

# MISTLETOE TRIGGER

*Ahabscribe*

*Son and wife's relationship with Mom radically changes!*

Incest/Taboo

4.8

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*Well, with my usual timing, here's a Christmas story in August. Just goes to show, you never what your muse is going to show up with. I look forward to getting feedback, be it positive or negative. Enjoy*

As usual, all characters are fictional - they exist only within the confines of my imagination.

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You know, I'd heard all the mother in law jokes before I got married, but honestly, from the moment we met, I never had a single problem with John's mom, in fact, I found Cora to be as supportive and sweet as I think my own mother would have been. Of course, some of my friends argued that it was because John and I lived in Seattle while his Mom lived in rural Michigan. We both taught high school and on teachers' salaries we could barely afford our single annual trip home at Christmastime to see his Mom.

I didn't mind the trips each Christmas. My folks had passed away while I was in college and John and his mother were all the family I had and besides, Cora's a wonderful person and we both looked forward to going home and spending time with her in her farm house.

John and I had met in college and fell in love and were living the typical young couple's life in Seattle. Seattle and its rain is an acquired taste, but we enjoyed living there and after a few years were looking for a house to buy and had begun to talk about having kids. The highpoint of the year however was splurging on plane tickets and flying into Detroit and driving on to John's childhood home at Christmas. Cora always had the house decorated with a huge Christmas tree and Christmas trim all through the house. We almost always have snow and, well, it just seems that it's like we're living in some old classic Christmas movie and life was indeed (forgive the pun) wonderful!

It was our fourth Christmas trip home that things began to change for John and his mother and me. It began with just a little silly moment, but even then, I knew that something more had begun even if I didn't understand it. It's funny how it's those little things that can change your life forever...

It was a Christmas out of a storybook. It had snowed off and on since the morning of the twenty-third and now the woods and farmland around us looked like a winter wonderland. Inside my mother in law's warm and cozy house I could sit and watch Cora for hours, amazed at her energy and her imagination and her kindness while she did all the little things that made her old farmhouse a real home. John's dad had passed away the year after John started college and Cora had sold the farm, but not the house and surrounding property. Although at age forty-seven, she could still go out and work, between the sale of the farm and a pension from her late husband's company, she lived comfortably, content to grow a large garden, do seamstress work when she felt like it (often donating her time to church), and of course making sure that Christmas was wonderful.

She and I were in the kitchen on Christmas Eve -- Cora working on an apple pie for tomorrow's dinner while I watched at the kitchen table (a huge old wooden work of art -- the surface worn

smooth from six generations of the family using it day after day). Cora moved around the kitchen effortlessly with the energy of a teenager and I have to admit, a figure any woman my age would admire.

Cora had long black hair streaked with gray that she usually kept braided, the end of which scraped along the seat of her tight blue jeans, the seams stretched by her voluptuous bottom. She had on a thick sweater that did nothing to conceal her equally voluptuous breasts which swayed braless underneath the warm wool material. Her big brown eyes sparkled with laughter and I wished I had her fair, almost flawless complexion.

As she put the finishing touches on her apple pie, she gave me a quick glance and a smile and asked, "So, Diana -- are you and John going to make me a grandmother anytime soon?"

I giggled and took a sip of hot chocolate from the mug in front of me. "We're talking about it. We'd like to find a house first -- neither of us want to bring up kids in an apartment, especially like the little cracker box we have now."

Cora nodded and said, "I understand that -- a family needs a house." She turned away from the counter and smiled at me. "Well, it makes me happy just to know you two are at least thinking about children, by now I'm sure you know how to make them." She winked at me naughtily while I felt my jaw drop.

"Why, Cora Holland -- I can't believe you said that!" Sometimes I think John's mother made jokes like that just to see my reaction. I grew up in a strict, conservative home where just uttering the word "sex" could get you spanked.

Cora walked across the room with a hot pitcher of cocoa and topped off my mug and while pouring two more mugs full, said, "Well, its true and this old house has seen a fair sight of babymaking. John's old room -- that big old poster bed you're sleeping in used to belong to John's grandparents and they conceived ten kids in that bed including John's daddy."

While I tried to get my mouth to work, Cora leaned down and kissed the top of my head and said, "You two should get some practice in while you're here -- who knows, the old Holland family luck might kick in!"

I could feel myself blushing and managed to get out -- "Cora, you're awful!"

My mother in law just laughed in reply and was about to say something else when John called from the living room, "Hey, you girls ever coming in here -- its getting late and we haven't even listened to the old records yet!" There was a pause and Cora and I looked at each other and together perfectly lip-synced silently as my husband hollered, "It's tradition, you know!"

Cora rolled her eyes and shook her head as she said, "That boy and his traditions." She picked up the two mugs of hot chocolate and motioned towards the hallway. "I guess we better go before your husband has a cow."

I laughed as we walked down the narrow hall, "Well, you raised him, you know." I said in a bantering tone as we approached the narrow entrance to the living room which in itself was quite spacious. John was a bit anal retentive when it came to some things. My husband is big on traditions -- like his Christmas records that had to be played on Christmas Eve -- a tradition that dated back to his childhood. Another was Christmas Goose for Christmas dinner and sending out only Currier and Ives prints for Christmas cards. Others were more benign, like never attending a Mariners - Tigers

game without his ratty, sweatstained Detroit Tiger's cap that he bought the first time he attended a game or always stopping at the local Dairy Queen for a chili dog while driving in from the airport in Detroit. Yeah, he's weird, but I love the big goof.

Cora and I joined my husband in her living room, me pausing at the doorway to once again admire the enormous Christmas tree erected in the corner next to the big bay window and the pile of presents underneath the tree. Then I turned my gaze to admire my husband as he accepted a mug from his mother. He sat cross-legged in front of an old stereo with several albums scattered around him. I let out a little sigh. We'd been married for almost four years now and still -- just looking at him made my heart beat a little faster.

John stands almost six feet tall and although he's a bit stocky, it's all muscle. He has his Mom's big brown eyes and her black hair that he wears a bit longer than he prefers because he knows I think he looks sexier that way. He's a sweet man, a good son and I know that when we have kids, he'll make an awesome father. Oh...bonus, he is an awesome lover and knows how to use his mouth and fingers just as well as that lovely cock between his legs. Just thinking that as I looked at him reminded me of his mother's words from a few minutes ago -- maybe, maybe we might try out that bed for something besides sleeping this Christmas Eve.

John looked over at me and held up two albums. "What do you say, Diana -- Perry Como or Gene Autry?"

Cora groaned silently and headed for the couch, looking at me and mouthing the words, "Perry Como, please!"

I moved to join my mother in law on the couch and replied, "It's such a romantic, snowy evening out, lets go with Perry Como!"

I tried not to snicker as John's expression turned crestfallen for a moment and then he grinned and said, "Good idea -- we'll save Gene for last!"

I looked at his mother with a look of dismay and she shrugged and said, "Don't blame me, you married him -- you fix him." Then we both broke out in laughter while John looked at us bemusedly.

It was a wonderful evening as we talked and listened to Christmas albums -- Cora and John entertaining me with stories from their family history, especially John's getting into mischief as a boy. While John stuck to cocoa, his mother and I opted to break open a nice bottle of wine I'd brought with us and by midnight, we'd pretty much finished it off.

As the chimes on Cora's old grandfather clock began to chime the arrival of Christmas, Cora stood and stretched, her breasts straining against her heavy sweater as she raised her hands over her head. "Oh my, I know some children that need to get to bed before Santa shows up," she said in a mock scolding tone.

I stood up and had a stretch myself, my own heavy breasts bulging out against my sweatshirt. I looked down at John who was looking at me speculatively -- oh, I knew that look! He winked at me and I subtly nodded. "You're right, Cora -- time to get to bed."

I gathered up the cocoa mugs to carry to the kitchen and didn't pay attention as I moved towards the doorway and wound up colliding with Cora as we both tried to get through the doorway

together. We both stopped and began to apologize to each other, facing each other, our breasts mashing together as we looked at each other.

John laughed and said, "Uh-oh! You gals need to kiss!" We both looked at him and then looked above us to see what he was pointing at. Above us was a large sprig of mistletoe that Cora had hung over the doorway for the holidays.

Cora laughed and leaned in a bit, her breasts mashing against mine and we gave each other a peck on the cheek. "Merry Christmas, daughter in law," she said in a happy voice.

I started to reply, but John interrupted and said, "Is that what you call a kiss? That's mistletoe and it's Christmas. C'mon, Diane -- Mom. You have to KISS -- its tradition, right?"

We both laughed and I don't know, maybe it was the wine -- maybe it was anticipating a little lovemaking with John that made me feel a little naughty, but I leaned in and with my mouth open, moved to kiss Cora again, planning to just run my lips over her lips, but to my surprise, Cora's open mouth met me and I gasped as I felt her tongue spear through my open lips and brush against my own tongue.

Now, I've kissed a girl before. Jenny, my roommate all through college, and I had done more than a little girl on girl loving on those lonely nights when we were between boyfriends, but it didn't prepare me for the jolt of pure excitement that ripped through my body as I French-kissed my mother in law for maybe fifteen seconds, our tongues dueling fiercely.

When we parted, I was slack-jawed with amazement. Cora smiled back at me and turned and looked at her son who was also sitting there with his mouth hanging wide open and said, "Satisfied, John, is that tradition enough for you?" His mom laughed, the merriment still evident in her voice. "The things a mother has to do to make her children happy." She moved out into the hallway then, her breasts dragging heavily against mine and while I was positive my nipples had become rock hard, I was equally sure that I could feel her nipples, even through the heavy sweater, as well.

Acting like it was no big deal, my mother in law called out to just leave the mugs in the sink and she'd clean up in the morning. I stood for a moment still in shock at what we'd done and then I felt John come up behind me, his arms wrapping around my waist and his lips on the back of my neck, kissing me in that one spot that never fails to make me weak in the knees. "C'mon, Diana, lets get to bed...now!" he murmured in his best Barry White -- let's fuck baby voice.

I didn't argue as he almost dragged me upstairs, hearing his mother's bedroom door close just as we passed. In John's old bedroom, he slammed the door shut behind us and then practically slammed me against the door as he pressed up against me, locking his lips on my mine, his tongue thrusting into my mouth much as his mother's had just moments ago. A naughty thrill rippled between my legs as I wondered if he could taste his mother on my lips!

I found myself kissing him back, my hands pulling his shirt out of his jeans, nails running down his strong chest and then undoing his jeans and reaching in and finding -- mmmm -- that lovely cock of his already hard and throbbing. Reluctantly, John broke the kiss and roughly jerked my sweater over my head, flinging it into a corner as he ducked his head and began kissing my heaving, meaty breasts, his tongue slithering around and around my swollen nipples -- urging them to grow even more turgid -- thick, rubbery knobs like quarters that ached to be sucked and pinched.

John dropped to his knees and began tugging down my jeans as I watched him in the full length mirror across the room. I'm not bad looking if I say so myself. Long, red hair and blue eyes, big 40D

tits that still rode high on my chest and as John worked my jeans off, long shapely legs. True, I'll never be a supermodel and I'll struggle to keep waistline under control my whole life, but I know I can still turn heads and am probably providing day dream material for a lot of my biology students in high school.

My panties came down and off and then my husband's mouth was in my sex, his tongue slashing through my labia to taste the hot juices already boiling inside me. I let out a grunt and banged my head against the door as John gently tongued my clit. As much as I loved his tongue, I needed more and I needed it quickly. "C'mon, lover -- fuck me right now!" I moaned, gently pulling on his shaggy hair.

John responded, kissing his way back up my body, stopping momentarily to suck and bit my nipples, making me bang my head again on the door as pleasure arced again through my body. Then my husband was kissing me -- I could taste my own cream on his lips and tongue. I wrapped my arms around John's neck as I used my foot to work his jeans and boxers down until he could step out of them, then I wrapped my legs around his waist. I could feel his cock throb against my stomach -- he felt so incredibly hard.

John carried me to the bed, never ending the kiss as he did and as he lowered me down, he hunched and then he was sliding into me and I cried out as he filled me. He was so stiff and swollen. I looked into my husband's eyes and there was a strange gleam there -- a hungry smile on his face unlike anything I had ever seen before.

"That was so fucking hot, Diana," John growled as he moved his hips to partially withdraw and then thrust hard into me, making me groan. "You and Mom kissing like that, both of you looked like you were enjoying it!"

I gasped as he drove into me again and then again, but I felt an altogether separate thrill of pleasure beyond John's wonderful cock. Kissing his mother had been enjoyable and I was wet just from knowing it turned on my husband. "She's a fantastic kisser -- her tongue is like a snake!" I moaned.

My words hit John like a hammer and he was suddenly fucking me like a madman, his hips pistoning as he pounded my cunt with his long, hard dick -- I swear to God, he felt bigger than ever before. "Mommy makes you hot, huh, baby?" I sneered at him, trying to squeeze his cock with my pussy. "I loved her tongue in my mouth, John -- she stuck her tongue in my mouth first!"

John growled and I felt his hands on my legs, slipping down to my ankles and suddenly lifting them up, spreading my legs wide as he sought to get deeper, his cock thrusting madly into me. I flung my hips upwards, trying to help in get even deeper into my womb. An orgasm came roaring out of nowhere and I couldn't help but scream my pleasure. "Fuck me baby, fuck me hard -- Fuck me like you want to fuck your Mommy!"

Oh my god, John did. He began pounding me hard, slamming my head against the headboard, my meaty tits bouncing all over my chest as his big, thick cock slid in and out of me again and again, making me sob and writhe with lust and desire. I'd known John for almost five years and we'd had fun in bed since the beginning with all sorts of fun and games, but we'd never done any kind of incest fantasy, but I knew we would from now on -- my husband was fucking me harder than ever before -- even our wedding night!

John threw my legs over his shoulders and leaned in -- kissing my mouth and then biting and sucking my aching nipples. I was almost curled up like a ball and John was driving as deep into me

as he could go, his pubic hair grinding against my cunt, his black curly hair entangling with my thick red haired snatch. His cock seemed to swell or my cunt was contracting like never before -- I felt so full and stuffed with his meat.

My orgasm crested and began to wane but between wet, sloppy kisses and bites on my nipples I heard my husband groan, "Mom...Mom!" as he fucked me and that sent me over the precipice again and I was again sobbing and crying as John's words triggered yet a bigger, more violent orgasm and we were bucking and clawing and fucking and biting, my fingernails clawing his back as I screamed, "Fuck me, John, give me that big cock!" The bed slammed against the wall and I think we actually scooted that old wooden bed around a little.

John stiffened and plunged deep and then in a loud voice, moaned. "I love you, Diane!" and as he began to cum, his hot semen flooding my womb, my husband cried out, "Mom!" and my orgasm climbed to levels I didn't know existed. John came and came and then he sighed, "I love you, Diana!" and collapsed on top of me.

John's heart was pounding against my breasts and we both were gasping for air, his mouth breathing warmly against my neck. My legs fell away -- splayed widely on the bed. The air reeked with our sweat and sex and things seemed almost strangely quiet as we calmed down, no longer filling the air with fuck noises. Then I heard it. A long, drawn out moan -- someone in pain...or pleasure.

My eyes opened wide as it repeated -- a loud and long groan of someone in the throes of erotic pleasure -- clearly Cora's voice! "YESSSSSSSSSSSSSS, BABYYYYY!"

John stiffened and then rose up to look me in the eyes, that gleam from earlier burning again in them. "FUCKKKK MEEEEEE! FUCK MOMMMMMMMY GOOOOD!"

My husband grinned at me even as his cock stopped shrinking inside me and began to harden again, recovering more quickly than I could ever recall. "Do you hear that?" he whispered. "Do you believe that?"

I nodded, squirming as my sensitive cunt flesh reacted to the thick dick expanding again me. "Maybe her noisy fucking son and daughter in law got her turned on," I gasped as he began to slowly rock in and out of me again. I bit my lip as the pleasure quickly increased and hissed, "And maybe your Mom's pussy got all hot and wet kissing me in front of her son!"

John kissed me hard, his tongue finding mine and as they dueled furiously, he began to piston in and out of me again, all the while the both of us listening to his mother's cries and moans of "FUCK MEEEE! YESSSSS, FUCK MEEE, FUCK MOMMYYY!"

As John's cock pummeled my hot, creamy pussy, my voice joined Cora's to make an erotic duet of lusty cries. "FUCK MEEEEEE, JOHNNNNNN!"

"FUCK MEEE, OH MOMMMMMY LOVES IT!"

"I LOVE YOU, BABY, GIVE ME THAT COCK, JOHN!"

"MOMMYYY WANTS YOUR COCK!"

On and on it went as John fucked me. Pleasure swamped my body, the delicious carnality of it making my head swim as his mother's voice seemed to intertwine with mine until I couldn't tell who's words were who's.

"FUCK ME, JOHNLOVER! FUCK ME-MOMMY-ME, MAKE ME-MOMMY-ME CUM! GIVE ME COCK JOHN GIVE ME-MOMMY-ME COCK!"

John again sank deep into me, his cock throbbing and big and then he exploded and my pussy exploded with pleasure that tore through my body as his hot semen scalded my womb again.

I was aware that I was sobbing with pleasure and that Cora was sobbing with pleasure and it almost seemed like an out of body experience -- I could almost see John's mother, naked on her bed, her full, lush body spread-eagled, her fingers -- no -- a huge dildo stuffed up her cunt, my imagination making her pussy a wild, thickly thatched thing with big pink lips that glistened with her arousal. Her enormous breasts bouncing around and her motherly face contorted in lust as she brought herself to orgasm..

In my orgasmic vision, I suddenly envisioned my husband between his mother's thighs, fucking Cora like he fucked me and then I saw me and Cora, arms and legs wrapped around each other, kissing and then in a sixty-nine, me eagerly tonguing my mother in law's wet pussy while her wonderful tongue brought me off.

Then I was in my own body again, John was easing off me, kissing me as his weight lifted off my body, whispering, "That was so fucking intense!" He kissed me one last time and then began to snore while I struggled to catch my breath again and tried to make sense of it all.

This had been the most intense sexual moment of my life and I was filled with wonderment over it. As I said earlier, I've had a few girl on girl moments, but it had just been fun, nothing more. But this -- my head swam with visions of me and my mother in law making love and with John and his mother. I glanced over at the love of my life and smiled. Incest fantasies...I had never imagined that. Part of me wondered if on the other side of the wall, Cora was lying in her bed, fuck sweat cooling and drying on her luscious body thinking of her son...thinking of me. As the snow fell outside that early Christmas morning, I fell asleep to wonderful, incestuous thoughts.

"Wake up! It's Christmas and Santa's been here!" I lifted my head off John's chest and squinted at the closed door behind which Cora was loudly knocking and calling to us in a cheery voice.

John raised his head and smiled. "Well -- it is tradition," he mumbled, shaking off sleep. He called out, "Thanks, Mom! We'll be down in a second." My husband turned to me and reaching out, caressed my face. "Um, I think I went out like a light, but, damn -- thanks for the fuck of my life last night, Diana.

It all came flooding back to me in a rush and I shivered as heat blossomed between my legs. I leaned in and kissed John and then whispered, "I don't know, lover -- I think maybe you should thank your Mom more than me. I reached down and stroked my husband's cock, feeling it begin to lengthen and thicken as I said, "I had no idea that your mother could make you so hot!"

John blushed a little and his hand slipped up along my inner right thigh and we began to pick up where we had left off the night before, but were interrupted by Cora crying up at us, "John and Diana Holland, get yourselves down here right now -- it's Christmas!

John and I each looked at each other and giggled and then kissed and whispered promises to take this up again later in the day. We rolled out of bed and got dressed -- sort of. It was Christmas tradition in the Holland family to get up, not worrying about getting cleaned up or dressed -- go down and eat a hearty breakfast and then go into the living room and see what Santa had brought.

I pulled on a modest babydoll negligee -- obviously braless, my breasts opaquely covered by the silky material, but nipples obviously outlined and protruding against the cloth. I did wear matching panties. John gave me an appreciative stare as he pulled on a sweatshirt and boxer shorts. "Sexy!" he said as he gestured towards the door.

I glanced at myself in the mirror as I followed my husband, The light green negligee ended at mid thigh, showing off my sexy legs and accentuated my big chest and with my bed tousled head of carrot red hair, I did look sexy -- like a well fucked woman should look!

We joined Cora in the kitchen. Maybe a year ago I wouldn't have seen her as anything but John's middle aged mother, a pretty woman, but whom I would never think of as a sexual person, but it was hard to take my eyes off her as we ate breakfast. Like me, her hair was all awry -- she'd undone her braid before last night's fun and it hung in a thick, unruly mass down to the middle of her back. Cora was wearing an old, well worn, light blue flannel gown that molded itself tightly to her body, clinging and molding around her heavy breasts and her full butt. No panty line there that I could see.

It was a bit of a quiet breakfast, each of us smiling shyly at each other and I think we all were blushing a bit as we ate the traditional Holland Christmas pancake breakfast. Afterwards, while John headed upstairs for a quick visit to the bathroom, I helped Cora clear away the dishes.

As we washed and dried, Cora glanced over at me and smiled coyly. "I guess you took my advice about trying the old Holland luck."

"You're terrible, Cora," I giggled, feeling my face burn.

Cora turned and gave me a hug. "Don't be embarrassed, sweetheart. I know there's been a lot of noise coming from that room over the years -- Lord knows it's produced enough babies." She winked at me and said, "Well, maybe not as much noise as last night."

I felt my face get hotter and tried to turn it around. "Yeah, well, Mother in law of mine, not all that noise wasn't just coming from our room, you know."

Cora blushed but didn't blink a bit as she replied, "Nothing wrong with a bit of self-pleasuring, Daughter in law." She paused and then grinned evilly. "I reckon though I do tend to get a little loud -- living all alone here, I get used to just letting myself go and I really let go last night!"

We both just stared at each other and then busted out laughing, hugging each other, our bodies pressed tightly together. As our heavy tits pillowed out against each other, I marveled at how good and warm she felt and again, evil thoughts about her body erupted in my mind even as we continued to laugh. It seemed obvious that both of us were enjoying the sensation and we might have gone on embracing even after the laughter faded, but we separated as John came hurrying down the stairs hollering, "Time to see what Santa brought us!"

He peeked into the kitchen and said, "Well? C'mon, can't keep Santa waiting!"

John's mom and I gave each other a despairing look and followed him into the living room. I paused to let Cora go through the doorway ahead of me, glancing upwards at the mistletoe hanging there and thinking how exciting that moment had been last night and that it would be nice to do it again.



My naughty thoughts were put on hold as John began passing around Christmas presents. It was a fun morning, Cora surprised us both with I-Pods as well as a gorgeous but rather low cut sweater for me and a nice button up sweater for John with leather elbow patches that just screamed teacher!

John and I got his mother a new DVD player and absolutely floored her with DVD conversions of many of her old home movies. John hooked up her new player and we sat watching old films of Christmases past of her and John and her late husband. John and Cora watched almost hypnotized at times by their younger selves -- my sexy hubby a chubby little fella who greatly resembled his father and Cora, a more slender but equally sexy version of herself.

I found myself drawn again and again to images of my mother in law in her twenties and thirties, dressed in long flannel nightgowns and sometimes in skimpier outfits, one in particular that was a baby-doll negligee like mine that showed long, shapely legs and more of her breasts. She was beautiful and I could see that my John was studying her close as well. In the films, you could tell that her husband thought so to on those rare occasions he would put down the camera and let a younger John run the camera while he would open his presents and kiss Cora lovingly.

I glanced at Cora and she was looking a little misty-eyed and finally, she stood up and said in a husky voice, "Excuse me." She paused at the doorway and looked back and said, "I absolutely love my presents!" and hurried away.

John looked a little misty-eyed himself and I leaned over and kissed him. "That was a great idea, honey," I told him. "The films transferred over great -- your Mom and Dad look great."

My husband nodded and said, "Yeah, I never realized how sexy Mom looked back then."

I grinned and replied, "And she still looks sexy today. You should have made extra copies of these old home movies."

John just gave me a wink and said, "Way ahead of you, babe."

We both busted out laughing. We kissed for a few minutes and then I began cleaning up the living room, bagging up torn wrapping paper and ribbons and such. I moved towards the doorway only to run into Cora returning. Just like last night, we found ourselves wedged in sideways, breast to breast in the door.

Cora began to mildly scold me, "Now, sweetie, I would have cleaned that mess up -- you're on vacation and shouldn't have to fool with this."

Before she could go on, John interrupted by saying, "Ahem, ladies...traditions -- remember?" He began to point and again we both looked up at the mistletoe.

Cora rolled her eyes and said in mock exasperation, "That boy and his traditions." She looked at me, grinning expectantly at her and she grinned naughtily and said, "Well, we have to uphold those important traditions, don't we?" She leaned into me and we kissed -- no simple peck on the cheek, but with mouths open, my tongue welcoming hers as our lips pressed together and sealed. Her tongue danced and snaked around my tongue, demonstrating her years of experience and making me shiver as we kissed. Her arms came up and her hands clamped down on my shoulders, pulling me gently against her more. Under the thin clothing, I could feel my nipples grow harder and press against her tits, sensing the soft fleshiness of her breasts and heat began to stoke between my legs as I felt her nipples through the thin cotton and satin of our bedclothes.

We kissed a lot longer this time, way past the few seconds of the night before. Thirty seconds? Forty-five seconds, maybe even for a minute before we finally parted, our lips separating wetly with a delicious smack.

We stared at each other wide-eyed, very much aware of the energy between us.

"Wow!" I whispered, barely able to speak. It had not been a joking kiss, but a lover's kiss!

"Yeah," Cora replied in a very husky voice. "You know, there's a lot to be said for tradition." Then she realized she still held me in an embrace and her face flushed bright red and she exclaimed, "Oh my goodness, look at the time. I've got to get started on Christmas dinner!" My mother in law beat a hasty retreat towards the stairs, calling out, "I'm going to get dressed and get started in the kitchen -- Diana, I could use some help in a bit if you don't mind!"

I turned and went and sat down by my husband and looked into his stunned face. "John, I am so turned on by your Mom!" I whispered to him. I reached over and took his hand and ran it under the hem of my negligee, pressing his fingers against the crotch of my more than damp panties. "Am I going nuts?" I asked.

John shook his head and placed my hand on the huge bulge in his boxers. "If you are, you're not alone! Watching you and Mom kissing makes me so hard, it hurts!"

"God, baby -- if she wasn't your mother, I'd be up there making a pass at your Mom right now!" I moaned, clamping John's hand between my thighs.

John groaned and laughed and replied, "Damn it, you're not making this any easier -- just the thought of you and Mom..." I could feel his cock swelling and I reached in, wrapped my hand around my husband's considerable girth and slowly began to stroke him.

"I bet you get even harder and bigger thinking about Cora and yourself, don't you, you pervert!" I whispered into his ears, feeling his cock throb and swell to my words!

John groaned and blushed, still looking into my eyes. "How -- how far are you willing to go, Diana?" he asked me. "Would you actually make love to my mother?"

"In a New York minute," I hissed back. "And you, if your Mom spread her legs for you, would you fuck her?"

John shivered and began to try and answer, but couldn't find the words, so he nodded, blushing bright red and then I felt his cock began to jerk and I moved quickly to cup the head of his cock and catch his cum as he exploded at the mere thought of fucking his mother. I reached into his boxers with my other hand and began to stroke him as he shot off, the whole time wiggling on his fingers trapped between my thighs. My mind reeled at the thought that I'd just helped my husband cum talking about motherfucking!"

As he finished, we heard his Mom coming back down the hallway and we jerked hands out of each other's underwear and when she turned the corner, we looked up guiltily at her like a couple of teenagers caught necking on the couch. I even instinctively tried to move my semen covered hand out of sight so she wouldn't know what we were doing.

Cora had dressed in a long, denim skirt and a matching denim blouse, enough buttons left undone to reveal the upper swells of her meaty tits and again braless -- her nipples proudly poking through. Her long mane of hair was pulled back into a ponytail. She grinned at us as if she knew

exactly what we'd been doing and said, "C'mon you two -- things to do, so get dressed. John, I need some wood chopped for the fireplace and Diana, I'll need your help in the kitchen."

Like naughty little children in trouble, we nodded and stood up. I walked towards the door, my cum covered hand behind me and for a moment, I thought Cora was going to wait for me to join her under the mistletoe. At the last second though, my mother in law glanced upwards and blushing, turned and fled towards the kitchen, calling out, "C'mon now, lets get hustling if you want to eat!"

I hurried up the stairs, followed by John. Out of sight, I quickly began licking my husband's sperm off my hand and once behind closed doors, I sank to my knees and finished cleaning him off with my mouth, sucking his cock empty of his big load of cum.

John tried to go down on me, but I put him off, telling him that when we got upstairs tonight, I expected to be fucked silly!

We both dressed for a wintry day, John in a sweatshirt and jeans and myself in jeans and a flannel shirt, that like Cora, I left partially unbuttoned to show off my considerable cleavage. John headed outside to the woodpile while I made my way to the kitchen.

Over the next few hours, Cora and I stayed busy preparing one of her classic Christmas dinners, complete with a Christmas goose, mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes, stuffing, dressing and other foods -- enough to feed a small army. The entire time, I think both my mother in law and myself were keenly aware of the sexual tension that had arisen from our kissing, but neither of us made mention of it -- it simply hung in the air between us, a living, powerful, but silent thing.

Strangely enough, despite Cora having a kitchen large enough to be the envy of women everywhere, we seemed to be crowded. Cora was constantly brushing by me, her breasts rolling against my back or against my front, thighs pressed together as we would work side by side, peeling potatoes or washing dirty pans. Before long, I was doing the same, going out of my way to rub myself up against Cora's lush body.

As the kitchen began to heat up from the baking, I began to regret wearing a flannel shirt and then amidst all the rubbing against each other I got inspired and yanked my shirt out of my jeans and undoing the lower buttons, tied the tails of the shirt up into a knot, exposing my stomach and accentuating my breasts, my breasts contained by only two buttons. I was quite aware of the view of my heaving tits I was now providing.

Cora took a long look at me and sighed. "Show-off. If I had your figure, I'd be showing it off too, Diana."

I laughed and replied, "Cora, you're a beautiful woman and I love your figure. Don't be afraid to show what you got!"

My mother in law rolled her eyes and then said, "I'm already daring enough, walking around without a bra on." She cupped and hefted one meaty breast. "But I don't sag much for my age and size and I just refuse to wear one around the house."

Suddenly, feeling very daring, I walked up to her and said, "You have a wonderful figure, Cora -- you shouldn't be shy about it." My mother in law jumped a little as I slipped fingers into the waist of her denim dress and began yanking her shirttails out. I slowly unbuttoned the lower buttons on her blouse, feeling her body heat close to mind and then rolled her shirt up and tied the shirttails

together like mine, revealing her round stomach and drawing more attention to her magnificent bosom.

I put my hands on Cora's bare waist and murmured almost shyly, "I think you're the sexiest mom I know, Cora."

Cora blushed and I could feel a slight flutter under her skin and then we both laughed at our flirting and went on with the cooking. I meant what I'd said. Oh, maybe some fashionistas would have cow over her appearance, but I thought Cora walking around in the long denim dress and her tied up shirt, revealing her full, round belly and barely constraining her breasts made her look like some sort of motherly goddess.

As we finished cooking, we were both very touchy-feely with each other -- a hand reaching out to caress the other as we passed (when we weren't rubbing up against each other). Once as I was peeling potatoes, Cora came up from behind, her arms wrapping around my bare waist, her chin resting on my shoulders and her huge, soft tits pressing into my back. It was a very erotic, loving moment for me -- a lovers' moment.

Later, as we were finishing up, Cora scooped up a finger of creamy mashed potatoes and asked for my opinion. I giggled as I approached her and she slipped her finger into my open mouth and I sucked the potatoes off. I looked into her eyes with the same gaze I gave her son whenever I sucked his cock and I could see the arousal on her face as I let her finger slip from between my lips.

After I brought out the sweet potato casserole, I spooned out a little bite and blowing on it to cool it off, transferred it to two fingers and repaid Cora with a request for her opinion. My mother in law sauntered across the room and took my hand and slowly slipped my fingers between her ovaled lips and sucked them clean, her cheeks hollowing as she moved up and down on my fingers. Cora looked at me as I'm sure she had looked at her husband in the past and suddenly I had a vision of my mother in law sucking her son's cock. I could feel the juices trickling from my cunt down my inner thighs and I went weak in the knees.

Cora let my fingers slip from her lips and then gently kissed them and turned away with a wink, not saying a word. She busied herself with getting the goose plated while I tried to compose myself, wondering what I was about to unleash.

Christmas dinner was wonderful -- way too much good food and probably a little too much wine. The sexual tension between Cora and myself was thick in the air and more than once, I was sure I could smell the scent of my aroused pussy in the air and thought that I could smell Cora's arousal as well. John recognized that there was something in the air, but never commented on it, rather he simply availed himself of the sight of our mostly exposed breasts, his eyes roaming constantly.

We all ate until we were stuffed, looking at each other owlily, sleep threatening to overtake us. Cora suggested we all take a nap and I was tempted to suggest we take it together, but chickened out at the last moment. We retired to our respective rooms and somewhat to my surprise, John and I didn't make love despite both of us being in a constant state of arousal most of the day. Instead we both fell asleep on that snowy Christmas afternoon. My dreams were a confusing mix of erotic images and sensations that when I finally woke up had left my panties and pussy a wet sodden mass.

To my surprise, I woke up alone and horny, buried deep under heavy quilts. It was dark and when I glanced at the clock on the bedside table, I was surprised to find that it was almost six o'clock. I could hear Christmas music downstairs and was pretty sure where to find my husband. I put back

on the negligee I had worn downstairs this morning, pausing to consider changing panties, but in the end leaving them on. I didn't bother with brushing my hair, rather enjoying the bed-tousled slutty look.

As I stepped out into the upstairs hallway, I was joined by my mother in law who had donned her old, tight fitting flannel gown as well. She smiled at me with sleepy eyes and said, "I guess after making pigs of ourselves, we've done slept most of Christmas away."

"I don't know when I enjoyed eating something so much -- or making it, Cora." I replied.

As we took to the stairs, she reached out and took my hand and we walked down the steps side by side. "Well, normally I despise having anyone else in my kitchen, but I loved making dinner with you." Cora looked over and winked that sexy wink of hers and said, "Of course, if we'd taken any longer, I don't know if we would have ever gotten finished." She squeezed my hand tighter for emphasis while I grinned like a naughty child and just nodded. The sexual tension from earlier in the day had quickly reasserted itself and I struggled not to shiver from the intensity of it. Just the act of walking, working my swollen and slick labia together had me on the verge of moaning.

We walked hand in hand down the hallway, Cora releasing my fingers as we came to the living room doorway. I stepped closer to my mother in law and slipped my arm around her waist as we moved as one and stopped in the door. John was sitting on the floor, records scattered about, a mostly empty plate of Christmas dinner leftovers beside him.

"Well, good evening, sleepyheads!" my husband exclaimed.

John grinned evilly and began to point above us, but then Cora and I weren't really paying attention anymore. His mother and I were already turning towards each other, breasts and hard nipples dragging against each other. The lust and need in my mother in law's eyes reflected my own desires and we wrapped our arms around each other and met in a passionate open mouthed kiss.

I knew this kiss wouldn't be counted in seconds, maybe not in minutes -- it was a sweet, lusty kiss that could go on forever as far as I was concerned. Cora's tongue danced and darted in my mouth, teasing my tongue one second, then rolling deliciously against it the next. Little sighing sounds came from both us as we kissed and kissed and kissed, nostrils whistling quietly as we tried to not come up for air.

Cora had a particular taste -- similar in some ways to her son and in other ways different. Perhaps genetics plays a roll in kissing -- Cora had a little coiling movement in which she tried to wrap her tongue around mine that was identical to her son's. It had the same effect on me as when John did it. My pussy was dripping heavily, throbbing with need.

I felt Cora's hand move to my shoulder and tug one shoulder strap down until my right breast sprung free and then Cora was cupping my heavy tit, fingers squeezing and groping my flesh, her palm lightly teasing my hard, thick nipple. I whimpered as our kiss ended, a string of saliva extending between our lips that I hungrily snapped up, aching for her mouth again.

My mother in law ducked her head, gently nipping and kissing my neck and then as I felt her hot breath on my throbbing nipple, she looked up and whispered, "Please? Don't say no."

I ran a hand through her hair and guided her to my nipple and in a shaky voice, replied, "I would never tell you no, Cora. I...we love you!" I moaned then as I felt my mother in law's tongue roll over

my nipple and her mouth close tightly around it and begin to suck. I felt orgasmic energy begin to swell inside me, rolling out in steadily stronger waves from my cunt until every bit of my body was aflame with pleasure.

Through slitted eyes I glanced at my husband and saw the awe and desire in his face as he watched us, rubbing his bulging cock through his blue jeans. With that occasional telepathy that husbands and wives share, I asked the question and got the answer I needed to hear. John looked at me and his mother with love and lust and mouthed silently, "Go for it!"

As delightful as Cora's mouth was, I reached down and cupped her face in my hands and drew her upright, again pressing close to kiss her passionately. My hands dropped and began gathering up the material of Cora's nightgown until I found the hem and slowly I began working the tight fitting material upwards, revealing bit by bit, my mother in law's voluptuous body, feeling the softness and the heat of her on my fingers and knuckles.

Our bodies pressed together as we kissed, my thigh pressing between hers and I felt her wetness amidst a hairy jungle of pubic hair, confirming my suspicions of no panties. Our lips parted as Cora raised her arms and I pulled her nightgown over her head, flinging it in John's direction. I forcefully resumed kissing Cora, pushing her against the doorway arch as my hands began to roam over her now completely naked body. I squeezed and fondled with her meaty tits, so much bigger than my own ( I would later take a peak at one of her bras -- Cora was a 46DD), snaking fingers around her nipples to pinch and toy with. I ran one hand down, splicing fingers through her curly mat of hair and then finding the hot, wet flesh blossoming like a fiery wildfire.

Cora moaned happily into my mouth, her tongue becoming a mad thing as I slipped a finger between her labia, finding her wet and slick and incredibly hot. My mother in law's hands fluttered helplessly on my shoulders as I began to stir my finger around inside her molten pussy flesh. I slipped another finger into her cunt and my thumb began brushing overhead, searching out and finding her swelling clitoris.

I had to release her heavy breast and wrap an arm around Cora as her knees began to buckle. Using pressure with my fingers, we slowly stepped out from under the mistletoe and edged our way towards the couch, each step drawing groans from Cora as my fingers played inside her and our tongues danced like lovers.

When I felt the back of her legs bump up against the couch, I ended our kiss, smiling at my mother in law as I slowly squatted down, my tongue rolling over her breasts, pausing to lick each nipple roughly and drawing an excited squeal as I playfully bit her left nipple. I kissed my way down her belly, my fingers never leaving her hot pussy and as I began to nuzzle her thick forest of black pubic hair, I used my free hand to urge her to sit.

Like a thing made of fragile glass, Cora eased down onto the couch and I went onto my knees, spreading her legs, nudging them wider with my shoulders and free hand. "Ohhhh my God!!!" Cora sobbed as I added a third finger to her pussy, form a finger cock and slowly fucking her back and forth with them. Her pussy lips were spread wide, a wet, gleaming carnal flower in a wilderness of dark hair. I leaned in until she could feel my breath on her glistening flesh. I inhaled her scent -- savoring its strong aroma -- I could taste her pussy, her arousal strong and thick in the air..

"I love you, Cora," I said, looking up at her from between her thighs. "Please let me show you." I leaned further in and pressed my lips to her quivering flesh, rolling my tongue around her clitoris again and again and then running down one lip and crossing to the other while I finger fucked her.

As my hand pushed into her, I lapped above it, capturing her erect clit, swollen up with passion and need and gently locked my lips around it and then even more gently began to suck on it.

My mother in law screamed like she had been shocked, her body convulsing as my loving attention triggered a massive orgasm. Her hands dropped onto my head, fingers grapping thick strands of my bright red hair and pulled me more firmly against her. I felt her legs lift and come to rest on my shoulders, John later telling me that her toes actually clenched, the pleasure was so intense.

I added another finger and began to spin and twist my hand as it fucked Cora's cunt. When I looked down, I could see her cunt cream, thickly coating my fingers, actually blobs of pussy cum visible. I licked and sucked and explored with my fingers, finding the places that practically levitated my mother in law right off the seat cushion. My chin quickly began to drip with her juices as I ate her out. She was so wet I could feel it squirting from her with each outward movement of my hand, feeling Cora's hot juices splashing down on my knees.

Cora babbled hysterically above me as her pelvis bucked and twisted against my mouth. On the periphery of my vision, I could see her heavy breasts rolling and bouncing as she writhed from the sweet torture of my mouth and fingers, cumming again and again.

As her orgasm crested and eased off, I slipped my fingers from her pulsing cunt and showed her the thick layer of cunt frosting covering them. "You're delicious, Cora -- I'm glad I saved room for dessert!" I said before sucking my fingers dry. I then buried my face in her widespread pussy, showing her the true reason God gave women tongues. Her cunt felt like a blast furnace -- it was so hot and she was so tasty -- her sweet aroma filling my nostrils and I practically tried to face fuck her in an effort to bury my tongue as deep as possible.

As I tongued Cora, I felt a shift of weight on the couch and a quick glance upwards showed that John had decided to join his mother and me. He was now naked -- his cock long and hard, him holding it out and offering to his mother. I knew that John was forced to hold it out so straight -- it being so hard that otherwise it would have been slapping against his stomach!

"Mom...please, Mom, can you, would you?" John stammered as he guided his cock towards his mother's mouth.

Cora's eyes were wide with amazement and lust as she took in her son's erect cock for the first time. "You -- You're so big, John -- so much bigger than your father. I had no idea!" A mixture of lust and uncertainty crossed his mother's face as she realized that the genie was out of the bottle and lines were being crossed from which there was no return. Then doubt vanished and Cora moaned, "Of course, darling. Mommy would love to suck your cock!"

Cora opened her lips wide and John whimpered with excitement as he fed his mother several inches of hard, thick dick, his hand behind Cora's head, guiding her forward. Cora's eyes were locked on her son as she began to suck him, bobbing back and forth with her lips, occasionally letting John's dick slip from her mouth so she could eagerly roll her tongue around the head. It was the single most erotic thing I'd ever seen in my life -- my mother in law sucking her son off!

I returned my attentions to Cora's sweet cunt, my eyes feasting on the sight above while I lapped up the evidence of her arousal -- her pussy was all but spraying my face and I felt my face become soaked with her juices. I divided my attention between tonguing her delicious cunt meat and teasing her throbbing clit with occasional stops to chew and suck on her thick, long lips.

Cora's body began to tense up again as another orgasm took her over, John gasping and moaning, his head thrown back in incestuous ecstasy, as his mother feverishly sucked and licked his hard, throbbing penis. "Oh, Mom...FUCK!" my husband sobbed as she moaned and sobbed her pleasure around a mouth stuffed with cock.

No sooner did my mother in law's orgasm began to wane when I recognized her son's body language announcing he was going to cum. I gave Cora's sodden pussy one last long lick and began to kiss my way up her luscious body. I paused to suck on her sensitive nipples and then said softly, "Don't swallow your son's cum, Cora! Please share with me!" John let out a bellow then and his balls jerked violently as he began to pump cum into his mother's mouth, her eyes widening in shock. My guess is she had no conception of how much semen her son could produce.

Her cheeks hollowed as she sucked greedily, a small stream overflowing to run down her chin when she gasped for air. John's hands twisted in her long, unruly mane and he moaned over and over, "Mom! Mom! Mom!"

Then he slipped from between his mother's lips and he fell back, a happy and amazed look on his face. I climbed up to straddle Cora's lap, feeling the intense heat of her pussy beneath my own dripping wet and steaming cunt. I looked into my mother in law's eyes as I moved to kiss her. As I leaned in, Cora opened her mouth and let me see the pool of cum on her tongue, her mouth flooded with cum.

We kissed, our lips locking tightly as she offered me her son's semen, his taste so familiar, but now improved with her own saliva. Our tongues rolled together, swapping John's sperm back and forth, both of us savoring the seed of the most important man in our lives. Cora's own cunt cream flavored his semen anew and our tongues hungrily dueled for our fair share. We both kept our eyes open, staring at each other. I saw love and lust and more in Cora's big brown eyes and knew that this could not ever be a one time thing. She and I had discovered something new and would never be able to resist its incestuous call.

When our kiss ended, Cora and I looked over at John, reclining at the end of the couch, cock still as hard as I'd ever seen it. Several ropey strands of cum extended from Cora's lips to mine and John groaned and said, "That is so fucking nasty hot! I wish I had my fucking camera!"

I turned back and lapped at the strings of cum until I came to Cora's face and I carefully licked her chin clean of her son's sperm before kissing her again. Then I was climbing over to John and kissed him with cum covered lips, his tongue scraping the last remnants of semen, spit and cunt juice off my tongue. I reached down and stroked his cock, still slick with his mother's spit and his own cum.

I looked over my shoulder at my mother in law and giggled. "Your big dick son is still hard, Cora. Come give him a kiss."

I climbed off the couch, shedding my negligee as I did so, standing completely naked before my husband's mother. As bad as I needed to get fucked, I knew someone else needed it more. Cora had scrambled over to kiss John, her hands frantically exploring the length and girth of his huge cock.

I walked over to a rocking chair. Hung over the back was an old quilt. I picked it up and shook it out, saying, "Would you like to fuck your son, Cora? He'd like to fuck his mother. John's dick is hard for you, darling. He needs his momma to spread her legs wide and let him give her the fucking of her life." I spread the quilt out next to the Christmas tree and then walked back over to my husband and his mother.



Cora sat there in a state of aroused shock. I took her hand and helped her stand up on shaky legs. "Would you like to get fucked hard by John, Cora?" She nodded and I kissed her, again our tongues dancing and loving each other. I led my mother in law over to the quilt and together we knelt down. John followed and towered over us as I leaned Cora back onto the quilt, our lips joined as my hands busily fluttered over her body.

When she was on her back with my fingers gently teasing her cunt, I whispered, "Are you ready for your son? Are you ready for John's hard cock?"

Cora quivered next to me and nodded, moaning, "Oh god, I'm going to fuck my son. I want him -- I want John's cock so much!"

"Spread your legs, Cora," I whispered softly in her ear. John's mother, so aroused, quickly flung her legs wide, lifting her pelvis towards his long, thick penis drawing near.

John knelt between her legs and looked at me with amazement as it seemed to suddenly hit him that this wasn't fantasy or games anymore, that he was about to make love to his forty-seven year old mother. "Are you sure, Diana?" he asked hoarsely.

"Absolutely, baby," I replied, leaning over and gently kissing his cock in blessing of the incestuous moment about to occur. "Fuck your mother and fuck her well. Make Cora scream."

I leaned back and watched as John moved forward, extending his body to cover his mother's. His hands and lips kissed their way up as his cock, rigid and throbbing slid along her thigh until it was nestled in her thick mat of pussy hair. John closed lips over his mother's right nipple, sucking it and then taking it in his teeth and tugging it up and up, stretching it until Cora gasped from the pain and pleasure. My husband continued up and kissed his mother again, both moaning happily as their tongues danced and dueled.

Mother and son, bucked against each other and as I gazed in wonder, John's cock unerringly found its way into his mother's cunt, his thick, long member sliding in slowly, not stopping until he was grinding his crotch against Cora's hairy muff. Cora's reaction was astounding. As John stuffed her cunt with cock meat, she reached out and grabbed my hand, squeezing it until I was cringing with pain as a long, drawn out moan tore loose from her lips as immeasurable pleasure overwhelmed her.

Cora's legs came up in the ages old instinct to wrap herself around her lover, but as her first son induced orgasm swept over her, she only managed to raise her legs up high -- leg muscles bulging with effort as her toes knotted and clenched from the sinful pleasure erupting within her.

I suddenly had an image of Cora on our wedding day, wearing a lovely blue dress as John escorted her to her seat, beaming at the two of us, looking so proud and happy and with her hair done up in a lovely French braid, so beautiful. I remember hoping I would look that beautiful someday. Now, spread-eagled and naked on the floor, John pumping her full of cock while she sobbed and moaned, her bountiful tits bouncing and rolling around her chest, hair spread out wild and tangled and her face scrunched up in carnal ecstasy, Cora looked even more beautiful than ever before.

John rose up on his arms, thrusting into his mother fast and hard, their sweaty bodies slapping loudly together and he had a wild grin, looking down at his mother and seeing her for the sexy fuck-beast that she was. Between sobs and moans and the occasional scream, Cora was using language I barely she even knew. "FUCK ME, FUCK YOUR MOMMYSLUTWHORE! MOMMY LOVES

YOUR COCK, MOTHERFUCKER LOVER SWEET FUCKER SON! SOOOO GOOD, SUCH GOOD, FINE COCK, FUCK ME JOHN, JOHN, FUCK ME, FUCK YOUR MOMMY!"

Cora's hips danced madly around, meeting her son's thrusts, hungering for more. Once in a while, she would glance over at me, squeeze my hand tightly and with her mad, lusty eyes thank me for this wild, mad and unexpected Christmas present.

John fucked her and showed remarkable control. I knew that he wanted his first fuck with his mother to go on forever. Cora's initial orgasm eased off and John, muscles swelling from exertion never paused for a second, continuing to thrust his meat deep into her womb, changing his rhythm only to duck his head down and nibble and suck at her bouncing tits. Cora would squirm and shiver as John nipped and bit at her dime sized rubbery nubs, extending almost an inch.

As her second orgasm began to swell, I crawled behind John and took hold of Cora's legs. Kneeling, I extended them as wide as I could, allowing my husband to drive a fraction deeper in his mother's cunt, then before her limbs went into spasm and locked up, I wrapped her legs high around John's back, crossing the ankles and then as she locked them tight and her orgasm took all control away from her, I held her ankles in place, feeling her blood course madly through her body as she wordlessly screamed herself hoarse with incestuous pleasure.

John's pace became frantic and despite his best efforts to hold himself back, he grunted and thrust deep into Cora's cunt and flooded her womb with hot, thick semen. Cora's eyes fluttered and I thought she might pass out from the intensity of receiving her son's seed, but then she really came awake -- bucking and snorting like a wild mustang, arching her back and coming almost completely off the spread quilt. John jammed his mouth against his mother's and their cries of orgasm were muffled as they came together.

When I felt Cora completely relax, I released her legs to fall all askew on the floor. Both were gasping for breath and whispering, "I love you," to each other. John moaned and said, "Oh, Mom, your pussy is so tight -- the way you work your sweet cunt, I'm still hard!"

For long minutes, mother and son lay there, John moving almost imperceptibly inside her, eliciting the occasional gasp or groan from Cora. Cora suddenly looked my way and sighed, "Oh, Diana -- baby, you've been ignored, come here!"

I crawled up and stretched out beside my mother in law, lifting my head up to give her another lover's kiss. "Nobody's ignoring me," I replied. "I've been witnessing the most beautiful and erotic sight of my life. Cora, you and John look so perfect together." I grinned and stroking her sweaty face said, "You fucked your son, Cora!"

My mother in law grinned back, her smile interrupted for a moment as she moaned in pleasure from a slow stroke from John. "Yes, I've made my son a motherfucker and I love it! Now I want to make love to my daughter in law too." Cora looked at me almost shyly. "Diana, I've never...licked a woman before, but I've been dreaming of tasting you...please?"

Tendrils of desire raced through my veins, culminating in the furnace of lust between my thighs. "Mmmm -- being your first pussy would be my pleasure, Cora!" I exclaimed as I got to my knees, swinging one over her face and straddling her, facing John who was beaming from ear to ear. I slowly lowered my pussy towards Cora's waiting mouth and tongue, gasping as I felt her eager tongue flutter against my dripping wet flesh. Just the knowledge that I was feeling the touch of my husband's mother on my sex was enough to send shattering waves of pleasure through my body.

Cora reached up, her hands getting a firm grip on my thighs and she pulled me down so that I was literally sitting on her mouth and I cried out in delight as my mother in law began to furiously lap and suck at my cunt. Clearly, Cora was an amateur, but what she lacked in know-how, she more than made up with enthusiasm. Her tongue, just as devilish inside my pussy as it had been in my mouth, feverishly whirled and danced and licked my wet, quivering flesh. Cora's nose blew warm up across my asshole, adding a special extra something to the experience.

I leaned forward to both take a little pressure off Cora's face so she could breath and to reach out towards the enticing joining of my husband's cock and his mother's cum filled pussy. As Cora learned my sweet spots, her tongue slathering over my clit and over my sensitive lips, I pressed my face against her soft, furry mound and moved to lick her cunt and John's cock as he moved in and out of her.

John finally moved to withdraw from his mother and I wasted no time taking his cock in my mouth and sucking it clean of their mixed cum. His cock was frosted heavily with his own semen and his mother's cunt cream and it was so delicious that once he was clean, I took his still mostly hard penis and guided it back into Cora's cunt, drawing moans from both mother and son. I rose up to kiss John and share the mingled taste of their cum and then back to Cora's pussy. John withdrew again and I cleaned his cock once more and then buried my face between his mother's legs.

I dedicated myself to eating all of my husband's cum out of Cora's sweet, sloppy cunt and my mother in law responded to the renewed assault on her pussy by doubling her efforts in eating me. The air was soon filled with the aroma of wet pussy and the groans of two women in the throes of carnal ecstasy.

As I licked hungrily at Cora's wet, pink meat, still finding flecks of John's semen in her slick folds, I struggle to keep myself coherent, the pleasure my mother in law was inflicting on me with her tongue and lips was intense, especially after she discovered my large clitoris and began teasing it. The first time she ran her tongue roughly over the exposed little organ, I thought I would pass out from the explosion of pleasure that crossed into that grey area where pleasure and pain are close, but as only a woman can understand, Cora modified her touch and now gently licked and sucked me till I was a molten ball of gooey lust, orgasm after orgasm making me mad with lust.

I'm sure Cora's face was being bathed in a flood of my juices as my pussy would quiver and spasm with orgasmic delight. In turn, her pussy was generating enormous amounts of pussy cream that I could barely keep up with and which now coated me from forehead to chin. Against my breasts, I could the fluttering of her stomach muscles as she came and came and came.

Just when I thought I couldn't possibly orgasm again, I felt Cora's mouth retreat towards the top of my cunt, focusing on my clit and the folds of flesh around it and then something pressed into me. My eyes popped wide open and I screamed my pleasure into Cora's wet pussy as my husband, impossibly hard, slowly sank his cock into my throbbing cunt. The little part of me that still was possible of rational thought argued that there was no way John could be erect again for a fourth time in such a short period. It had to be impossible!

The squirming, screaming and absolutely sluttish part of my mind, reveling in this incestuous event argued that of course he could be and was erect and even my rational side had to agree -- what red blooded man wouldn't get a monster hard-on while watching his wife and his mother locked in a passionate sixty-nine embrace!

I sobbed and squirmed on my mother in law's face as she tongued me and her son's thick cock as he gave me a good, hard fucking. John wormed his cock in and out of my pulsating cunt, Cora's tongue teasing us both as he did so. At one point, I lifted my head, my face dripping wet with Cora's cunt cream and looked over my shoulder at my husband and saw an expression of lust, love and happiness that I was sure reflected my own feeling. "I love you, John!" I moaned plaintively. "I -- I don't ever want to stop!"

John grinned at me and growled, "Me neither, baby! You, me, and Mom forever!" He quickened his pace, fucking me with short, hard strokes and I could only sob in reply and drive my face back into his mother's hot cunt, tonguing her furiously before orgasm swept me away.

I seemed to spend an eternity wallowing in the sweet, incestuous ecstasy of a mother-son driven orgasm, aware of nothing but the thick meat filling my cunt and the tongue that never seemed to tire of licking me! John's cock seemed to swell inside me and began to hose my insides, taking my orgasm to undreamed of heights. Suddenly, as I sobbed with pure delight, John's ejaculations stopped and the tiny bit of me that could think, realized that he was pumping the rest of his load into his mother's mouth.

I was envious, but not too much as my own orgasm seemed to go on and on -- then as I began to descend from the heights of ecstatic pleasure, I felt Cora's mouth again clamp itself over my pussy and her tongue pushed a familiar liquid warmth into me and I began to cum again as I realized that my mother in law had sucked her son dry and was now feeding his hot semen to my cunt. A firestorm of lusty pleasure ignited inside my pussy and swept me away, sending burning rivers of pleasure through me until I thought my heart would explode. I could hear myself screaming until I was hoarse and then the pleasure sucked me out of existence and everything went away...

When I came to, I was again locked in a glorious soul kiss with Cora, John's sperm and the taste of both our cunts evident with every swirl of our tongues. John cuddled me from behind, his wet and semi-erect cock nestled against my ass cheeks as he nuzzled my neck. "Are you okay, Diana -- I've never seen you cum so hard before!" he whispered

I nodded, fighting tears and replied, "Oh God, yes!" I turned and kissed him deeply and then turned back and kissed his mother again for good measure. "It's like -- like nothing I've ever known from fucking before. It was like a...a...." I was at a loss for words.

"Like a religious experience?" suggested Cora. "I understand that. From the time you kissed me last night, I've felt like I've been filled with some holy spirit, its power growing inside me and steering me to this moment. Lying here naked and fucked by my children, I feel like I've been to a church revival and saved of all my sins!" I hugged her then and then watched as John leaned in and kissed his mother like the lovers they had become.

There under that Christmas tree we three took a vow for this to never end -- that this was a new beginning for the three of us. In the middle of a mother and son's embrace, feeling John's cock and lips on me as well as the heat emanating from Cora's pussy and the warmth and softness of her motherly breasts, I felt as I had on our wedding day -- that I was part of a greater whole than I had ever conceived before!

We made our way back upstairs and into our bed, welcoming Cora into it for all time if possible. The night was spent talking and making love and dreaming of times to come. The rest of our Christmas vacation was much the same way -- three people in love making love.

The hardest thing John and I ever faced in our marriage was the prospect of driving back to Detroit and flying home to Seattle. We couldn't do it, so we took Cora with us. She made arrangements for the house to be looked after for the winter and she came to live with us in our small one bedroom apartment in that rainy city.

If it caused any inconveniences, well, they were trivial compared to the wonderful days of lovemaking that followed. I often wondered what our neighbors thought of the wild noises of sex wafting through the walls, filled with cries of "Fuck Mommy" and Mommy loves her son's cock!" It didn't matter to us, we were happy and joyful and amazed to see that our love seemed to grow greater and more powerful everyday and in so many ways.

When the school year ended, John and I submitted our resignations to our school. We packed our belongings up into a moving truck and with Cora, drove across country, back to Michigan and to Cora's farmhouse, John's childhood home and our new and permanent home.

We applied for teaching positions in the local system and got lucky. John starts in the fall and I accepted a position beginning in January. Why so late in the school year? Well, as I write this, it is late July and I'm finishing my seventh month of labor. My belly is round and big, holding the baby boy or girl that we conceived this past wonderful Christmas. In my heart, I know that our baby was conceived Christmas Eve after my mother in law and I first shared a loving kiss, that we were indeed blessed by the old Holland luck.

Now as I suck my husband's fine long cock, tasting of his mother's' cunt while Cora's head bobs underneath my swollen belly, her wonderful tongue delving the depths of my womb, I revel in our incestuous life and dream of the day I can explain to my son or daughter why we hang mistletoe all over our house all through the year!

The End