with desire, massaging my cock flesh before I again began to move. With each deep thrust, Mom's eyes grew wider and seemed to beg for more.

Mom's arms uncurled from around my neck and she reached back and gripped the brass rails of the headboard and used them for leverage to thrust more fiercely at my delving penis. Mom spread her legs wide and then wrapped them around my pistoning ass, digging into my butt. Mom suddenly broke the kiss, crying out as an orgasm began to explode inside her, "More, lover! Fuck Mommmmm harder, deeper, Johnnn!" A look of joyous disbelief broke out on Mom's face. "Omigod! Making me cummmm, John! You're making Mommm cummm!"

Tears began trickling down Mom's cheeks and she bit her lip as almost overwhelming waves of pleasure swept through her. Mom's body began to spasm, her pussy tightening around my cock, deeply buried in her creaming flesh. I bit my own lip, focusing on the minor pain to keep my own incredible pleasure from sending me over the edge. Mom arched her back as she continued to orgasm, her face now contorted with ecstatic sobs.

Finally, Mom goes limp like a puppet whose strings are suddenly cut. Her legs slipped down and she sniffled as she gasped, "Whoooo - I've never cum like that before, sweetheart!" Her words made my cock throb with pride and I think it swelled up even more because Mom let out a happy moan and reaching back to grip the brass railing again, said, "Make me cum again, son!"

Beaming with pride, I slowly began to thrust into Mom's white hot pussy again, building the pace gradually and relishing every little grunt or sigh of happiness that my cock brought my mother. Mom caught her second wind and began to return my thrusts, making our now sweaty bodies slap loudly together. I rose up on my hands and began to really fuck Mom hard, grinding my groin against hers as our pubic hairs met, tangled and then tore apart in a wicked sensation. I gazed down at Mom as she writhed underneath me, enjoying the erotic spectacle of her heavy, meaty tits rolling and bouncing all about. Carefully, so as not to break our incestuous dance, I reached down and lifted her legs one at a time and draped them over my shoulders.

Mom began to scream as now I sank to the deepest parts of her womb, touching her as nothing ever has. Her orgasm was instantaneous and massive. Her heavy flowing cunt juices bathed my aching cock and suddenly her cunt muscles clamped down and began milking my shaft. I thrust deeply into Mom one more time, burying myself deep as I grabbed one heavy, flopping breast and raising it upwards, pressed my lips to her hard nipple. I nipped the rubbery digit lightly, but it took Mom's orgasm to an even higher level and the tremor that swept through her body sent me over the edge and I began to flood Mom's pussy with thick streamers of my semen.

Mom's entire body seemed to clench up as she screamed and convulsed beneath me, her cunt clasp my dick tightly, literally sucking my jism out of my body. I let her throbbing nipple slip from my mouth and moving up, kissed her roughly on the mouth, driving my tongue between her lips. We kissed hungrily, madly, passionately as we rode out our mutual orgasms. It seemed for a moment as if I might never stop ejaculating, as if I had held back for years, saving my sperm for the one pussy that deserved it the most, my beloved mother's.

Gradually, things began to calm down. My flood of semen became a trickle with Mom's milking cunt sucking the last few drops of my seed as we caught our breath. "My god, Mom," I gasped. "That was incredible!"

Mom nodded wordlessly, tears still running down her face, managing only a, "Uh hummm."

Mom began to shiver uncontrollably and I looked at her with concern. "Mom, are you okay?" I started to climb off Mom, but she reached out and hugged me, her arms and legs wrapping around me. Mom held me tightly and had a good cry. I was torn between worry over my mother and being really aroused by her urgent embrace. Mom even seemed to clamp down on my semi-hard cock, unwilling to release me from her wet, cum filled pussy.

Several minutes passed and Mom's sobs began to fade, eventually becoming sniffles. Again I asked, "Mom, is everything okay? Did I hurt you or something?"

Mom eased her embrace so that I could look at her. "I love you so much, John. I never, ever thought I could feel so much -- so strongly about a man, especially my own son."

"Why are you crying, Mom?"

She choked out a laugh, sniffed and replied, "Women do that sometimes, son. When their man gives them an orgasm so powerful and overwhelming, sometimes it just overcomes us and we bawl our eyes out." Mom wiped her cheeks and kissed me. "Thank you, darling, for the most wonderful moment of my life."

We kissed again, long and lovingly. Then with some regret, I moved off Mom, my cock slipping out of her warm and wet womb. Mom curled up against me and we kissed some more, bodies entangled.

"We're in trouble, aren't we?" Mom said as she ran her hand over my chest.

"What do you mean, Mom?" I raised up to look down at her angelic face.

Mom sighed and said. "We've danced on the edge so long. Knowing we were attracted to each other...loving each other more than just mother and son." She stroked my face. "John, we can't go back to the way things are. I don't want to. We're lovers now. I haven't had sex with your father in

two years and from now on I won't let him near me. I love you, John and only you. You're my man now."

My heart felt as if it would explode. I thought I might have a cry now. How long had I imagined this moment? How long had I dreamed of Mom talking to me this way? "I love you too, Mom. I don't want anyone else...just you, my beautiful, wonderful Mom!"

We both held each other silently for a long time in the dark, both of us feel joy for finally being together as we were meant to be, but there were also many questions that hung there unanswered. Finally, I asked, "So, what about Dad?"

Mom snorted and said, "I wish I could just say he could go to hell, but..." She paused, trying to keep her contempt under control. "Your Dad and I are through. Our marriage has been dead for years. But we've stayed together for the twins. They graduate from high school in two more years and the day after that I'm filing for divorce. Until then, you and I..." Mom's voice trailed off and I felt myself tensing up. I was afraid she was about to say, "Until then, we can't be together."

Mom as always seemed to read my mind and smiled encouragingly as she reached down and stroked my semi-erect penis. "Until then, we will simply have to seize the moments whenever we can. We have to be careful, but you're my lover now. I'm not giving this lovely cock up for anyone."

Mom kissed me again, leaning into me, the weight of her meaty breasts feeling delicious on my skin. Mom pushed me onto my back and began to kiss her way downwards. She stopped at my nipples, circling the hard nubs with her tongue, making me groan as she nipped them with her sharp teeth.

Her tongue traveled further south as she gave me butterfly kisses down below my stomach. Mom ran her face across my groin, her breath feeling incredible as she rubbed her face in my pubic hair. Now lying between my legs, Mom looked lustily at my rapidly hardening cock that she slowly and lovingly stroked.

"This is the best Christmas present I've ever had. It's given me more pleasure in one night that I had in a lifetime with your father," Mom said. She giggled and waggled her eyebrows. "And it's a lot bigger than your father's cock too!" I think I swelled with pride as well as desire. And then another fantasy become reality as my mother began to suck my cock.

Mom sucked and licked me, cleaning up our juices from our first lovemaking. I clawed the sheets as Mom showed me that despite a lack of practice, she knew how to suck her son's cock. "I was quite the cocksucker when I was younger," Mom said teasingly after licking my shaft. "That's a story for another time, though," she added as she moved upwards, not letting go of my erection as she straddled me.

"Oh god, Mom!" I moaned as Mom placed me inside her and slowly slid down the length of my hard dick. I felt myself swell inside her as I gazed at her lovely face, an sneering expression of pure carnality unlike anything I'd ever seen before in my mother. Mom began to ride me, lifting herself up down on my cock, her fingernails tracing circles on my chest as she looked down at me.

"I love you, John," Mom cooed as she moved, gradually building up speed. Mom's pussy was the ultimate wet velvet glove, wrapping my flesh in fiery, liquid warmth. Mom began to bounce up and down, her sagging, heavy tits rolling and swinging wildly. I began to meet her thrusts, unwilling to part with an inch of her hot, sopping wet and so incredibly soft cunt. Being buried to the hilt in Mom's pussy just seemed so right -- the perfect natural state that I'd been seeking all my life!

"I'm gonna cum, Mom!" I moaned after an eternity of sexual bliss. Mom was carnality incarnate, her long hair wet with sweat and swinging around her face, her lovely skin dripping with sweat, her scent thick in my nostrils, urging me to cum.

"Cum in me, son!" Mom gasped, on the edge of orgasm herself. "Give me your seed, lover. I want it. I need your spunk, John! Fill Mommy up with your sperm babies! Make me pregnant, son!"

"YES!" I cried as Mom's words sent me over the edge as never before and I bucked upwards, seeking to bury my cock deep in Mom's pussy, my mind exploding with images of Mom, huge with child...my child. I flooded Mom's pussy with another incredible load of semen.

Mom blinked in surprise and squealed with delight as my hot semen inside her sent her into another tremendous orgasm. Mom moaned and cried and could nothing more said than, "JOHNJOHNJOHNJOHNJOHN!" over and over again.

Again our mutual orgasms ended with Mom in tears. Not as concerned now, I held her tightly and let her cry, relishing the feel of her hot tears on my neck. When she regained control of herself, she tried to move off me, but I held her firm, saying, "I'm not ready to let you go, Mom." My cock was still inside her although softening. I wanted nothing more than to hold her, for us to remain joined, two loving bodies made into one.

"This is forever, Mom," I whispered to her. "I love you, Mom."

Tears welled up in Mom's eyes again and she said, "We are forever, son. I love you too!" We kissed and snuggled and gradually exhaustion took us and we fell asleep, Mom and I, joined cock and pussy and soul to soul on the best Christmas morning of my life.

I woke to seeing and hearing snow splatter against the window and to savor the joy and utter contentment I felt in my heart and the wondrous pleasure of Mom's lips wrapped around my cock. The covers were kicked off the bed and Mom looked like a heaven sent angel between my legs, my erect penis in her mouth. Mom watched me as she sucked and licked me, momentarily letting me slip from her lips to say, "Merry Christmas, baby! I don't know if Santa's come yet, but I think you're about to!" Mom winked at me as her little naughty gibe thrilled my heart and then went back to work on my cock.

For a minute, I just continued to lie there, wallowing in the incestuous joy of the moment. However, my own desires quickly got the best of me, especially the desire to make Mom as happy and ecstatic as I was. Mom groaned in protest as I gently disengaged myself from her sweet lips. "I'm not done!" Mom growled.

I climbed over Mom, rolling her onto her back. "It's okay, Mom, I just want to please you as well."

Mom squealed as I buried my head between her legs, rubbing my face vigorously in her thick, black pubic hair. "Omigod! John -- oh my!" Mom gasped as my mouth sought out her pink slit, my tongue slicing between her wet labia lips, urging her pussy lips to spread and reveal her tender, cum slickened cunt flesh. I then moved to straddle Mom's face and she took the hint easily, taking my cock back into her mouth, even as I began to lick my mother's juicy pussy.

My mind reeled at the carnal and incestuous vision we two made. Mother and son, locked in a passionate sixty-nine, my fingers digging into Mom's thick ass cheeks as I buried my face deep within her creamy pussy, dragging my tongue across her pink wetness, urging her clitoris from hiding and making Mom cry out with pleasure. Her juices tasted sweet and salty, mixed with my

semen from earlier, and tasted like ambrosia of the gods. My face quickly became soaked with Mom's cunt cream, her scent filling my nostrils, making me heady with lust and love and swelling my cock.

For her part, Mom was showing me unsuspected talents with her expert cocksucking, taking my cock deep into her throat while her tongue brought me closer and closer to the edge of orgasm. Too quickly it seemed, we both brought each other off, Mom flooding my mouth with copious amounts of pussy juices while swallowing thick shot after shot of my semen. Our mutual orgasms came slowly down and we stayed locked in position for a pleasurable eternity.

When we finally rearranged ourselves, I looked at Mom and started laughing. "Hi, Santa baby! Love your frosty, white beard!" Mom had not quite managed to swallow all my sperm and thin blobs were hanging onto her chin and her left cheek and smeared on her upper lip.

Mom raised an eyebrow and then used a finger to scoop some of my seed off her chin. Mom licked my cum off her finger and then leaned in, saying, "I always taught you to share!" and kissed me, smearing my own semen against my lips and face. We fell back into the bed, laughing and kissing until we were out of breath.

Finally, I said, "I wish we could do this every Christmas, Mom."

Mom purred happily and replied, "Sounds wonderful to me. I'll see what I can do." We curled up together and Mom began to softly snore. I held her for what seemed hours in my arms, looking down at the most beautiful woman I have ever known, marveling that this voluptuous, black haired woman, my mother was now my lover. Mom was smiling in her sleep, an angelic smile of one who is perfectly content. Finally, I drifted off to sleep as well.

I woke to the smells of breakfast and Christmas dinner cooking. Mom was up, singing to herself as she cooked, wearing my sweatshirt and no longer worried about showing off her meaty ass or her lovely, furry pussy.

Mom gave me a cock hardening kiss as she served me breakfast, her hand stroking my penis as she watched me eat. I helped her get the ham into the oven and then she said, she needed something in her oven as well and we retired to the bed for a sweet bout of lovemaking.

Our Christmas Day passed by too quickly, our time divided by eating, talking and making love. Mom and I couldn't seem to keep our hands off each other. Even when my cock reached its temporary limits, I couldn't leave her alone, taking my sweet time in eating Mom's pussy, rendering her into a babbling, sobbing mass of orgasming woman.

And we talked -- oh, how we talked! Things that had long been in our hearts were finally said that Christmas Day. Mom confessed that she had long harbored intense feelings for me -- "Not just lust, John, although I dreamed of your cock so many times," Mom said, "But, just knowing that I was in love with you, but thinking it was just a phase for you was so terrible. I knew you were infatuated with me, but I thought it was a phase you'd pass through and then move on. I've expected and feared for years that some girl would steal you away from me. I know it would be the right thing, but I knew it would break my heart!"

"No one's going to steal me away, Mom. I'm your's heart and soul." I said in return, hugging her tightly. I confessed to her that I think I had been in love with her since I was a young teenager. "I was helping you plant flowers one day and I looked up from working a flower bed and you were maybe ten feet away, kneeling. You were dressed in old cut-off jean shorts and a skimpy halter top,

that old green one with the bandana pattern, you remember? I looked up and you were looking at me and there was something about the way you were smiling at me. Your cheeks were dirt stained and you had your hair pulled back in pigtails and I felt my heart just swell. I could barely breathe, you looked so beautiful and happy and your smile did something to me, Mom. Since that day, I think I've been head over heels in love with you."

I felt myself becoming choked up. "I guess I always have wanted this to happen, but I never really thought it would." I stroked Mom's face and said, "I'm the luckiest son in the world!"

Mom did tear up then and leaned into me, kissing me after whispering, "I love you so much, John!"

Our talk took us down many different paths. Mom discussed how unhappy she had been all the years, her lustful needs suppressed in a loveless marriage. Mom aroused herself as she talked about her desires and fantasies over the years, aching to be a part of the sexually free movements of the nineteen sixties and seventies. "There's a part of me, son, a sluttish, nymphomaniac side of me that has dreamed of becoming unleashed to satisfy all my naughty desires, to becoming besotted with sex, to celebrate my sexuality in front of the whole world." There was a hungry tone in Mom's voice, a quiet intensity that was both daunting and arousing. I wanted to see that side of Mom unleashed.

Mom also piqued my curiosity as we discussed the incestuous nature of our relationship. We both agreed that the knowledge that we were mother and son was a very special and maybe essential ingredient to our relationship. I told Mom I couldn't imagine loving anyone. "Who loves a son as much as his mother?" I said.

Mom nodded thoughtfully and replied, "Well, maybe we do come by it naturally. Incest runs in our family." That got my attention and I asked Mom what she meant, but she just smiled and said she wasn't ready to talk about that yet. "Someday soon, John, but let your mother have a few secrets a few months longer." Nothing I could say could make her elaborate on that, but now I was definitely intrigued.

Our Christmas ended with Mom and me lying on a thick quilt in front of the Christmas tree, naked as the day we were born, using each other to keep warm. There, illuminated by the blinking lights, I made love to my mother again. We were both weary and a little sore, but this was a sweet, slow expression of our incestuous love that seemed to carry us into a dream world where Christmas seemed to go on and on as we treasured and enjoyed the ultimate Christmas gift of each other's love. For what seemed a joyous eternity, I thrust my hard, aching cock into Mom's slick, burning pussy, my eyes focusing on Mom's face as I kept her on the edge of orgasm, her mouth open as she panted, her eyes reflecting her desire, love and pleasure, and then biting her lower lip as finally our passion crested and once more I gave Mom a thick load of my seed, triggering her own incestuous orgasm.

That wonderful moment also seemed to be suspended in time and even now, twenty years later, I remember that moment, our sweaty bodies cemented together, Mom's bountiful tits bouncing and rolling as she shook with orgasmic delight, her low crying of my name, Mom's arms and legs locked around my body, demanding a tighter, even more intimate embrace as her womb massaged and milked my cock of my semen.

We fell asleep there, under the Christmas tree, Mom curled up against me, holding on to me tightly as if I was a Christmas miracle that would fade away come morning.

Come the morning, we were still there, still in a lover's embrace. Christmas Day was over, but the love that had found bloom on that holiest of days was not about to fade, but was destined to be

eternal, growing not fading as time has passed. Mom and I are still lovers, husband and wife in all ways that matter.

We knew the snows would melt or be cleared, that Christmas would soon be a memory, but we also knew that snows would come again, that Christmas would return as it always will. This was simply our beginning and there is so much more to tell...