

Christmas Lovin'

By Klrxo

"Why you crying, Ma?" Dicky asked.

"Your Pa ain't able to make it home for Christmas," BobbyJoe said.

"Not at all?"

"No, a message-boy came on horseback just this mornin.' Your Pa's gonna be down in the mine for a least three more days," BobbyJoe sniffled.

"Oh," her boy muttered." Christmas ain't gonna be the same without Pa."

"Especially since he was suppose to bring home your Christmas surprise," the mother said, "which means no gift for you, and no Christmas lovin' for your Momma."

Dicky blushed as he thought back on his Ma and Pa's annual tradition of afternoon "Christmas Lovin'." After gifts were open, his parents would disappear into their bedroom. Since it was a small house, Dicky was treated to the sounds of passionate lovemaking, which included the loud squeaks and whines of his Ma and Pa's big marital mattress.

The boy would often beat his pecker while he listened, wishing it was him in his father's place.

"Would it help if | hugged you, Momma?" the boy asked, which he knew was the closest he'd ever get to rubbing bellies with her.

"Oh sugar-bear, that's just the sweetest offer | ever heard!" BobbyJoe said, standing and opening her arms for a hug.

The boy's eyes widened as he stared ahead at his mother's gigantic mounds of sweater-meat. Even the cherry-sized lumps of her fat nipples were visible through the fabric, making his cock tingle excitedly.

Dicky sighed, feeling his skinny chest completely smothered by BobbyJoe's melonous boobies as they hugged tight. The pretty mother's brilliant green eyes gazed at her teen between a curtain of honey-blond hair. Her thick luscious lips curled into a proud smile.

"At least I got my handsome boy, steppin' up to be man of the house on Christmas day."

"Yes, ma'am, whatever you're needing me to do."

"Well what your momma needs on Christmas day she shouldn't ask of her virgin son, even if she is hankerin' for a long roll in the hay, like she usually get with your father."

Dicky felt his face go a shade of red. "Oh, um, well, ok..." he muttered speechlessly, making his Ma giggle.

"You ARE a virgin, aren't you, sweet-pea?"

"Yes ma'am. | ain't never done...that before."

"You mean to tell me you ain't never got your peter wet inside one of those Taylor girls?" his Ma asked teasingly, knowing how much he liked them.

"No ma'am. | tried to once, but..."

"But what, baby?"

"Well, I wasn't able to put it inside her to be honest," Dicky confessed.

"Were you too soft?" BobbyJoe asked with concern. "What happened?"

"No, ma, | wasn't soft. | was hard alright, but just too big I reckon."

BobbyJoe's eyes lit up. "Too big?"

"Yeah. She told me | was hurting her too much, and that my peter was just too big for a woman to have sex with."

"Well that's just nonsense," BobbyJoe huffed. "Ain't no such thing as a peter that's too big. Women pass babies with their cooters, they're more that capable of taking any sized peter inside them."

"Maybe not mine, mamma. To be honest, I accidentally saw Pa's penis once, and mine is triple his size," Dicky confessed. "Maybe there IS something wrong with me."

BobbyJoe fed her son a blank stare, trying to process what he had just told her. Her husband's cock wasn't exactly small, so surely her son must be grossly over exaggerating. "I'm sure you're just fine," she said, then paused in concern, and curiosity, but mostly curiosity. "But if you do think there's something wrong with your manhood, maybe Ma should take a look, just to be sure everything's ok."

If Dicky was honest, the idea of showing his Ma his big pecker really excited him, so he didn't hesitate to accept her offer. "Okay, Momma, whatever you think is best," he said, unbuttoning his trousers.

The busty mother's eyes widened in shock as she looked at the huge hunk of man-meat dangling between her son's legs. "Oh good gracious!" she softly exclaimed, putting her hand over her mouth..

"Told you, Momma," he muttered, feeling a tad embarrassed. "So there IS something wrong with it, isn't there?"

BobbyJoe's eyes traveled down the meaty shaft of her boy's prick, following the trail of bulging veins to a sleeve of foreskin, that shrouded what appeared to be an enormous cock-head. "Oh baby no, just because a boy has an extremely large pecker, doesn't mean there's anything wrong with it," she answered. "Does it cause you any, um...discomfort?"

"No, ma'am."

"What about your balls? Are those large-sized as well?" BobbieJoe asked curiously.

Dicky lifted his dangling cock to reveal a monster-sized hairless scrotum containing two egg-sized testicles. "I reckon so," he muttered. "What do you think?"

BobbyJoe was speechless for a moment, with her gaze transfixed on the biggest set of balls she had ever laid eyes on "Well, it appears that ALL your 'man parts' are VERY well developed," she confessed.

"But there's nothing wrong...with being this large, right?"

BobbieJoe looked at him blushing. "No, of course there's nothing wrong with it," she said, then glanced down at her ginormous rack. "I mean look at your mamma's bosom. Like your peter, they're abnormally large, but that don't mean there's anything wrong with me, right?"

Dicky's eyes set on the huge jutting boobies stretching out her sweater. "That's true, Ma. Your breasts are MUCH bigger than those on any woman I've ever seen," he admitted.

"Well look at that...like mother, like son," she said with a wink.

For a moment they stood there with their wondering eyes lingering on their over-sized sexual body parts, until Dicky broke the silence. "Momma?"

BobbieJoe's eyes snapped up to his. "Yeah, sugar?"

"Since you've seen me, do you think that I could see YOU too?"

"Oh, um, my 'breasts' you mean?"

"Yes ma'am," the boy nodded. He'd come close to seeing his momma's titties a few times, but never gotten lucky enough to stare at them..

BobbieJoe thought it through a moment. As amazed as she was with sheer size of her boy's penis, she simply couldn't imagine how colossal his erection must be. Showing him her king-sized knockers was sure to not only satisfy his curiosity, but hers as well. "Well, you saw them before, when you was just a little one, so I suppose there's no harm in you seeing them again," she said.

"Really?" Dicky asked excitedly, his face lighting up, as if he didn't really expect that she'd say yes.

"Yes, but you don't need to go telling your father that I showed you my boobie-melons, got it?"

"Yes ma'am, not a word!"

BobbieJoe grabbed the bottom of her sweater, then lifted it up and off. Dicky gasped out loud when he saw his ma in her sexy white corset. The mother slowly peeled it off as well, and her

enormous naked milkers teetered heavily out onto her chest.

"Whoa!" the boy muttered, staring at her huge melonous jugs. Her areola were wide and thick, with puffy swollen nipples protruding from their centers.

"See there," BobbieJoe muttered, rocking her shoulders and making her big juicy boulders wobble heavily back and forth. "Nice n big, just like your pecker!"

Speaking of pecker, Dicky's impressive lady-pleaser was quickly beginning to stiffen, and his mom had a front row seat, watching in awe as the blood filled his cock like air inflating a cylinder-shaped balloon. She watched his foreskin peel back to expose a nob as big and juicy as a red apple. Huge bulging veins criss-crossed up a shaft that was nearly as long as the mother's forearm. In less than a half a minute, his dong was fully erect, pointing up towards the ceiling like the stiff branch of an oak tree.

"You were certainly right, baby. I reckon it would take maybe three or four pricks your father's size to equal one of yours!" she said, her eyes still transfixed. She felt a bead of pussy-juice seep from labial slit and run down her thigh.

Dicky could also see signs of her arousal. Like his cock, her nipples and areola had suddenly become extremely engorged, creating a textured goosebump-like effect over the surface of her rounded tit-caps. "Your breasts are simply the greatest things I ever seen, momma!" he boldly confessed.

BobbyJoe giggled blushing. The truth was, she'd just been thinking the same thing about his cock. Since he was being so honest, perhaps she should too. "Thank you, baby! I must say, I ain't never seen a hunk a manhood so big n beautiful as the one rising from your crotch!"

Dicky looked down at it proudly and saw his weeping piss-slit pointed up at him. "Thanks!" he muttered.

They would have been happily content standing there gawking at each other, but the mother knew she had to put it end to their naughty display. "I reckon | should get some dinner going for you and |," she said, slipping her corset back on.

"Oh, um...ok," the boy said, pulling up his trousers and struggling to find room inside them for his monstrous boner.

They made small-talk at dinner, with both their minds dwelling heavily on what had happened earlier. Dicky dreamed of making love to his mom. If someone could accommodate his huge fat cock, he knew she could. If BobbyJoe was honest, she'd never been so tempted to break her marital vows. She could only imagine what a cock the size of her handsome son's would feel like stretching her inner lining and plunging through her birth canal.

It was a moonlit Christmas Eve, and both of them went to bed thar night with throbbing genitals.

Dicky tossed and turned, unable to shake the vision of his mamma's mammaries from his mind. His big hardon strained against the bed mattress, yearning to be sheathed in his Ma's hot pussy.

He suddenly became aware of candlelight coming from his doorway. He looked over to discover his mother standing there watching him. She was wearing a white thigh-high nightgown, which left her lovely smooth legs exposed. One of her legs was propped slightly forward through his doorway, and the dainty bare foot of that leg was arched, giving her leg a strong sculpted look that made the boy's boner flex with desire.

As much as his eyes wanted to linger there, they couldn't help but drift up to the slit in the neck of her nightgown and the enormous tit-cleavage that was spilling out. Topping off her lewd display was the mother's pretty face and her green sultry eyes, all framed in by a big silky mane of honey-blonde hair.

BobbyJoe finally spoke up. "Restless, sugar?" she asked softly.
"Yes, ma'am," he answered, his heart racing at the mere sight of his scantily clad mother.

The momma's eyes gazed at her boy, dwelling on how lean and adorable he was. Dicky was a younger, thinner version of her husband, but, as she recently found out, he had a much much larger sex organ. Her thick rubbery nipples tingled at the thought of it, and she knew her son could probably see her engorged milk-teats through the fabric of her nightgown.

Her mind was like a tug-of-war. On one side was the faithful wife, who loved her husband terribly. The thought of being mindlessly fucked by their horse-dicked son while her husband worked away in the mines was outrageously inappropriate. On the other side was an incredibly horny house-mom, who wanted to splay her thighs for her boy and feel the power of his ridiculously big cock ripping through her hyper-sexual vagina, and feel his giant balls beating against her thick naked buttocks.

"Are YOU ok, Ma?" the boy asked, noticing how she was so deep in her thoughts.
"I'm fine," the mother said with a smile, as she strode towards her boy's bed.

Dicky could see her huge unfettered boobies wobble freely beneath her gown. The mother had her nightgown somewhat unfastened in the front, enough so that he could see much of the dark canyon of her cleavage as she stepped closer and sat on his bedside. She reached over and stroked his hair tenderly. "You've alway gotten excited on Christmas Eve night, since you were a tiny boy."

Dicky giggled. "I'm sure | did."

"You're certainly not tiny anymore," she said, peering down at the bulge in his blanket. "You're a man now...and men get excited about 'other' things."

"That's true," Dicky said, glancing down at her sexy, curvy legs. Her nightgown had ridden up when she sat, exposing everything that was below her crotch.

Aware of where his eyes were, BobbyJoe slowly crossed her mommy-legs, curling one over the other. She bobbed her dainty bare foot teasingly, feeling her son's eyes on her gorgeous legs. "They get excited about a woman's bare legs," she said, smiling at her boy as he suddenly looked up at her.

"Sorry," he muttered, realizing he'd been caught staring.

"Big boys get excited by the thought of having a woman spread them apart, so they can crawl between them," BobbyJoe said, gazing into his eyes..

"Yes," Dicky nodded, in total agreement.

"Because then you can wet your hard dick, in women's hot slick hole, and empty your balls in there," she whispered seductively.

They both noticed the bulge beneath the blanket jump, as the boy's cock flexed excitedly at hearing her words. BobbyJoe smiled with satisfaction and looked back into her son's eyes. "See what I mean?" she giggled. "Big boys do get excited by it."

"Yes ma'am," he sighed, so turned on he could hardly stand it.

The busty mother uncrossed her legs and curled them up onto the bed next to her boy. Before she could adjust her gown, he caught a quick flash of her naked mons pubis. He was surprised to see not a single hair. His Ma's pussy was shaved, and looked as smooth a baby's bottom. He could see the puffy folds of her outer labium coming together to form a cuntal cleavage. Peeking out from between it was the thick elongated flesh of her clitoral hood.

Now the mother rested on one forearm beside her son, with a huge tit stacked on top of the other. Dicky peered over at them as they loomed there closely next to him. The way they were pressed together made them balloon out lewdly, threatening to spill right out of her nightgown.

"Big boys get excited by titties too," BobbyJoe said, drawing her son's eyes up to her naughty smile. "They wanna suck on the nipples and bury their faces in the cleavage,," she said with a giggle.

The boy gasped with excitement, his cock throbbing so hard it almost felt painful. "Mmm," BobbyJoe hummed, running the nails of one hand across his bare chest as she stared at his body lustfully. She dropped one naked leg over his, teasingly sliding her toes up his calf. It took every bit of willpower she could muster to keep from climbing on top of him and cramming his mammoth cock inside her smoldering cunt.

Dicky licked his lips as he stared at the dark slitted crevice of his Ma's tit-cleavage. "Your cleavage just looks like it could go on forever, Momma, like a bottomless mine shaft." Unfortunately, Dicky chose the wrong analogy to use. Guilty feelings flooded in as BobbyJoe thought about her husband, way down in that abysmal mine shaft slaving away on the eve of Christmas. She thought about how heartbroken he would be, if he realized how close she was to breaking her marriage vows and letting their son's super-sized erection sweep her away into a long night of Christmas bliss.

"We should get some sleep," she said, kissing her boy's cheek and sliding off the bed.

If it was one thing the boy never tired of seeing, it was the way his momma's big peach-shaped bottom swayed back and forth as she crossed a room. Tonight it was even more magical, because they were crowning her sexy bare legs.

He saw her stop in the doorway and peek back at him. Her eyes darted down to his hard pecker-bulge, then back to his eyes. "Goodnight, sugar-bear," she whispered.

"Goodnight, Ma!"

Dicky woke up on Christmas morning to the smell of bacon. He greeted his mother in the kitchen, admiring her pretty holiday dress. "Merry Christmas, Momma!"

"Merry Christmas, Dicky! Be an angel and bring some wood in for the fire," BobbyJoe said. "Yes ma'am.

Life on a farm consisted of such routine tasks for Dicky, but he never complained. It wasn't long before he had the fireplace roaring. They sat together and had breakfast, talking about memories of past Christmas's. "Let's move in by the fire. The dishes can wait until later," BobbyJoe said, taking her son's hand and leading him to the settee bench in the living room.

The fire crackled as mother and son sat holding hands by the Christmas tree. "Dicky, I've been thinking," the mother said. "Something we both wanted very badly on Christmas was ruined because of your father. You're not getting your special gift today, and I'm not getting the traditional Christmas Lovin' that | look forward to every year. It's all HIS fault."

"Well, Ma, I'm sure if Pa could have come home he would have."

"But he's not, and that's certainly no fault of ours. It's just you and me here, and | think we should use what we have available to us to make this Christmas day special for both of us," she explained.

"Ok, um, sure...but how?" Dicky asked.

"What it is your father tell you every time he leaves to go off to the mine?"

"That 'm man of the house, while he's gone."

BobbyJoe nodded and smiled. "In other words, you're stepping in for him to take care of his 'man of the house' duties, while he's away. Doesn't it make sense that those duties should include the traditional holiday lovemaking with his wife?" she asked.

"Do you really think he meant that?" Dicky asked, his heart pounding excitedly.

"Well, taking care of a wife's sexual needs IS something the man of the house is suppose to do."

"That um, does make sense," Dicky muttered.

"But there's also YOU to consider here. You didn't get your gift that he promised, so | wanna do this special thing for you too. Our love making will be my special Christmas gift to you, Dicky."

The boy only had one worry on his mind at this point. "But what if we can't, you know, get it inside you?"

BobbyJoe giggled. "| saw your hard peter yesterday, sugar-bear.. Did | seem the least bit scared by it?" she asked.

"Well, no."

"Momma-pussies and young girl pussies are much different. My pussy is made to stretch around a big meaty monster like yours," she said. "Sure it might hurt at first, and we might have

a real battle on our hands getting it all the way in, but I'm not gonna stop you like the Taylor girl did. We're gonna win that battle you and I, and create some real Christmas magic today."

Dicky smiled from ear to ear. "That sounds wonderful!" he exclaimed.

Every year his mom said something to announce the time when her and his Pa would disappear into the bedroom for Christmas lovin'. Dicky was pleasantly surprised to hear her continue that tradition with him. "Shhh! Do you hear that?" his Ma said in an exaggerated manner, gazing into

his eyes. "Santa's just pulled back the covers in the bedroom. Time for Christmas lovin'" she said, getting up and pulling her son towards the bedroom.

BobbyJoe slammed the door behind them, giggling as she then lifted her son's shirt up and off his body. Next came his trousers and her heart went pitter-patter as his big beefy hardon wagged around lewdly in front of her face.

The mother quickly stood back up and shed her Christmas dress. Her boy watched in wide-eyed wonder as his sexy Ma stripped bare naked right in front of him. Her stiffed-nippled melons wobbled around wildly as she grabbed his hand again and rushed him to her marital mattress.

Dicky had never seen his mom assume the mating position, and it fascinated the hell out of him, as he watched her drop onto her back, making her big fatty tit-cushions roll back and forth across her chest. Waisting no time, BobbyJoe did what momma's do best, drawing her knees back and spreading her thighs super-wide, giving her boy a nice fleshy cradle to settle down into.

Dicky stood there in awe, with his big angry cock-head pointed at an upward angle. A dollop of pre-cum oozed from his meatus and dripped towards the floor. Now he was seeing his mom's naked pussy in all it's glory. The full bloom of her inner and outer labium, the big fleshy clitoris peeking out from between it's hooded prepuce, and the deep coral slit of her cock grinder. Below it all, even the ring of her asshole was shamelessly on display for her boy. She reached out for him.

"Merry Christmas, Dicky!" she said, pulling him down on top of her.

The boy felt like a big fleshy Venus fly trap had just captured him, as his Momma's luscious limbs circled around him, clutching him against her soft voluptuous body. The underside of his rock-hard pecker mashed against her labial flesh, smearing her hot secretions all along his shaft, lubricating it for penetration.

"Kiss me baby! Kiss your horny Mommam!" BobbyJoe cooed, mashing her lips against his for a passionate kiss.

Dicky's heart about raced out of his chest as he felt his mom's thick tongue dart around inside his mouth. He greeted her with his own licker and their tongues rolled and lashed together in frantic lust.

BobbyJoe reached down and fumbled with her boy's cock-muscle as they kissed, trying to maneuver it into her waiting cunt-hole, but it was just too big and she could only get her tiny hand half-way around it's enormous girth.

She broke the kiss and stared at her boy with wild green eyes. "Fuck me, sugar-bear!" she said pleadingly.

The boy pulled back his hips, allowing his mother to line his cock up for penetration. She then let his dick go and grasped his young ass with her long nails, pulling him forward. "Now! Push it in me!" she gasped wantonly.

Dicky felt the same type of cuntal resistance as he had with the Taylor girl he tried to fuck, only

this girl didn't stop him. Instead, she clawed at his ass, urging him cram it inside her.

The mouth of BobbyJoe's vagina stretched obscenely around the tick cock, swallowing the big bell tip. The giant bulbous nob squeezed deeper, stretching the inner lining of his mother's cunt tube and expanding the tissues within her pelvis. "Ohhh yesss!" BobbyJoe cried out, in part pain and part ecstasy as her son filled her like no man ever had.

"Back out just a little, then push forward again," the mother said breathlessly.

Dicky did as she told him, inching his pecker back. Doing so soaked his glans with hot secreting fuck-oil, lubricating his next mighty thrust. "Ohhh!" his Ma's beautiful voice cried out, as his thick muscled erection squeezed along her ribbed cuntal lining, getting the bulk of his cock inside her.

"One more time and I'll have all of you!" she panted.

Again, he pulled back an inch, then pushed forward. BobbyJoe let out a high-pitched squeal, clenching the toes of her hovering bare feet as the remaining meat of her son's erection squeezed inside her gripping cunt. Dicky's fat knob looked like a big juicy purple gourd mashed Up against the head of her cervix.

"Yes, that's all of you, sugar-bear! Now fuck me. Fuck me like your father does, Dicky!" his mom cried out.

The boy was more than eager to do just that. He reared back, then began to pump his enormous prick through BobbyJoe's vagina. He snarled in fuck-lust, feeling his mom's hot slippery cunt-sheath slip along his coronal ridge, lighting his glans on fire.

His parent's big marital bed began to whine and creak repetitively. All those years as a boy he had listened to this sound on Christmas day, wishing he could take his father's place nailing his beautiful busty Momma to the mattress. Now here he was, plunging his own monster cock through her vagina, feeling her pussy clench and secrete it's juices all over him.

BobbyJoe gasped and whimpered. She wasn't a virgin by any means, but she WAS a virgin when it came to being fucked by a whopper of a cock like her son had. She HUFFED repeatedly. Every time her boy pumped into her it literally took her breath away. It felt like her son was gonna pound through the back wall of her pussy with his fleshy battering-ram of a cock.

They were both suddenly startled by a voice from the living room. "Merry Christmas!" the cheery male voice shouted.

BobbyJoe stared up at her boy in horror. "It's your Pa!" she gasped in a panic.

Thinking quickly, the hot mother rolled her and her son off the far side of the bed, taking the blanket with them. With Dicky still on top, with his cock wedged deeply inside her, they hit the floor with a thud. The blanket was wrapped around them and softened their landing. His Ma placed a hand over his mouth as they heard the bedroom door open.

"Hello?" her husband said. "BobbyJoe?"

They heard his boots clomp against the wood floor. Lucky for them he was making his way back towards the front door. When they heard the door open, BobbyJoe knew he'd be walking out to the barn, which was some distance from the house, to see if her and her son were out feeding the animals.

"thought he wasn't coming home?" Dicky whispered.

"thought so too. He's checking the barn, which means we have a about five minutes!" she said,

then combed her nails through the back of her son's hair, bringing his lips down to hers for a fiery passionate kiss. "Fuck me!" she hissed between smooches.

Dicky set his hips back in motion, pumping his erection into his mom, just as he had earlier. BobbyJoe clung to her boy and he could feel her gigantic tit-melons pressing and sloshing all around on his chest. With both her soft squeezing limbs and the blanket wrapped around him, Dicky felt like he was in his own warm sexual cocoon, thrusting and trembling against his curvy mother, between the bed and the wall.

His big balls beat rhythmically against her upturned ass, making her asshole pucker and throb, like a set of rounded lips kissing his huge scrotum every time it smacked against them.

The skinny boy's boner thundered through his Ma's fuck-tube, lubricated by a layer of creamy froth. It was a mixture of both he and BobbyJoe's pre-orgasmic nectar. He felt his Momma tighten and contract her pelvic-floor muscles around his big cock, intensifying the already mind-blowing friction around his thick tender meat. "Ohhh, Momma!" the boy whimpered, feeling his cock squeezed in ways he never dreamed possible.

"Cum, sugar!" BobbyJoe gasped, on the verge of a hot climax herself. "Cum in your Momma!"

Dicky's nob tingled, but he wasn't cumming until he'd had a chance to suck one of his Ma's fat puffy nipples. He lowered his face and pressed it onto one of her huge squishy jugs. His lips formed a tight seal around the fringe of her areola as he nursed on her big rubbery teat, while feeling a mask of fatty tit-flesh jiggle delightfully around his face.

BobbyJoe's eyes rolled back in their sockets, as she tossed her pretty head around in pleasure. "Oh Lord, Dicky! You're gonna bring me off baby!" she cried out.

Their hot orgasms couldn't have been timed more perfectly. "Mmnnff!" the boy whimpered into his mom's fleshy trembling tit, blasting a huge fat rope of semen inside her.

"Uuugghh!!" his Momma screamed out, bouncing her luscious ass from the floor, meeting her son's cum-spiriting thrusts and making their crotches beat wetly together.

Dicky tilted his head up, pulling at her tit-flesh as he kept his mother's fleshy papilla between his clamped lips. He watched her pretty face grimace in ecstasy while their juicing genitals bucked and beat together. "Hhhmmfff!" he grunted, his whole body trembling and his eyes going cross from the exquisite pleasure of having his cock squeezed off by his momma's cunt-muscles.

BobbyJoe knew they were cutting it dangerously close. They only had a few moments before her husband would come back to the house, after not finding them in the barn.

The front door swung open, and mother and son stood there, just barely dressed and tried to act surprised. "Oh honey, you're home!" BobbyJoe exclaimed, rushing over and giving him a big hug.

"I got home a little bit ago. Where were you two?" he asked curiously.

Dicky and BobbyJoe looked at each other knowingly. "Oh we was um, just out having a little walk on Christmas morning, right, sugar?" she asked her son.

"Uh yeah, momma!" he said, going along with her fib. Her husband got a big smile. "Well, I made it home! Merry Christmas!"

Dicky got his surprise gift. It was a new rifle that his Pa had been promising him for awhile. He went outside that afternoon for target practice, during his Ma and Pa's 'Christmas Lovin' time. He wasn't mad or jealous that his Pa had made it home after all, or that he was inside the house enjoying his Ma's pussy. Dicky had got his own juicy piece of Christmas-cunt earlier, and knew he'd be getting a lot more naughty action from his Ma, once his father left for the mine again. It

was truly a 'Merry Christmas' for everyone.

More Christmas Lovin'

By Klrxo

On Christmas afternoon, BobbyJoe cooked up a big feast to celebrate the holiday. She was delighted to have her husband home, but couldn't wait for him to head back to the mine, so she could stuff her son's massive slab of meat inside her cunt again, and let him hump between her wide-open mommy-legs.

"Smells good in here, Ma," her boy said as he came inside from shooting his new rifle.

"Thanks, sweet-pea, hope you're hungry. It should be ready soon," she said.

Dicky noticed his mom was only wearing a tiny cotton robe, that fell just below her ass. This left her lovely curvy legs on display. They looked as smooth as a baby's bottom, and gave off a silky shimmer from the sun beaming in from the kitchen window. He couldn't help but think back on earlier that morning when those sexy legs were locked around his body in a humping grip.

"Where's Pa?" the boy asked.

"He's in resting. Probably the most comfortable sleep he's had in weeks," BobbyJoe answered.

"Did you wear him out with some Christmas lovin' this morning?" Dicky teased.

BobbyJoe fed him a mischievous smile. "Did | wear YOU out with some Christmas lovin' this morning?" she asked.

"No way. If Pa hadn't come home, | could have gone all day."

BobbyJoe raised an eyebrow, her heart pumping fast. "All day huh? Well that would be a Christmas to remember."

"It still can be," the boy said, staring at the swell of his Ma's monstrous melons and her big nipples poking out from beneath the fabric.

"Well if your fixin' for another go at my birth cannon it's gonna have to be out in the barn," his mother said. "If your Pa wakes up and catches us beating our bellies together he'll tan your hide."

"Y'm good with the barn," Dicky said anxiously.

"Dinner's almost done cooking, so I'm gonna give it a stir and I'll be along."

"Alright," the boy said, rushing out. The big red barn on the family farm wasn't the most ideal place to pound a pussy, but since his Pa had come home unexpectedly, Dicky would take what he could get.

Of course, he couldn't get to the barn without seeing an urgent task that needed attended to. A few of the goats had gotten out of the pen and were sure to fall prey to coyotes unless he corralled them back inside.

By the time he finished the task, BobbyJoe was already in the barn waiting. "Momma?" he called out, stepping into the big barn.

"Up here, sweet-pea," her loving voice answered from overhead.

Dicky knew she in the most private spot in the whole barn, the hay loft. His eyes got as big as saucers as he reached the top of the rickety ladder, finding his Ma bare naked and bent over a bale of hay. The mother had her fleshy round buttocks pointed at her teen. Her milky-white buns were slightly spread, allowing Dicky to see the pink crinkled elastic ring of her asshole. His ogling eyes followed the crack of her ass down to her thick vulvar lips.

"Damn," the boy sighed, feeling as though his boner could rip right out of his trousers.

BobbyJoe peeked back at him and smiled, her giant tits hanging down like those big milk-swollen cow udders out in the barnyard. “Get those trousers off and come mount your momma like a mare,” she said, wagging her juicy rump back and forth invitingly.

Dicky shed his clothes eagerly. His herculean erection stuck way out from his loins like a rising tree branch. His foreskin had peeled back over most of his shiny nob, and even from where BobbyJoe was, she could see the swollen purple peter-tip twitch with every excited beat of her boy's heart.

Dicky stepped up behind her, grasped his spear and rubbed the tip through her meaty clamshell, wetting his dick in her juicy coral slit.

BobbyJoe gasped excitedly as she felt her boy's big nob squeezed back and forth against her engorged clitoris. Her fleshy nubbin looked like a little mini version of the fat bell-tip of the boy's cock.

“Go on, pumpkin,” she sighed, gazing back with lust in her eyes, “get you some tight pussy.”

Dicky shoved it in, making her vestibule cave inward, until the slippery mouth of her vagina stretched over his nob. Now that he was lined up for intercourse, with only the tip inside her, he grasped her soft wide hips and pushed more of his cock in.

“Ohh Lord!” BobbyJoe cried out, feeling the muscled boner squeeze into her pleasure-passage. She had always thought her husband was well endowed, but his cock now seemed puny and pathetic compared to her son's slab of manhood.

Dicky backed his cock out an inch, letting her secreting juices coat his battering ram, then he plunged it in even deeper, stretching the warm inner lining of her birthing tube.

“Damn you feel good, momma!” the boy gasped, looking down and watching his erect cock sink deeper inside her.

“So do you, sugar,” she said breathlessly. “You should feel right at home out here in the barn with all these big dicked stallions.”

“Ahh!” Dicky sighed in delight, feeling his tip push against the soft head of her cervix. “Now that your knockin' at your momma's womb, maybe you better start buckin' like a steer,” she said.

“You got it, Momma,” Dicky said, setting his hips in motion.

BobbyJoe's thick matronly ass beat against her son's loins as he fucked her from behind. Her huge dangling, stiff-nippled boobies bobbed around heavily from the impact of Dicky's thrusts. “Oh, that's it, sweet darlin, fuck your momma up the pussy!” she gasped.

The boy's tongue hung out in lust as he humped his tender boner through the tight grip of her vagina. A loud repetitive CLAPPING sound filled the big barn as her meaty mommy-rump beat against his crotch.

“Ohh damn, Ma!” the teen whimpered, feeling her strong cuntal muscles grasp his cock like a tight squeezing fist. The way her fatty ass-flesh rippled each time her buns slapped against his young loins was absolutely mesmerizing.

BobbyJoe's fingers sunk into the hay, as her pretty eyes rolled back with delight. Her boy was stretching her vaginal sleeve in ways she never thought possible. His cock just felt so incredibly big and strong and powerful. She could feel the fat barbed head crushing her back wall on every plunge, as if seeking entrance to the warm motherly womb that had created it.

“Uhhgghh!” BobbyJoe shouted in a primitive female grunt as an orgasm tingled delightfully through her heavy-titted body.

Dicky tensed up, though he continued thrusting as he felt his momma's quivering pussy-tube shrink around his cock. The slippery rugae along her inner lining became more pronounced causing exquisite friction on the boy's glans. This, along with the juicy cuntal nectar that was soaking his cock, caused him to throw his head back in pleasure.

“Ohhh, shit, Ma!” his voice quivered.

BobbyJoe gazed back at him. “Better pinch those baby-makers off, Dicky-bear, before they start shootin' outta your pissar,” she said, then pulled her cunt off his cock, making a wet popping sound. “This momma wants on her back.”

A big dollop of pre-jizz oozed from the slit of Dicky's meatus and dipped towards the floor in the form of a long stringy drip.

BobbyJoe licked her lips as she saw it splatter at his feet. Dicky watched his Ma step towards a nice soft bed of hay, her jiggling buttocks swaying atop the backs of her smooth sexy legs.

“Ready for a roll in the hay?” the mother asked as she dropped down onto her back, making her melonous boobs droop slightly off the sides of her chest.

Dicky couldn't help but squeeze his cock, stroking slowly as he watched his Ma's thick smooth thighs bow open. With her knees thrown way back, her dainty bare feet hovered in the air on bended legs. She reached down and stroked her fingers along her shaved pussy-folds. “It's good that we's in a barn, because | wanna fuck like a couple lusty animals,” she said in a sexy tone.

“That sounds might fine to me,” Dicky confessed.

“Yeah, you wanna make me howl like a momma coyote?” BobbyJoe asked, gazing at her boy's stiff peter.

“Maybe not a coyote. That would surely wake Pa up.”

The mother giggled. “What, you don't want your Pa to rush out here and see his wife gettin'” fucked like a town whore?” she asked.

“He wouldn't be too happy with either one of us,” Dicky said.

“Then you better give your momma your neck to scream into, cuz she plans creaming all over that stiff hunk of manhood,” the mother confessed.

“That | can do,” the boy muttered, crawling down between his Ma's wide-open legs.

BobbyJoe placed her hands on his shoulders, anxiously watching her boy move into position to fuck her. She felt his huge nob split her twat and squeeze inside her married pussy.

The teen suddenly found himself being pulled on top of her, with her lovely legs getting thrown around him. BobbyJoe, bounced her buns on the hay, pumping her cunt up on the satisfying stiffness of her son's cock.

“Fuck the piss outta me!” she hissed, clawing and humping frantically, making it clear to her boy that this momma wanted fucked hard and rough.

“Shit!” the teen gasped, pounding his enormous hardon through her claspings pussy, making his big balls beat against the fatty cheeks of her humping ass.

They locked lips and their tongues dueled like snakes in a mating ball.

The big barn was filled with the sounds of moans and whimpers and big teenage nuts thumping wildly

on a mother's ass.

Their genitals were having a duel of their own, joined together in a deep bone-grinding fuck. A mix of mother-son pre-ejaculatory juices squelched from BobbyJoe's widely-stretched cuntal lips, as Dicky's thick muscular cock pounded in and out.

“Yesss!” the horny mother gasped, twisting her strong silky legs behind his back, pulling him against her body as tightly as she could.

“Ahhh!” Dicky moaned euphorically, feeling the lush soft curves of his big boobed mother around him.

BobbyJoe suddenly rolled him over, taking the top. Her thick mommy-buns rose and fell, humping her pussy on her son's hardon, while kissing him some more.

The teen was so excited he felt like his heart may burst right out of his chest. His body was blanketed by his gorgeous mother, with her huge fat tits plastered against him.

BobbyJoe's nipples puffed from her surrounding areola, thick and aroused as they pressed against the flesh of her son's chest.

“Keep pumpin' those hips,” she gasped between kisses. “Do the devil's dance with your momma!” Dicky humped his ass from the hay, meeting his Ma's bobbing pussy hump for hump.

The mother planted her knees firmly astride his hips, raising up on extended arms and grinding her cunt, with her outer folds pressed firmly against his cock-base.

“Ohhh wow, Ma!” the boy's voice grumbled, feeling her compress her muscled vaginal walls around his hunky cock.

BobbyJoe's enormous mammaries swung to either side of the boy's head as he stuffed his face into her squishy rippling cleavage.

The hot mother pupils rolled back as her boy's big ballooning nob plowed against one of the most sensitive spots in her vagina. “Ohhh! | need that neck!” she cried out, sounding on the verge of a body-trembling orgasm.

Dicky suddenly remember her comment about needing his neck to scream against, so he squeezed his head out from between her smothering tit-flesh, and just in time. His mom frantically slapped her big tits down against his chest and wedged her face between his shoulder and neck. Then, she let out a growling scream that was muffled by his flesh.

The boy's creaming mother trembled on top of him, cumming on his massive cock as he continued pumping it up into her.

“Wow!” he moaned, peeking up from underneath her pleasure-stricken body as he felt the mommy-cum pulse from her urethra, running down along his bouncing nuts.

After another minute of deep grinding, BobbyJoe gasped loudly, and rolled her boy back over on top of her. “Dinner should be ready and we don't want it to burn,” she said breathlessly. “You need to pop that sweet cock off inside me.”

“Yes, ma'am,” the boy said, then hit his momma's pussy hard with savage thrusts.

BobbyJoe threw her sexy legs way back in a spread eagle, clutching her boy's bouncing buns with the nails of both hanas, aiding his thrusts. “That's it! Give it to the pussy baby!” she gasped. “Let momma's pussy-hole milk that big dreamy dick!”

And “milk it!” she did. With a guttural grunt, the teen hosed out big fat ropes of potent cum, deep in her

clasping vagina. His pulsing piss-hole splattered her insides with millions of creamy baby-makers, many of which would soon begin the journey in search of her egg.

Not for a lack of trying, her husband had never gotten her pregnant with another child besides Dicky. BobbyJoe would welcome another baby, but just assumed it wasn't in the cards for her. As she cradled her boy's writhing body between her widely-splayed legs, she felt his big muscled sex organ pump more and more hot sperm inside her and realized maybe her baby-making luck would soon change.

“What a supper!” Dicky's Pa said as he sat back with a full tummy.

“Glad you enjoyed it,” his sweet wife said, sitting beside him.

“So, when do you have to go back to the mine, dad?” Dicky asked, then glanced over at his mom to see her looking back at him with a knowing smile.

“Suppose to be tomorrow morning, early. Do you think you can have my horse saddled up for me?”

“Sure thing,” Dicky muttered.

“And I'll have breakfast ready,” his wife said with a smile. “You'd be proud of your son. He's really stepped up as ‘man of the house’ while you've been gone,” BobbyJoe said, looking at her boy with her pretty gleaming eyes.

“He's really helped out huh?” her husband asked.

“Oh yes, in a BIG way, right, Dicky?” she asked, extending her leg and rubbing her son's cock with her toes beneath the table.

“Yeah, Momma, happy to help out.”

As the mother laid beneath her husband that night, letting him go about his husbandly business, her mind was miles away. She was thinking about her Dicky, and the big heavenly piece of manhood between his legs. She loved the way it stretched her. She loved the way it flexed and throbbed with her delicate cuntal sleeve wrapped snugly around it.

In one day, Dicky had wrecked sex with her husband forever, but she was perfectly ok with that. She had the biggest, fattest, horniest dick a woman could ask for. It was her own wonderful Christmas gift.

The next morning after a big breakfast, Dicky brought his father's horse up to the front of the farmhouse. BobbyJoe kissed her husband goodbye, and her and her son stood on the porch and watched him ride off.

The busty mother stepped over to her teen, hugging him from behind and resting her face beside his as they watched Dicky's father disappear on the horizon. “It's still early. Wanna go back to bed with me?” she said.

“With you?” the boy asked, feeling his Ma's huge unfettered tit-melons press squishingly against his back.

“That's right. The man of the house” takes his father's place on the marital bed,” she whispered.

“Oh, then sure,” he said with an eager smile.

“Can | ask you something, Dicky?” BobbyJoe said, gazing into his eyes.

“Sure.”

“Have you ever thought about having a little brother or sister?”

“Well, yeah, | just figured you and dad didn't want another kid, for whatever reason,” he answered.
“Why? Are you..”

His momma giggled. “No, NOT pregnant YET,” she said, “but you keep pumping all that man-seed into me, my belly's gonna be as big around as a wagon wheel here soon.”

“Well, | sure wouldn't mind seeing you waddle around the house,” Dicky said with a smile.

“A woman's body goes through a lot of changes when she's with child. My belly won't be the only thing that swells up huge, sweet-pea.”

“What else?” he asked.

She fed him a teasing smile. “What do you think?” she asked.
“Your breasts?”

“Uh-huh. These boobies will swell up so big with milk your cute little eyes might pop out your head just lookin' at ‘em.”

“That don't sound so bad,” he confessed.

“And there's one other thing about a pregnant lady that you need to know,” BobbyJoe said.
“What's that?”

The mother smiled. “They're called 'hormones,' and they make a momma so horny she wants to feel a man's nuts beatin' against her ass day and night,” she explained.

“That don't sound so bad either.”

“Sounds to me like you wanna keep squirtin' all that daddy-sauce inside me then, see if you can put a cute little bun in the oven,” she said gleefully.

“Yes, ma'am, | mean, if you do?”

She gazed into his eyes. “A mother's place is on her back, making babies or squeezin' ‘em out,” she said, then took his hand gently and led him inside. “Let's go make a little Dicky Junior.”