

Cummin' Home for Christmas

rm Dexter

Author's Note: The following is a work of fiction. The resemblance to any persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

No matter how hard he tried, Hunter couldn't get the image of her out of his head. He knew he was only fooling himself, having tried to purge himself of those thoughts for years now, but to no avail. He knew in his gut, and in his heart, that it wasn't going to happen—not now, not ever.

Flicking the turn signal to the right, he accelerated around the curving on-ramp until he merged into the traffic streaming south onto interstate 405, the multi-lane highway taking him on a straight shot south from LA to home, to San Diego. He was surprised there was this much traffic but, then again, it was Christmas Eve.

Where are all you fuckers going? Hunter thought to himself as he checked his mirror and moved into the next lane, his foot pressing down on the accelerator. He was ahead of schedule, but he still liked to press it a bit on the interstate, loving the feel of the powerful engine of his re-tooled '73 Mustang beneath him. Everybody else was running over the speed limit, so he didn't feel too guilty being one of the pack, for now anyway. If the traffic ever thinned out and he had a chance at some clear sailing, he'd let the Mustang stretch her legs for a bit, make up a little time.

Yes, if he did that, he was going to be home that much earlier than he'd told his mother. When he'd last spoken with her a few days ago, he told her he'd be leaving Stanford first thing in

the morning on Christmas Eve. He'd been stuck at school working to get ahead on next semester's major project, while awaiting an important interview. While most of his classmates in the architecture program had cleared out, Hunter had reluctantly stayed behind. He'd been trying to set up an interview for a possible interning job for the next term, and the main partner in the leading architectural firm in the area could only meet with him late in the afternoon of the 23rd. That kind of fucked up his plans to get home early for Christmas, but what the hell could he do. He wanted that interning job bad. People would give their eye teeth to get a position with that firm.

He was thrilled when just the day before, the partner's assistant called and asked if he was able to come first thing in the morning on the 23rd instead of late in the day. It ended up the partner wanted to get away for the Christmas break just as badly. So Hunter had hopped on it.

He showed up in his best suit, portfolio under his arm and flash drive in his pocket. The interview had gone better than he'd expected, especially after he and the interviewing partner found out they were both Steelers fans. Living on the west coast, it certainly wasn't every day that you ran into a fellow waver of the 'Terrible Towels'. The guy was impressed by Hunter's sketches and design drawings. Hunter left the interview feeling optimistic. He knew the partner wouldn't be able to promise him anything on the spot, but that the wink the man gave him when they shook hands told Hunter what he needed to know. He felt like he was walking on air when he left the building.

The timing had worked out great. Rather than face the gruelling eight hour drive the next day, he decided to break it in two. He had a good friend in LA who could put him up for the night, and then make the final dash home the next morning.

He'd called Rob, who was only too anxious to see his buddy. Hunter packed his things for the break, including what he now called his 'lucky suit', the trim-fitting navy one he'd worn for the interview. He knew he'd need it. It had become a family tradition to get dressed up and go out for a fancy dinner on Christmas Eve, something his mother loved to do. So, off he went to Rob's in Los Angeles, the Mustang purring like a kitten the whole way. They spent the night watching some sports on TV, scarfing down some pizza, and quaffing a couple of ales. Hunter stopped at two, not being a big drinker by nature, and wanting to make sure he wasn't hung over the next day. He was anxious to get home early and surprise his mother, and make the whole day perfect for her.

And that's who he'd been thinking about as he'd pulled onto the interstate—his mother—his drop dead gorgeous, smoking hot mother, Tara. Yes, he tried to get those lurid thoughts of her out of his head, as he always did, but it was useless to even try. He knew there was no way he could ever look at her without thinking of putting her on her back, her legs in the air and spread wide to each side, the succulent peach of her pussy dripping with her running juices as he fed inch after inch of his rock-hard cock deep into her.

See, he thought to himself, there you go again. His cock was stiffening beneath his jeans, and as if by osmosis, the blood seemed to flow right down his leg to his foot, causing him to speed up even more. He mentally forced himself to slow down, knowing the cops would be only too happy to slap a speeding ticket on a young guy in a nice car. And he didn't want to show up at home with that under his belt.

Speaking of under his belt, as he forced himself to slow down a bit, he reached down to the inside of his pant leg and adjusted his semi-rigid prick, trying to make things a bit more comfortable down there. When you were blessed with a cock the size of Hunter's, comfort didn't come easy when you were packing something that would extend to close to eleven inches when fully erect, not to mention the pair of lemon-sized balls full of spunk dangling between his legs.

He was anxious to get home and hopefully relieve some of the tension he was feeling down in those boys. He'd been working feverishly on his schoolwork, with not a lot of playtime, or successful playtime anyway. Hunter was a handsome young man, a couple of inches over six feet tall with a body that was well-toned from swimming and working out regularly. His shock of wavy dark hair, pronounced cheekbones, full sensuous lips, and steel-gray eyes made many girls' hearts flutter. And not just girls, women too found him compellingly attractive.

Hunter was by no means a virgin, having bedded a number of girls, well, women mostly. The trouble was that slumbering monster lying between his legs. Most girls his own age--

although word about his prodigious endowment got around school years ago and piqued the curiosity of many—absolutely shrunk in fear once they actually saw it. Yes, they were always interested at first, but once they had his pants undone and that rearing cobra sprang up ready for action, well, most of the time all he ended up getting was a handjob, or maybe a bit of head. Most girls had a hard time just spreading their jaws open far enough to fit his blunt-ended weapon into their mouths, let alone know what to do with it once they got it there.

No, that's why Hunter had been much more successful with older women—women his mother's age. Most women that age knew how to handle a big cock, or at least they were willing to give it all they had trying. Like his Urban Planning professor he had this year. She'd told him she'd just turned 50, thirty years older than him. But he didn't mind; those big tits, juicy pussy, and hot sucking lips of hers made for a pleasant weekend while her husband was out of town. They'd hooked up a few more times over the last term, whenever her husband had to travel, or just when she was so horny that she had to rent a hotel room for the day. Hunter was thrilled that she was always eager to take as many loads as he could give her, in all three of her hot slippery holes. Each one of their illicit rendezvous ended up with her walking like a cowboy for a week, with each needy orifice dripping with cum.

Hunter thought she was much like Mrs. Sutton that way. Jean Sutton, one of his mother's best friends who lived just a few doors down the street. She went by 'Jean', but Hunter always thought of her as 'Mrs. Sutton', ever since she took his virginity a few years back. He was often over there after that,

supposedly doing chores, while in reality Mrs. Sutton would usually be face down on her marital bed while her husband was at work or out golfing, Hunter's massive cock thrusting deep into her steaming bowels—her orifice of choice for a good hard fucking.

Those were just two of the many older women who Hunter had bedded, burying his long thick pipe deep inside their willing trenches. And with the way his itchy balls felt right now, full and needing to be drained, he was looking forward to seeing Mrs. Sutton at least a few times over the holidays, if not some of the other MILFs he'd regularly fucked when he'd lived at home.

But none of them, not a single one, no matter how pretty, how sexy, how willing—not one of them could hold a candle to his mother. Hunter couldn't get over how incredibly beautiful she was, and how sexier she seemed to get as she got older. At 42 years of age, his mother Tara was definitely in her prime. She was of medium height, with a curvy hourglass figure that drew any man's eyes like a magnet. Those wide motherly hips and big round ass were something that dreams were made of, a backside you could picture bouncing on a bed all night long, but it was that spectacular set of voluminous breasts that made most men do a double-take. Hunter had been raiding his mother's laundry basket for years now, using her soiled panties and bras to fuel his jerkoff fantasies. It set his libido on fire every time he laid out one of her sexy bras on his bed and whipped out his cock, his eyes always searching out the tiny little label, the blood flowing right to his midsection as he focused on the size: 34F. Yes, they were that fucking big, and even though his mother needed substantial underwire support

in those garments, she always seemed to find sexy satin and lace ones in a myriad of colors. Those bras and matching panties were quick to set Hunter's teeth on edge as he pumped out load after load while running his fingers over the sexy garments, or holding them pressed to his face, breathing in his mother's intoxicating scent.

Combine that killer body with the glamorous face of a movie star, with fiery sapphire-blue eyes and long, honey-blonde hair that framed her face like an angel, well, Hunter couldn't think of any woman more attractive, more glamorous, or cock-hardeningly sexy. Yes, his mother Tara was the woman who was front and centre in every fantasy he had. He couldn't even count the number of times he'd jerked off thinking about driving his huge cock deep into all three of her hot mature holes, filling her with load after load of cum until the stuff was just running out of her, her pretty face and massive breasts absolutely swimming with a shimmering coating of jizz. No others could ever take her place.

As the Mustang ate up the miles on the interstate, Hunter found his stiffening prick needed adjusting again, those thoughts of his mother making that slumbering cock try to stand up and salute. He couldn't wait to see her again, if only just to bask in her beauty, which he figured was as good as it was ever going to get. Sadly, that was all he could do, as much as he wished for more.

He reached down and cranked up the radio, trying to take his mind of those lurid fantasies, which he knew were always lurking in his perverted brain, as much as he tried to subdue

them. With the window open and the warm California air flowing over him like a comforting cloak, he pressed on the accelerator, anxious to get home.

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A few minutes before noon, Hunter swung his car into the driveway and shut it down. The midday sun lit up the house, a large two-storey Mission-style home in an upscale neighbourhood. His father had done well as an executive in the aerospace industry, and the family lived quite a comfortable existence, as did all the residents in this somewhat elite neighbourhood.

Hunter quietly closed the door to the car and used his key to open the front door as softly as he could, wanting to surprise his mother with his early arrival. He was surprised to hear nothing after entering the house. He had expected the sound of the usual Christmas carols that his mother liked to play at this time of year resonating throughout the house. But there was no sound at all; everything was quiet as a tomb. He made his way through the kitchen and opened the door to the garage. Hmm, I wonder what's going on? he asked himself after spotting both of his parents' cars in their usual spots. He'd expected that his father's car might not be there, but with both cars sitting there, he wondered where his mother was. Returning to the house, he was just about to check the back yard to see if she was out by the pool. As he moved towards the large set of patio doors, he heard a low moaning sound from above. He stopped in his tracks, his eyes racing up the curving staircase to the second floor.

"Ohhnnn..." Another soft groan followed, the muffled sound drifting down the staircase. He could tell instinctively that it wasn't a moan of pain, that much he could tell right away. He'd been with enough women in his life to know what that sound was all about. Were his parents upstairs making love? No, they couldn't be. He knew from his phone call earlier in the week that his father had gone to Boston for a few days for a business meeting. He wasn't due home until later this afternoon as well. As another moan filtered down from above, Hunter's mind started racing...did his mother have a lover? He shook that off, knowing his mind was playing tricks on him. He couldn't see it. The logical answer was that either his father had come home early, or...or his mother was up there on her own. And he knew what that meant.

With his curiosity piqued, he slowly made his way up the stairs and crept closer to her room. He saw that the large pair of French doors was partially open, just a few inches, but he could clearly hear another moan and erotic whimper come from inside the room. He stood against the closed door and edged over towards the opening. He was just about to peer around when he stopped dead in his tracks, his mother's words clear as a bell from inside the room, "Oh Hunter, you're so big...so fucking big."

Shocked at hearing his own name, he was initially frightened at the thought of looking at what he might see inside that room. Did his mother have a lover with the same name as him? Steeling himself at the thought, he had to know. He slid his feet sideways, his eye making its way past the edge of the door.

FUCK ME! The thought rocketed through his head as the sight before him left him breathless, his heart starting to race in his chest. His mother was lying back on her king-sized bed, the covers pushed down to the bottom. Much to his relief, she was alone. But what she was wearing and doing had his mind racing with excitement. She was lying on her back, her head perched up on a stack of pillows, swirls of lustrous blonde hair splayed out beneath her head. Her legs were spread out wide, one hand between her legs and her other hand cupping one enormous breast. She had on a shiny satin chemise in brilliant white with black lace trim, the white satin so bright as to look almost silver in the sunlight streaming in from the uncovered windows. Triangular pieces of fabric barely covered her sizable breasts, the protruding buds of her erect nipples standing up distinctly, which he could see even from this distance. Fuck, those nipples are huge, Hunter thought to himself as his eyes raked down over body. The chemise would have gone down past her pussy, but right now, the lacy edge of the bottom was pushed up near her midsection, leaving her totally exposed to his hungry gaze.

Hunter's eyes zeroed in on the juncture between his mother's splayed thighs. He could see that she was totally clean-shaven, her flushed mound an alluringly vivid pink and glistening with her juices. Even from his vantage point at the door, he could make out the fiery bud of her clit at the apex of her slit, the protruding button almost calling out to him like a beacon. Her pussy looked...in a word...perfect.

But it was what she was doing that really caught Hunter's eye. While she squeezed and fondled one big breast, the other hand

between her legs was just as busy, moving a large flesh-colored dildo back and forth.

"That's it baby, that's it," Hunter heard her moan as his eyes flicked instantly back to hers, which were closed tightly, her face a mask of pure wanton lust. "Put it nice and deep in Mommy, nice and deep, give me every last inch."

Hunter's eyes flew wide open for a second time as he drew back to steady himself. He'd just caught his mother masturbating, and now, his ears hadn't deceived him a second time—she was clearly pleasuring herself while thinking about him! He took a deep breath to try and calm his racing heart, but it was hopeless. He had to...he had to see more.

He peered around the corner once again, just in time to see his mother shift up slightly on the bed. As she did, she withdrew the dildo from between her legs, making Hunter almost gasp out loud. His eyes focused in on the lifelike dildo she held in her hand, his breath coming in rapid starts. He'd never seen a dildo like that in his entire life. He'd seen that it was flesh toned, but now he was able to see it in all its glory. It was actually a double-ended dildo made out of a soft rubbery material, but while he'd expected to see a cock-like knob at each end, this one was completely different. One end was formed into the shape of an extremely lifelike hand, with the palm cupped and the thumb and fingers pointing forwards, just like a real hand. The other end was similar, but with the hand closed into a tight fist. Between the two ends was a thick column of beige veiny rubber, the whole thing glistening lewdly with a shiny coating of his mother's warm cunt-honey.

Fuck me, Hunter said to himself as he looked at the wicked toy. As he watched, his mother shifted her backside about restlessly, tilting her pelvis up and spreading her legs even wider, her knees pulled well up. Hunter looked down at the sweet pink pucker of her rosehole, the tight little aperture seeming to wink at him knowingly. His mother reached down with her other hand and fit the cupped hand with the fingers pointed forward between the slick lips of her dripping cunt. She slid it in slowly, until her fleshy pussy lips closed around the wrist of the buried hand. She then moved her hand down to the other end of the dildo, fitting the shiny closed fist against her bumhole, the whole area glistening with her juices, or lube, or probably both, Hunter thought. She started to press it into herself, wriggling her hips as the rubber fist stretched her tight sphincter almost to the tearing point before it slipped inside. With both ends of the dildo securely inside her, she kept hold of the bent rubber shaft in one hand while her other hand came back to her chest. Hunter watched, mesmerized, as his mother drew one massive breast out of the top of her chemise and brought it to her mouth, her lips clamping down on the stiff nipple.

"Mmmm..." She let out a loud purr as she suckled at the stiff bud, her other hand now moving the dildo in and out of her clutching holes.

Hunter stood there riveted, unable to move even if he wanted to, his cock hard as an iron bar beneath his jeans.

His mother sucked hard at her nipple before releasing it, the pulled pink bud coming out of her mouth with a wet sucking sound. "Oh yeah, that's it, Hunter. Put that big cock of yours deep into Mommy. Any hole you want. Just let me have it all. Fuck me, baby, fuck Mommy good and hard."

It was all Hunter could do not to come in his pants as he watched the erotic act taking place such a short distance away. His mother was sucking on her other breast now, the first one she'd already worked on now covering the whole of one side of her chest, the reddened nipple she'd teased with her lips glistening with her saliva and pointing right at Hunter. Her arm was moving vigorously between her legs, her feet pressed hard into the mattress as her hips flexed up and down, the two ends of the dildo plundering her seeping holes.

"Fuck, baby...you're gonna make Mommy come," she gasped out as she let the swollen nipple slip out of her sucking lips. "Deeper, baby...harder...give it to me...fill Mommy up with that cum of yours."

Hunter's heart was pounding like a jackhammer as he watched his mother's hips buck up savagely against her pistoning hand, the two ends of the dildo driven deep inside her needy body.

"OH FUCK, BABY...YES...YES...FUCK MOMMY HARD...YESSSSSSS!"

Hunter could only stand there, gasping as he watched his mother's body start to shake and convulse as a massive climax

ripped through her. Her shapely hourglass figure was trembling and quivering as wave after wave of blissful delight coursed through her. Her head was thrown back into the pillows and her eyes remained closed as she rode out her orgasm, her hand continuing to move the dildo in and out of her clutching holes. He watched as her huge naked breasts, spit-covered and now totally spread out over the full breadth of her chest, jiggled and wobbled enticingly as her body shook, her release continuing for a long time before the luxurious sensations finally started to ebb away.

When her quivering started to slow, Hunter drew back, but just couldn't stop looking while she drew in deep breaths of air as she recovered. Still spellbound, he watched as she slowly withdrew both ends of the bizarre dildo from inside her, each end coming out with a nasty sucking sound and dripping with her juices.

"C'mere, baby, let Mommy lick you clean," he heard her say as she brought the glistening toy to her mouth. Her lips opened and she slid the pointed finger end into her mouth first, her lips closing down and her eyes hooded in bliss as she licked and sucked the creamy cunt-honey off the toy.

"Mmmm, we taste so good together, baby," she muttered as she turned the dildo around and brought the fisted end to her mouth. "I love when my boy fucks Mommy in the ass. You're so big, and go so deep. I love it."

Hunter gasped as she licked at the shiny rubber fist, soft moans of blissful pleasure emanating from deep in her throat.

As he watched her tongue run all over the glistening toy, he realized that he was on the verge of being discovered. Shaking his head to clear his thoughts, he stealthily moved to the side and then back. He turned and leaned against the stairwell handrail for a few seconds, trying to gather his thoughts. He felt dizzy thinking about what he'd just witnessed, but the rock-hard cock pressing against the front of his jeans told him that it was real. He turned and looked back at the bedroom door, hoping his mother hadn't heard him when he'd moved. The one thing he knew was that he had to get out of there. His mother would be mortified if she knew he'd been spying on her.

Holding onto the handrail to steady himself, he stole quietly down the stairs and made his way out of the house as quietly as he could. He got into his car, put it into neutral and let the gentle slope of the driveway ease him back out onto the street. He started the car as quietly as possible and drove away, his brain swirling. He drove to a park a short distance away and parked, unable to even move.

"Holy fuck," he said out loud, smashing his fists on the steering wheel. "What the fuck am I going to do now?" His cock was still throbbing like crazy, wanting attention. But a lot of 'what ifs' started ping-ponging this way and that in his brain. 'What if Mom wants me as badly as I want her?'... 'What if I really had a chance to fuck her? Was she really calling out my name when she came like a fucking tsunami?'

Those thoughts and more caused him to sit there and think about what had just happened. He was thrilled by all of it, as

totally un-fucking-real as it was. And fuck, yes, his mother looked absolutely breathtaking coming like that, her lush curvy body flexing and shaking like a wild thing. It was, without a doubt, the hottest thing he had ever seen. Hunter had watched a lot of porn in his time, and nothing came close to the show his mother had just put on in front of him. But now, what to do...what to fucking do?!?!

He took a number of deep breaths, willing himself, and his cock, to calm down. He was so near the edge that he could have whipped out his prick and whipped off a load in seconds flat, but...based on what he'd just seen, and the infinitesimal possibility of...fuck, just in that miniscule case, this was no time to undo his pants and play tug of war with the cyclops.

He got out of the car, leaned against the roof and took a few more deep breaths. He strode off at a quick pace, did a couple of laps around the park, before finally deciding what to do. He pulled out his phone. On the second ring, she answered.

"Hi baby."

Just the sweet sound of his mother's voice sent a pang of need right back to his prick. "Hi, Mom."

"Where are you? I didn't expect to hear from you for a few hours yet."

"The interview got moved up yesterday so I was able to get away earlier than I expected. I drove to LA and stayed with Rob last night. I left his place a short time ago and now I just made a pit stop and grabbed something to drink. I'm only about a half hour away. I figured I'd give you a call and let you know."

"Oh honey, that's wonderful!" Hunter could hear the pure joy in her voice.

"What time is Dad due to get in?"

"He was supposed to get in at 4:45 but he just called a few minutes ago. His flight's been delayed an hour. I guess they're getting a bit of a storm."

Now, wouldn't that be something, Hunter thought to himself. "Okay, hopefully it works out okay for him. All right, I'm going to get back in the car now. I'll see you shortly. Do you need anything?"

"Just you, baby. Get home as soon as you can. I've missed you so much."

Hunter could hear the emotion in his mother's voice and having seen what he'd witnessed just a short time ago, her words warmed his heart and fired his libido at the same time. He decided to press things a little bit. "I've missed you too, Mom. More than you can imagine."

"That's so sweet. Well, I'm right here waiting, so be as quick as you can." And with those final words, she was gone.

The thought of her waiting for him, splayed out on her bed like that, had Hunter climbing the walls within his perverted brain. He drove to a nearby variety store and bought a cold drink, loving the raspy feeling of the ice-cold beverage as it slid down his throat, helping to cool his rising internal temperature. He took his time sitting in the parking lot nursing his drink. Finally, feeling that enough time had elapsed since he'd made his call mere blocks from the house, he tossed the empty can into the recycling container and headed home.

As soon as he pulled into the driveway, his mother raced out of the house, her blonde hair shining like spun gold as she came towards him, her gigantic breasts bobbing and heaving beneath her tight top. In a split second, Hunter saw that it was a soft yellow sleeveless turtleneck that hugged her ample curves like a second skin. The vertical lines of the fabric flowed in and out provocatively around her ample bust, the deep shadow cast on her midsection by the imposing shelf made his cock throb with need right away. As she got closer, he could see the outline of her heavily-structured bra beneath the tight sweater, with tiny shadows making it crystal clear where her nipples were.

Fuck, those tits look incredible, Hunter said to himself as he forced his gaze down from her wobbling boobs. Below the form-fitting top, she was wearing a white cotton miniskirt, the hem of the skirt ending slightly north of mid-thigh. The skirt was

nice and tight in the caboose, emphasizing the impressive beach-ball-like curves of her lush rear end. On her feet she wore strappy white flat sandals, perfect with her casual outfit. Against the brilliant white of her skirt and shoes, her legs looked amazing, nicely toned and warmly tanned.

"Oh baby, I'm so glad you're home," she said as she came up to him and threw her arms around his neck. She lifted her face to his.

In the last half hour, Hunter had been thinking what he'd do at a time like this. He decided that this was not the time to be bashful, but he had to make sure not to overstep any boundaries either. He still didn't know where his mother's head was at, but he decided to take a bit of a chance. They normally kissed on the cheek for both their hellos and goodbyes, with just the occasional quick peck on the lips every once in a while. Hunter caught her by surprise when he brought his mouth down and pressed his lips firmly against hers. At the same time, he slipped his arms around her lower back and pulled her close, feeling the massive swells of her soft tits pressing against the front of his polo shirt. He kissed her firmly as he held her against him, but without using his tongue. He could feel her kissing him back, but he could feel that she was tentative, unsure of what was happening. With a final playful nip at her plump bottom lip, he broke the kiss and pulled back slightly, his arms still holding her close.

"Whew, easy there sailor," his mother said playfully as she blew a stray tendril of hair off her face, which he could see was flushed. She kept her hands locked behind the back of his

neck and he was happy to see she seemed to be in no hurry to break their embrace. He could have sworn he felt the protrusion of her stiff nipples pressing into his chest.

"Sorry, Mom. I'm just so happy to see you." God, she is so incredibly beautiful, Hunter thought as he looked down into those gorgeous blue eyes of hers. They seemed to be twinkling with both excitement, and something else that hit him right in the groin. If only he knew what she was thinking?

"I missed you so much too, baby," she said before standing on her tiptoes and kissing him once more. He was happy to see that she initiated the 'lips on lips' kiss this time. And he responded in kind, this time letting his hands slip down slightly to softly smooth out over the full round cheeks of her curvy backside. He was happy to see that she was in no hurry to make him move his exploring hands either. The kiss was sweet, but deliciously sexy at the same time, and this time it was her that ended it by nipping at his bottom lip before backing away, her gorgeous blue eyes twinkling playfully. "C'mon, sweetie. Grab your stuff and come inside. I want you to help me finish decorating the tree."

"You haven't done that yet?" Hunter asked as he pulled his suitcase and suit bag out of the trunk.

"I was waiting for you to come home, and your father is useless at that kind of thing." Just then they heard the phone ring inside the house. His mother took off in that direction, his eyes feasting on the provocative sway of her curvy backside. He

couldn't get the image of that 'fisted' end of the double-dildo driving deep into that succulent ass just a short time ago.

"Oh honey, really?" were the first words Hunter heard when he walked into the house. He spotted his mother on the phone in his father's den. She looked at Hunter when he came in and mouthed the words 'it's your father' in his direction. Hunter put his stuff down and leaned against the door frame of the den, wondering what was going on.

"You're kidding," his mother said, her face showing her concern. "Wait a second, Hunter just got home. I'll put you on speaker." She pressed the button and put the receiver down. She nodded towards her son.

"Hi Dad. Can you hear me?"

"Welcome home, son. I'm glad for your mother's sake that at least one of us could make it."

"What's going on?"

"I was just telling your mother. First they told us our flight was delayed an hour. Now, this crazy storm has gotten worse. The whole Northeast is socked in, and it doesn't look like it's going to let up anytime soon. The airline is putting us up in a hotel nearby, but that's all we can do. It looks like I won't be able to get home until tomorrow."

"Well, that really sucks."

"Yeah, tell me about it."

"Honey," Hunter's mother said, "it's better to be safe than sorry. It's only one day."

"Yes, but it's Christmas Eve."

"I know, I know. But Hunter's here now. He'll take good care of me, won't you, sweetheart," she said as she gave Hunter a coy look that almost took his breath away.

"We'll be fine, Dad, don't worry. I'll take care of Mom, just like you would." Hunter couldn't help but picture himself taking his father's place in his mother's marital bed.

"That's good. It's Christmas and you know how special it is to your mother. Be a good son and spoil her, do whatever she asks you to do. I know she'll make it up to you somehow."

That's exactly what I'm hoping for, Hunter thought to himself. "I will, Dad. You just take care of yourself and stay safe." Hunter's eyes met his mother's. There was that curious little twinkle again to go along with that playful smile of hers. "And don't worry, I'll make sure Mom has everything her sweet little heart desires." His mother's smile broadened as she almost

blatantly looked him up and down, her eyes even lingering over the package hidden beneath his jeans. It was just for a second or two before she tore her eyes away, but he had definitely noticed it.

"Okay, dear," his mother continued as she turned her attention back to her husband. "I'm so sorry you won't be able to make it home for Christmas."

"I'm sorry too. You guys are still going out for dinner with the Suttons, right?"

This came as a bit of a surprise to Hunter. They had done that special 'Christmas Eve Dinner' with the Suttons in the past, but not for the last couple of years. As much as he'd originally looked forward to possibly dumping a few loads into each of Mrs. Sutton's hot mature holes, at this point, his full attention was on his mother.

"Do you think we should, sweetheart?" Hunter's mother continued. "It's not going to be the same without you there."

"Of course you should go. I know how much that dinner means to you, and you did buy that new dress for it, right?"

His mother gave Hunter an impish smile and shrugged her shoulders guiltily before looking back towards the phone. "Yes, you know I did."

"Then go, by all means, the two of you go. Wear your new dress and have a great time. Did Dick say that Julia was going to be joining us this year?"

Hunter took a second to remember who Julia was, the Sutton's gangly, and often obnoxious, teenage daughter. He hadn't seen her in years. She'd gone through a bit of a rebel phase as a younger teenager, not wanting to be seen anywhere with her parents, whether it be Christmas, or whatever, it didn't matter to her.

"Yes, Jean said that Julia has really blossomed once they sent her to that private school. She's 18 now, and quite an adorable little thing."

"Fine then. You two go for dinner. Have a wonderful time, and just know that I will miss you both. I'll be home as soon as I can. They're not calling for this storm to end anytime soon, but I'm keeping my fingers crossed."

"Okay, honey. You stay safe. We'll miss you."

"I'll miss you too. Merry Christmas, honey. Merry Christmas, son."

"Merry Christmas, Dad," Hunter replied, and his mother did the same before ending the call.

"Well, sweetie," his mother said as she slowly sashayed across the room, those wide hips shifting enticingly from side to side. "It looks like it's just the two of us for Christmas Eve." She slid her arm through his and started to lead him further into the house. She tilted her head up and looked into his eyes, a coquettish glint in them that made his blood stir. "Do you think the two of us can have a good time together?"

"I know we can, Mom," Hunter said as he put his arm around her shoulder and pulled her close. He loved the feel of the side of one large breast pressing against his ribs. Jesus, they're big, and so fucking soft. "Like I told Dad, this is your special day. I'll do whatever you want me to do." Hunter paused for a second, wondering if he should say what he was thinking, and then decided to go for it. "Just think of me as your paid escort for the day. I'm yours to do with as you please, and any wish of yours is my command."

They stopped where they were and his mother looked up at him, her eyes misty with emotion. "That's so sweet, Hunter, and I love you so much." She stood on her tiptoes again and tipped her head up, wanting another kiss. Hunter eagerly complied, only this time, the kiss was much softer, and a bit longer. He became a touch more bold, letting the tip of his tongue trace teasingly along the line between her lips. He felt her tense for brief second, but she didn't pull back. She just pressed her lips even firmer against his before finally breaking the kiss and stepping back, both of them breathless. She smoothed the hem of her top over the waistline of her skirt nervously for a second, and then looked up at him with her head crooked kittenishly to one side. This time, he could

clearly see her nipples protruding beneath her tight top after their kiss and, fuck, are they ever big, he thought to himself.

"So, you want to be my paid escort, do you?" she continued, giving him a playful smile.

"Whatever you wish, Milady," Hunter said as he put one hand across his chest and gave an exaggerated bow. The gesture made both of them chuckle, and did serve to break the bit of sexual tension in the air.

"Well, well, my own personal escort," his mother continued. "That does sound a bit naughty, but fun too."

"It can be whatever you want it to be," Hunter replied, and even ventured a naughty wink in her direction.

"Well, I can't expect my escort to perform his duties admirably on an empty stomach now, can I? Would you like some lunch?"

"That would be perfect."

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The two spent the next little while in the kitchen as his mother prepared some food for the both of them. The conversation flowed freely and, yes, those usual Christmas carols that

Hunter had expected were constantly playing in the background. After lunch, Hunter helped his mother decorate the tree. He did most of the work placing lights and ornaments up high, but a couple of times she ventured up the ladder to place things just the way she wanted. Hunter was only too happy to hold the ladder steady for her. His eyes seemed drawn by a magnet as he looked up beneath the hem of her skirt right up into her cockpit, a snug pair of white panties cupping her mound.

His cock was on the slow burn all afternoon as he couldn't keep his eyes off her exquisite form. Both of them seemed to make inane excuses to 'accidentally' touch the other. A stroke on the hand here, a touch on the hip there, any excuse to come into some kind of physical contact, even though it was all perfectly innocent. Hunter couldn't help but wonder if his mother was becoming as aroused by it as he was. Based on what he'd witnessed earlier in her bedroom, he was sure that she was.

Once the tree was fully decorated and they'd shared a glass of warm cider, his mother suggested they each go to their rooms to relax for a little while before cleaning up and getting ready for dinner. Hunter was glad of the suggestion, if only to get away from his thoughts about that incredible body of hers and try to cool down a little bit. His cock had been swelling on and off all afternoon, and he knew he couldn't take much more without having to get off a load. So, he happily retired to his room, luggage and suit-bag in tow. He threw himself onto his bed and laid back, his mind going into overdrive as he thought about the day.

That initial shock of seeing his mother masturbating, and repeatedly calling out his name, had been a mind-blowing experience all on its own. And then the way she'd acted when he'd kissed her. He could tell that the interest had been there, but each of them was too tentative and unsure to break that taboo barrier. Was she really that interested, or was it just like the fantasies that he'd had about her? When she masturbated and called out his name, was it just an outlet she used to satisfy her sexual cravings, or did she really want to fuck him? It was hard to tell for sure. Somehow, he needed to know the truth. And now, with his father stuck thousands of miles away for at least twenty-four hours, Hunter knew that it was 'now or never'. There'd never be a chance like this again. As he peeled off his clothes and looked at his semi-hard cock and bloated balls, he knew he could have stroked off a massive load in no time flat. But there were those 'what ifs' again. What if she really wants it, what if tonight something really...?

He couldn't shake those thoughts and knew a cold shower was necessary. Shaking himself out of his reverie, he went into the en-suite bathroom attached to his room and turned the shower knobs to COLD, at least at the start. After the icy pellets had him cringing and his cock shying away like a scared rabbit, he slowly increased the temperature and savored the bliss of a nice long shower, eventually letting cascades of steaming hot spray rain down on his muscular form as he used all his willpower to keep his hands off his needy cock.

He shaved, put on some delicate cologne (one that his mother had given him as a gift and that he knew she liked) and donned the suit he'd worn to the interview. His mother had picked that out for him too before he went away to college this year. It was a gorgeous trim-fitting navy suit that she'd seen in an Italian

fashion magazine. With Hunter's height, broad shoulders and narrow waist, it looked great on him. Even he had to admit she was right about that. A crisp white shirt, geometrically-patterned tie and soft tan leather shoes (all of which his mother had helped pick out) completed the outfit. With his wavy hair combed and looking rakishly sexy, Hunter was ready for whatever came next.

Checking himself one final time in the mirror and giving himself a wink, he made his way to the Family Room to wait for his mother. He leaned against the towering stone fireplace and checked his phone, anxious to see if there was anything from the firm he'd interviewed with the day before. He was happy to see that there was a short message from the assistant of the senior partner, saying the partner had enjoyed meeting with him, that he had done very well, wished Hunter a happy holiday season, and that they would be in touch with him in the New Year. There was one final sentence that Hunter was thrilled to see: "If you have any further interviews, please contact us first before making any commitment." Flushed with excitement, Hunter couldn't stop smiling as he read that line over and over.

"My, don't you look handsome." His mother's voice made Hunter turn. It was a good thing he was leaning against the fireplace, otherwise the sight before him would likely have made him topple over as, within seconds, the blood flowed like a racing avalanche from his brain to his midsection.

His mother stood across the room from him, adjusting an earring as she posed with one leg slightly in front of the other,

letting him get a good look at her new dress. AND WHAT A FUCKING DRESS IT WAS! Hunter thought as his eyes raked hungrily over his mother's exquisite form. The color was a glorious fiery scarlet red that set his own heart on fire. It was sleeveless, with a high collar that circled her long regal neck attractively. From the waist up, it was made of lacy brocade, which hugged her body tightly, erotically emphasizing her luscious curves. As she turned slightly, he could see that the dress was almost totally backless. Hunter gave a shiver as he realized that there was no way she could wear a bra with a dress like that, which made his fingers itch at the thought of those tremendous breasts lying bare beneath the lacy fabric. As with any tight top she wore, the spectacular size of those massive mounds cast a deep dark shadow on her midsection, evidence of how big those breasts really were. The sight of her nipples thrusting provocatively against the tight lace let Hunter know that he'd guessed right—she definitely wasn't wearing a bra. He found his mouth going dry and he had to swallow, feeling the lump in his throat as he let his gaze travel downward.

The wide waistband was of the same intricate lace, and fit snugly around her narrow waspish waist, emphasizing her pronounced hourglass figure. From there down, the dress was made of panels of flowing red silk that went all the way to the floor. As she took a couple of steps forward, he saw those silky panels part, revealing devilish slits over each leg. But those slits weren't like any other dress he'd seen, those slits went all the way up past the tops of her legs!

Hunter found his heart pounding like piston firing at 10,000 revs per minute as he took in the eye-popping sight of his

mother's long toned legs in that sexy fucking dress. He noticed that she'd also put some kind of cream on her legs, which made them shimmer erotically. With those matching slits over each leg going all the way up, it looked like she wasn't wearing any underwear at all. He found himself smiling inwardly, hoping that was the case.

Her shoes were just as sexy. They were gold strappy sandals with towering 5" stiletto heels. They complemented the dress perfectly, and Hunter found his prick straining against his underwear as he dragged his gaze up from those cock-hardening shoes to her pretty face.

He'd noticed that her toenails and fingernails were painted the same fiery deep red as the dress, and the brilliant gash of her lipstick was just a slightly brighter shade of the same tone. It was a glossy wet-look type of lipstick, which made the wide gash of her full pouty mouth look wet and inviting, the perfect target for any red-blooded male looking to get his cock sucked. Hunter couldn't look at it without thinking of his long thick cock making those shiny lips spread wider and wider as he fed her every last inch, over and over, for hours on end until she'd sucked him dry.

Her makeup was done in smoky bronze and soft pink tones that looked captivatingly sultry and erotic. Her pronounced cheekbones and naturally long eyelashes made the twin sapphires of her eyes seem to spark with mischief. Her lustrous blond hair was tied up in a loose chignon at the back of her head, with teasing tendrils of whispery hair trailing down provocatively to lick at her smooth neck. A pair of

sparkly dangling earrings set off the rest of the outfit to a tee, making her look incredibly glamorous and provocatively sexy at the same time. So sophisticated, so breathtakingly striking, so...fucking perfect, Hunter thought.

He could only stare in wonder as he clumsily swallowed again. He had never seen a more beautiful woman in his whole life. His eyes locked on hers, and as she looked at him, he felt his whole body tingling, as if the air between them was charged with sexual electricity. The question was; who was going to blink first?

"Well, what do you think, Mister? Cat got your tongue?" his mother said slyly as she walked over to him and straightened his tie.

Hunter's senses were invaded by the subtle erotic scent of her perfume, which sent another electric jolt to his already blazing libido. "Oh god, Mom, you look...you look absolutely incredible."

She stepped back and did a pirouette, the wispy panels of the dress flying teasingly away from her spectacular legs. "So, you like the dress? Do you think it looks all right?"

Hunter could only smile and shake his head. "It...it looks amazing. Seriously, that has to be the most beautiful dress I've ever seen."

"Thank you, sweetheart," she said as she gave him a quick peck on the cheek before leaning in and casually whispering into his ear, "I was thinking of you when I picked it out."

Hunter almost collapsed as those words registered in his brain. If his cock wasn't fully hard before, it definitely was now. He was so aroused that he knew if she said anything more like that that he'd go off right in his pants.

"Would you like a cold drink, sweetie?" his mother asked, as if she could read his mind. He did notice that as she stepped back before asking him, she'd let her eyes drift down quickly over the front of his pants. "You look like you could use one."

"Y...yes, please," Hunter stammered out in reply.

His mother strolled across the large open-concept room to the refrigerator, her hips swaying seductively from side to side. He couldn't tear his eyes away from her, those long tanned legs of hers seeming to appear and reappear magically as the slits in the dress gave sinfully teasing glimpses of those shapely columns with every step.

"I hope you don't mind if I don't offer you a beer," she said as she turned and passed him a soft drink. "I'd like my escort to drive and it would be nice to celebrate my baby boy being home by having an extra glass or two of wine tonight."

Hunter didn't mind one bit. He wasn't much of a drinker to start with, and he definitely wanted to keep his wits about him. And if his mother wanted an extra glass of wine, well... "No, that's fine, Mom. Like I said, I am at your command. If being your chauffeur is part of those duties, then I'll stay sober as a judge."

"You can have some wine at dinner if you like. After all, it is Christmas, and I do want my boy to help me celebrate." She traced her fingertip teasingly down his chest, the light touch making him shiver. "You will help make this a Christmas to remember for me, won't you, sweetheart?" She looked up at him, all doe-eyed and innocent, which just served to make his throbbing cock pulse even harder.

"I'll do anything I can to make you happy, Mom—anything."

Her lips turned up in a quirky smile, and she tipped her head demurely to one side. "Be careful what you say...I just might hold you to that."

"As I said earlier, your wish is my command, Milady." He gave another theatrical bow again, this time made more difficult by the stiff iron bar in the front of his pants.

His flourishing gesture made his mother laugh. "Oh sweetheart, I am so glad that you are home. I've missed you so badly."

"I really missed you too."

"Thank you so much for saying that, sweetheart. But c'mon now, don't tell me you haven't met any girls at Stanford to at least take your mind off your studies every now and then."

Hunter shrugged. Of course, there was no point in telling her about those times he'd fucked that 50-year-old professor of his, or the time he got picked up in a supermarket by that sexy MILF who took him out to her van and sucked him off while her kids and husband were involved in a soccer game in the park right across the street. She'd wanted it bad. She'd sucked his cock like she'd been starved of cum for years. As he'd held her head in his hands and moved her sucking mouth up and down on his thrusting cock, she'd swallowed his load hungrily, wanton purrs of pleasure emanating from her throat. And she just kept sucking, that first copious batch of seed only whetting her appetite. She was good all right, good enough to get two loads in a row out of him and, he just realized now, he'd never even asked her name. Or the middle-aged woman who'd eyed him up when they were both filling up their cars with gas. That look she gave him told him all he needed to know. Five minutes later they were both in the service station's washroom and he was hammering it into her up against the wall, with her biting her fist as she came like a wild thing. MILFs, all of them, and none of them meant anything to him, other than the fact that they provided an opportunity for him to fantasize about his mother with each one. He realized now as he looked at her that all of those women were blondes. Gee...go figure. To his mother's question, he simply replied, "No, nobody. I've been too busy studying. Just like you taught me."

"Well, you know what they say: all work and no play make Hunter a dull boy." She reached up and ran that long red-tipped fingernail provocatively down his chest again. "You don't want to be a dull boy, do you?"

Hunter couldn't take his eyes off her pouty mouth as she formed the words 'do you'. They pursed outward, as if inviting a cock to seek out the ovaled target of those shiny red lips and let her suck it...let her suck it...all night long. Hunter felt himself flushing like a school-boy, something he wasn't used to with women, but it was his mother, his bewitching mother who looked so fucking gorgeous and was subtly teasing him to the point he thought he was gonna blow his load right then and there. He was totally thrown off his game, but he was loving every second of it. "Do you think I'm a dull boy, Mom?"

She smiled sweetly and had that mischievous twinkle in her eye as she answered. "Not at all, but I do think you deserve to treat yourself and have a little playtime while you're home. Do something to help relieve all the tension you must have from studying so hard. You need to relax, take a load off. Don't you think so?"

Hunter almost lost it when she said 'take a load off'. He knew he had a lot of loads he wanted to get rid of, preferably deep inside that gorgeous mature body of hers. "You're probably right, Mom. It will be nice to just stay home with you, get to know each other again, and talk about whatever comes up. Who knows what'll pop up once we start talking?"

He noticed that his suggestive words definitely didn't go unnoticed. She had that funny little twinkle in her eye, and he couldn't help but notice that her eyes flicked down to his midsection for a split second again. "That sounds perfect. I know it'll be a little different without your father here, but we can enjoy ourselves with just the two of us, don't you think?"

"Absolutely. There's no one I'd rather spend Christmas with."

"Me too, sweetheart." He noticed her eyes were misty with emotion as she stepped close to him and tilted her head up, wanting another kiss. He had no intention of denying her and, this time, he decided to take the next step. As her arms came up and circled his neck and his hands sought out the full curves of her backside, he pressed his lips to hers. Her lips were deliciously soft and as her perfume invaded his senses once more, he slid the tip of his tongue across her lips, testing. He felt her relax, and her lips parted slightly, letting him inside. He slowly slid his tongue between her full lips, as soft as rose petals, and then he felt her tongue roll against his. He gently probed deeper inside her mouth, his tongue exploring as she hungrily pressed hers back against him. He could feel her deliciously soft breasts pressing against his chest as the kiss continued, and he could feel her give a shiver of arousal. Finally, she pushed back, breaking the kiss, both of them gasping and unsure.

"Whew," she gasped, and then gave a bit of a nervous laugh before reaching down to pick up her handbag off the table. "I uh...I think we need to leave for the restaurant now. We don't want to keep the Suttons waiting now, do we?"

Hunter nodded and stepped back, both of them feeling a bit awkward as they composed themselves. He could tell from the way his mother had reacted that she wanted that kiss as badly as he did, but she just wasn't ready to totally accept it. He knew she'd be thinking about it every second for the rest of the night, just like he was right now. He just had to be patient.

"Okay, we'll take the Lexus. Could you back the car out, sweetheart? I just want to check my hair one last time," she said as she nervously pushed back a stray wisp of hair. Hunter simply nodded and made his way to the garage, giving her that minute or so of privacy that she seemed to need to gather her thoughts. The keys to his mother's Lexus sedan were in their usual spot on the key rack next to the door and he had the car backed out onto the cobblestone driveway in no time. He got out of the car and enjoyed the warm air caressing his face as dusk settled in. Christmas in southern California. You've gotta love it, he thought.

His mother came out of the house and strode toward him, that dress continuing to stir the juices inside him as he watched the way it moved like a scintillating ghost about her body, her legs flashing teasingly in and out of the scarlet fabric with each stride. The tight-fitting bodice gave his eyes a workout as well, those magnificent voluptuous breasts making the lacy fabric seem to strain to contain the massive spheres. As those wide hips swayed seductively, he looked up and was happy to see that she gave him a warm smile, apparently having composed herself after the fiery kiss.

"Your chariot awaits, Milady," he offered as he gave another little bow as he opened the passenger-side door for her.

"My perfect gentleman," his mother replied as she traced a fingertip playfully along his jawline before sliding into the car.

Hunter couldn't help but gulp as he watched her get in. As she stepped in, the flowing panels of the dress parted to reveal that first long tanned leg in all its glory, almost all the way up the juncture of her thigh with her body. She slid smoothly into the car, her full round ass sliding onto the smooth leather of the seat. Like a jungle cat moving in on its prey, she gracefully drew her other leg in behind her. Once again, the scarlet panels of the dress parted, and Hunter was once again mesmerized by the spectacularly provocative view. It was made all the more enticing by the fact that she had definitely put something on her legs to give them an alluring shiny glow. Like it had for much of the day, his cock was pulsing once more as a fresh shot of blood headed straight to the equator.

He shook his head to clear his thoughts as he closed the door and walked around the car. "Steady, old boy. Just keep it together," he muttered to himself. "You can do this. Just stay calm."

On the drive to the restaurant, the conversation flowed easily. His mother asked him about school, and his interviews. She was thrilled to hear that the email he'd just received seemed optimistic. Although there was no sexually suggestive talk at all, she did manage to reach over and tenderly touch his arm a few times. That hadn't gone unnoticed by Hunter.

When they arrived at the restaurant, he noticed the valet's eyes open wide as the young man opened the door for his mother. It was obvious the guy got an eyeful when she got out of the car, her dress leaving little to the imagination. Hunter knew what that guy would be thinking about when he jerked off tonight.

His mother was quick to take his arm as they walked into the restaurant. Hunter felt her pull herself close to him, her large breast pressing against his arm warmly. The Suttons were waiting for them in the posh lobby of the restaurant, the three of them dressed to the nines.

Mr. Sutton was wearing a standard charcoal-gray business suit, but Hunter's eyes didn't linger for more than a second on him. How could they, with the way the two women standing next to him were dressed.

Mrs. Sutton, Jean, was wearing a full-length dress similar to his mother's, and Hunter wondered if the two good friends had been shopping together. While his mother's dress was fiery scarlet red, Mrs. Sutton's dress was a deep navy, but the silky material gave it a compelling sheen that naturally caught the eye of the beholder. And what a lot there was to behold. Mrs. Sutton was, and there was no doubt about it, a gorgeous woman. The same age as his mother, Jean Sutton had been blessed with many of the similar attributes, and the dress that she was wearing made sure everyone could see exactly how generous those attributes were. Whereas his mother's dress had a high collar, this one was extremely low-cut. The bodice

fit snugly to her shapely hourglass figure, with preformed bra cups held in place by two ribbon-like straps that fed over her shoulders. Her voluptuous breasts were all but spilling out of the jam-packed cups, her enticing cleavage dark as midnight and a mile long.

Hunter knew that cleavage very well, having had his sizable prick buried between those big succulent mounds on many occasions. Mrs. Sutton loved it when she'd oil them up and then press them all around his cock as he straddled her and levered his hips back and forth. She loved it even more when he'd end up coming and spraying his massive load all over her mature face.

Hunter couldn't help but think of that as his eyes roamed over her sexy body. Yes, those tits—although not quite as big as his mother's—were definitely something to see, all right. He could see that the shiny satin straps going over her shoulders were taut as bridge cables, straining to carry the heavy load. He let his gaze run downwards, noticing how nicely the beautiful navy fabric fit over her wide flared hips and curvy backside, a backside he was quite familiar with as well.

Mrs. Sutton had a definite preference for anal sex, and once she'd taken Hunter's virginity, he was always more than willing to help her out with that. Yes, she loved to fuck and suck just as much as any of the other older women he'd been with, but taking his big hard cock deep into her bowels is what she loved the most. Hunter couldn't even begin to count the number of loads he'd pumped into her steaming guts, and he was always happy when she'd eagerly ask him to let her suck him clean after he'd done so. With his stamina, it often resulted in her sucking him back to hardness in no time flat,

at which point he'd pound whichever of her holes she wanted. Most of the time, she'd pull her legs well back and let him drive it deep into that winking little rosehole as many times as he wanted.

Hunter felt himself flushing as those thoughts went through his head, while his eyes took in the rest of her outfit. Like his mother's dress, it flowed glamorously to the floor, with a single slit over one leg. The slit in this dress ended high on her thigh, but not nearly as high as the provocative pair of slits in his mother's dress. Her legs were bare, and she had on high-heeled navy slingbacks that made her legs look fantastic.

She'd obviously spent a lot of time on her hair and makeup, and Hunter thought she looked fantastic. He knew he'd always have a bit of a soft spot for the woman that took his virginity but, today, all his thoughts were on his mother.

His gaze went next to the sweet thing standing next to Mrs. Sutton. This couldn't be Julia, could it? There was no way, Hunter thought as he looked at the ripe young peach, who he noticed was now the spitting image of her mother. She'd always had the same ginger-red hair as her mother, but the last time he'd seen her—geesh, that had to be years ago, he thought to himself—she'd been a gawky young teenager with braces and a flat chest. He remembered his mother saying that after she'd gone away to private school she'd 'blossomed' and, fuck, had she ever!

Now 18, Julia had turned into a curvaceous young woman with a bosom to rival her mother's. She was wearing what

Hunter thought of as 'young girl's prom dress', a champagne-colored mini that barely extended past her full curvy rump to the tops of her thighs. And Hunter could see that those thighs were nice and full, a perfect set of creamy thighs to bury your cock between. Her dress was backless as well, with a halter-type strap that went around her neck, with a plunging neckline that showed off a pair of tits that were almost as big as her mother's. The girl's soft reddish hair was pulled back on each side to show off her angelic face, with the rest of her chestnut-colored locks falling in cascading waves onto her bare shoulders. Strappy high heels made her whole outfit look dead sexy, and Hunter found it hard to believe this was the same little brat who'd pestered him just a few years ago.

With the way she was looking at him now, Hunter could see the definite interest in those deep dark eyes. He'd seen that look before in her mother's eyes many times, usually just before he drove that fleshy scimitar between his legs deep into her bowels. He wondered if Julia liked it in the ass just as much as her mother. He looked again at both her and her mother. Yes, her mother was every school-boy's dream of what a MILF could be, and Julia was as sweet and innocently alluring as any older man with a daughter fetish could hope for. He wondered how often her father had jerked off thinking about her, or maybe he was already tucking her into bed at night and having her swallow some warm cream to help her sleep. Who knew nowadays?

But again, as gorgeous and tempting as both of those women were, Hunter could only think of his mother. Those women couldn't even start to compete with her. The emotion he was feeling for her was almost overwhelming. He felt both

incredible lust, and heart-warming love, which made things perfect, in his mind, anyway.

The group exchanged greetings, with the women partaking of air kisses while Hunter shook Mr. Sutton's hand. Mrs. Sutton commented (with a noticeably flirty look in her eyes) that he looked very handsome, but when she got closer to kiss his cheek, she subtly whispered into his ear, "I could eat you up, right here and now."

When Hunter extricated himself from her full-bodied hug, he simply nodded in her direction and offered a flat, "Thank you, Mrs. Sutton, you look very nice too. And yes, it is nice to be home with Mom," before taking his place next to his mother, both of them sharing an intimate smile. He noticed that Mrs. Sutton's lips turned up slightly, and she gave him a quick little wink. It caught Hunter a bit off guard as it seemed like she knew exactly what he was thinking as he'd looked at his mother. Was he that easy to read? he thought.

"Tara, where's Brad?" Mr. Sutton asked as he glanced towards the restaurant door.

Hunter's mother explained her husband's predicament, stuck in Boston because of the weather, with no idea when he was going to be home. "So," she said as she slipped her arm through Hunter's once more, "it's up to Hunter to make sure this Christmas is the best one ever."

"I'm sure he's quite capable of being able to do that," Mrs. Sutton replied as her eyes flicked to Hunter's with a knowing glance. "Every time I asked him to help me with chores around the house, he went above and beyond the call of duty to make sure I was satisfied with his efforts."

"And she told me he always did. Whenever I came home after Hunter had been there working on a chore for her, she was smiling from ear to ear," Mr. Sutton added as he gave Hunter a pat on his arm, not realizing how many times the boy had been buried balls-deep in all three of his wife's hot willing holes, or how often she'd had to change the sheets on their marital bed after Hunter's copious loads of cum had left a mess everywhere.

"Glad to be of service," Hunter replied just as the maître d' arrived.

The restaurant was a converted old Spanish-style mansion that had been divided into many small dining rooms, with usually only two or three tables in each room. They were led into one room that only had one other table, besides their table for six. Hunter paid close attention as Mr. Sutton put his hand on one of the chairs at the end of the table. Hunter immediately ushered his mother onto the banquette seat against the wall, such that he himself was sitting right next to Mr. Sutton. His plan was to make sure that he was sitting as far as possible from Mrs. Sutton. With that wanton look that she had in her eyes, there was no way he wanted to find himself in any kind of predicament courtesy of her tonight. No, tonight was all about his mother.

Mrs. Sutton sat next to her husband, immediately across from Hunter, with Julia next to her. The seat that would have been Hunter's father's at the other end of the table sat empty. Mr. Sutton ordered a bottle of wine and the conversation flowed as they perused their menus and ordered. There was a lot of talk about Julia's private school, and Hunter's architecture program at Stanford.

As the appetizers came followed by the main course, more wine had been ordered. Hunter stopped at one glass, making the excuse that he was driving, while his mother was just starting her third. Hunter noticed that both Mrs. Sutton and young Julia had been paying an inordinate amount of attention to him, all of which had gone right over Mr. Sutton's head. He was thrilled when he felt his mother's hand reach down on the leather seat between them and give his hand a gentle squeeze. When he looked in her direction, the warm smile she gave him melted his heart.

While the waiter cleared their plates away and brought dessert menus, Hunter felt his mother squeeze his hand once more, followed by her fingertips tracing teasingly along the side of his pant leg. This caught him off guard, but he decided that after what he'd seen earlier in the day, it was time to make a move. He had something in mind, and the ball would be in his mother's court. She'd either get angry and put an end to things, or...

With Julia busy talking to her mother, Hunter slid his hand across the smooth leather of the seat and slowly onto his

mother's thigh. With the tablecloth hanging down over the edge of the table, there was no way any of the others could see what he was doing. His mother didn't move, but just kept tracing her fingertips along the side of his leg. He got a little bolder, sliding his hand further to the side. He was delighted when his fingertips found the slit in his mother's sexy dress and slid right onto her bare thigh. He felt his mother stiffen for second as she took a quick intake of breath.

"Are you all right, dear?" Mrs. Sutton asked as she looked over at her friend.

"Yes, I'm fine," his mother gasped out as she gave a little cough. "Just a little something in my throat."

Hunter pictured putting a 'big something' in her throat, but at least she hadn't reached down to pull his hand away. Taking that as a subtle invitation, he slid his hand further down over the inside of her thigh. Fuck me, he thought, there is nothing as deliciously soft or as wickedly exciting as the inside of a woman's thighs. He let his fingertips run smoothly over the rose-petal soft skin, his fingertips gradually getting closer and closer to the apex of her thighs. His mother shifted slightly in her seat, causing him to instinctively stop. As he stared forward, pretending to listen as Julia and her mother prattled on, he smiled inwardly as he felt his mother's legs drift apart, her thighs rolling slowly open until her knee was pressed against his.

Without looking once in her direction, he slid his hand more purposely across her silky-smooth thigh, his fingertips finally

coming into contact with the lips of her pussy. Now he really smiled to himself. He'd been right after all when he'd looked at her gorgeously exposed legs in that dress; she hadn't been wearing any panties at all. It also made his heart soar to feel that she was deliciously wet, her pussy luxuriously creamy and lathered with her flowing juices. It was sinfully warm and enticing slippery beneath his hand. He let his fingers start to explore, rubbing gently and tracing teasingly over her flushed mound, his hand quickly becoming soaked with her juices.

It startled him for a second when he felt the delicate touch of his mother's hand moving over the front of his pants. While he toyed with her pulsing wet mound, she had his zipper undone and fished his stiffening cock out of his fly faster than he thought possible. She wrenched the growing thick tube out and slid her fingertips all over it, as if testing it for length and girth. Within seconds of being released from the confines of his pants, Hunter was standing at full mast.

"Oh my god," his mother mumbled under her breath.

"What's that, dear?" Mrs. Sutton asked as she looked across at her friend.

"Oh, nothing. For a second there I thought I left the iron on. But then I remembered that I pulled out the plug. I feel better knowing I pulled it out."

The way her slender hand was starting to deftly pump his rigid prick beneath the table, Hunter could tell that she was happy

that she'd pulled it out. It didn't take long before her skilful manipulation had him right on the edge of orgasm. Fuck, he'd been there for most of the day, for god's sake, and now, with her hot little hand pumping his rock-hard cock, he knew he wouldn't last long. He knew there was no way he could stop her, even if he wanted to, which he didn't. The exquisite feeling, combined with the incredible risk they were both taking, had sent him flying towards orgasm like a schoolboy groping his first tit. Hunter knew he was on the verge of making a mess, so he quickly reached forward with his free hand and downed the last of the water in his glass. Unnoticed by the others, he deftly moved the glass under the table and turned it so that the tip of his cock was pointed into the opening. His mother had noticed what he'd done and bent his steely-hard prick further downwards, feeding the broad crimson crown right into the opening of the glass as she continued to jack it back and forth.

In the meantime, he'd kept his other hand busy, the toying tips of his fingers rubbing and stroking all over her drooling mound. Now, he slid the tip of his middle finger up along the slippery groove until he encountered the fiery bud of her clit. She gave a low moan as he ran his fingertip all around it, the low groan only loud enough for him to hear. He could tell that her clit was nice and big, and as she kept pumping his swollen prick, he brought his thumb to the stiff little nodule and rolled it between his thumb and middle finger. That was all it took to send his mother over the edge. He could feel her start to quiver as her climax hit.

As Mrs. Sutton continued to explain something to her daughter, Hunter noticed his mother bring her other hand up

to her mouth as she started to gnaw on it, doing whatever she could to stop herself from crying out in ecstasy. He could feel the muscles on the insides of her thighs thrumming like a plucked guitar string as she came. She tried to keep her backside still, but he could feel it shifting restlessly beneath her as he continued to strum and stroke her throbbing clit. And then he felt her gush, totally spraying his hand with her creamy juices.

Feeling the wet warmth against his hand was enough to trip that trigger inside Hunter. As the slippery goo coated his fingers, his cock started to buck in her hand. He knew she could feel the tell-tale throbbing and she kept stroking, making sure to keep the engorged knob inside the opening of the water glass he was holding. He sat up straight and his body went rigid as he started to come, rope after rope of sizzling spunk spewing into the glass. He wanted to shout from the rooftops that he was coming, but it took all his willpower to keep his mouth shut. He came like a racehorse, that load having been primed time and time again as his prick had been erect off and on for the past seven hours or so. Finally, the intense sensations of his luxurious climax ebbed away, and his mother ceased the movements of her stroking hand.

She surprised him though as she drew that hand back and reached into her own lap and gave his toying hand a gentle squeeze before pushing it harder against herself. Fuck me, Hunter said to himself, she wants more! As Mr. Sutton prattled on about how happy he was to shoot an 82 at Torrey Pines on Christmas Eve, Hunter nimbly curled his fingers and slid two of them between his mother's slippery pussy-lips. His mother was hot as a fucking furnace. As those two fingers started to

work their magic, he noticed his mother sit back slightly and shift her hips forward, at the same time spreading her legs even wider. He rubbed his fingertips firmly along the roof of her vagina, causing her to give off a soft little gasp and flex her hips against his probing hand. And then he curled his thumb and pressed it right on top of her throbbing clit...

"Uhhhhnngghh..." Hunter heard his mother try and stifle the low growl that was emanating from her throat and, fortunately, the Sutton family had just started laughing out loud at a comment Mr. Sutton had made at the same time. He took the opportunity to glance over at his mother as she sat there trembling, biting her lips while her fingers clutched the edge of the table in a death grip as wave after wave of euphoric pleasure coursed through her. Finally, after his hand was thoroughly coated with a new spray of juices, the sensations wracking her body dwindled, and Hunter slowly withdrew his sticky hand from between her legs.

His mother instantly leaned forward and reached for her water glass, downing it within seconds.

"Are you all right, Tara? You look all flushed," Mrs. Sutton asked, her voice dripping with genuine concern.

"Yes, I'm fine. Just a bit of a hot flash," Hunter's mother said as she took the empty glass and drew it across her glistening forehead. She looked at the others with a quirky smile on her face as she rolled her eyes. "Damned menopause."

Her comment made the others chuckle. Hunter took the opportunity to reach beneath the tablecloth and tuck his still semi-hard cock away, the cum-filled glass safely nestled out of sight against his hip.

"All right, are we all ready to order dessert?" Mr. Sutton asked as he perused the dessert menu one last time.

"I'll be right back. Just have to powder my nose," Hunter said as he slid off the end of the banquet seat next to Mr. Sutton. He turned after taking a couple of steps away, a decorative screen blocking everyone else in the room from seeing him except his mother. As she looked back at him, he raised his glistening hand to his face. Her eyes opened wide as she watched him breath deep, her alluring scent firing his senses. He saw her almost gasp as he opened his mouth and slid his sticky fingers inside, his eyes locked on hers as he licked them clean. She couldn't look away as he continued, sucking each of his fingers and licking the rest of his hand clean before giving her a sly smile and making his way to the washroom.

The last part of the meal passed without incident, except for his mother constantly reaching over to touch him tenderly. By the time they were finishing, she was snuggled up right next to Hunter, her arm through his once more.

"Well, I think it's time to call it a night," his mother said. "I'd really like to get home in case Brad calls again. I'm kind of worried about him being all alone on Christmas Eve."

"Well, at least you've got a big strong man to make sure you get through the night okay," Mrs. Sutton said. She gave Hunter a look that seemed to tell him she knew exactly what his game was, but even under her leering gaze, he did his best to keep a straight face.

"Yes, my hero came home just in time to take care of his Mommy," his mother added gleefully as she turned and gave him a quick peck on the cheek.

"I think your boy will take very good care of you, my dear," Mrs. Sutton said with a coy smile as the waiter magically appeared and handed Mr. Sutton the bill. "Our treat tonight, right, Dick?"

"Of course," he said as he glanced over at Hunter and his mother. "You guys got it last time."

"I just want to make a quick trip to the ladies room before we go," Mrs. Sutton said as she got out of her seat.

"I've gotta go too, Mom."

With Mrs. Sutton and Julia on their way to the Ladies Room and while Mr. Sutton was busy with the waiter sorting out the bill, Hunter took the opportunity to reach down to his side and retrieve the glass he'd shot his load into. Keeping his hand low, he passed it to his mother, who took it and held in beneath the edge of the table.

"Oh my god," she whispered under her breath. "Look at how much is in there." Quickly looking up to make sure Mr. Sutton wasn't watching, she brought the glass to her lips and tipped it upwards. Hunter watched as a large clump of thick milky seed slid sluggishly into her mouth. It was brilliant white, chock full of sperm.

"Mmm," she purred under her breath as she rolled the mass of warm semen all around inside her mouth. And then she swallowed, the muscles in her throat contracting erotically, the look of blissful contentment on her face telling Hunter that she was happy to take his potent swimmers deep into the pit of her stomach. With her hand covering the back of the glass so no one could see what was inside it, she tipped it up again and took another big slurpy wad into her mouth. She had to do it three times before it was all gone, and then just before the Sutton women returned, she ran her tongue all around the inside of the glass, lapping up the last tasty morsels of cum.

"I was just telling Mother," Julia said as the two women came back, "that the desserts here are amazing."

"I think so too," Hunter's mother said. "I still have that wonderful taste in my mouth. It was like something I wanted to eat all night long." She turned and gave Hunter a little wink, that look sending a new surge of blood to his still-swollen cock.

"Well, shall we be off then?" Mr. Sutton said as he got up.

"Stay close behind me," Hunter's mother whispered to him as she slid out of the bench seat after him. He allowed her to pass and they were right behind the other three as they made their way through the restaurant. He glanced down, and even in the subdued lighting of the restaurant, he could see the dark wet stain that covered a large portion of her backside. When she came, she'd gushed all over his hand, twice, and her dress was suffering the collateral damage of that.

"Oh Hunter, I have something for your mother," Mrs. Sutton said after the valets had brought both cars up for them. With the same valet as they'd had earlier helping his mother into the first of the two cars in line, he followed Mrs. Sutton around to the back of their family's Mercedes, her husband and daughter already in the car. She popped the trunk and handed him a small box as she closed the lid and turned to him.

"That's just a box of chocolates for your mother," she said as she stepped up close to him. "And here's a little present for you." She reached into her little clutch bag and pulled something out before pressing it into his hand. Instinctively he looked down, the overhead lights in the laneway illuminating a tiny pair of shiny navy panties in the palm of his hand—wet, shiny navy panties.

"That's just in case things don't work out with Mommy as you hope they will," she whispered into his ear as she leaned in close and gave him an acceptable 'Christmas-like' hug.

As she stepped back and looked at him, he could only stare at her, totally flummoxed. "What...how..." he stammered, unable to even think straight.

"If I know you, she'll be just what you need. After all, she did come like a champion there at the table, didn't she?"

Hunter couldn't help it as his eyes opened wide, standing there mute, the sodden panties sitting warmly in his open palm.

"I know who was responsible for your mother's 'hot flash'. I saw the muscles in your arm moving beneath your suit when you were fingering her. You did do a good job of it though, the others never had a clue."

Hunter couldn't help but give a little gasp.

"That was well-played on her part though. Menopause? I don't think so. Your mother and I are such good friends that she would have told me by now if she'd started." She paused for a second, letting her words sink in. "That's all right though, your mother's a wonderful woman, Hunter. If you can do for her what you did for me, I'm sure she'll love it. Trust me, I know, she's going to be one lucky woman tonight."

Hunter could only stand there as, just like his mother had done earlier, Mrs. Sutton reached out and drew one long red fingernail teasingly down the front of his chest. She tilted her head and looked at him suggestively. "But just in case things

don't work out as you hoped..." She reached down and closed his hand around the panties. "...this is just a reminder of what you can get from me any time your little heart desires."

Hunter remained speechless as she reached up and gave him one last peck on the cheek. "Merry Christmas, Hunter," she whispered breathlessly into his ear, "and make sure this is a Christmas your mother remembers forever. She deserves it."

And with that, she disappeared. By the time Hunter got his head together and turned around, her car door was already closing. When she'd first started talking, he didn't know what to expect, but by the time she was done, he realized he was more aroused than he had been before. He'd been right, Mrs. Sutton had watched him and knew exactly what he'd been thinking about his mother. But surprisingly, rather than be jealous, she'd been all for it. He couldn't have asked for anything more. "Merry Christmas to you too, Mrs. Sutton," he whispered, but the car was already driving away.

"What was that all about?" his mother asked when he joined her in the car after stuffing the panties into his pocket.

"Oh, Mrs. Sutton just wanted to give us this box of chocolates and wish us all a Merry Christmas."

"She is such a sweet woman, and a good friend. And yes, this is looking like a very merry Christmas after all, don't you think?"

Even before he could put his seat belt on, his mother reached over and grabbed him by the front of his shirt. She pulled him to her as she leaned across, her lips meeting his in a torrid kiss. Their tongues duelled as their lips pressed firmly against the others, both of them wanting this, needing this. Soft moans came from both of them as they kissed passionately, his mother finally breaking the kiss and pulling back, her face glowing with excitement as she gasped, "Take me home."

Hunter made it home in no time flat, with his right hand beneath the mesmerizing slit of his mother's dress and cupping her creamy mound the whole way. She let him have his way with her, spreading her legs far apart as he toyed with her slippery petals of flesh, her own hand rubbing suggestively over the front of his pants.

They were both ready to tear their hair out by the time they got home. Once inside the house, Hunter threw off his suit jacket and pushed his mother up against the wall. He brought his mouth down on hers, hard, at the same time as she wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him against her. As they kissed, he kicked off his shoes. He pulled back, both of their faces flushed with arousal.

"Take me upstairs, baby...fast," his mother gasped out.

"No, I can't wait. I want you right now," Hunter responded, his cock like an iron bar in his pants. He spotted a long low side table against the wall in the hallway and all but carried his

mother to it. He grabbed her around the waist and sat her on the table, her back against the mirror behind it. As he loosened his tie and opened the top button of his shirt, his mother was busy undoing his belt. He pushed his pants and underwear to the floor, kicking them to the side.

"Oh fuck...it's so big," his mother said as her hand instantly went to his rearing prick. He could see her salivating as she looked at it.

Leaving his shirt and loosened tie on, Hunter moved closer between her legs. He grasped the draping silk panel at the front of her dress and threw it up and to the side, totally exposing her. He looked down at her glistening shaven mound, the whole area lathered with her flowing juices. The slick petals of her labia shone a vivid pink, engorged as if waiting to welcome his huge cock home...home to the hot tight channel he'd been born out of twenty years ago.

"Oh fuck, Mom, you are so beautiful," Hunter gasped out as he moved right in on her, unable to contain himself any longer. He had to have her, had to fuck her, right here and now. Sensing the intensity of his desire, his mother was quick to position the engorged crown of his surging cock between the dripping lips of her pussy. She moved her hand slightly from side to side, getting it nestled in the perfect position as the enormous knob forced her soft petals of flesh to spread wide as they adhered to the sensitive glans in a searing kiss. Once he felt that she had it just right, Hunter slowly flexed forward, wanting to get his cock buried deep inside his mother more than he'd ever wanted anything in his life. But he didn't want

to hurt her either. He'd been with enough women to know how difficult it was for most of them to take a cock the size of his. Yes, the last thing in the world he wanted to do was hurt her in any way.

"Oh god, so hard...so big and hard," she gasped out as her arms came up to circle his neck and pull him close. Her pretty face turned up to his, her eyes ablaze with excitement as he went deeper, and deeper still. She drew his mouth down to hers, sharing a fiery kiss as she wriggled and tilted her hips, encouraging her son to give her more. As they kissed, his hands went to her chest, filling his hands with the enormous spheres, still hidden beneath the lacy bodice of her dress. But fuck, are they ever big! he thought to himself.

Hunter couldn't believe how hot his mother's pussy was, as hot as a fucking blast furnace, and scintillating tight. It felt like a hot buttery fist gripping his cock and pulling it inward as he continued to push forward, inch after inch of thick hard cock disappearing inside his mother's velvety cunt. He felt her tightening up as he went deeper. He instinctively stopped flexing forward as the tight tissues inside her barred his way, both of them gasping as they looked down at the sinfully illicit connection of their two bodies.

Hunter couldn't help but wonder at the magic of it; a woman in the prime of her life, splayed wide open with her own son's hard thick cock drilling deep into her welcoming pussy, her shiny juices glistening off their joined flesh. Just the thought of it made his cock throb with excitement even more, and he knew there was no way he was going to stop now. He still had

four inches left to go and, although he was as far into her as he could go right now, he could feel his mother accepting the lustful challenge of taking all of it I just as much as he wanted to give it to her. Fuck yes, he could see by the excitement in her hooded eyes that she wanted to feel the full length and girth of that powerful cock stretching her and filling her like never before.

"Are you okay, Mom?" he asked as he reached up and tenderly stroked her face.

She turned her mouth and kissed his hand as she nodded. "Yes, baby, I'm better than okay. You feel wonderful inside me, but I've never had one as big as you before you." Normally, he'd ask if she wanted him to stop, but he could see by the fire in her eyes that she wasn't going to be satisfied until she had every last inch. "Just let me get used to it for a minute," she continued. "I'll tell you when."

With that, she pulled him in towards her, her warm breath firing his torched libido even more as she planted tender little kisses all over his face. He ran both of his hands up the front of her dress, filling his hands once more with her magnificent breasts. He hefted and squeezed them, amazed at the size and weight of them. Just touching those breasts after all the years of dreaming about them sent another pulse of steaming blood right to his already rock-hard cock. At the same time, he felt the muscles inside her tight cunt working, sending a rippling massage down the length of his rigid prick as she gently rocked her hips, welcoming the hard thick invader into her simmering depths. She was working it so good that Hunter was afraid he

was going to go off right then and there. Fortunately, she drew her face back from his and looked into his eyes as she said, "Now, sweetheart, nice and slow, but don't stop."

Hunter felt his heart swell with excitement as he planted his feet firmly. He let go of her breasts and reached down, putting his hands beneath her splayed knees and raising her legs high. He could see the naughty look of desire on her face as she let him do with her as he wished. His hands slid further down her legs, his fingers circling her ankles. He lifted her feet up and apart, the draping panels of red silk falling away until she was spread open like a wishbone, her strappy high heels pointing at the ceiling.

"Get ready, Mom, I'm gonna make you scream with this," Hunter said as he started to flex forward. Both of them looked downward as he forced his cock deeper, the hot wet tissues inside her finally yielding, bathing his thrusting erection with their oily juices as they surrendered to the upcoming onslaught.

"OH FUCK..." his mother gasped loudly as she watched those last four inches disappear, the tight flesh inside her reluctantly parting as he went deeper, and deeper still, until the blunt head of his bone-hard erection bumped up against the gates of her womb, his midsection pressed tight against her flushed mound. That teasing touch of the tip of the broad crimson crown against her cervix was like a finger pulling the trigger.

"OH FUCCCCCKKKKKKKKKKKKK..." Hunter's mother shrieked loudly as a mind-numbing climax shot through her. He continued to hold her legs wide apart as she came, her backside shifting frantically on the little table as she gyrated through her orgasm, her whole body shaking and quivering as she came, her eyes closed in bliss as she gasped for air. As she gushed all over his midsection, he rolled his hips, stirring her insides, making it even better for her as every long thick inch of his buried cock rubbed salaciously along her tight coital walls. She reached down and grasped the edge of the table, her grip so hard that her knuckles turned white.

She came for a long time, and when the intense sensations started to ebb away, Hunter slowly drew backwards, glancing down at the shiny coating of juices on his throbbing cock. Flushed with excitement himself, he waited until he could see everything except the engorged crown, the gripping muscles inside her telling him she wasn't letting go as she clamped down on him possessively. With a flex of his hips, he sent the thrusting rod deep once more, the hot tissues inside her steaming cunt paving the way to her cervix.

"OH FUCK...NOT AGAINNNNNNNN..." she called out as another shattering orgasm ripped through her. She was spasming and shaking like crazy as she came for a second time in a row, but Hunter knew they were just getting started. Setting his feet firmly in place and with his hands holding her legs spread out wide, he started hammering it into her. The table was rocking and the mirror on the wall behind her was shaking, but Hunter didn't care. The intense sensations he was feeling from having his cock inside his mother after all these years of fantasizing

about it had him losing control. He drove it balls-deep with each vigorous thrust, knowing she could take it.

"YES...YES...OH FUCK...YESSSSSS," she screeched as another climax raced through her twitching body. She was covered with perspiration, but he could see that she was blissfully happy, her eyes hooded with lust as she let the luxurious sensations of one orgasm after another roll through her. Just watching her like that was enough to trip Hunter over the edge. He felt his balls draw up and he slammed the full length into her, bottoming out at the precise moment his cock started to shoot.

"OH MY GODDDDD..." she groaned low in her throat as she started to shake like a ragdoll, climaxing again at the same time as her son. Hunter was beside himself, his body wracked with luxurious sensations he had only dreamed of. He was totally pouring himself into her as he came, flooding her insides as he totally unloaded. As his cock continued to throb and spit, he could feel those wonderful muscles inside her hot mature cunt working their magic, pulling at his spewing cock to force out as much hot semen as he could give her. They came together for what seemed like a minute before the intensity started to dwindle, leaving both of them gasping and breathless.

"Oh Hunter, that was incredible," his mother said lovingly as he lowered her legs down towards the floor. She finally let go of the edge of the table and reached forward for him, her hands circling his neck as she pulled him in for a kiss. This kiss was different, it wasn't the torrid savage kiss they'd had a few

minutes ago in the heat of passion. This kiss was tender, caring, loving, the kiss of lovers, which both of them knew they had just become. In that blissful instant when they came together, they had passed that taboo barrier, going from mother and son to lovers. And the tenderness of that kiss, the pure heart-swelling love that he felt for her, and that he could tell she felt too, told him that they both wanted more, a lot more. They held and caressed each other as they kissed, exploring each other's bodies as he kept his prick buried inside her.

"Do you know how long I've been wanting to do that?" she whispered as she nipped at his earlobe.

"Not as long as I have," he replied, running his hand up the front of her chest and cupping one gigantic breast.

"It looks like we both wanted something we thought we could never have," she continued. "But now that we've started, I don't want to ever stop."

"Neither do I, Mom."

"Here, baby, there's something I've wanted to do forever," she said as she pushed him back slightly. Hunter got it and gently flexed backwards, his cock coming out of her in a noisy slippery rush. They both looked down as a thick strand of cloudy white semen spewed from her gaping snatch, the creamy ribbon of spunk gathering and pooling on the table beneath her.

"Oh my god, look at all that cum. I love it," she cooed as she looked down between her widely-spread thighs.

His mother couldn't seem to control herself, dropping to her knees right in front of him. His semi-hard cock stood out from between the tails of his shirt perpendicular to his body, the long thick shaft shining with their combined juices. His mother swooped in and gobbled it up, taking the glistening knob into her mouth and starting to suck. She sucked for a few seconds before pulling her mouth off and taking a long swipe up the lengthy shaft, licking up a silvery ribbon of spunk that grew into a puddle on her tongue. At the same time, she slid her hands up the front of his powerful thighs, her red-tipped fingernails scratching lightly around the shaven base of his cock.

"Oh fuck yeah. Eat it, Mom, eat all of that cum. That's just the start. You're gonna get so much more of that medicine before we're done." He was thrilled to hear the needy little whimper that came from her throat as she continued sucking and licking, lapping up every creamy drop of their combined juices. He reached down and ran his fingers through her silky blond hair. By this time, the loose bun at the back of her head had come almost totally unravelled, her honey-colored locks swirling about her face seductively as she ardently worshipped his cock. With his fingers holding her head, he moved her eagerly working mouth up and down and all along his glistening cock as she licked him clean, drawing clumps of jizz and her own creamy nectar deep into her belly. Hunter loved what she was doing, but he wanted to continue it upstairs, in her bed, her marital bed, the bed he'd dreamed about fucking

her in forever. He reluctantly pulled her sucking mouth off his cock, her pursed lips coming off his resurgent prick with an audible "Pop!"

"C'mon, Mom, it's time to go upstairs, where we can do this properly."

"Just a second, I don't want to let this go to waste." He watched as his mother turned on her knees and started licking up the puddle of cum that had splashed out of her onto the table. He smiled as he watched her press the flat paddle of her broad tongue into the murky pool of spunk and drag it across the surface, sucking it up noisily at the same time. She made nasty wet sucking sounds as she drew the globby wads of semen into her mouth. It took a few swipes, but she wouldn't get up until she had it all.

"I love the taste of your cum," she said as she looked up at him and swallowed, her eyes gleaming with arousal. "While we've got this time together, I want to swallow as much of it as I can."

Hunter smiled and gave a perfunctory little bow. "Like I said, Milady, I'm here to serve in any way I can. I'll give you as many doses of medicine as you can take."

Helping her to her feet, he slid his hand around her slim waist as they made their way up the stairs. Once they were in the large master bedroom, he pulled off his tie and all but tore off his shirt, anxious to get at his mother once more.

"Slow down there a second, tiger," his mother said, her eyes continuing to flick down continuously to the large swaying member hanging out from between his legs. "Let's take a shower together first. I can feel this dress sticking to my backside like crazy, plus, I want to put on something for you that I think you're going to like."

Having a definite fetish for sexy lingerie, that idea sounded perfect to Hunter. He knew from all the times he'd raided his mother's dresser drawers over the years that she loved pretty things like that just as much. He couldn't wait to see what she had in mind.

He joined her in the big glass and marble-walled shower. As the steaming pellets rained down on them, they kissed and held each other close. With their hands frothy with lather, they intimately washed each other, soapy hands gliding over soft mounds of flesh or along rigid pillars stiffened with young blood. They couldn't get enough of each other, Hunter's slippery hands constantly groping and hefting his mother's amazingly large breasts or caressing her curvy backside, while his mother's hands and slender soapy fingers never seemed to stray far from exploring the length of his tumescent member or heavy balls.

"Oh god, Mom, I've gotta fuck you again," Hunter whispered into her ear as her frothy hand corkscrewed teasingly along the full length of his achingly-engorged cock.

"Not just yet, sweetheart. Let's get rinsed off and then Mommy'll show what she can really do with this gorgeous cock of yours."

"You know we're not going to get much sleep tonight," Hunter said as they both turned into the pulsing spray.

"That's what I'm counting on," she replied before giving his swollen balls one last gentle squeeze before rinsing off.

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Hunter lay in his mother's bed, his cock still almost totally erect, the single sheet tented over the swollen protuberance. There was no way that big cock of his was going down for the count until he'd gotten rid of many more loads. He'd been waiting his whole life for this, and he wasn't going to waste the chance he'd been given now. He looked down at his cock and flexed, a shiny bead of precum seeping through the sheet. He just had to think about his mother and his cock would start to lift and extend. And right now, he was definitely ready for more of that spectacular body of hers before he was done. Fuck no, he had a lot more cum he needed to get rid of before he was ready to sleep.

Leaving his mother in the shower next to her attached dressing room, he'd pulled the covers right off the bed, leaving only a single sheet and the big stack of pillows piled up against the wooden headboard. He'd turned on the bedside lights on both sides, wanting to make sure he had a good view of his mother

in whatever she intended to wear for him. The soft light cast a warm amber glow across the bed, making his mother's marital bed look sensually intimate—the perfect setting for a loving son to fuck his mother within an inch of her life. And now he waited, his thrusting cock at the ready, and definitely in need of attention.

"My my, don't you look comfortable."

His mother's warm lilting voice made him look in her direction as she walked across the room and stood at the corner of the bed. Hunter couldn't help the little gasp he gave off as he stared at the bewitching enchantress standing before him. His mother looked incredible. She was wearing a merry widow corset in shiny sky-blue satin that was molded perfectly to her shapely hourglass figure. The bra cups were barely able to contain her breathtakingly huge 34Fs, the cups only covering a small portion of the tremendous mounds, ending just slightly above her nipples. The jam-packed cups were anchored in place by ribbons of black satin that fed over her shoulders, the slender straps straining to contain the incredible load they were carrying. The heavily-structured corset was pushing those massive tits together and up spectacularly, resulting in a dramatically long line of deep dark cleavage that was making Hunter salivate as he stared at the most perfect set of tits he had ever seen.

The vertical panels of the corset nipped in sensually as it followed the lines of her narrow waspish waist, before flowing out dramatically to the point where it ended over her wide flaring hips. From there, ribbon-like garters fed down her

thighs to the broad band of her black stocking tops, where the garters bit into the sheer nylons, holding them in place. He smiled when he noticed that she wasn't wearing panties of any kind, as if she wanted to get down to business right away, which Hunter had no problem with whatsoever.

His eyes drifted down along the full length of her shapely legs, the whispery-thin nylons making him shiver with excitement. He looked lower, following her legs down past her dimpled knees, taking in her full calves, her slender ankles, all the way down to her delicate feet, at which point he couldn't help but let out an audible sigh again.

Her feet were clad in just about the sexiest shoes he'd ever seen. They were sky-high black stilettos with rapier-like 5" heels and wickedly pointed toes, complete with a slender black strap that circled each of her trim ankles. They were the kind of shoes that if any man saw a woman wearing those on the street, he'd stop dead in his tracks and stare, with his cock on the rise. Those shoes were that fucking sexy all on their own. But with the corset and stockings, fuck...when he looked at those shoes and then back up along her shapely toned legs, Hunter couldn't help it when his surging cock gave another pulse, with more precum seeping into the sheet tented over the swollen tip.

He drew his gaze back up to her face. She'd redone her makeup and hair. Her eyes were exotic and smoky, her lips a slash of brilliant red that seemed to be calling out for a rock hard cock to plunge between. Her golden hair was fluffed up and looked wildly sexy, like a woman who wanted to be taken

to bed and fucked for hours on end, which was exactly what Hunter planned on doing.

The finishing touch to her outfit was the black lace choker that circled her neck. Hunter thought he'd never seen anything so innocuous, and yet so incredibly erotic at the same time. Again, his cock throbbed as he looked at the band of lace wrapped snugly around her long regal neck, another surge of precum soaking into the sheet.

He'd never seen his mother look more beautiful in his entire life, or even in his dreams. This dizzying display of pulchritude standing before him went beyond anything he'd imagined, anything he'd ever fantasized about, and the best part: she was real, it was his mother that he'd lusted after for all these years and, at least for tonight, she was his.

"Hmm, by the looks of the way that monster under the covers is behaving, it looks like you approve," his mother said teasingly as she slid onto the edge of the bed and rubbed her finger over the tip of his cock, smiling as the stain on the sheet continued to grow beneath her rubbing fingertip.

"Jesus, Mom, you look incredible. I've never seen anything so beautiful and sexy in my whole life."

"You're not so bad yourself," she replied as she slowly drew back the sheet, his enormous erection pointing to the stars. Now it was her turn to give a little gasp, her eyes taking in the erotic sight of his huge throbbing cock. "My god, it's so big...so

fucking..." She paused as her hand went to the thick base as she turned to him. "And I want it in me, in me everywhere, all night long."

She leaned forward and kissed him, both of them electrified with desire as he pulled her close, her big heavy tits crushed and spread out against his muscular chest as his mouth sought out hers. They couldn't get enough of each other, and Hunter could see that his mother wanted him just as much as he wanted her.

With her hand stroking his thrusting erection, she drew her mouth back from the kiss, both of them gasping. "I want this beautiful cock of yours in my ass this time. Just like you did to me on that table in the hallway, I want every last inch inside me."

Fuck yes! Hunter thought as he scrambled out from beneath her as she got onto all fours in the middle of the bed. She shifted into just the right position, then arched her back, presenting her big round ass up to him to do with as he pleased.

Hunter was almost mesmerized by the gorgeous sight before him. His mother's corset, stockings and garters framed her full curvy bum enticingly. Once he was positioned behind her, she leaned forward until her face was pressed into the pillow she'd pulled beneath her and arched her back even further, her warm crevice provocatively spreading open to reveal her smooth pink bumhole. Hunter could see it glistening lewdly, and knew his mother had lubed up in advance. Just thinking

that she had done that sent another surging jolt of blood to his already-engorged cock.

"God, Mom, you have the most beautiful ass I've ever seen," he said as he moved between her spread thighs on his knees, his hands gripping her hips firmly after he'd nestled the broad tip of his prick up tight against her tight shiny hole.

"Mmm, that feels good, baby," his mother said as she wantonly pushed back at him, rolling her hips to let him know she was ready. Not wanting to deny his mother what she wanted because, after all, it was Christmas, Hunter gripped her hips firmly and started to push, watching the erotic sight of her tender little starfish stretching and slowly opening to allow him inside. He kept pushing, straining against the tight muscle as he felt her will it to relax, and then, he popped inside, the tight ring spreading blissfully open before closing down just past the thick coronal ridge.

"OH FUCK...SO BIG...SO FUCKING BIG..." his mother said as she let out a deep groan. But Hunter could tell that it was a groan of pleasure more than pain. Her ass felt sinfully hot and deliciously tight, and he wanted to experience the ultimate depths of what that luxurious chute had to offer. Setting himself in position on his knees behind her, Hunter drove his turgid prick deeper, watching it slip into her slick opening as inch after inch disappeared from view into her steaming guts.

"Yes...yes...oh fuck yes..." His mother continued to gasp and he saw her grip the pillow she'd pulled beneath her head tightly as he went deeper, until finally, his shaven groin

pressed up tight against her curvy backside, every last inch stuffed deep inside her needy backside.

"OH FUCK...SO GOOD...SO FUCKING GOOD," his mother groaned loudly as he felt her flex and push back against him. Inspired by her lusty need, he slowly drew back until the broad flared head pulled against the constricting ring, and then he levered his hips forward vigorously, hammering his hard cock into her gripping chute.

"OH FUCK...I'M GONNA...I'M GONNA COME!" she wailed as she started to go off.

Hunter held onto her hips and kept thrusting his prick back and forth, the flared crimson crown tearing back and forth across the hot wet tissues inside her. She was thrashing about as her climax shot through her, her big curvy backside shaking from side to side as she ground herself back against him. Hunter held on, riding out her orgasm right along with her, and when it dwindled, he started up again, absolutely pounding his cock deep into her ass as he drove every last inch into her time and time again. She had a smoking-hot body made to take a lot of cock, and he planned to do exactly that.

She came for a second time, and then a third, moaning and groaning like a wild animal as she thrashed about beneath him, but continuing to roll her wide motherly hips and grind herself back against that rock-hard cock as her mind-numbing climaxes coursed through her one right after the other.

As she approached her fourth release, Hunter couldn't take it any more, her hot tight chute was just too much to resist. With his pleasure level rising, he slammed it as far into her as he could, plundering that tender little opening before he finally went off, flooding her bowels with a massive load of cum. He felt her tightening that constricting ring rhythmically as he climaxed, working to draw as much cum out of him as he had to give. He could feel her own orgasm hit, both of them surrendering their bodies to the luxurious sensations shooting through them.

They stayed in place as they recovered, with Hunter drawing in deep breaths of air as his heartrate gradually slowed. His mother had an amazing ass, there was no doubt about, he thought to himself as he looked at the glistening little hole, the constricting ring stretched tightly around the broad root of his cock. He slowly withdrew, watching the tender ring pull back as she continued to cling to him, as if she never wanted to let his prodigious member out of her welcoming back door. Hunter knew that was a door he was going to go through many times from now on.

He finally pulled right out, the tiny aperture winking shut, but not before a thick pearly strand of cum slid forth, oozing out of the abused little hole and dripping nastily onto the sheets. He knew those sheets would be a lot messier before the night was over. Hunter loved the luridness of it all, and just watching his milky semen leaking out of her was stirring his juices already. He wanted to give her as much as she could take, stuff every hole of hers full of cock, thick hard cock, her own son's cock. And make sure he kept her well-fed. She said

she loved the stuff, and he was going to make sure she didn't go hungry. Yes, he'd feed her all the cum she could take. He'd give her a pint of the stuff before he was done with her tonight.

"Mom, that was un-fucking-believable," Hunter said as he lay down next to her and she snuggled up against him. "It felt like your ass was on fire."

"Mmm, you can put that fire out with that big hose of yours anytime," she cooed as her hand strayed back to his cock, which lay long and limber across his abdomen. "I wasn't sure if I could take this monster at first, but it felt wonderful, every last inch of it." Her fingers traced along the length of his veiny shaft, causing a pulse of blood to course into his prick once more.

"Well, I'll make sure you feel that wonderful a lot from now on," Hunter replied as he kissed her tenderly on the forehead.

"Hmm, I might just have to keep you to that promise." She smiled as she looked down at his spent member, the heavy shaft growing in her hand. "Oh my, you're going to be ready to go again already?" she asked as she circled her fingers around the stiffening shaft.

"Where you're concerned, Mom, I'm pretty sure I'll be staying hard all night long."

Hunter knew his own body, and he knew that wasn't an exaggeration. He knew he'd been lucky enough not only to have been blessed with a member the size of his, but also with a bountiful amount of sexual endurance and energy. Some of the women he'd been with were amazed at how he could keep going, and how much cum he shot every time he climaxed. "I like to come a lot," Hunter would almost jokingly say, "and when I say 'a lot' I don't just mean 'often'." His mother had already enjoyed swallowing some of his enormous loads, and he knew she'd be getting a full belly of the stuff by the time he was done.

"Mmm, that sounds perfect," his mother said as her hand had his resurgent member growing quickly. Just then, her cell phone that she'd placed next to the bed rang.

"It's your father," she said as she sat up straighter and reached for the phone.

"Put him on speaker," Hunter said quickly as he shifted up onto his knees. "Don't worry, I won't make a sound."

"Hi, honey," his mother said as she lay back on the stack of pillows resting against the headboard. "What time is it there? It must be late."

"It's a little past midnight," Hunter heard his father say, the words seeming to echo across the room. "I couldn't sleep and, since it's past midnight, I wanted to say Merry Christmas."

As his father had been speaking, Hunter shifted over on the bed and pushed his mother's legs open, taking his place between them as he lay on his stomach, his mouth mere inches away from her creamy pussy.

"Oh, that's so sweet of you," his mother said as she put the phone down on the bed beside her. As she and Hunter exchanged a knowing look, she reached down and slid her fingers into his hair, pulling his face to her dripping cunt. "But you didn't have to do that, honey. You should really get some sleep."

"Yeah, I know. I'm just sorry that I can't be there. Is Hunter behaving?"

Mother and son exchanged a naughty glance. "Yes, he's been a very good boy." She rolled her hips as Hunter's tongue slid deep into her pleasure-groove. "Having him home has been just the thing I've needed. We've kind of been doing that mother/son bonding thing, if you know what I mean."

"I'm so glad. I know how much you were looking forward to him being there."

"Yes, I know it's a shame that you can't be here, but we are making the most of it, kind of getting to know each other again, on a deeper level this time, much deeper."

Hunter couldn't help but smile inwardly after his mother said that, seconding her words by sending his tongue as deep inside her as he could get it, running the tip over the sensitive tissues on the roof of her vagina.

"That's great. I want you two to make the most of your time together."

"Yes, we've been having a wonderful time together. Hunter's been filling me in since he's been home."

She gave Hunter another lascivious wink.

"Filling you in?" Hunter could hear the curiosity in his father's voice.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I meant to say he's filling me in on what he's been doing. School, his interviews, that kind of thing. 'Filling me in', silly me."

"That's so nice. And you should make sure that he has a good time too. He's home for such a short time. You should do what you can to make it special for him."

"Well, I'll do my best. Hopefully he can go back with some fond memories of his old mom."

If you only knew, Dad, Hunter thought as he licked up the front of her drooling slit, his lips circling the stiff bud of her swollen clit.

"Aaahh..." His mother let out an audible sigh as Hunter rolled his tongue all around the sensitive bud.

"What was that? Are you okay, dear?"

"Yes, I'm fine," Hunter's mother said as she entwined her fingers deeper into her son's wavy hair, pulling him harder against her flushed mound. "I just stubbed my toe on the corner of the bed. We got back from dinner with the Suttons a little while ago and I'm just getting changed now."

"Did everything go okay? Did you and Hunter have a good time?"

"We all missed you, dear, including the Suttons. But, I think everybody had a nice time. Hunter seemed to enjoy some of the finger foods he tried, and I had a wonderful liqueur right at the end of the night. It was so good I feel like I can still taste it now."

"Huh. That's nice. What was it?"

"I'm not sure. Hunter got it made special for me."

"Hmm, I'll have to ask him. Maybe I should try some."

"I don't really think you'd care for it. You're more of a beer, steak and potatoes kind of guy."

"I guess you're right. Anyway, more bad news, sorry to say. The airline called about an hour ago. It looks like this storm isn't going to let up anytime soon. Apparently we could be stuck here for days."

Hunter looked up, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Oh, honey, that's so awful," his mother said, a similar twinkle in her eye as she pulled Hunter's mouth back against her juicy twat, wanting more.

"Yeah, apparently the radar weather guys say the storm is just sitting over the whole Northeast and is gonna stay there until it blows itself out. It doesn't look good."

"At least you're safe, that's what counts." Hunter kept licking as his mother started to roll her wide matronly hips up and down against his face, covering him with her creamy goodness. He continued to run his tongue and lips greedily all over her dripping cunt, feeling her pleasure level escalate. "Oh honey, I better go. I was running a bath when you called and I forgot about it while we've been talking."

"Okay, sweetheart. You better go. Say Merry Christmas to Hunter for me. Love you."

"Love you too," his mother said quickly before reaching over and ending the call. "Oh god, baby, you've got me so close."

Hunter redoubled his efforts as his mother reached down and pulled him close once more, grinding her seeping twat hard against his messy face. "OH FUCK...THAT'S IT...PUT THAT TONGUE RIGHT THERE...RIGHT THERE...YESSSSSSSSSS" she hissed loudly as she came, shaking and convulsing like an overheated machine about to explode. Hunter kept his mouth busy on her throbbing pussy, licking and sucking as she sprayed his face with her creamy nectar.

"I think you liked that, Mom," he said once the wracking sensations of her climax started to ebb away and she relaxed back into the bed. "How about we go for another one, okay?" He was happy to see his mother give him another naughty smile as she nodded enthusiastically, pulling him closer until his tongue slid deep inside her once more.

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They spent the rest of the night fucking in every positional imaginable. Hunter was surprised that his mother could keep up with him, but the more cock he gave her, the more she wanted. As she had asked, every time he came, his load ended up in her mouth one way or another. If he filled her pussy with the stuff, she wasn't satisfied until he'd sucked it out and

drooled the creamy load between her eagerly parted lips. Sometimes he'd pull out and spray it all over face, and then use the blunt head of his cock to snowplow it into her welcoming mouth.

He pulled her huge tits out of her corset at one point, straddling her chest after she'd oiled them up with baby oil. As she'd pressed the voluminous orbs against his throbbing cock, he'd plunged it back and forth into the hot oily channel of her cleavage, ending up holding the engorged tip right between her parted lips just when he was ready to come. He flooded her mouth with a torrent of jizz, his semen brilliant white and chock full of sperm. She swallowed eagerly and then pulled him to her as she sat higher in the bed, letting him fuck her face as he held onto the headboard until he was hard and ready to go again, her face and tits a frothy mess of her drooling saliva.

She rode him a number of times, bucking like a bronco as she came time and time again as Hunter reached up the front of her body and filled his hands with her mouth-watering tits. She never tired, and neither did he.

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It was almost dawn before they both drifted off into a peaceful sleep, both of them exhausted but blissfully content. Hunter woke in the late morning to find his mother between his legs, her head bobbing slowly up and down on his painfully erect cock.

"Give me some breakfast, baby," she said before driving her mouth far down on his thrusting erection. A short time later, Hunter did exactly that, another huge load splashing across her tonsils. When they did eat, she just picked at her fruit plate, saying she wasn't hungry after all the jizz she'd swallowed the night before. Hunter laughed at that, and then pulled her onto his lap at the table. She willingly complied, shifting her body forward and taking his cock right into her needy ass. She rocked back and forth, his big hard cock plundering her hot chute before her wriggling backside caused him to blow, flooding her bowels with another sizzling batch of spunk.

In the early afternoon, Hunter's father called again, letting them know that there was still no movement on the storm. It looked like it was still going to be days before he could get home. This time he asked to speak to Hunter. With Hunter carrying on a conversation with his father, his mother was between his parted thighs, sucking and slurping hungrily. Hunter didn't even have a chance to end the call as his mother vacuumed another load right out of him. Hunter had to bite his fist to prevent his father from hearing his groan of pleasure.

After another shower together, his mother changed into another sexy outfit. This time it was a white satin bustier, with reinforced bra cups which made her huge breasts look absolutely breathtaking. With the sexy bustier, she wore white thigh-high stockings, with broad elasticized bands at the tops that hugged her upper thighs enticingly. She completed the

outfit with a pair of white high-heeled slingbacks, the pointiness of the toes setting Hunter's teeth on edge.

"Do you like my Christmas stockings, baby?" she asked as she tilted her head suggestively at him.

"Oh fuck, yes," Hunter replied as he slid out of bed. With his cock at full salute, he made her grab the back of her dressing room chair as he bent her over, slamming his cock in and out of her dripping cunt for a while before yanking it out and shuttling it back and forth inside her slippery ass. He kept alternating between her two hot holes as he reached beneath her and mauled her heavy tits, taking her to multiple orgasms before finally going off once more, basting the insides of her steaming box like a Christmas turkey. After he came, she once again spun around and licked him clean, taking as much of his cum into her belly as she could get.

At one point as they lay together in bed after she'd ridden him until he'd brought her to five orgasms in a row and Hunter had flipped her over before pulling out and blowing off on her tits, they lay there in each other's arms, talking quietly. As they talked, Hunter told her what had happened the day before. He told her how he'd come home early to surprise her, only to find the surprise was on him when he'd discovered her masturbating, and calling out his name. Rather than be upset, she was even more turned on. She pulled out her double-ended dildo and showed him. As Hunter was busy recovering from his last climax, she asked him to use it on her. He eagerly did as she asked, kneeling between her spread legs as he worked the big dildo in and out of her clutching holes. He

brought to four more orgasms before he withdrew the toy with a noisy slurp from her clutching holes, the flesh-toned rubber dripping with her juices.

Watching it all had gotten Hunter back in the game, and he launched himself onto her as he lifted her nylon-clad legs and pinned them back over her shoulders, all but crucifying her as he nailed her deep into the mattress with the hard fleshy stake between his legs. As he fucked her good and hard, she just kept coming, spasming and convulsing like a crazy wind-up toy gone berserk. But Hunter loved it, loved all of it. This time, when he was finally ready to blow, he climbed up over her and plugged his throbbing cock between her parted lips, flooding her with what she craved as he unloaded a massive batch of semen deep into her avidly sucking mouth.

As he lay beside her, she snuggled up and purred like a kitten, pushing a stray wad of cum off her chin and into her mouth, smacking her lips as she swallowed it down. She gave a little burp, and Hunter smiled, her breath smelling like cum. With all that she'd swallowed over the past number of hours, he wasn't surprised.

"You know, Mom," Hunter said, "I know how much you love Christmas, but I have to say I think you like me better than Santa."

"Why do you say that, sweetheart," she replied, her fingers reaching down to toy with his cock once more.

"Well, to start with, I'm in a lot better shape than Santa. I bet he doesn't have a cock like that one you're playing with right now."

"Well, I don't really know that for sure," she said teasingly as her fingers circled the long thick tube, "but I'll give you a point for that one."

Under her experienced manipulation, Hunter could feel his cock on the rise again already. "And I'm definitely cuter."

"I don't know, Santa is pretty cute you know." Her hand squeezed gently as she started to pump, the blood flowing quickly back as his cock grew beneath her talented fingers.

"Well the most important reason you like me better than Santa is pretty obvious," Hunter added as he looked down at her chest as she snuggled into him, the sight of her huge tits in the sexy bustier sending another surge of blood to his stiffening cock.

"What's that, sweetie?" she asked, his cock almost totally erect in her pumping hand at this point.

"I know you like me better than Santa for one important reason: I come more than once a year."

His mother couldn't help the broad smile that broke out over her pretty face. "Thank God for that. Show me, baby," she said as she rolled onto her back and pulled him on top of her.

When her sexy high heels came up and she crossed them over Hunter's muscular backside, he slid all the way home, giving her every last inch in one smooth stroke before bottoming out, his body pressed tightly to hers. She brought her arms up, circling around his neck as she pulled him in for another kiss. When he pulled back from the kiss, she was looking up at him, her eyes alive, with both lust, and love.

"Merry Christmas, Mom. I love you," he whispered tenderly.

"I love you too, baby, more than you know," she replied, her voice dripping with emotion. "Now, show Mommy how many more times than Santa you can come."

THE END